

## Escape From The Underworld

At 15, I entered the Underworld, cold and ethereal.  
New shades wandered the black sand shores, lost and sad.  
Yes, it was a sorrowful place, but beautiful all the same.  
Hades greeted me with a kind smile and said "Welcome."  
I drank from the river Lethe, hoping I'd forget my pain.  
But I didn't. I needed to return home.

I was afraid to open up the door to who I was before.

Of course, college came with its own concerns,  
but Lachesis told Atropos not to snip my red thread yet.  
I still had stories to tell, so I wrote everything in blood.  
I wrote about knives of unrequited love stabbing me  
in the back, with Acheron flowing from the open wounds.  
I wrote about the whispering voices of demons  
eating the red, bloody fruit of my mind.  
Writing became my path out of the underworld.

I was afraid to open up the door to who I was before.

Soon enough, I found my way back to Olympus,  
having completed my own twelve trials.  
I know who I am now. I'm the hero of my own story.  
Sometimes I miss Hades, but something tells me  
he'd rather me be with Persephone in the sunlight.  
I still visit him, but not out of remorse as I once did.

I'm no longer afraid to open up the door to who I was before.