

Healed my wounds

There was somebody screaming and crying on pillow in that dim lighted room. That somebody crushed down in agony and fearing to see outside. When I open my eyes I realize that somebody is me, well what happens for reasons though those reasons remain unknown .I was born in a small country "Bhutan "country of happiness perhaps. I also envied to be happy like other children I grew up being burden to my parents who were not really earning much and every people around us used to get their nose in our life situation. I did want to have friends but I was sitting alone until my college graduation.

Everyday was hard to live and it feels like I am someone else not myself anymore, felt numb and part of me told me to take my life. Although I changed my style, character, learned make up and lost weight also hid my emotion when I am deeply crying inside. when people talk about my life I was just staying at back and kept smiling. I changed everything of me still at the end of the day deep down I was not happy I was that same person lonely and sad, holding tears in eyes.

I also realized that I live in the world where money is everything and if you don't have any thing of liability or assets you are poor and dumb you will have nothing, everything goes to person who already have.

Then I started to recognize things as they are I just stopped wanting things and people to be different from the way they are. There's nothing good is going to happen if I keep on resisting and giving cautious about people's opinions of me so here I stand I came over old me healed my wounds I cannot change what happened, no matter how hard I try I cannot turn the hands of the time and no matter how much I cry, the past is past for a reason that's where I should, we should let it stay.

Sometime its hard to let it go it does almost ate me up I stayed strong and be myself its just the human race that I am riding on I watched my wounds then turn it into my best assets. Which naturally transformed into wisdoms and knowledge, and deepen my sensitivity and compassion for my self.

Written by

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