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Phone Booth

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Waiting 4 U

Ciara Houzell

I was waiting for you and I had no clue. These past few years, a little before COVID hit, I took an interest in self betterment. Decided I was gonna look into therapy and shit, decided I got tired of being a passenger. I wanted to be the captain of my ship.

In the midst...

Those insecurities that were parasitically surviving inside of me, slowly started to dissipate and subconsciously made me a better person to date. I used to think I had a point to prove and had to let people know my next move. I thought I had to be loud and proud to stand out from the crowd. But in therapy it was shown to me, all I have to do is sit back, be patient, and what's for me will gravitate naturally.

It's because of therapy I started being stingy with me. Started to see the things I thought I liked, in this new form of myself they just aren't that hype. The mundane small talk started to be a pain to the point I was starting to be ashamed at the thought process that a lot of people possess. On this journey of bettering me, I'm sloooowly learning...

A lot of the people I was entertaining didn't even deserve to breathe the same air as me! See, back when I was young and immature, I walked around hella unsure. When I was hurt, I had a mouth full of dirty words, and I never staggered till I knew my dagger hit that place--where I was sure you would stop playing in my face.

But see, on this new journey I'm learning that my misery doesn't really like company, I'd rather unplug, after calling the plug so I can kick it with my main thang Mary Jane. The fact that my heart was reminiscent of an igloo, but here I am sharing the story of my journey while letting my words brand your brain like a tattoo, lets me know I was waiting for you and had no clue.

Chassidi Betney  **Phone Booth**
 Photograph

