*We are like flowers.*

*We come in all shapes and sizes and many different colours. We deserve love, affection and appreciation. Yet we get picked up, passed around and thrown straight back down. We are never always cared for like we should be or always appreciated for the small things or accepted for who we are and we break, time and time again. One thing's for sure though, even through it all; we still have the ability to find the strength to stand tall, brush ourselves down and keep growing more than we've ever grown before.*

*(Pause)*

*Independent. Confident. Excitable. Ditzy. Bit of a daydreamer. (okay so maybe you daydream at every chance you get) Kind of funny. Charismatic. Small. Cute. Bossy. Outgoing. Easygoing. Crazy. Weird. Content.*

*This is you, right now.*

*So it's a new experience, with a person, unknown, and a curiosity that overwhelms you: there are showers of compliments and plenty of smiles, questions, spontaneous acts, with the first touch that begins to gradually remove that sexual tension. They are beautiful, cheeky and a little roguish but that's your type, that's what you like.*

*Wake up excited, fresh, playful.*

*Wake up confident, outgoing.*

*Wake up with passion and laughter.*

*Wake up questioned but content and committed.*

*Wake up adored, wanted and appreciated.*

*Wake up joyous and loved.*

*You get comfortable, maybe too much. You begin to notice those flaws in them that you couldn't have possibly imagined a short while ago. They start to get affected by who is in your friendship circle, the clothes you are wearing. Questions of curiosity change to that of jealousy.*

*Wake up suspicious but ignorant and optimistic.*

*You begin to over think things, more than usual, questioning yourself.*

*'what have you done?' 'what have you said?' 'who have you been speaking to?'*

*You're a little hurt but dismissive.*

*The signs are glowing red but you take no notice.*

*Tick tock.*

*Your friends start to see a change in you, you're not the same. Spending every second on your mobile, missing lunch, paranoid of who's around. Making sure you don’t make any mistakes.*

*Compliments turn into insults and spontaneity is now a routine.*

*\**

 *Always look your best.*

*Never wear make-up unless you are with me.*

*Always dress appropriately (i.e - preferably trousers but if you are to wear a skirt or a dress it is to be below knee length at all times (make sure you wear thick black tights also), only long sleeved tops, no exposing of the chest, collarbone, arms, legs, tummy or bum (obviously)).*

*Be happy all of the time.*

*Don’t argue with me.*

 *I am always right.*

*I am to be prioritised before your family and friends.*

*Don't act around your friends the same way you act around me.*

*You know who your real friends are.*

*Always respect me.*

*Text me back as soon as you read the message so I know that you're not being unfaithful.*

*Always keep your promises.*

*\**

*Wake up, start journey, check messages.*

*'I'm sorry I hurt you, it won't happen again'*

*'All I'm doing is looking out for you'*

*'I love you'*

*'Why haven't you text me back? Who are you with?'*

*'If I find out you're with them, you can forget seeing me later. Do you think I'm stupid? And I know that you’ve got make-up on. Don’t bother coming round later, I won't be in.'*

*'You don’t even have the decency to text me back? I have my sources by the way. They've just let me know. Don’t bother about washing it off either, if there are others you'd rather impress then go ahead. I'm not committing myself to someone who doesn’t respect me. You don’t need to know where I'm going tonight, just don’t text me. I don’t want to see your face.'*

*And just like that, it changes. The feeling you felt when you woke up, to now. Only an hour has gone by since then but you have done the damage. Tears fall down your cheeks as you step off the bus. Your friend is waiting for you. They're not one of the ones that you should be speaking to, but what have you got to lose?*

*The day is a blur. Everyone else gets lunch where you are the main topic. You sit alone in an empty room. You don't want the pain, the hurt that stops you from doing the things you really wish to do. You don’t want the hassle and the aggravation, the stress and the secrets. Your eyes are tired and they slowly begin to close as you fall to sleep.*

