

Who understands saving a life, but me
By: Holly Nichols P.3

Sticks and stones had no effect, but words had always hurt her.

Her mind wasn't like mine, so fragile it should've come with a warning label.

Her room was her safe space, like a church to a preacher.

How could a young mind be so broken?

I never understood her, I never even bothered to ask.

Never realizing that she was broken, and a cast couldn't fix her.

The medicine made her sad, she wasn't the same.

But some days were worse than others, and december 11th is a date to remember.

No one knows how she found it, thought to be so well hidden.

But there it was, pressed to a fragile mind, like a boulder on glass.

She had her finger on the trigger, but her trigger finger was mine.

The next sentence to leave my mouth, would determine not only my future, but hers as well.

I told her not to do it, tears falling down like an abandoned waterfall.

I may never know the sentence that changed her mind, but all that mattered was that it had changed.

She went away for a while, I never saw her in the hallways

My parents wouldn't tell me where, their mouths sealed shut.

When she finally came back, I didn't know what to say

When I finally got the courage to speak, the words that would come out of my mouth may have hurt her even more.

I always brought up the past, taunted her with it.

I tried to stop myself, but it was my only defense.

She will never understand that, that moment changed my life too.

She will never understand that the tears she cry in the middle of the night roll down my cheeks.

Her illness is glamorized by society, thought to be cool by the world.

Is it still cool when you can't find the energy to answer a call?

Is it still cool when you haven't seen your friends in months?

Is it still cool when the mirror is a battleground and the war is against yourself?

Society labels her as awkward, and antisocial.

But how is she supposed to accept herself if the world around her wont

How is she supposed to speak up, when society is shoving the words back down her throat.

I will never understand her pain.

I will never understand the pressuring weight on her chest.

I will never understand her fear of leaving the house.

But I can accept her for who she is.

She will always bring a knife to a gunfight.

She will always swallow her words.

She will always be different.

Sticks and stones had no effect, but words had always hurt her.

Written explanation

The stylistic choices I mimicked were, repetition; when I used is it still cool, and I made the first and last sentence the same. I mimicked figurative language when I compared the situation to a bolder one glass. I mimicked the mood of the poem as I made it sad a restrictive. I mimicked the word choice as being reflective to the theme of the poem. I mimicked the style of the poem as I told the story without telling what the actual situation, in a way I beat around the bush so the writer could infer the situation.