

SP's Poem

For months on end I lived in pain,
Caught in a cycle I could not restrain.
I searched for silence, searched for peace,
Yet every choice brought less relief.

The nights were long, the days were cold,
And far too young, I felt too old.
Hospital rooms and flashing lights
Became the backdrop to my nights.

Police car windows, tear-stained cheeks,
A mind too tired, a soul too weak.
I felt abandoned by the world,
A frightened and exhausted girl.

I truly thought there was no place
Where I belonged or could feel safe.
And in the darkest depths of pain,
I thought I'd never rise again.

I tried to speak, tried to explain
The endless chaos in my brain,
But far too often words would fall
Against the silence of it all.

Then just before Christmas came,
Everything around me changed.
I was sent hours from my hometown
while my whole world was breaking down.
A third placement, strange and new,
And honestly, I did not want to.
I felt afraid, alone, unsure,
Convinced my heart could take no more.

Yet for the first time, someone stayed.
For the first time, someone made
The choice to listen, not dismiss
The depth of all my emptiness.

They heard the pain beneath my smile
And walked beside me every mile.
At last, my struggles had a name,
And slowly, healing finally came.

It was not quick easy, or neat;
Recovery rarely is complete.
There were countless tears and endless nights
Spent simply trying to survive.

Months on 1:1 support,
Arms reach when my thoughts grew dark.
Days where breathing felt too hard,
And healing left its deepest marks.

But through it all, there still remained
People who stayed through every wave.

Sam, Lyana, Christine too,
Thank you for helping pull me through.
For every talk, for every tear,
For proving kindness still lives here.

Chloe taught me ways to cope,
To hold on tightly onto hope.
Aaliah helped me understand
The sensory struggles I withstand.

And Caylin sits and rocks with me
When my mind races endlessly.
Through music loud and moments wild,
You help me find peace for a while.

To everyone at Merida,
You helped me find myself again.
You showed me life was still worth living
And that healing starts with forgiving.

I still have hard days, that is true.
Some battles stay, through smaller too.
But now when morning light appears,
I no longer wake consumed by fear.

The scars I carry tell my story:
Not one of shame, not quiet glory.
Because despite the pain I knew,
I survived - and I grew too.

And after all the hurt and strife,
I finally found the beauty in life.
The greatest thing these people gave
Was not just help, or hope, or saving.

They helped me realise, finally,
That I was never beyond saving.
Not because I learned to fight for life-
But because I learned to fight for me.