*Wake up, uneasy, nervous and apprehensive.*

*Wake up accused, blamed, changed.*

*Wake up manipulated, controlled and obsessed.*

*Wake up brainwashed.*

*Wake up. Break up. Make up.*

*Wake up. Break up. Make up.*

*Wake up. Break up. Make up.*

*Wake up, no make up. No make up allowed. Just a plain face.*

*Scared. Frustrated. Reserved. Secretive. Cautious. Drained. Empty. Bland. Paranoid.*

*No pride, no dignity, no hopes, no dreams, no mind, no responsibility, no interests, no aspirations, no emotion, stripped of your identity.*

*This is you, right now.*

*No voice.*

*You have been silenced.*

*(Long pause)*

*Wake up cold, in darkness, alone… exhausted.*

*Just like a flower, your petals are slowly leaving you. You're bruised, empty and your colours are gradually fading to reveal someone you can no longer recognise.*

*Tick tock.*

*No track of time. Again and again, you receive pushes, kicks, slaps, punches, and you're still searching for that justification. They hold you tight, digging their fingertips into your skin. Nothing you can do will ever fight them off, but then again, you ask yourself, what is there worth fighting for? You spend your time preparing for the worst but hoping for the best. Maybe this time it will be different. Maybe this time, they'll change.*

*From apologies to letters to smiles to kisses and I love you's.*

*Forgiven again.*

*From opinions to orders, demands, threats and insults to raised voices and tears, then to promises and more lies.*

*You try time and time again to break away from this, yet they beg and apologise and swear to you that they will change, and you always find yourself back in their grasp and under their control. Whenever you look in the mirror, you see someone staring back, someone you've learnt to hate. You have watched daily, the world in which you live, change from its vibrant colours to dull and grey. You have been twisted, turned, snapped and ultimately, broken. Your pretty petals have been torn from your body and are lying dead on the ground that you hopelessly walk upon. There is nothing left of you: only a shadow of who you once were. You are unnoticeable and invisible.*

*This is you, right now.*

*Then one day, someone seems to find you, an angel. Speaking to someone other than them is refreshing, someone who isn't questioning your every move or judging your every action. Someone you don’t need to be frightened of. They want to help, your angel's here to save you. You reveal all as they listen carefully to your every word. All the things you have never spoken of before, the things you were scared to even whisper to yourself. You have accepted silence for far too long therefore speaking of the truth for the first time comforts you. You begin to notice that you can see again, breathe again. Your angel gives you the courage to find the strength that you had lost sight of.*

*You feel guilty yet free. Though you are still being held down and there are things you need to do. Your angel stands by you to the very end.*

*Stepping out of the door, you take the deepest breath and leave every single memory on that step as you carry on walking. It seems strange that something inside wished that they would come running after you, hoping that you could live happily ever after, even after all they put you through. But you look to your right, and there stands your angel who wipes away your tears as you slowly remember that this is for the best.*

*Day by day it gets easier and the friends you thought abandoned you were just waiting for the day when you would come back to them. They help you to discover that contagious/distinctive laugh that you once had… and still have. You find happiness in all that you do. You spend your entire time making up for lost time, with your family, friends and most of all yourself. All of your decisions are your own!*

*Like the flower, when it is damaged, it will fight for survival.*

*A flowers main needs are light and water. If they are in the dark for too long they won't be able to make it. And if they are given nothing to feed upon, they will also struggle to stay alive. Unfortunately, a number of flowers do not find the strength to carry on and it is these flowers that we must remember.*

*You are blessed as your body is gradually mending, your beauty is being restored and the strength that you have gained in order to fight this fight is clear within every action that you now take. The scars that you have been left with are usually visible to only yourself, but as of today, you are brave enough to expose them. Your little heart will always be a frail one, but you are careful and take extra care of it. It will go where it is treasured.*

*You are beautiful.*

*This is beautiful.*

*This is me, right now, rebuilt.*