

The Outside In.

“What if I didn’t let the outside in?” asked the man aloud.

“What if I stopped knowing what day it was?” He added, “Eventually, I wouldn’t know how old I am.”

He knew he hadn’t learned much, if anything, about what it must feel like to be part of a family; wanted, loved, and to know what’s right for others, and then to expect all that, and more, not only in return but also that, barring accidents, it will continue.

“Life is difficult because, instead of getting care and protection, I got exploited, raped, beaten, chained by my neck while half naked for wetting the bed, and then left outside overnight. Other times, I was locked in a windowless room built inside a garage, only visited by my savage predator, but I don’t know for how long because I was so young and a light was always on.”

The man realised again that his earliest years of depraved abuse by adults who feigned caring so they could feast on him and his resilience of spirit, while he spent his days expecting to meet someone who wouldn’t exploit him. His unending optimism filled a well of expectations that went unmet.

His inner strength was knowing he was a diamond, yet he was treated as a common rock. But, for whom did that matter except himself? Why did he keep showing others his brilliance?

As the chapters of his life grew, behavioural interpersonal nuances grew that he had yet to solve, and, while long ago he had bailed on society, he still hoped to be recognised by someone, someday..

He wished his mind were like a toilet, so he could flush it and have it refill with shit-free thoughts.

Then, as he walked by a window, a doe and her two young fawns, still with their camouflage markings, and trailing close behind caught his eye. He smiled because this was the mind-flush he needed, and, still smiling, he went about his morning.

Written by Peter Skeels © August 11th, 2025