

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](#)

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
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