

# SUICIDALLY ME

## *how it feels*

I feel heavy, it's an effort to move. I can barely lift my head off the pillow and I wonder why I should even bother trying? I question every action, every movement, how is this helping me? What good can possibly come from me lifting my head from this pillow? I feel so empty, but my mind is full; full of reasons not to live, full of ways to end my life, full of all the mistakes I've ever made and the potentials I'll never fulfil.

There is so much logic to ending my life, it's the one clear path to making this stop, the pain, the hurt, the endless depression. It's the most intense yearning I've ever felt, nothing compares to how strongly I feel that I want this. It's beyond a want, it's a need. Because I need an end, I need a way to stop these feelings and there are no other options. No one can save me, I'm beyond help, how can someone possibly take away these feelings? These feelings are an entity, they've taken control of my mind and they can't be stopped by medication or therapy or mindfulness, nothing so insignificant. I have to make a bigger gesture, I have to offer my life, because these feelings are a part of me, they've intertwined with my very being, and therefore to end them I must ultimately end myself.

I no longer see the world for what it is, I can't enjoy its subtleties. My vision is clouded with death, what if I jumped off that bridge, stood in front of that train, took those pills, hung myself from that beam, or cut myself with that knife. I can't see what you see, I don't see those flowers. I can't see the sunshine over me. All I can see is my escape, I'm constantly assessing the viable options. Which one will be a guaranteed escape? I just need to escape, I need an end, total darkness. I can't go on, they don't know how it feels. I don't understand why they're telling me it will be ok and that things will get better, because it's just not true, they're lying to me and I can't let those thoughts seep in, I can't let them convince me to stop. I need the intense thoughts of suffering and depression, I need them because they're driving me to my death. My end. My escape. My freedom.

Let me be free.

I kick, scream and fight back anyone who holds me down, I tell them how much I hate them because they're taking away the one thing I really need and in that moment I really do feel like I hate them for taking this from me. The feeling of dying takes over me, and I don't care who I hurt anymore, emotionally or physically because I'm living so deep within the need to die.

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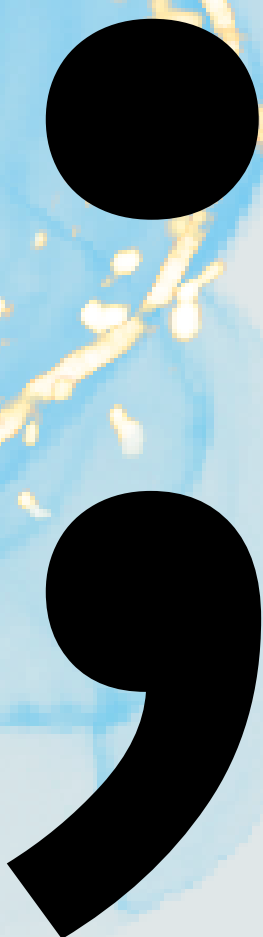
# *crisis of a mundane task*

I'm lying on the floor crying about yoghurt. I have to get up to go get it, and walking is hard, walking sucks, walking makes my heart rate go up, and standing makes me dizzy. I'm not even hungry, I don't want food. I don't want to eat because I'm depressed, frustrated and I just want to lie here forever. Still I have to eat because I have to take my medication and if I don't I'll have side effects. I have to eat because I'm taking my medication; if I don't eat I throw up. I have to take medication because I'm depressed and my body doesn't function properly. None of these medications adequately fix anything, so why am I even going to the effort of doing all this in the first place?

It's the simplest thing but right now it's so hard, it seems pointless, it's tiring and I don't want to do it. So I'm lying on the floor crying about yoghurt.

I don't cry about yoghurt every day, today was particularly hard; this week has been stressful and I've just had enough. A lot of the time these thoughts go through my mind, how I don't feel hungry and I don't want to eat, but I have to because I need to take my inadequate medication without throwing up.

I'm sure you can relate because everyone has those days, where you get upset over the smallest of things. Maybe it's not even the reason that you're upset but it's been a difficult week and this has tipped the iceberg. These moments occur so much more often in my suicidal mind. It's relentless and exhausting. Sometimes those moments where you're crying about yoghurt because everything is just too much and you can't take anymore. They're no longer the moments where you're crying about yoghurt, they become the moments where you attempt to take your life. That feeling of being so overwhelmed and upset that your emotions are out of control. The feeling of being consumed by irrational anxiety. That is the diluted feeling of being acutely suicidal.



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## *too taboo*

You're making it so hard, why are you making it so hard? I feel like no one cares, I feel like a burden, I feel like my treating team is absolutely sick of me and have had enough. So every time you give me an option to leave I can't help but think that's what you want. I should be taking the hint, leaving you alone and stop wasting your time.

I can't talk about death? As though it's something I choose, something I like, something I enjoy, a hobby. You don't want to talk about it so we don't, I don't want to think about it but do I get that option? Can I choose to make the thoughts of dying go away? If I can't talk to you, who do I talk to? I can't tell anyone else, you're the mental health professional and you don't want to hear it, so who does?

I've spent a long time filtering what I say, hiding my emotions, lying to people about how I feel. The one time I connected with someone straight away and felt like I could actually express how I really feel you shut me down. I don't get it. I can't even do therapy right. I don't say enough, I say too much. What am I meant to say? Who am I meant to say it to? I don't even want you to 'fix' me, I just want someone to listen, to acknowledge how I feel.



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