

From a soapbox, I have glorified my slow disintegration; nothing more than my verbose, romanticised self-deprecation. I've little more to offer than advice on letting blood, my cynicism serves no purpose, and my love is not enough to eschew negative behaviours that I've tried to use to cope. Abuse of prescribed medication 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 cynicism 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 brother found me sitting on the floor of the family bathroom, crying hysterically and desperately clutching to two or three packets of painkillers that I'd been terrified of for weeks, I'd been feeling low for a while but I never truly felt comfortable speaking 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 was enough to view the situation from a new perspective, true I knew what I was doing but I'd neglected to think beyond that moment. Ironically it scares me to death knowing I may have left him without a brother because of a mind-set I'm yet to fully recover from. But I guess the memory also invigorates me with a hope that evidently, I was lacking at the time. Which is fortunate because now, 10 years down the line I've thought of leaving more than I care to remember; but while the bad days still hold weight, they're definitely getting better. Every day I dilute the nefarious self-deprecation and loathing a little more, with the help of my loved ones, who's constant support I certainly wouldn't be here without. In all the ways that I am weak, I am also strong; learning how to speak gave me the strength to carry on.