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## Broken No More

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### **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Abused, broken and persecuted. That's who I was when I found it. Brilliantly stained a plush purple velvet, adorned with luscious linings of silver and gold---it was indeed a robe fit for a king. Studded with nature's most pristine jewels, it shone like heaven's stars. Yes, it was beautiful and perfectly fit for a king... or so I thought."

## Broken No More

Abused, broken and persecuted. That's who I was when I found it. Brilliantly stained a plush purple velvet, adorned with luscious linings of silver and gold---it was indeed a robe fit for a king. Studded with nature's most pristine jewels, it shone like heaven's stars. Yes, it was beautiful and perfectly fit for a king...or so I thought.

Its very sight beguiled me. Its very touch enticed me, beckoned me. *Is it not written that ye are Gods? That you can indeed do all things?* Hard to argue with truth. Clever little thing, isn't it?

Hmm, it felt good. Fit for a queen---fit for me. *Is it not written that ye are Gods? Truth is truth.* Clever little thing, isn't it? Ensnared in the suffocating stench of self-deification, I was blind to the talons emerging behind me. Gnarled, acerbic claws delved into my flesh. My mind. And my soul. Pain erupted within me. Pleasure coursed throughout me. Wave after wave, torturous lusts assaulted me---viciously, relentlessly. I was bound, weak and dying. This was who I was. This was what I wanted, wasn't it?

But in the pit of me, in the depths of me, I hankered for something more. Yes, deep within me, I cried out for something more. But what? I had all I needed, didn't I?

Abused, broken and persecuted. That's who I was when I found it. Wasn't much to look---that other robe. It was plain, simple and drab. Ugly is what I called it. Talon-less, colorless and utterly unappealing. Yes, ugly is what I called it. Still, I had nothing to lose.

Plain, simple and drab. Wasn't much to see---that other robe. Ugly is what I called it. But ugly is what I was. Blinded no more by destructive pleasures of self-reliance, I saw scars of every shape and wounds of every kind. I was bleeding. I was dying. This is who I was when I found it.

Cloaked in the power of its simplicity and wrapped in the arms of its truth, I could deny my putrid state no longer. Hungry, thirsty and desperate for something more, I cried out from a pain I've never known. I cried out with a passion not my own.

I wept and my soul rested. I wept and my heart lifted. I wept and I was made whole.

Abused, broken, and persecuted. That's who I was when I found it---that other robe.

Yes, that's who I was.

Selena Cochran