

PTSD

Always sick in the head, always crying to no one, always so damn awkward. In my days of gloom, I am not here, I am not real, and it makes me feel useless. I didn't use to be like this, I didn't let it cripple me. But the time has come to get rid of it. What if you get stuck in it? Find yourself unable to leave? What if I go crazy? No, well, maybe.

There were reasons and treasons and I don't want to hear it. Try recalling, pain is treacherous. All is slow and monotonous, and his screams hurt my ears and I forgot fear and started to hear the hissings of the watermelon cut at the head. I say it didn't hurt, it did. One lonely willow crying with me. The events that took place are forever my shame. All is insane as all is inside me.

Leave be, said he, whilst turning his back on her. They'll leave. I don't want them to leave. I want to be clean. Drown me in a river and the stains will not cease to exist. Shame. Disgust. Of course she never saw me the same after that. She spat and scorned. Lorn years before, I could not come to the conclusion, it was beyond me to think of such, and yet, at the tender age of fifteen, a small hole gave rise to the hypothesis, but was irrefutably denied. And then came the maybe's and the what if's. Like an expertise, came then the certainty, still unseen, unproven, just a feeling. Ah, the horrors!, the repugnance! I deserve nothing. It's not so much that I deserve to be back there, but rather I am that. *Yo soy eso. Je suis ça. A veces me siento una impostora, enraizada entre la juventud, juventud que no poseo.* The sand on our beach has the footsteps of monsters and is gooey and oozing poison.

We are monsters and therefore hideous, and maybe I shouldn't associate them and I but I do, and the river flows yellow, and the green has turned to concrete and I shall break away one day, run away with the lustrous leaves of the tree that was once filled with nicotine, and perhaps become whole for the first time. But running never did any good, for they are seekers and runners and I can't outwit them for too long.

The baby's asleep, so who's wailing? The living room is ancient and drips blood, I went in and slipped and tried to skip to the kitchen where the matron's using knives to scrape the burned skin from the counter. She can't see me for I have no skin, she can smell the oxide, though, I am rusty and falling apart inside out as I've been doing for years, and I put a wig on my head, and pretend to be someone else, just for a few minutes and in the mirror looking back I see a broken, plastic doll with blue hair. The wig makes no difference. I am them and they are I, and the children cry for I have lied, and I feel like the bride of Frankenstein.

I'm a puppet and I allow it, move my strings to your liking. My eyes are closed for I dare not see the swamp in front of me, so I walk into quicksand and do not notice it until my knees have sunk in it. Throw me a stick, but the puppeteer's gone for he's done, and I do not blame him, I just wish he'd left me elsewhere, like in a field of daffodils, even alone in a corner like the women of Hopper. Alone but filled with light. Here in the dark someone calls out to me, but her voice is of a cricket and I can't tell where it's coming from, and I wish she'd see me but the quicksand's swallowed my body and my head in haste tries to escape, and my head is not a head, but the confined sufferings of the dead who shed their souls when I stole what all call kindness.

Perhaps it was the thrill of it, and perhaps it was the will to power, perhaps all roses have deceived our senses and are, in fact, defiled. Maybe our acts were atrocious and our heads should be cut off, but the secret lies in feeling too much for what we've been denied. So alone and so lonely and the demons appear. Say hello, now, don't be rude. I greet them with remorse, I don't care for diplomacy anymore.

My heart aches from the smoke of the photograph he burned. He was always so sweet. But he declared defeat, as have many, because of me. Oh, it is all so dark in here, I can't see, I can't even hear. And the darkness becomes his dark hands, always so dirty, and then his fingers, and I find it hard to breathe. And it triggers a life of shame and self-blame. My body's sick as it has always been. My mind's infested with locusts that gleam. I want it all to stop. I'm in a maze and not amazed and to exit I cannot. What is here, what is real, I hate myself like the vampire hates the sun. Shun out of the Garden of Beauty, stung by my uselessness, sung the last song deemed pathetic, oh yeah, I'm a relic.

It was always well hidden and, therefore, well ridden, but the body breaks for all is not forgiven. I sit by his side as he cuddles me tight, and I didn't like to cuddle. When the towel came off, and the mirrors made me see the grip of the ship that split in three and left me emotionally blind.

I've lied and I've cried and the endlessness of it all. I've shaken, been mistaken, but most of all I've been alone. The kids would see I was not free and labeled me a rebel. Some were concerned but I wouldn't tell for the story was x-rated. Don't fret it, she's heavy, and we've yet to be elated.

Stay away, keep your children at bay; my innocence was gone well before I could walk.