



Her name was Pain A poem by Julie King

Her name was Pain.

Or maybe she didn't even have a name. So much pain had been felt and stored that it engulfed her being.

It robbed her of her humanity.

It became HER. She succumbed to this, dressed it up in different outfits and accepted it, embraced it even. Causing devastation to herself - and at times, others too, wherever she went.

But then something miraculous and unexpected took place.

The day came that caring for herself was no longer an impossible struggle. It was second nature. It still wasn't easy, but the distinction was that it felt free.

Free was a feeling Pain didn't recognise...Didn't prepare for...

Flowing through her consciousness was the faith that despite not knowing how, she was okay; she would always be.

Subsequently, dancing with her Demons had taught her how to crawl, then walk. She no longer relied on distraction, treading water, to running, and remaining in a trance-like state of denial or superficial self-confidence.

She gave up the tiresome pursuit of 'the right way', and the empty and futile search for someone else's happiness and she found HER happiness, HER truth. She found herself
Her name is Sophie.

And I love her.

Sophie thanked, embraced and bid adieu to the darkness, to her former self, to self-inflicted pain, self-indulgent, insidious pain.

And what then?

Then beautiful Sophie was set free. She didn't know it at first, as she felt something so foreign and beautiful it couldn't possibly be reality. But this was her reality.

It was the strong amazing person that I am and I know is my truth, promoting such a tranquil state of mind- it took my breath away.

Sophie laughed at the simplicity of it all, the lack of answer BEING the answer and greeted the things she knew all along. She mourned a moment for lost time. And from then on she was joyously FREE, radiating love, she jumped, and free falling into the hope filled arms of self-belief she leapt.



She knew what life meant to her, HER meaning. Armed with this meaning, she danced through life and rested and loved and laughed and played- she did so fearlessly, honestly uncritically and unashamedly- hoping to inspire others to feel safe to do so too.

Love for herself was of the greatest importance, imperative for life.

It was life.

She was life.