

Ellie

It's that constant feeling of a knife slowly being twisted into my soul. It's That constant burden of a thousand tons weighing on my chest. It's That sensation that the world around me is slowly creeping in; crashing, exploding, and I can't pinpoint why.

My heart can't seem to maintain a steady pace. My hands and feet tremble at the thought of coming to terms with my own emotions.

(beat.) I feel empty and I can't seem to fix it because... I can't understand why

It starts with loneliness. It's a constant free fall where I'm waiting for someone to save me. It's The innate desire to remain alone, yet obtain all of the comfort from others that I possibly can. It's the feeling of having a tether attached to me and reaching out only to realize there is no one on the other end.

I'm alone in the world but too afraid to do anything about it. I loathe the feeling of being portrayed as annoying; a gnat buzzing around in the heat of day that no one can seem to get rid of. I can't breath. I stay up all night, every night contemplating everything wrong with me; I need to run. I have to run. But it appears to be an empty hallway, and I'm infinitely sprinting only to find I can't escape my own mind

It progresses to pain. There is a vicious battle in my head everyday. Blood continues to spill as more wounds are opened; wounds that can't be healed. Physical pain heals but emotional pain lasts forever; you can't put a bandaid on a broken heart. I remind myself that everyone around me is only by My side because

they would not want to bear the guilt of anything bad ever happening to me . I distance myself. What hurts the most is not being able to explain why. But despite my own inner battle, I attempt to make others smile as wide as I hope to someday, because I never want someone to have to come face to face with the black abyss that is the inner depths of my mind.

Then comes anger. It starts as an empty balloon in my gut; it slowly inflates until until it can grow no longer. I'm frustrated, because I can't fathom why nothing seems to be helping. I'm seeing someone. I'm taking medication. I'm forcing myself to interact in social situations in the hopes that maybe they'll make me feel something. Anything. I feel nothing but

pain. I feel nothing but emptiness. The sad part is, is that I
start to get used to it.

(still feeling the anger from before:)

That's called numbness. The worst feeling is feeling nothing at
all. It's like being stung by 100 bees, each sharp prick of the
needle hurts and all I want to do is cry but I'm frozen.

Paralyzed. I haven't felt happiness or any positive emotion in
so long that it's basically foreign to my nature. There is
nothing left for me in this world. I loathe everything. I have
no desires, no passions, no guidance; just pain. Sleep doesn't
help; my soul is what's exhausted. I'm exhausted of trying to
seem stronger than I feel. I'm too exhausted to bring myself to
complete simple tasks. My body feels limp. It views any sort
of productivity as a nightmare. It's not that I don't care-I
can't make myself care. I don't know what I feel anymore.

Finally, doom. The world has drained me of everything I once
had. When I was little, I ran around in the backyard imagining
I was the baddest cowboy in the wild wild West, lassoing bad
guys and saving the town.

Now? My happy place has turned into a jail cell where I see
myself as nothing but a body. Nobody understands me . Nobody
understands how I can have so much darkness in my heart when
life is so beautiful. They say it's all in my head. I get
defensive, combative, furious. I know It's not all in my head
because I feel it in my heart.