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## A woman's self reflection:

POEM BY : TALIA CHALHOUB

I always say that my biggest fear is regret, and that is exactly what I am feeling right now. So good job, I know what I'm afraid of, now what do I do when I am faced with that monster? I regret not keeping *it* , I regret not holding *it* in my hands, not bringing everywhere, not telling *it* my secrets, not giving *it* what it wanted and not acting like I was told to. *It* is the reason I am upset and noticeably dejected day after day. But *it* is also the reason I wake up in the morning and think about how I should dress myself to be better and to look better. *It* knew me best, but *it* knew me not at all. Two years have past, and I am faced with a similar blood-curdling monster: myself. My abuse isn't bruising to the perceptible eye like *it* was. Instead, I conceal my abuse with laughter and energy while I tell myself that I am finally free. I have not indulged in any close relationships, since maybe this time, my own monster might bruise me. Instead, I tell myself that I am independent. And I am, because the thing about monsters is, they only live under your bed for as long as you let them...