

Maeve Hickey

14 March 2019

Alienation Piece #1

Forward

Just like my body, this writing isn't my own. You read this, not because you care about the author, but because you wish to find solace among the pages. You'll take these pages and turn them into whatever you want them to be, whatever makes sense to you. You'll read them, and reread them, transforming the words into self-justification so that you feel less alone. That may help, it may, but ultimately, they were never meant for you. Once you finish reading this, these words that may have once been my own, are not mine anymore. They're whatever you've made them to be.

Maeve Hickey

17 March 2019

Alienation Piece #2

Prologue

I went there to escape.
Only now do I see the irony in that.
A cabin,
An island,
A ferry,
Three towns away from the silence.
The silence that had replaced the yelling,
The silence between the thunder and the lightning,
The silence of defeat.
I preferred the yelling.

But it wasn't up to me,
And this story isn't about that anyway.
It's about a place,
Three towns away,
Across a ferry,
To an island,
A cabin,
A loft,
And a boy.

Why is it always about a boy?

Maeve Hickey

14 March 2019

Alienation Piece #3

Epilogue

You lose trust in others but you never expect to lose trust in yourself.

It's what makes the "after" so hard.

People assume that the flashbacks,

The mundane behaviors that evoke something in you, making you cringe without realizing,

Are the hardest part.

They're not.

The hardest part is the reason most of us don't come forward.

The hardest part is feeling like you don't belong in your own skin,

Like you don't deserve to be there,

Like you've never been there before.

A wall of bones and flesh that somehow, you dug under,

And when you went to clean the dirt from under your fingernails you realized,

That you don't know the backs of your hands as well as you thought you did.

You're the worst kind of parasite.

The kind you don't realize has always been there, lurking,

Until it's too late.

You'd convinced yourself you wouldn't be the one-in-five,

You couldn't be.

You're too strong,

Too whole,

Too safe.

Self-knowledge is a burden.

Maeve Hickey

17 March 2019

Alienation Piece #4

Acknowledgments

So now you've read these words,
And they've become whatever you've made them to be.
And
I've read them too,
Again and again,
Trying to find my own form of solace among these pages,
And the truth of it is,
I'm as much my own stranger as you are.
It's the most impressive form of loneliness.

To the girl who wrote these pages:

I'll never know you,
I'll no longer pretend to,
But someday,
I hope you'll be
Stronger,
Safer,
A little more whole.
Maybe then I'll get to meet you.