

# Familiarity in Discomfort

by Renée Fournier

“Don’t worry, you’ll figure it out.”

But...

I’m not sure I want to.

There is familiarity in my discomfort,  
I know how to handle it.

Still,

there is something inside me, it yearns to be discovered.

To be known.

A creature with my eyes.

It scratches at the walls I’ve built.

It howls in my voice.

Can others hear it?

~~I hope so.~~

~~I hope not.~~

It paces in its cell.

It doesn’t seek vengeance,  
it only craves freedom.

Freedom for us both.

It is not the dangerous creature that others believe it is,  
that they made me believe it is.

That they made me believe I am.

With the key in hand, I cannot open the cage.

For as much as the bars keep it trapped in,  
they keep *them* out.

They keep *us* safe.

There is Familiarity in my Discomfort.