

I didn't want to

I'm running. I'll never stop running. I don't want to run but I have to. I'm ashamed of what I am; you would be too if you were me. I mean it's not like I'm being chased, it's the complete opposite. If I don't run and hide, I'll end up hurting someone. Not on purpose. Just because of what I am.

No! Why? Why are these people doing this? Why do they want me? I must run. Run like never before. Can't they see me? Do they not understand what I'm capable of? I can't hurt them. I won't let myself.

What?! Why aren't I moving? The wind. The wind has stopped. I'm stuck. I don't have legs to make me move. It seems to be getting louder and louder. My gentle breath quickens, until it turns into panting. I can't focus. Everything is moving so fast. The bright street lamps are turning into florescent orange smudges, the gentle sing song of birds is turning into deafening screeches and worst of all I can feel myself being dragged up into the mouths of the unexpected.

BANG! My head is pounding. Where am I? Wait, I know this place. I know what has happened. I have been dragged up all the way... Oh no! Why? I was doing everything to avoid this. I won't be able to escape. I'm here. I'm here and here to stay. I never like being in this place. I hate it. When I'm here, it's a reminder to me that I'm hurting someone or will start hurting someone. It's not even like I want to. It just happens because of what I am.

Where I came from doesn't matter. When I came about doesn't matter. All that matters is: that I'm not wanted, not needed and not loved. I don't particularly mind the fact that nobody likes me but I just can't accept the fact that I kill people without warning and without saying sorry.

As I sit here, I wonder why I haven't been arrested yet. I am a murderer. I take lives every day. I'll be taking one soon. Each and every night I sit looking at the sky - even if I can't see it. I sit and look at all the angels I made. I know they are in a better place but it never helps knowing you did this. You did this with your own bare hands.

A few months have passed and I know I'm going to be set free soon. I'll be set free from this place I know all too well. Then I will run. Run until the end of time: I'm ashamed: I'm cancer...