

Insanity of a Tortured High Schooler

Diane Walsh

I am the kind of girl everyone envies. I have everything. I'm pretty, popular, and I have amazing teeth. I'm perfect. That's what you think, isn't it? You don't know me. You don't understand me. My world is crazy. I close my eyes, everything spins around. A kaleidoscope of colors, sounds, ideas, voices. *Do this, do that. Be this, be that. Try harder. You aren't good enough. You're ugly! I'm ashamed of you. I hope you die.* The voices are always there, and the feeling are even worse. I can't even explain the images. I fall over, dizzy, sick. I can't breath. Nothing is working. You think my life is wonderful, you want to *be me*. You don't even know me. You're jealous. I know you are. I see it, I hear it. "*You're so pretty. I love your hair!*" Don't you know? Can't you see?

The strangest thing of all is I don't even know. My world is so shattered, so complex. Every day I wake up and keep going. I don't know if because I keep going I'm strong, or if because I keep going I'm weak. It doesn't affect me. I know that I need to keep alive. I recycle my feelings into what I wear, how I speak, what I say. You don't understand the fake, sappy, bubbly happiness is just a cover. It's a blanket, a mask. When you were little you used to hide in a blanket and cry. Now, you grab your boyfriend's oversized hoodie and snuggle and cry. I hide through my fake personality. I cry through my laughter. I bleed through my smile. When I plant flowers for my elderly neighbor as a service project, I am burying my heart in the soil.

You eat food. Bananas, but no candy. You're watching your weight. You want to be like me. You exercise. You don't want to get fat, you know. I eat. I eat my heart. I eat my soul. I eat a banana and thank the banana for not saying anything, for not judging me, for not hating me. I thank the stupid banana for caring. The banana cares about me more than anything else, and the stupid banana doesn't even care about me. I exercise. That's right, I run. I run five miles everyday. My weight, it doesn't matter. Or does it? I can't even remember what matters to me anymore. But when I run, as my feet pound the pavement, I control myself. I have power over who I am, what I want. Running is my drug. Running is my anti-drug. When I run, no one can shout at me. No one can hate me. There is no hate. The only thing there is the glory, the pain, and the conquest. I run to beat myself. I run to win. I run because I can't run away. I run to not feel and feel everything at the same time.

I'm a mess. *She has it all together*, you think. You don't know. My feelings, my thoughts, my emotions are so crazy, I'm surprised I'm even alive. I should have exploded a long time ago, floated up and lived in the stars. I should have let my soul fly free, up, away in the dark night sky. I should have disappeared, never to be found. I should have left, gone, no goodbyes. I wouldn't be lost. No one would notice. You don't know my problems. You have no idea what I go through everyday. I don't either. I'm numb, cold, gone.

She's so confident, so beautiful. I wish I had her self-esteem. You're right. I am confident. I am beautiful. Or am I? I don't even know. I can't feel. I'm empty. I have self-esteem because I can't think, can't function. Who am I? I am nothing. There's nothing wrong with nothing. Is there? I can't breath, my voice is constricted. A hungry snake wraps around my throat, cutting off my air. Cutting off my life. I have confidence because I have no idea what to do. I have self-esteem because everyday I get told nothing I do is right, everyday I see I am worthless. And it's true. I am worthless. But my confidence and esteem comes from the control, the knowing. I know what I am.

That was a lie. My life is a lie. I don't know. I am the best actress the world has seen. Shakespeare told me the world is my stage, and it is. I am the heroin in your made-up little story. I am heroin. I am a drug. But I don't destroy you, I destroy myself. That's what I'm told. Wait- I don't destroy myself. Or do I? I don't know. I can't feel.

You say as I walk, there is something about me that makes people stop and stare. I don't know. Can people see? Do they know the truth about me? Have they figured me out? No, they couldn't have. *She never has to try, she can get any boy she wants. Some girls are so desperate, but not her.* I don't try. I'm not capable of trying. I'm not capable of love. "Love your neighbor as you love yourself." I can't love myself. I am dead. Every morning I wake up, wishing for someone to breath life into me. It doesn't work. I'm not desperate? No. I am desperate. I have so much desperation, I'm exhausted, drained, but not in my body. Emotionally. I am so emotionally empty that it translates into my physical body. I want something so bad, the tears turn to coughing, turns to vomiting, turns to blood. I vomit blood and watch it falls from my mouth, fall away, and become soaked up by the ground. I watch as it disappears in a way which I could never disappear. I wish I was like that. I'm so desperate to leave. Make me water. Make me melt into the ground. Make me blood. Make me flow through someone's veins. Vital, needed. Make me necessary for life, for something. Give me purpose.

What do I want? I want anything. I want everything. I want nothing. I don't know what I want. Yes, I do. I want this inner monologue to leave. I want to be sane. I want to have love. I want to have worth. I want it to stop. The buries left are both physical and emotional. The cuts are physical and emotional. The outward torture on my body heals. It is torture, and he knows it. They know it. The emotional does not heal. He has taken my heart, my soul, my feelings, my life. Plunging a knife straight through them, he twists. He massacres the feelings and my body so much that I cannot even feel. I can't cry. He used to be so important to me. He is supposed to be important to me. I want him gone. I want.... happiness. I want peace. I want healing.

She's perfect. You liar. I'm crazy, I'm insane. Thought float around in my head and I have no idea how they got there. Who are they from? I can't hear. I claw my face, my being, to try to understand. Understanding is worthless. I am worthless. That's what he says. Understanding is nothing, it's fake, it's wrong, it's stupid. I can never understand. What did I do to have this happen to me? I am ripped, I am torn. I drown in my sorrow, but even then, somehow I live. I live because I have to. I live because the reason for life is to find something to die for. And I have nothing to die for.