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Letter to my father

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Letter to my father: Answer.

THIS IS WHAT I LOST AND WHAT I FORGET, FATHER.

N. Jeno Baptis Melaine.

This is what screams in my mind every single second and hunt me as some nightmare in various ways as possible of voices, images and pain; just like a little child trying to grab my notice, make me remember and bring me back...

Endless of voices and endless of images, father.

All of them at once, I didn't which one to answer, I try to answer all at once but all I could do is scream...

I don't know what to do but all I could do is scream.

So, I go slow and easy. To tell me i am here for me, willing to listen and willing to stay for me.

Everyday i listen to me while break, shatter, hurt. For me, i slowly distance from everyone to protect, guard me, to seek clarity, to know the truth and to prevent me from unwanted exposure of my pain in the form of hurting them.

Human are pity souls father. They are hurt and broken. A little child holding on to their survival armour to protect them from our own selves. Afraid of the truth and thus willing to sacrifice the beautiful life.

I don't how to express, not even to myself father.

Words are nowhere close to my pain.

If the scars are physical than i could have show or know the cause but it is mental. The hurt is on my mind, father; words have no use here.

My mind buried the reasons trying to protect me while it doesn't know what to do with the pain.

And so i observe around me,

I found there, they spoke the silent language where my mind find peace and felt

understood.

I light up candles, Fire soothe my pain. Like someone burn and hurt while still light up so brighter and brighter with more hurt as lesson of fuel.

Just like the freezing weather of pain while silence of the void mind with no reason...