

## **Dampened Creativity**

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Once I took an anti-depressant  
after they cut off my breast  
and reconstructed a fake one,  
but never again, thank you.

The little pill locked up my writing voice,  
the one that heals me from all ails,  
but creating a sentence became a task  
of impossible extraction words, unlike before

when lyrics were my panacea when falling  
into life's darkest alleys like finding out  
I had breast cancer at forty-seven.

In solitude, I flushed those little yellow pills  
down into my toilet,  
and pulled out my journal from its desk drawer,  
allowing my fountain pen slide across my pages.

This simple gesture cured me then  
and will forever shelter me from  
those demons which want to continuously  
slash our throats.