# You Are Me

No matter where I am or what I am, you are on my mind.

You run my life, you have the wheel.

You turn me down the deepest of roads, the longest hikes, and into the dark woods.

You are always on my mind. You are me, you are the breath that I breathe, and the life that I live.

You are my struggles, my everyday traumatic incidents.

You are the reminder that I’m not good enough, not worthy of love, not giving, and not compassionate.

You are the reminder that I have zero worth.

You . . . are the knives stuck in my head, the ones I can’t get to go away.

You are the thoughts of death, the thoughts that my life isn’t worth this pain.

You are the everyday headaches, the pain in my stomach, and the “lumps” in my throat.

You are my anxiety, my anxiousness to not go anywhere.

You are the negativity cycle in my head.

You are the terror that lives inside my heart, the fears in my eyes, and all the bad decisions I’ve come to make.

You are the reason I’m bullied; the reason I don’t have strength to stand up for myself.

You are the reason I don’t want to be alive.

You are the reason I tried to commit suicide, the reason I can’t be happy in life.

You are me.

With you I can’t be happy. I can’t fall in love. I can’t become who I want to be. I can’t achieve my dreams.

With you I will never be good enough, worthy enough nor loved enough.

You are my biggest weakness.

You are my crushed soul, ego and heart.

You are me.

You are depression.

