

Today

Every day I wake up and the wound is fresh. Every day I wake up and all I feel is anger. Every day. But today, it is different. Today, the wound is healing. Today, I feel the anger will melt away. It feels more intense, for some reason, and I can sense the end of my suffering is near.

Today I step out of bed and look around. It is difficult, because my eyelids are almost glued shut. I rub my eyes with my stiff fingers; the task is daunting.

It is unclear how long I occupy the same point in time and space. My body is paralyzed; motionless. I don't understand why. Not even how. It baffles me to see how lost I am on my own.

I always considered myself a person with a profound love of solitude, yet every time I am on my own my morale pales and self abhorrence overtakes my entire being.

People have evolved to be more comfortable in groups of other people. I wonder if I am the exception that proves the rule.

But here I am alone, and I don't think I've ever been more frightened. My limbs turn to lead and sweat trickles down my brow. Maybe I'm not as different as I think.

Yet, the more I think, the more I come to agree with my earlier opinion of myself; I am an introvert. When I am with other people, all that I hear is the relentless drone of those who think they are better than me and who I think I am better than. Which one is the truth I cannot say. I never had much confidence – I never needed it. I've been on my own for so long that I've had nobody to stand up to and no way to develop it. But one I can say for certain: today is the day.

I know that today is the day. I scratch at my dry body. I imagine flakes of skin peeling away slowly, until nothing is left. I can almost see my body crumbling. Can it be so? If it is, who can see me?

Disappointment has almost permanently rooted itself in my heart, so to look in the mirror and find that the bruising is only emotional, and that my time in this miserable place is yet to be prolonged, is not overwhelming. Perhaps it is fit that I am alone. I cannot imagine anyone being happy with as broken a soul as mine. I suppose it's good that I love the solitude. But why? How did I become this person?

I don't lose hope. Today is still the day. For what, I do not know.

It's not as if I have a death wish. Quite the contrary. I want to live. Really live. This is a pitiful existence, if it can even be called such. I am not living. I'm just...going through the motions. Alone.

It's like a game. You have lives. Just you don't know how many. In this game, you don't get to choose your character. And in this game, you don't know why you're playing. If indeed there is something to win, how can you know what it is? Is it companionship? Love? The acceptance of reality? What if people already have these? Then what? Does the prize fit the person or the way they play? Questions swirl through my head and I cannot answer them. I don't know who can. I feel like I am truly alone, and that hits me hard.

It is like a blow to the head. All of the thoughts I have had seem irrelevant, and amid the chaos of my mind, a terrifying prospect unveils itself.

What if I am wrong? What if this is it? What if I have had my chance and failed? What if there is nothing and no one left to save me? What if today is not the day?

By Zayna Buksh