Difficult to Love

How am I supposed to love? How am I supposed to be loved? How am I to accept the concept that I’m not a bad person when all that lives in my head are dark, dangerous, twisted thoughts?

Trying to accept your past and move on is so challenging when your deepest desires are to satisfy the craving of blood and pain and tears that leave your body with the sorrows of your past, leading the light to a place that demons and terrors reside. The stench of the foul lies and deceit you say to try and make the hurt go away. The sight of the vices that are needed to get you through the day. The sound of your mind, like a busy pub garden on a summer’s day, the noise is deafening and overwhelming, almost as if multiple people are screaming at you, and you’re not sure which way to turn. The harrowing defeat you feel when it comes to feeling that little bit of release from the treacherous path that you find yourself walking down. The light in your eyes slowly diminishes, leaving a dark, black hole that you can never fill. Pretending to smile, and laugh, and be the person that everyone needs, to adapt and never let your troubles out.

Never wanting to be a cause of anxiety because you don’t want others to know how broken you are, beyond repair, I say. Never knowing how to say ‘I need help’ or ‘I’m falling apart’ – not without reverting to playing the game in which you are okay—burying, hiding that deep hunger to break down and fall apart, sobbing, screaming and scratching the itch to give up. However, giving up is not an option, giving up your world to give strength to others, now that’s a forever occupation that claims your life and suffocates you until your final breath. The taste of the bittersweet deception is one that you can never forget. The warped flavour of the heartbreak stings the inside of your mouth as it slowly peels back the trauma and damage created so long ago, not knowing how to recover and heal. The mental blockages of flashbacks and nightmares remind you of how you will never be the same way again. They call out to you in a creepy, low voice, telling you to do bad, telling you that you are too demanding to love and withstand, feeding you with inappropriate morals and principles, never knowing what’s good and bad. Giving no set up for the encounters life throws at you, the challenges that your mind cannot even begin to understand or comprehend. The raw and deep emotions attack you from behind, similar to the acts of a serial killer, silent but deadly.

The anxiety rips through you and leaves you bare and open to the unkindness of the inner threats and reflections that flow so easily. Next to anxiety is its cousin, depression. Depression likes to hit you when you least expect it, bringing the shadows alive, and the joy is taken away. No matter how much you put an act on of carefree willingness to please others, you still cannot take the feeling away that your whole world is collapsing bit by bit, and there is no control over where your existence is headed, it’s like stepping in to a whole new world where it is grey and ashen, and no matter how hard you try this barren and terrifying place is the only thing you can see.

Unable to discipline the emotions and intense waves of suffering, you hide away, fearing that someone will notice your pain. Behind the smiles and the laughter is a sorrow never to be felt by anyone else, knowing your pain is not the same as others, knowing that no one could fully understand, knowing that others would view you differently if they knew what happens inside the distorted mind. Scared to open up, scared to feel, so you just shut down. You rid yourself of the sensations that cause you so much grief and pain, and you become numb, unmotivated and reclusive in a state where you are isolated and alone. The panic that hits when the currents scream and crash, like a stormy sea hitting the side of the cliff, becomes overwhelming and crushes the last will you have to carry on. Providing for your friends and family, taking care of yourself, all go out the window, you become reserved and detached from the real atmosphere outside, you crave help and support, and never want to cause a nuisance. You whimper and whine inside, trying to hold it together; however, weeping and breaking down is the only option you have left to relieve yourself from the guilt you feel.

Understanding the way of the world is impossible when you are riddled with remorse and blame, knowing some individuals are worse off than you, but you cannot help but succumb to the obscurity that is your mind. This is why I’m afraid. This is why I’ll never understand the way of love. This is why I’m difficult to love.