**Tongues in Trees Project:**

**Transcript of Mel reading Experience**

I have gained my experience from the blackest of days.

With lightening bolts invading my long lonely nights.

Once a sunshine child then wading, uphill winding roads through thick black sludge between skin and bone.

I have cried tears, red hot tears.

Alone, yet surrounded & doing all that should be done together.

Unsure, unsteady like a toddling child. Consistently, persevering courageously.

Demanding only the best.

From all of this, to today.

Walking with my head held high into a recovered existence.

I speak for those who cannot find their voice.