

My Ball of Knots

The train of thoughts in my head are like spools of thread.

Each train of thought has its own color,

They each unwind at their own speed.

All the different colored threads hang in my mind,

Sometimes seamlessly hanging side by side in an amazing rainbow,

Sometimes bouncing off each other and becoming one tight ball of knots.

Lately it has been the latter.

In my early years I tried pouring alcohol over the ball of knots and setting it on fire.

It left me numb on a temporary basis but then the next ball of knots would grow around the remnants of the previous one.

I tried ignoring the ball of knots but that just left it to grow to a size that was impossible to ignore.

I tried distracting myself from the ball of knots with men and all the chaos that comes with the wrong kind of man,

That made the ball of knots grow even faster than ignoring it.

After, what some would call far too many attempts at destroying or ignoring the ball of knots,

I took a more direct approach.

I learned how to use a finely pointed pair of scissors to free the threads of knots.

This, of course, is a tedious process, which I despise.

However, over the years, I have gotten more adept at dealing with this detangling process,

And better equipped to make it a faster process.

So here I sit, gathering strength to put on my head lamp and gloves and once again pick up my finely pointed, very sharp scissors.

My broom and dustpan will pick up the clippings,

Once those clippings are in the trash, I will never pay them another second of attention.

I will tie the remaining ends of my spools of thread into bows,

Which I will admire until they come undone again.

Then I will admire how seamlessly the threads all hang side by side,

Until they start to tangle into each other again.

Eventually, when I have yet another ball of knots,

I will sit and gather strength,
And I will remind myself that I have become a precision knot remover.
My balls of knots are still not enjoyable to deal with,
But they have become a reminder to me of how far I have come in my ability to handle whatever comes
my way.
No ball of knots can hold me back anymore.

Not OK

I am not ok.
I am paralyzed by anxiety.
I constantly feel like I am on the verge of a panic attack.
Hurry up and wait,
Life hangs in the balance,
Death moves slowly.
It's like watching a train wreck in slow motion,
I can't find anything to make that OK.
AND every time I reach out to someone, they put me on hold
While I try to be patient, feeling like my skin is crawling
With that sick feeling in the pit of my stomach.
It's miserable.
I don't know how to stop it.
Everything is changing around me.
I have no place to call my own,
No comfort zone,
No place I have control.
I don't know how to make myself OK again.
I just want to be ok again.

Healing

Shut off and cut off,
I sat worrying.
Alone, empty and stunned,
I sat wondering.
Confused and hurt,
I sat contemplating.
Angry and frustrated,
I rose apprehensively.
Numb and broken,
I stood stubbornly.
Calmly and confidently,
I strode forward.

Majesty

Any woman can be a queen,
She just needs faith in herself.
A queen is not born.
She rises,
Higher and higher with each victory over adversity.,
Until eventually she walks through the flames as if they were a garden.
There is no greater power than confidence in your strength, coupled with hope.
Impressive stateliness, dignity and beauty, despite anything,
That is majesty.

The Pity Party Is Over

She came for a visit today,
The woman that I despise.
She waltzes in here,
Trying to monopolize my time

With her crying and complaining about how miserable her life is,
Which coincidentally is a direct result of her shitty choices.

She makes idle threats of suicide for attention,
Which I now rarely play into.

I have learned over the years that she doesn't actually have the balls to follow through on any threats.

I seriously doubt that she ever will.

She is weak.

Her weakness sickens me.

I am utterly rude and disrespectful to her with the hope that she will just go away and never come back.

It never works though.

She is so focused on her misery that she barely notices my behavior.

On my couch she cries and rants about how unfair life is for her.

I listen absentmindedly,

Every now and then throwing out a snide comment.

My patience wears like a lit fuse which is unusual for me.

I am normally very patient and compassionate with people,

Not this woman though.

After an hour I have had all that I can take,

I can't stand her for another second.

I cut her off mid thought by getting off my couch and going into my bathroom.

I shut the door behind me and flick on the light and the ceiling fan.

I decide to stay in the bathroom until she leaves.

I go to the sink and lean on the cool, porcelain edge staring down the drain.

After doing some deep breathing I finally look up into the mirror.

I look deep into the eyes of that woman that I despise and firmly state "The pity party is over."