

Scars of sound- By Evie West

They are a reddish hue in colour.

faint but visible to the naked eye,

weaved and intercrossed with thread

a day I so fearfully anticipated with dread.

They do not make me shed a tear. Nor cry

but are instead a reminiscence of my story.

The battle I fought to hear again;

they are my scars, my scars in all their glory.

My scars of sound. Till' the end

of

forevermore

my spirit dances with them;

lifts up my heart. And soars.

To be gifted my magic ears,

was worth the scars-

Almost ethereal. A planet like Mars.

Spinning, spinning. Vertigo is winning-

My head laced in white, plasters shall be off tonight-

oh' my scars.

My scars of sound.

The beauty fills you,

with Earth's most utmost splendour,

Never fails to astound.

The queen of scars is crowned.

Have courage, I was told.

By all those, young and old-

But how. Could they ever know?

How much it terrified me,

to think

I could live

or go.

I wear my scars with dignity, complete pride;

They make me complete; laced on either side;

a part of me that shall never forsake;

they remain, with all their hurts and aches,

a momentary flashback;

the injection of the cannula;

barely audible, a grunt of pain.

Outside, God sent down his rains.

Pitter

patter.

Darkness.

Sudden light.

My scars show my fight.

And I'll love them

-for all my life.