

The Walking Wounded

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Lest I forget the pain, and harm others with my forgetfulness...

I have been brought back to a place in my past.
Where I couldn't catch my breath for all the torment in my soul.
I cried and shouted to my higher being to take it away!
"The only way out is through," I was reminded.

I had to experience my pain, my anguish, my anger, MY RAGE.
Tears, weeping pitifully without ceasing, copious amounts of wetness on my face,
pillow full of damp, nose stuffed up with snot,
Desiring to end the pain by death...

Oh death. Whispering so seductively, so strongly. Communicating safety, warmth,
Beckoning me with velvety arms of unfeeling darkness, promising to lift
The Tortuous mask of humanness I wore over my face of emptiness.
The emptiness swirling and bubbling with masses of emotion wanting to tear
me to shreds with ferociously sharp teeth of a crazed tiger.

My mask eyeless, blind, not seeing anything in life but dull shapeless grays.
My ears not hearing anything at all, no music, no birdsong, no laughter,
no friendly voices.

My mouth unable to shape anything but a crude, twisted effigy of a smile,
until even that was too difficult.

My mind nearly snapped. Somewhere I knew I did not truly want to die,
but only to end the pain. How was I to bear this any longer?

Slowly, excruciatingly slowly, I began to get better. Times of falling
back into the pit but I began to learn how to pull myself out, then
how not to fall in, finally how to see the pits in advance.

Now there are periods of contentment, times when laughter erupts from my mouth
with no more provocation than a mere word or two. Sometimes I stop
and think, "Who is this woman who smiles at me," as I look in the mirror.
"Who is this person who takes chances in life?"

It is I, brought back from the brink of self-inflicted death by the purifying fire
of God's grace and with the help of a wonderful psychologist who recognized
my bipolar and recommended meds and counseled me well.

If I have hurt you by not taking your pain seriously, I apologize.
It is not that I don't care, but...
I simply forgot.