Dear Me, By Sharon Y. Sovereign

There may be a time when you felt the world was against you. You cried for help but no one seemed to notice. The people who should have noticed your cries were blind to your pain, blind to you despair.

Your depression and anxiety did not come all at once. Your life was spent thinking that you caused all of the things to happen. The unwanted touches from those who were held closest. You were beat down black and blue by love which was not love. The physical scars were not near as bad as the scars to your soul. The night you called out, being rapes and the one you loved stood at the door listening to your screams. You cried his name but he did not help. He watched as you were torn both inside and out. Your soul died.

Three times you tried to love and three times you have failed. What was love to you? A man who love a man or a man who loved his music or a man who loved himself. You felt worthless , unloved and wanted it all to end. You took the pink gun in your hand and put it to your head. The trigger felt so comfortable in your hand. The alcohol gave you courage. The trigger, all it would take is one squeeze of the trigger and it would be all over. Your life would be a bed memory. No more tears no more hurt no more disappointment. In high school you wrote “pills or shots, upper or downers one night of despair and just another statistic. For 30 years you have held this pain. The pain of being imperfect. Here you set, still dreaming of the day it will end. But you have got to learn... You must realize that you are perfect in all of your imperfections. You must have an open heart. First for you, and then for them. Love yourself. Your screams will be heard. I hear my screams. Who am I afraid of? I am afraid of me! The monster I fight is not a monster in the dark. The monster I fear is in my head. The monster that attacks me daily is me. The monster in our head is you. Put the gun down. The trigger is not the only answer. The metal against your head is only a lie. Do not pull the trigger. Find yourself. I will find me. I will find you. We can live. Just please do not caress the trigger. With the each touch you feel it becomes more real. I know you only want not to feel the pain. But the pain is what makes your life real. It makes you feel alive. Don’t give that up. Feel to heal and heal to love. I want to be 6 feet under. I want to be 6 feet tall. The uncertainty is a certainty. How can you even know if you make that final choice.

I love you. I love me. I love us.

Signed me.