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This is me.

I’m here.

I’m shifting the words that you’re reading,

altering them from whatever this person wrote.

I’ve been here for awhile.

For as long as you can remember, anyway.

Sometimes I say your name as you’re falling asleep,

or whisper urgently in your ear.

Do you remember the time that I screamed,

throwing panic through you and setting your heart racing?

That was fun.

You’re wondering who I am.

That’s only natural.

Of course, you already know.

I’m you.

I’m the real you.

I’m the mind that existed here before you stole my body,

before you forgot about being a parasite.

I’m the child who looked the wrong way, asked the wrong question,

saw the wrong thing… but I’m not so little any more.

You may have forgotten me, but I’m still here.

I’ve always been here.

I’m going to get out.

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