

# The Shower Expedition

## Amelia

It seems the place I reside is my shower.  
The hot water flowing down my wet hair, covering the tears  
that have been marinating in my sweat for an hour.

My hands lie on my raised chest,  
Listening to my heartbeat with my fingertips,  
I hunch over and pretend my chest is not there  
Just a hollow black pit with no purpose whatsoever  
Other than making me feel like I belong.

I want to feel powerful  
Like I can overcome anything  
But my fears control me and my words within.  
I don't know how to control my emotions,  
I lash out and yell and scream,  
but those are cries for help.

I realise now no one can hear me,  
So why should I shout for help  
When nobody is going to be listening anyway  
When nobody is going to answer anyway  
When everybody is going to ignore me.