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Macie Maddox

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# February

*By: Macie Maddox*

I lie in bed, fanaticizing about the sleep that won't come, lying in the filth of destruction that was once such a happy place.  
My mind taunts me, laughing at me because I can't seem to move, to get up, to shower, to even function.

I am numb.

The milk has gone bad, the fruit moldy. It doesn't matter; it's not like I'll move to go eat anyway.

As the History Channel plays in the background, I stare blankly at the empty closet, a closet once filled with beautiful articles of clothing. Now average pieces of clothing are strung all around my bedroom.

My hair is a mess, tangled and dirty. My face is stained with tears.

A voice tells me to get up, to shower, to just be happy, but we both know that will cease to happen.

I'm locked away in a small apartment. I'm the only inhabitant other than my demons that constantly provoke me.

I must find the courage to get up and to go shower, in itself such a difficult task.

I let the soap run down my body, run into my eyes.

As I lie there watching the blood run down my arm, the razor lies there taunting me. It is clear to me I have finally lost control.

I am numb.

The depression has me in its grasp, a stronghold I can never escape.

I am alone.

I am weary.

I am numb.

The water runs cold, just like my heart, a heart that was once so warm and loving shattered by events of a cruel, cruel world.

Over reacting you might think, but death can do that to an already fragile person.

I'm held together by cheap tape, willing to shatter all over again in a moment's notice.

My grades are falling. I am falling into the black hole once again.

I go home, I hide the scars. I lie, I say everything is fine, although it's clear that it is not.

I feel alone and abandoned.

I am numb.

My events are all sad. My events are crippling.

But I tell myself it's time to move on.

I tell myself I will fight this.

I tell myself this is my battle.

I tell myself I will overcome this so I can one day help someone other than myself.

I tell myself the scars will remain, but my sadness will not.

I tell myself I will break the chains, I will escape the prison that is my dark mind.

I am greater than this, oh so much greater than this.