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That Crazy Chick With The Black Hair

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That Crazy Chick With The Black Hair

By Anonymous

When she walks in the room you can feel the taste in the air start to adjust. Sometimes people look at her and see her face of disgust, and feel as though either they or she are unwelcomed in this space. But, the second we make eye contact I always see a smile. A smile that is bright and warm and full of the world's worst comments you could ever hear. When she sits next to you, you can feel her presence. She makes herself known and holds herself high above the rest of the room. If you're smooth enough to make her laugh it will echo down the halls of your mind and fill your own heart with laughter, leaving you both in a trance of giggles. This is rare to see from her if you don't spare the time. Most people might look at her and see someone intimidating. The art on her skin is some kind of resistance or a sign of someone not willing to talk, rather than simply thinking those tattoos are badass and a sign of someone who wants to be 'tatted as hell.' They might see her face filled with displeasure and discomfort as she looks at the people in her vicinity. But really, that's just her face. Sometimes she changes and becomes loud and obnoxious. It is one of the best things about her. Behind what looks and acts like a crazy loud bitch with black hair is the most beautiful spirit you will ever see. The light of her soul, that she is blind to herself at times, will fill whatever void you have of your own. The way she carries herself even at her lowest will show you that anything is possible. No matter what, you deserve love and care for yourself. I remember my days before I met Anya, I was a shell of the person I am today and riddled with insecurities and fear of anyone possibly getting a glimpse on what was actually going on in my mind. From the first day we talked it was like she ignited the light that I had inside me. One I couldn't see, and she didn't even know to try and help, but still ended up being that source of energy. I transformed into someone new, similar to her in the best ways. I could walk wherever I choose without the fear of someone noticing me and making an opinion of how I might be as a person. I know who I am. I know what I've done, and what I stand for. I will continue to fight for my life. I am the only opinion that truly matters when it comes to myself. That chick in the corner looking angry and unapproachable is the one thing in my life that has made it survivable.