

rachel dianne

fighting wars in the  
dark

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this is a collection of poems i have written over the past 12 years. they detail my experience with trauma, abuse, post-traumatic stress disorder, depression, loneliness, and other associated issues. i am still fighting a lot of these things - but i think i'm winning. this book is dedicated to the younger versions of myself who never got to be who they truly are. you don't have to hide anymore.



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## **invisible hands**

reaching deep down into my core  
to find the diamonds  
pressed down more & more  
lightning strikes  
and the rain purifies as it pours  
there's more to this life than i thought before  
i want this pain to be worth it someday  
i want the ache to fade away  
to open my eyes and want to say  
"i'm unafraid to live today"

but fear can never change  
at the end of the day it's always the same  
i leave my body behind at night  
travel far away, out of sight  
fighting wars in the dark  
stories from other worlds leave their mark

the spirit splits apart  
becoming paper thin, glow in the dark  
i'll set myself ablaze  
to change this night into day  
leaving trails of burnt road behind me  
dust rises up from the ground  
breathe it in your lungs  
tell me you're lost, not found

stitch myself up every time  
my thoughts held together by twine  
i fall into cracks & never come out  
i think of things i can't say out loud  
and although i am worn down & tired  
all my hopes, vacated & expired  
this isn't the end, not even close  
and i will never let go

i will never give up the ghost  
but all that said, i can't fight the truth  
every word i've ever written is proof  
i am now, and forever,  
held prisoner by my past  
i am forever in the grasp  
of invisible hands

## swallowed by the past

i have a lifetime of rage  
underneath my skin  
trembling as it tightens  
all the muscles within  
around my heart, my brain  
and my lips  
i wasn't allowed to say  
how much it hurt before  
but it hurt, oh it hurt  
and every day it hurts some more

like that recurring nightmare  
where you try to but you can't scream  
when you're running & running  
but your feet trip on nothing  
eventually it all catches up  
eventually you're eaten up

minimize the desire inside of you  
until it turns to glue  
and it sticks, oh it sticks  
the shame, it sticks like glue

i am too tired to cry anymore  
in cycles these tears flow  
i reap the pain you sow  
and you're far from done  
i feel a lump in my throat because i know  
the hands around me are ghosts  
the hands around me  
i want them to let go the most

will i always be this way?  
freakish and afraid  
frightened by the light of day  
of being loved, of being touched