

Perhaps Forgiven But Not Forgotten

BY SUGAR

Words roll out so easily, but once released they can be cemented in the ether forever.

Perhaps forgiven, but not forgotten.

Each word a stinging slap. The kind that leaves a red, lingering welt across my soul; bruised by those tiny words you claim insignificant.

Your words don't matter?

Because I hold them dear as tiny fragments of your heart and soul, now intermingled with mine. I will serve them back to you softly, wrapped in love and compassion rather than wound you with my own tiny daggers.

How do I know which words to trust?

Words matter.

If your words emblazoned with venom and anger are meaningless, what are the ones dripping and engorged with love and sweetness?

I know the depths of your roots and the heartiness of their stalk. I know that every landscape needs weeding from time to time to flourish.

Growth blooms from what once seemed impenetrable and barren, there is a softening.

Photo by [Lukas Müller](#) on [Unsplash](#)


For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice](#)

[of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

Sip a little more:

[I Reinvented Myself With Words—From Broken To Good Enough](#)

[A Certain Type of Magic: A Connection Beyond Words](#)



"Stand in your own truth and don't be swayed by societal pressures of fear. These are killers for the creative mind. Expression is our greatest freedom."

COURTNEY QUINLAN
#HEARTHOWL

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