

The past hurts - chapter 1

I always believed that London carried a certain kind of sadness. The streets stank of the type of weed that one would smoke to stop themselves from crying over an assignment, or maybe even a dead friend. The lecture halls at my university could easily be mistaken for a microcosm. Picture this. A girl sits down in a room that has a capacity of 6 people, 2 more enter after her. They sit by the window, she sits by the door wishing she could be on the other side of it. After two hours, she crosses that border between the room and the corridor. Society is much bigger than you'd expect. The girl circles the departmental building twice, hoping to lock eyes with someone in an attempt to form a basic, fundamental human connection. Nothing. I think that London was sad because I was sad.

Losing someone to suicide is really hard, but there's something even harder about the months and the years that follow. The emptiness that you cultivated in your stomach is reflected in the emptiness of the eyes of passersby. Small talk becomes fun, like some sort of risk - a promiscuous flirtation. You *always* run the risk of forming human connection. My tongue curls around the words and I hurl them out hoping that one would resonate with them in the way that I craved to be *resonated*. Filled with a deep, reverberating sound that would make my teeth chatter and my fingertips softer, more kind. After a while, loneliness becomes familiar and there is a part of you that enjoys the thrill of being hurt. A part of you is even a *little pissed off* when someone has some remnants of warmth in their manner. That warmth disturbs the peace and cauterises the wound that has been left gaping since last March. I want to keep bleeding.

I need to keep bleeding.

After a while of bleeding, I developed anaemia. I liked looking at my eyes because they'd be pale and empty. I maintained an air of kindness, offering middle-aged men a shoulder to lean on while disregarding the constant flow of iron dripping from my body. Surely he didn't need a friend more than I did. It got particularly bad in September. I'd wait on benches hoping that someone would need me just so I felt wanted, looking for glimpses of *something* in the eyes of those who really were more volatile than I ever could be. I'm not the type of person who declares someone

unworthy of love, not at all, but I can see why some people seek freedom in divorce. Anyways, it was particularly rough that month, and I decided to stop trying.

I need to stop trying.

I hated pretences, it came as part of the job description. I've never felt wanted. Not really.

Time is a healer - chapter 2

The tone has changed now, so suddenly.

Why?

London isn't so empty anymore.

Scars heal.

Having friendship in your life is great.

To meet someone that heals the part of you that you chose to let bleed is an incredible thing. You know that part of you that hurt so good that you would dig your fingers into it deeper so that it *continued* to hurt? I can't really find the words to explain why I decided to recover, but I can try.

A letter to a friend - chapter 3

It's afternoon now, and I've just about recovered from last night. I don't think you realise how much you have helped to lighten my soul in the space of two weeks. It probably sounds fake, insincere. I suppose that's the risk you run when you befriend a poet, a writer. We feel so deeply. We are in a constant search for words that make the human experience seem more genuine. The opposite of insincere, actually. I guess I'm multilingual, some would call me a polyglot. I just call myself a human. In all of the languages I speak, I cannot find enough words to explain how I feel. It's funny, really it is. There's something bizarre about feeling loved, appreciated, valued. When it's not something you have experienced before, you start grasping

for words. Like a child climbing a wall. This will be significantly shorter than my diary entries, because I'm still trying to find a way to compartmentalise the experiences of a 22 year old woman experiencing joy and friendship for the first time.

I want to leave you with a few words though.

Tylko jeden język do tego pasuje. Język, w którym po raz pierwszy poczułam, jak odbija się moja dusza. Dziękuję za zmianę mojej opinii na temat życia. Chcę znowu żyć, chcę doświadczać życia z tobą.

Przyjaźń jest darem, który cierpiący otrzymują po tym, jak już wystarczająco się nacierpią. Odsiedziałam swój wyrok i cieszę się z wolności.

Najlepsze życzenia,

Eleanor

Chapter 4 - TBC.