

## Taking A Bath

All my emotions flooded into that bath water,  
My feelings as difficult to grasp as my breath.  
Another panic attack, yes,  
but the first to contemplate death.  
Why was I doing this?  
And for who?  
I knew it hadn't been for myself,  
But I had still been figuring out what to do.

School, work, sleep,  
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The cycle repeats.  
Will it ever end?  
The answer is no, and I am not allowed to feel defeat.  
I am told to keep going,  
Keep my head up and never feel grief.  
I can tell myself to stay positive,  
But will I ever truly feel happy underneath?

The truth is it's impossible to always feel  
Love,  
Feel happiness,  
Feel peace.  
To feel true peace you must first feel  
Anger,  
Feel sadness,  
Feel grief.

I am not weak because I have once felt defeat,  
I am strong because I am not cowering  
Beneath this so-called defeat.  
Instead I get up again,  
I look my fear in the eyes.  
You do not control me, I say,  
You are simply an echo in the back of my mind.

I climbed out of the bathtub,  
Feeling stronger than I had in days.  
The last of my insecurities trailed behind  
As the last of the bathwater trickled down the drain.

I faced my past enemy in my mirror,

And watch as she tucks my hair out of my eyes.  
Tying my hair behind with my lime green ribbon,  
I am reminded I no longer have failure to fear.