

Someone died today. Assaulted with scorching words that sliced wounds so deep they pierced the very heart. It was done with a smile, in a well-meaning attempt to shape and mold, to transform the victim into the best version of themselves. The variation the assailant desired. "That's stupid." "No one cares." "Just shut up." The words flew from their mouths like birds darting for cover before a storm. There was nowhere to hide from the burning tirade that rained down and blistered the skin. It filled the ears first, and then the mind. Someone died today, and it was me.

Author's Note:



As a logophile, I understand all words have power, and my intention is to use them for good. Sometimes I fail and need to use better words to fix things. As a mother who had kids in sports, I used to be astounded at how parents would scream and curse at their kids for not doing X or Y. I was that strange parent on the sidelines, rain or shine, who cheered on both teams. When a mouthy parent spewed their ugliness and their child visibly deflated, I was the psychotic stranger in dark sunglasses, shouting encouragement a little louder. "You can do it. Don't worry about it. You'll get them next time."

Our words have the power to maim or to lift. Be careful how you use them.

The Reluctant Author:

