

Phosphenes

Casey

I feel the veins that sit behind my eyes grow varicose as gentle light starts filtering through fractured blinds that shade the world from me.

You'd always watch me as I'd wax and wane, Fluoxetine and slow decay, dependence on a medicine is Hell without reprieve.

I am bereft of the ineffable affections I feel I am owed, my vacancy and apathy are all that I have left to show for years I spent in isolation, for chemicals that took the place of fleeting moments in which I found reprieve from misery.

And it seems the only solace I'm afforded is now instead of wanting to kill myself I just sleep; I guess progress really isn't what I thought it would be. And as I lay supine and let the phosphenes fade after another collapse, I'm left to contemplate if I'm really getting better, or if I'm just numb to the feeling of falling apart.

My dichotomy has always been that I'm scared of burdening those who love me, but knowing I need help before I die afraid and lonely. But maybe it's all in my head.

The irony I face is that whenever I try to medicate my aches, it kills the only part of me that makes me want to stay.

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