

How amazing would it be to experience life outside of the realm that you exist in.

I think we need to increase your medication again.

No, but just imagine how it would feel. To walk through cars on the road, to drop knives on your feet without the risk of a bloodied kitchen floor, to remove the residual guilt that you felt after your grandmother died, but you died too.

Look, clearly your treatment plan isn't working. Ruminations, grandiose ideas and delusions. 5 extra milligrams, per nocte.

I think I would feel less guilt and more at peace had I never understood things so deeply. Do you understand that? I find that when your thoughts zap from each direction of your brain 24/7 sometimes you get lost and you trip over the wires of your mind. Your feet grip to the floors like a frog and you can't tell whether you're an amphibian or superman.

Perhaps trauma therapy would be a good idea?

Have you ever thought about the stark comparisons between amphibians and superheroes? Amphibians live in two worlds, between realms of water and land. Superheroes? One heroic identity and one weak. I suppose I could even draw a line between myself and superheroes. I've been strong for so long and now I'm sitting in one of the sterile back rooms of a hospital. Ironic isn't it.

There's a waiting list, unfortunately.

In the marsh or the sky, I mould to what is needed. However, when I'm in the sky? I'm a hero whose cry is never heeded.

So suicide runs in your family, yes? Please fill out this questionnaire.

Why do shrinks like to talk about my family line? The art of storytelling is powerful, but I get the impression that they don't actually want to hear about how my best friend jumped or how my birthday wish at 16 was that the art of our existential pain would cease to exist, like an ancient poet who died with a quill in his hand and a brand new creation in his heart.

Borderline Personality Disorder.

No. Not that.

Bipolar Disorder. Type two. Mixed episodes.

Perhaps.

No doubt about it.

So you're telling me that my existence, as it stands, is volatile?

Perhaps.

Don't copy my words.

Sorry.

Sorry.

There's nothing to apologise for.

I just feel trapped. For you, it's a disorder, one that you file away and only consider once every three months. For me, it's my life. I live between realms and although sometimes I enjoy it, when I'm manic and it feels like I'm existing between planets, most of the time, I really hate it. That's why I understand amphibians. They leap, they live and all, but they're never quite settled. Not really.

That's why I'm here. To ground you. We'll adjust the medication and I'll see you again in a few weeks.

Right, to ground me. You know what, sometimes I think I'd prefer to just keep flying.