

My bedroom

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another poem.

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1 - My bed room

My bedroom is many things:

It is a cage that I willingly walk into; and like all cages sometimes it traps me.

It is a sanctuary where I can mostly be myself.

It's a safe haven when I am vulnerable and weak.

It is a place to cry, really cry.

A place to play, to daydream; as a child sometimes dos.

A place for nursing depression and pain.

A place to think about many things...including love.

A place to wallow and heal.

A place to enjoy secrets I am ashamed of.

A place to sleep, dream.

It's a prison I get trapped in. I can escape but I always come back.

A place to be alone.

A place to feel truly free.

A place that offers freedom that I am willing to take.

It's fit for dying.

But on the rare occasion, for living.

This is my bedroom.

My prison.

My safe heaven.

My door to life, if I'm willing to leave it.

My place of death if I choose to start dying again.

Some day I will leave it behind in search for a new room.

Maybe one day...a bedroom I'm not alone in.