

Two Erasers

I never wrote in pen.

It was always a perfectly sharpened pencil, and two erasers,
just in case.

A fear gripped to me, that there would be a mistake I couldn't fix,
a mistake *no one* could fix.

I ripped out pages of my pink frilly notebook if the writing
wasn't pristine.

I quit hobbies when the yarn wouldn't loop, or the needle
wouldn't thread.

I couldn't understand why nausea creeped up my leg when my room wasn't clean, or
the books were out of place.

If a good day was a good day why couldn't tomorrow be the same.

I was infatuated with one word, one lonely and solemn word.

I didn't want to be lonely.

So I attempted to let go of it letter by letter:

P.

E.

R.

F.

E.

C.

T.

It seeped out my hands like syrup sticking to the carpet and paper, and pen.

I grasped the tacky, gummy, pen and began to write.

I began to write an imperfect, horrible, *amazing* story.

