

You taught me how to be a butterfly only so you could break my wings - Sina Niemeyer

For me.

This is where I first met you. I had such a happy childhood.

I remember your warm brown eyes that sometimes gave me this intense look of excitement and something secret, pinning me to the wall and making me not say anything. Because everything around me seemed to slow down, you created this confusing bubble where just the two of us mattered. Even now, I wouldn't know what my emotions were about this - I didn't understand it.

This is where you gave me a kiss on my cheek to say hello and asked how I liked it.

I had such a happy childhood. And then you came along.

You destroyed everything.

Sometimes I really wonder about how only a few seconds can change your entire life.

Sometimes I wonder if this will ever stop chasing me.

I already have spent so much time on thinking about it.

So often I think about how much easier it would be if I just said I made everything up, if it was a girl's tale.

Or if I had said something straight away.

Or if I just didn't care.

Or if he didn't exist anymore.

This is where you lifted me up from beneath my bottom to say Goodbye.

You did not only destroy my relationship towards men in general, but also my relationship with my Dad and my brothers.

This is where you darted your tongue in and out at me while hiding your mouth with your left hand.

This is where my Grandpa cuddled me. You were sitting next to him and I was already scared that you would take the opportunity to touch me. And so you did.

This is where you clearly crossed the line. I could never find the right words for it.

I wasn't aware what had happened to me at all.

At my Grandpa's funeral you told me: Oh, you look very nice! while I was crying. What the fuck is wrong with you?

*Admission the day before yesterday after suicide attempt.

I grew up in fear.

After it happened, I needed to be a master in controlling situations and observing my surroundings. I watched everyone very closely to not end up in a room with just the two of us or make anyone suspicious. You still controlled me. Maybe even more.

I fight.

I am fighting so hard to not lose my family, to not become angry as I should be, to not let you make me someone I'm not.

All this destruction. How can I not hate you? I still don't. I still have understandings for you, want to give you a chance.