

1st Draft 2010

In my writing, my voice is quick and to the point. Most of the time my voice is timid. because I think other people have better voices or my ideas aren't important. But, there are times when magic happens and my true voice peaks its head out of the blanket of words on a page. When my true voice awakens, my true self stands tall. It's bold and fearless. I'm blunt. Honest. I don't hold back. My voice is free when it's not hiding under the covers. Most of the time, my voice hibernates. I wish I could tear away its comatose security blanket. I wish the magic would stir more often.

Someone once asked me, "When does your voice wake up? Where does your voice come from?" I didn't know the answer to that question until now. It comes when I let go of my expectations for myself. It comes when I feel safe to be myself and to heck with everyone else. It comes when I write for myself and not anyone else. It comes when I'm passionate. It comes when I want to hear what I have to say because I have important things to say. I've wondered what happened to my voice. When I realize that my words are enough, valuable; then, my slumbering voice will come alive and not be stopped. I will be free. Finally, my writing will be me.

2nd Draft 2019

My Voice Awakens

In my writing, my voice is timid. Insecure. A perfectionist.
Seeking acceptance and validation
Hiding under a comatose security blanket of unrealistic expectations
Shrinking from criticism

Sometimes magic happens
My voice peeks its head out of a blanket of words on a page
Stretching and standing tall
Honest. Bold. Fearless.

My voice wakes when I let go
Realizing my words are enough. Valuable.
Stirring when I'm passionate and have something important to say
My slumbering voice can come alive. It can be free. It can be me.

Final Draft 2019

My Voice By Melissa Heaton

My voice is timid
Shrinking from criticism
Seeking acceptance

Hiding under the
Covers of imperfection
Longing to wake up

There are moments when
I come to myself and rise
With clear perspective

My slumbering voice
comes alive. I'm empowered.
Uninhibited

My true self stands tall
Shaking off the dust of doubt.
Honest. Bold. Fearless.

My words are enough
Letting go, my voice takes flight
Finally, I'm me.