Dear Me Letter VI

01.01.2025

Silence.
I stare at the ceiling.
There is nothing.

I have myself,
isn’t that enough?

It must be.

I am trying to convince myself of it.
But so far,
I don't trust it.

I feel delusional
when I am convincing myself.
It feels false.
I know I’m lying.

I can’t seem to reach the part of me
that holds that belief.

It’s like I’m circling the mountain I want to climb,
trying to transform the forest within it,
but I don’t know how to pass
through the invisible wall that protects it.

So, I just stare at the ceiling
and ask why I’m even healing.
Because,
honestly,
it feels ridiculous.

I’m so much worse than when I started.

I didn't like myself,
but at least I didn't despise the emptiness.
I was friends with it.

Now I resent the silence,
ever since I became aware of it.

Before I didn't know.
It was its own thing unavailable to me.

Now I linger in silence,
trying to taste it.
I'm getting the hang of it.
Am I?

God,
where is the line between taking a new path
by reaching the insides of the forest,
and lying to myself?

Everyone talks about healing,
but they make it into a to-do list.
Rules to follow.

Sit down.
Meditate.
Breathe.
Journal.
Stretch.

But where is the capacity to *feel*?
How do I start feeling?
What does it even mean?
Am I doing it correctly?

Everyone assumes
I should just magically have the skills for the basic tasks,
but they seem so foreign to me.

How do I feel and what does it mean?

It feels like I've only heard noise my whole life
but never learned anything of value.

I was told to live.
Do I not?

I have been pondering this for so long
and I didn't find an answer that fits.

I do live.
I meet my friends.

I go to events.
I travel.

What do they mean,
you should live?

What is this strange concept
and why am I hearing about it only now?

There are such splitting ideas
and each of them wants to pull me in a different direction.
How am I supposed to know which one to pick?

Listen to your intuition.

They say it in a way
as if I knew what it means.

This life they are presenting to me,
it is just phrases.
Pretty words that make people listen,
but they don't have any meaning.

Let me jump off a cliff,
it would be easier than this messiness.

But that is the beauty of life,
isn't it?

That it is this messy.
And because of it,
I am the sole master of my fate.

What would life be like
if someone else dictated it?

Well,
for now,
it would be the same exact thing.

I am constantly doing what other people want.
It is not like I have any say in my own story.

Isn't that sad?

Am I seriously allowing myself
to be moved around like a puppet
in the game of chance
that the luck might shine upon me
and I miraculously get what I want,
instead of taking the narrative
and picking my battles?

I cannot stand to be used anymore.
I am taking the chance on me.

The difficult road.
The uncomfortable one.
And I'm letting myself hope
that it is a more satisfactory one.

I get out of bed with the new conviction
and a strange fear inside myself:
that the only person responsible for my life,
is *me*.