

Unraveling

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I can feel it happening.

I always can.

It begins in my heart,

Then my lungs.

It's as if the two no longer work as one.

Within seconds it has its hold.

A single thought, a word, a picture.

Dreadful.

Hours, days, weeks.

Months at a time.

Like now.

My smiles, forced.

My laughter, sound.

My movements, robotic.

He knows.

But says nothing.

He goes about his day or night and does not say a word.

How can he ignore it?

As much as I hope he will.

Why doesn't he scream Who the hell are you?!

Unless...no it can't be.

Or can it?

Is there nothing different?

Is this just me?

Nothingness

I kill myself over and over.

There's a hanging.

A slit of the wrist.

A shot to the head.

Or should it be the heart instead?

Is this how we all feel?

The constant regret.

The constant disappointment in thyself.

The constant pain of knowing that I could've, should've been better.

Stronger.

Patient.

Loving.

Gentler to you.

You, who I brought into this world.

You, that I vowed to love.

You, that God entrusted me with.

You, that I'll never be good enough for.

I love you.

And with each breath I take I will try to be better than I was.

I'll try to be better than I've been.

I'll try to be the mom I promised I'd be.

Shit

Shit is what I feel

when I raise my voice,

when I roll my eyes,

when I tug too hard,

when I don't stop and say how are you dear.

How are you dear?

Shit.

is how I always feel

when the sun rises

and dread fills my all,

and I force myself

to feel the way they tell me I'm supposed to feel.

Grateful.

Husband, children.

Plenty.

Plenty of everything.

Yet day after day

dread is what comes to me

as the sun rises and a new shitty day begins.

Always and Never

I've always been like this.

I've never changed.

I've always felt like a visitor

inside this mind,

this body,

this life.

This has never felt like home.

I can't imagine it ever will.

This mind, this body, this life,

they can't be mine.

I've tried it on for size.

I've tried to make it fit.

I've altered it,

Straightened it,

Tightened it,

and have finally let it go.

It is not mine.

It never was.

Me

I get tired of myself.

I'm everywhere I go.

I need a break from me.

But then I see myself through your eyes

and think maybe, just maybe,

I'm not as awful as I seem to me.