

Breathe

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820 words

“Breathe”

I need to breathe. I need a second. I'm constantly trying and thriving or is it surviving. I'm pushing for better, for more, for success. There's this to do and that to do. Who to be and who's with me. There're expectations to achieve but I just need to breathe. Even when I'm sitting still there's everything to think of. When is that and where to next. Will I even make it. I'm running inside sinking sand. The more I try the more I can't. Each move I make sinks me further. The more I'm fighting the faster I'm falling. I'm trying but please I need to breathe.

I'm running faster, pushing harder, trying to hold on. If I let go, it all would fall. Everything I've worked on. I can't catch my breath or take a seat if I want to give my all. If I'm not enough, don't turn in my stuff, or I'm not as tough as I'm meant to be. If I fall apart or I'm not as smart, would I have to restart. Everyone's yelling and talking too loud. I can't hear my thoughts. I can't make a sound. I'm pressed in the corner. I'm fighting for space. I'm looking for an exit and a way to escape. I'm in my own room and in my own head. My hands feel like static. My mind feels quite dead. My routine is erratic. My eyesight is blurry. My computer won't load. My words are all slurry. My chest might explode. I'm fighting for air in a silent lost battle.

I force myself up and I pull it together. It's another one of those days where I feel like the weather. A giant raging storm filled with lightning and thunder. I'm a strong kid. I'm relentless and perfect. My grades are all A's and I'm lovely and worth it. I'm gifted and talented and crumbling apart. I'm trying my best and it's not what it was. My As are all Bs and they're turning to Cs. My numbers are dropping and fading together. The words are all mixing and mashing with each other. I'm not what I was, my fire is dying and for some unknown reason I am still trying. I'm at my wits' end and I'm starting to bend. I just need to breathe.

I can't snap. I can't break. I'm fighting just to stay awake. I'm falling back into my mind. The more I look the less I find. My breath is pulled out from my lungs. My body's wrung out from all I've done. I can no longer see straight. I'm face to face with all of my failures. It's the weight of my world and my constant persistence. It's all crashing down despite my resistance. I'm sitting in my chair that's way too big for me. Everything's just out of reach and swallowing me whole. I'm giving up. I'm letting go. It's out of my control. I ran myself to the ground. I pushed until exhaustion. I choked up and fell apart. I can't go any further. It's quiet now. It's dark and cold. The rain is hitting my window. I'm watching the water drops run their race and I'm learning how to be slow. It's not easy sitting still knowing all that's left to do. In my mind deep inside I know there's still things I'll lose. Now for a minute I can sit and breathe. It's what I said I truly need. I fought so hard and gave my best but now I need to rest. I'm still gasping and reaching for air. I'm looking at others and it doesn't feel fair. I've been as strong as I could and yet it wasn't enough.

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The trees are bending in the wind. The ground is trembling under the thunder. The clouds are dumping the water too heavy to hold. I sit still and count to three. I'll just sit and let myself be. The branches are falling and splintering apart. The quiet reveals the weight of my heart. I'm not enough for me. So, I'll never be satisfied to just be. The loudness of the world drowns the pain of my thoughts. The numbers took my worth and stuck it to percentage dots. Sometimes more isn't better or even enough. Sometimes love isn't tied to the amount you succeed in stuff. Sometimes the only way to just be is to sit in the quiet and let yourself breathe. I don't need to stop trying or giving my best. I need to be okay when my all looks like less. Maybe losses aren't failure but room to succeed. Maybe expectations are just space to achieve. I can still push for better. I can still run the race but this time I'll take it more at my pace. So, this time I'll leave some room to just breathe.