

# Healing through poetry

A journey of growth



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My heart would burst  
if I kept my poetry  
locked inside  
So my hands take the key  
and I write the words  
out of pure necessity

My fingers and toes turned in  
shades of blue and purple  
My skin white as snow  
not enough life inside me to glow  
Your cruel voice sounded heavy  
in my head  
You offered no mercy  
A devil you were

Slowly disappearing from this  
big scary world  
Pound by pound I lost myself  
Turning into a person  
I didn't recognize  
Ignorant for the beauty of  
nature and people  
Wandering through the streets  
like a zombie  
barely alive  
A body consisting of bones  
No flesh or warmth offered  
protection  
I was vulnerable like a  
newborn baby  
And lonely like a homeless man  
You took my happy thoughts and  
threw them away  
Like a thief you stole my smile

I kept moving and starving myself  
Just to lose more and more  
every day  
of the person I used to be  
Couldn't stop  
You were too strong and  
I too weak  
So I obeyed your commands  
blindly  
Regardless of the consequences

- anorexia

I write with my heart  
and words flow  
My poems are created  
from the depth of my soul