

WORDS FROM THE STREET

Sunday June 26, 2016

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When I was 19

When I was 19, I wanted to become a serial killer,

So now in 2011, after my second long-term incarceration,

I have actually found and tasted hope—I no longer want visions of darkness.

Instead, I want to prosper, to stop hurting others:

“Lord, may You bring someone into my life and rescue me?”

And now for the first time in my life, I dreamed of love: the love from a man. . .

Deep in my dreams: “Out of something bad, good will come; out of something dark, there will be light.”

I recorded this into my ‘Dream Journal’, dated back in February of 2011.

Once released, I fell back into lust, crack-cocaine and alcohol;

I even followed the voiced command of demons to wonder out. . . (I was diagnosed with schizophrenia at the tender age of 18)

Only to return to the void in my heart, and my sad, depressing lonely life.

Walking the streets, as the scent of lust and excitement fill the air, and where drugs lurk.

Who awaits? To whom shall the night carry me?

Pondering this, is what provides the thrill, much better than that of drugs for me.

My heart beat races, as the clicks of my heels.

With a brazen face, I approach the stranger’s car. . .

The next morning is usually the same question, as events from last night flood in:

“what happened last night?” accompanied with a splitting head ache.

These are the events that compose my lonely addicted life.

Until one night, I blacked out completely, yet to my surprise

I awoke to find a stranger sitting patiently on my sofa, just staring back at me.

“Out of something bad, good will come; out of something dark, there will be light”

The old cliché: “Looking for love in all the wrong places. . .”

Had in turn, blossomed into my real life ‘Fairy Tale’.

The Lord had sent him to rescue me,