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### **Anger was my best friend**

Anger was my best friend. My most loyal companion. The burning flame that turned my connections to others into ashes. Softly whispering in my ear that it was better of that way. That it's better to sit safe in a castle behind tall walls than letting someone in that could hurt. Hurt everything that is fragile and true. Then there was light. Softly catching my eye. Showing that there is something else on the other side of those burned bridges. And I tried to let go and let it embrace me. Fill me up. And I moved on and started taking shaky steps to that other side. Where I was vulnerable and uncertain but where I knew that there was something else than the loneliness of always being right and never letting someone know that they can get to you. And now I'm here. Further into happiness than I've ever been. Still struggling to remind myself of what I know is true: That honesty and love and trust is what I want even if it's a risk to let others in. But still...

Anger was my best friend and it still knocks on my door sometimes.

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