

Sometimes High, Sometimes Low

My thoughts race, I can do anything.
I am joyous, I feel like a king.
I get so much done.
Even cleaning out the kitchen cupboards is fun.

Am I losing my mind?
Guilt, despair and hopelessness feel intertwined.
I never want to leave my bed.
I am exhausted and have pain in my back, stomach and head.

Sometimes high, Sometimes low.
What will come next? I don't know.
I may do much, I may do nothing, just to get through the day.
I'm so tortured, desperate and powerless that I even pray.

I get a glimpse of being okay.
It gives me hope that come out of this I may.
I eat, bathe and move.
I ask for help, without it, I would never improve.

My life as I've known it is at an end.
It is time for me to reinvent myself and transcend.
I take medication, relax and check in with myself to keep well.
I never want to go through that again, it was like a living Hell.

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