

“The Black Dot”

I thought it was nothing,
Just a small black dot living inside of me
Just a small drop of hurt,
A small piece of fear,
Just like tears on skin,
Sad, and for me,
Unnoticed.
But now it was like it had earned its spot.
And I knew from all the tears, pain, and hurt,
That it was meant to be there.

Maybe I could stop it,
But that black spot was determined to stay,
And determined to grow.
And as it grew,
So did the pain,
and the hurt,
and the madness that lived inside of me.
and the black dot was thriving.

I could feel it,
I could feel the black spot growing.
Engulfing my body in the darkness that spread from that black dot.
I could feel it tingling through my spine,
And leaking into my blood.
And the darkness washed over my muscles,
Overtaking every small piece of good and happiness that I had left.
Trying to tear apart the happiness I had tried so hard to engrave in my brain.

The darkness grows, carving deeper and deeper and deeper,
Into my mind.
Farther and farther and farther,
I tried to bury it, I tried to hide it.
But not only did the spot dig and carve,
But it also rose.
Rising, rising, rising!
Rising high out of my skin,
So everyone could see.
Higher and higher and higher.

It felt like it was raised above me.
Like a shadow. A big, dark shadow,
Trying to engulf me until there was nothing left of me.

I knew it would hurt me, that it would destroy me.
All the light around me would be gone.
Washed out, Washed away like dirt on skin.
Should I let it have me?
Or should I continue to fight?
The happiness I wanted was right in front of me,
But was I capable of reaching out and grabbing it?

My mind has nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
Like it is impossible for the black dot to go away.
And my mind and my body,
Was soaking in the black dot, like ink on paper.
Hurt and pain became worse,
It was growing and growing and growing.
It spread throughout all my body,
Filling my voids, eating my happiness.
And drowning my soul in the inky darkness that filled the rest of my body.

I was being dragged under by this little black dot.
The small black dot that grew until it overpowered me.
It sucked the life out of me until
There was nothing left,
But a destroyed heart and a damaged mind.

Feeling helpless:
National Suicide Prevention Lifeline-
1-800-273-TALK