

Glass

At a glance, forever:

And to me, the brief second between waking up and realizing that I am awake lasts one and a half forevers. Immediately, there are the anxieties. The practical anxieties first: what did I forget to do yesterday, what do I have to do today, will I have enough time to do it, of course not there are not enough hours in the day to do anything, which things will I have to prioritize based on how mad everyone will or won't get if I don't do them... And then, the real anxieties: what if I don't feel real again today, will I ever feel real again, was I only real with him, if I was only real with him will I ever be real again...

And then, another obstacle. As I swing my legs over the edge of the bed, I have to make the world's most exhausting gamble—the one I have to make every morning if I ever want to leave this room. The gamble being, if and when I get out of bed, will the swift and slight pressure of first my big toes and then the rest of my feet and the whole weight of myself finally break the glass beneath me? Am I too much? Or am I just so void of support and companionship that even an ounce of myself is enough to shatter the floor beneath me, the only thing holding me upright...And on this particular morning, it breaks...

The truth is, intrinsically I am no one. If I make it to the mirror, yes, I see what you see: raven hair, fair skin, peppered cheeks, clothes that drape and conceal me... but on the inside I am shriveled: dry organs, still heart, dilapidated brain. People tell me that I am real because they know me to be so, but when I look at myself I am just an association of *him*, something that will always be connected with him, and once detached I float downstream until I disintegrate.

Am I really *anyone* — can I be described as a solitary being? The observation and perception of a broken self is only a false reality. To them, and in their understanding of me, I am

someone. I breathe the same air as them and it fills my lungs the same way that it fills theirs. But that does not matter, the outside perspective never matters. To me, I am him, and in his absence... I *am* an absence. To find myself, to find my character, I would have to remove the attachment, the extension of myself, the part that has taken over the whole. But how can I do that when I'm constantly at risk of collapsing?

When the glass breaks, and I fall, it is a relief. I no longer have to hold myself, but I float, transcending the miniscule forever and becoming a numb feather, falling, falling...

And I cannot tell if this is a punishment or a reward — if to feel careless and weightless is better than feeling painstakingly nothing. Which one is more real, more definitive of who I am? And if I see you now in the wind coursing through the air and into my mouth and through trachea and lungs, does that mean that I will never be able to get rid of you? Will I never become ...

I then land on my feet with a nauseating force, but it only lasts a moment. I am then standing, sturdy, a physical being in this world, a physical being with two feet and two hands and a heart that needs to be resaturated. A physical being that is worth autonomy, worth fighting for. And so I try again — every morning when I step out of bed, and I break the glass, and I fall, and I land, and I plant — I am trying. And one day, I will stand up, and the floor will not be made of glass but hardwood, and I will walk over to the mirror and will see a face and hair and eyes and a nose and a shirt and pants but also legs and arms under them. And he will be worth fighting for, a person worth fighting for.