

Wavering

Casey

I've let melancholy permeate my epidermis, it resonates with every word and I'm stirred awake at night, because my mind is but a pendulum that oscillates, it swings from grief that suffocates to brevity my voice can't shake, I stutter when I speak cos I'm still so weak.

I guess the notion of content has always felt incongruent. But it took a long time to be honest with myself about the solipsistic attitude I take towards my health.

Oh, how it pains me to admit it but I'm far from self-sufficient;
My independence stolen by persistent mental illness.

Please don't mistake my silence for ignorance I'm trying to be better at this, but I'm sick and tired of self-abusing, and making excuses for why I hesitate to lead a life that should elate me, I'm remind daily that my depression can't be justified, but I can't seem to quieten down my mind. I've always been ashamed to say that maybe I need help, but it's either that or face the fact I may end up killing myself.

I can't tell if I'm a coward for being scared to leave, or if I'm brave for staying when I'm riddled with worry. So, this is an open letter to myself in 10 years' time, I'm sorry if you're not around to read this, I swear that I tried.