

Steel Doors

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To those who have been through this. For those who are gone because of it.

Acknowledgement

To my father, who always stood by my side.

summary

Steel Doors

Routine

Halloween

Steel Doors

Some sleepless nights, spells of depression, anxiety spouts lasting weeks with no break, paranoia that follows along giving me the feeling of choking when left alone.

The rush of adrenalin when my mood switched and stages of Euphoria that follow.

Walking on water. that's what the highs feel like.

Somedays I think feel like im better, like it's passing and i'll be okay.

Until I crash.

Sometimes trying to maintain myself is such a struggle, it's like you can't breath and you wanna push the weight of your chest but just can't.

Other times i'm stagnant.

That is what it's like.

You're okay till you aren't.

You try so hard to feel normal, and sometimes you believe you are.

Until it's time to take your medicine the next day, just to be able to maintain the feelings of balance.

Routine

Rise.

The alarm goes off but you press the button.

Rise your head up.

Push the weights.

Plummet back down.

Take your pills.

This is your routine at the bottom of the hole.

Halloween

What am I doing with my life? Sometimes I forget how bad this place is for me. Sometimes I wonder what I'm even doing. Why I choose to do this and counting the hours until I'm done. Everything looks fuzzy and I can't seem to catch my balance. It's a constant and its suffocating

I look around me, cigarette butts on the ground, gray white silver. There's ants, why is this happening?

Cars pass me, left wondering where they're going. Jealous that they're not here.

It's May, I see one single Halloween decoration looking back at me from the ground. The gold caught my eye. It shines, and I wished it could be me.

I never knew what it was like to feel this way, until i did.