

Wound

Casey

From a soapbox, I have glorified my slow disintegration; nothin g more than my verbose, romanticised self-deprecation. I've lit tle more to offer than advice on letting blood, my cynicism ser ves no purpose, and my love is not enough to eschew negative be haviour s that I've tried to use to cope. Abuse of prescribed me dication lay as a hand around my throat, but sobriety failed to sedate high functioning depression. My levity has always been a wound that needs addressing.

And the diagnostic lens through which my health is often viewed , fails to take in to account the uncomfortable truth; perhaps my pessimism prospers in the absence of progress, is my cynicis m premature or justified by my emptiness?

Sobriety fails to sedate high functioning depression; my levity has always been a wound that needs a dressing.

Since becoming an adult I've tried to think about it less often , but at the tender age of 16 I'd already hit the bottom. My br other found me sitting on the floor of the family bathroom, cry ing hysterically and desperately clutching to two or three pack ets of painkillers that I'd been terrified of for weeks, I'd be en feeling low for a while but I never truly felt comfortable s peaking about it. He wasn't really able to understand what he'd seen but knew I was upset so decided to sit beside me. That wa s enough to view the situation from a new perspective, true I k new what I was doing but I'd neglected to think beyond that mom ent. Ironically it scares me to death knowing I may have left h im without a brother because of a mind-set I'm yet to fully rec over from. But I guess the memory also invigorates me with a ho pe that evidently, I was lacking at the time. Which is fortunat e because now, 10 years down the line I've thought of leaving m ore than I care to remember; but while the bad days still hold weight, they're definitely getting better. Every day I dilute t he nefarious self-deprecation and loathing a little more, with the help of my loved ones, who's constant support I certainly w ouldn't be here without. In all the ways that I am weak, I am a lso strong; learning how to speak gave me the strength to carry on.