

The Void of Imagine

I was robbed of an imagination. I close my eyes and try to picture something new, something magical, something I can marvel at my mind thinking up; all I can see are real-life scenes. Stories I've seen play out, whether in my life or the movies. I can imagine arguments with real people, and disasters that seem so realistic they make my heart race and palms sweat. I can imagine the horrible things everyone around me is thinking about me.

I can imagine only horrid what-ifs. No good ones. Like the prospect of thinking about what would have happened if my daughter didn't die. I can't imagine that. She would be ten this year and I can't imagine what she would look like, what she might be like. I can't look at a blank piece of paper and imagine a purple snuffly-puff. A snuffly-puff is basically a giant purple fuzz ball that shoots out projectile needles similar to a puffer fish when he gets scared. Imagination would make trying to live an artistic life much, much more easy. It would also make it not so plagued by inadequacies and imposter syndromes.

Sometimes, I get glimpses at what having imagination looks like, often in times of meditation, such as the shower, singing songs at the top of my lungs. At some point, I become entranced and suddenly, I'm screaming Before He Cheats by Carrie

Underwood at my dad, who is so clearly standing right in front of me that I swear I could touch him. All the while, my mom standing behind my right shoulder, egging me on, staring at him smugly, "See, she's my daughter." These glimpses of imagination are what spark my magic, what makes me believe in the mystical I so often talk about. Yet, they are unable to be replicated or translated into anything useful other than more noise in my head and more shame for not getting it out. So far, I've had brush-ins with BPD, ADHD, bipolar, anxiety, and autism which all turned out to be symptoms of CPTSD. All have medical treatments you can mix and match to treat your robbed childhood. Where is the Zoloft or Lithium for a robbed imagination?