

Could you imagine
In your own way
The noises that you'd hear
Loud, suffocating, the pain
It was too much to bear
So you'd cover your ears
And the sounds you didn't like to hear
Began to morph and fade away
It felt nice for a time
But deep down, in your core
The noises remained
Your own private cacophony
You hated it all the same
You lashed out
Tore yourself open
Everything ugly and detested
All put on display
All in an attempt to leach out the stain
The noises remained
Now, in the present day
Your hands still cover your ears
Could you try to move them
Look up, see the world around
The people happy that you stayed
The things they want to say
The birds this morning
Chirping a tune so queer
The rustle of leaves
The bustle of people
When you listen closely
In your own special way
You begin to see
The sounds that you hated
Were not so bad