

antithetical melancholia

Imagine, for a second. Close your eyes, clear your head. Breathe in, breathe out, and again. What do you see? I'd love to know! Would you like to know what I see? Okay then, I'll give it a go.

Four walls painted vantablack, they absorb all of the light. Inside this soul sucking colourless void sits a mass, huddled in the corner. She is crying herself to sleep because they help her sleep for longer. (Life hack!)

But you need to look closer, because **!BAM!** She shoots up the room filled with **sunlight**. A pretty grin on her face. She lets you know she wants to run a marathon, or shave her head, or even go to s p a c e .

But alas, this happiness is fleeting. Maybe a FLASH or even a blink. Because as soon as that happiness comes, just as fast she will sink back into her vantablack room corner. Praying, trying, hope on hope with all of the self-control she can muster, not to go to sleep forever, swipe her card and say goodbye to a world that was nothing but cruel to her.

Now, open your eyes again. And look in front of you, and you will see me. With tears in my eyes as I say, "When I deign introspection that I always see". I'm scared of my own head, how funny is that? For some people it's an escape, but for me and so many others it cannot be described as anything other than a prison.

But here I am, alive and breathing. With scars on my arms and my soul. And now I know that even if my brain works against me, I am not alone.

15-year-old me thought she'd never graduate high school.

17-year-old me didn't bother applying for university because she thought she wouldn't that long.

But here I am, at 21, eager to see what life has in store for me.

I wake up, happy to be alive another day. I can live my life not hating my existence.

To you, the person with their eyes open, breathing in and out again. I leave it up to you. There is hope. So, I breathe, in and out. And again. And again.