



# reflect(ing)

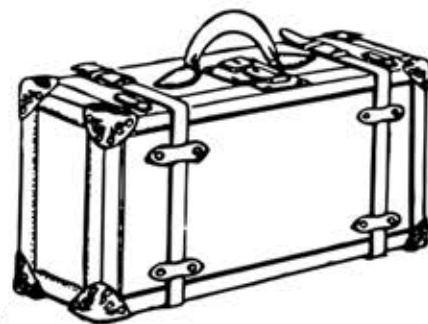
notes to a past suicidal self; from a currently suicidal self.

it feels just as before,  
only this time the baggage is a lot more ergonomic.  
you don't limp when you walk with it;  
so people don't notice as much anymore.

it still hurts.  
sometimes you can float out of your body;  
you become weightless for a few moments;  
but then the heaviness sets back in,  
and you tumble down to the bottom of the ocean.  
the pressure of the water on top of you  
making it hard to move;  
hard to breathe.  
your ears pop.  
your lungs fill with saltwater.  
it stings.  
it still hurts.

you remember more.  
all the memories you repressed.  
sometimes they come up  
and then down  
like a tidal wave  
consuming you.  
everything makes sense now.  
you understand.  
you still don't know why.  
why those things happened.  
why you have to carry them.  
what makes them so heavy?

you're understood  
by the one's who are worth it.  
but you don't always know how  
or when to ask for help.  
you push them away.  
you close yourself up;  
retreat back into your head.  
tell yourself you're misunderstood.  
that you're not worth  
their time;



their energy;  
that you are not worthy.

your body is still a prison.  
you're no longer in solitary confinement;  
you have a cell mate,  
and you can go for walks outside sometimes.  
the sun,  
the wind,  
feels so lovely on your skin.  
the smell of petrichor.  
the halls are silent at night  
except for the occasional scream.



people look up to you.  
you don't entirely understand why.  
you tell yourself they are only looking at the shell  
their idea of who you are;  
though you don't quite fit into that mould.  
it's too rigid,  
too angular;  
so sharp it cuts you  
when you're stamped with it.

you wear your insecurities like worn out old  
button up.  
it's way too large,  
and there are a lot of holes.  
it never fits quite right;  
but it's so comfy.

