

Youth Diagnostic Detention Center (YDDC) Post-Secondary Class, Fall 2019

In my world, I am the creator.

I took a giant leap off a steep cliff into an unknown abyss.

I was worried, kept awake by visions of fire and death.

I pave my own path.

I trust my ability to land on my feet or learn to fly.

Whether it leads to complete and utter destruction or distortion.

I left. I was brave and nervous and alone, and whittled away.

I changed. Broke out of the chrysalis multiple times.

I was raised by the ocean and the creeks.

I never stopped moving, even to abstract perfection.

I danced. In the living room, in the kitchen, on the sand.

It is a picture I struggle to remember. A combination of so many vivid colors.

I am a dreamer.

I discovered what is illuminated by the light at the end of the tunnel.

I am in the desert, in a valley bordered by melon mountains and a wide red river.

A simple scratch, yet reveals the performer.

I am solid, taking my cues from the earth.

I am growing, rooting, letting my strength be heard.

Able to support, to uphold, to provide shelter and solace.

Surrounded by flashes of mock anger. Surrounded by trend setters, fashion followers, and goofy

sayings on t-shirts to help carve out who we are as a person.

Unmasked.

My mind breaks open, glittering like billions of splinters of shattered glass.

I will stay open.

Wish uncertain wishes.

Let go of what I cannot control.

With a wavering smile.

I will do the harder thing.

I try to find balance.

Ever learning to find new adventures in the physical and the imaginary planes.

Surrounded by whispers, shouts. An unending blare.

I choose to keep going. Forced by a silent hand.

Connected to all that was, all that is, all that will be.