

One Little Moment

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I wake up and finally feel like a
whole human again.
Appreciating the salt of my beautiful crisp
all dressed Montreal bagel.
The sweet creamy light brown coffee hits
my throat as the bitter foam
tickles my lips.
I smile because I feel warm again.
I feel the rush of blood in my veins
and the serotonin firing off like pop rocks
in my brain, as I sit here in silence –
just, - being.
Allowing myself to exist fully
in this one single moment.

What lies beyond in my lengthy future
finally excites me again.
Hope slivers through the curves
of my darkest thoughts
and fights its way in to win.
I haven't been capable of thinking
far beyond days or weeks
in so, so very long.
I couldn't see past the gloom,
but now I see growth, and light
and enthusiasm, and adventure,
and most of all, pleasure.

- And it feels SO good.
Almost TOO good.
And I get scared I'll lose this feeling again.

At any moment the shadows can decide
to cast their eerie fog on my soul,
and thirst away at the smallest glimpse of joy.
Like leeches clinging on to my half
empty almost lifeless cold body.
Hungered for the need to feel anything
but doubt and numbness,
worthlessness, hatred,
sadness, anger, confusion,
that life has tried to offer me;
I want to hold on to this tiny moment
of happiness.
This little moment is the only thing
keeping me alive.
But instead – I grasp too tight,
and hold on far too long
and the moment shatters;
like a crystal goblet
slicing open a fresh new wound
for the shadows to seep back in.

Defeated once again,
I sigh heavily
as my head hits the pillow
and my bed swallows me whole
to sleep away another day.
The dark embraces me
like a familiar hug.

I'll try again tomorrow.