

LISTEN...

Don't be scared or worried to read on, we need to share the reality of our pain; it is nothing to be ashamed of.

Let me tell you how it can be for me...

The morning is beautiful, and that makes it all the worse.

The words are in my head; the blackness is in my bones.

I must fight my way through every second, wade through this sticky poisonous sea to try and reach what is good on the other side. Something flips a switch in my mind, it could be anything... a newspaper article, a picture on TV - something you said even - and there it goes. The cycle begins.

I transform myself into a screaming shaking wreck.

What if? The questions start...

What if because of you... your carelessness,

your uncleanness, your thoughtlessness, what if you caused? Did you know you could have caused? Were you aware that because of you?

...and then... and then...

On and on, the links of the chain lock together, longer and longer, long enough to hang myself with.

My accuser lives within, my accuser hammers at me, on and on, relentlessly hammering, beating out the rhythm of my careless, contaminated actions. Loud, so loud, it drowns out the beating of my heart. One day, it might replace them altogether.

Blood, pumping through my veins turning permanently to poison.

I am forced, condemned to fitting scenarios together, endlessly working out solutions and realities. Every time I win, every time I arrive at the finish line, gasping for breath—the taunting, relentless, needling, stabbing fear and doubt laugh in my face and cry—you've only just begun... that's not the finish, it's the START.

On and on I must run, no matter how much I hurt, or am thirsty, I must run another race.

Or if I manage, YES, to pack away the fear into a box of reason, for two seconds, I will have peace and I can enjoy my life.

Then OUT they fly, the lid blown to smithereens, pouring out the nightmare, scattering it all over my life again.

Once more I am compelled to pick up the pieces of doubt.

One by one I stoop, picking up these pointless, meaningless accusations just so that I can be totally sure, absolutely sure that I am not responsible for... a death, or an illness, or a suicide, or a failed marriage, or a sacking, or an explosion... a fire... food poisoning... drug overdose... aids...

cancer... a miscarriage, toxoplasmosis...

blindness... war...everything... my fault... everything...

my fault...