

I'm drowning in the thoughts of some motivational speaker who never even went to college.

I'm in love with a straight girl for the first time.

I seem to drift off into the bay of a nearby shore every conversation.

Social media tells me to see a therapist.

AI tells me to get checked for depression.

It's the journey into therapy.

I'm crying on the moldy bathroom floor.

I can't count the amount of scars on my wrists.

I don't know the last time I haven't thought of dying.

Social media tells me to get a puppy.

AI tells me to get checked for suicidal thoughts.

It's the journey into therapy.

My grandma's asking me what I want when she dies.

I can't hear any happy remarks over the crowded colosseum in my head.

I'm ticking away the days silently till the end.

Social media tells me there are people to help.

AI tells me that I have 12 days left to live.

It's the journey into therapy.

I don't know if I'll make it another day.

I have to open up the flood gates.

I ASKED SOMEBODY FOR HELP.

My mom screams at me for housing those intrusive thoughts.

My love glances my way.

It's the journey of therapy.

My phone rings in anticipation of the awaiting turning point.

I scheduled an appointment with Dr. Bartlett.

I haven't felt more scared in my thirteen years of living.

My mom says this will change me for the better.

My love gives me a high five.

It's the journey of therapy.

My legs shake in the waiting room chair.

I scan the ads on the television screen to distract my taunting and anxious thoughts.

My mind rehearses the next twenty seven outcomes of any question they could encounter me with.

My mom texts me 'good luck'.

My love isn't there to save me from sinking.

It's the journey of therapy.

My legs lightly peck the concrete walking back to my townhouse.

My hearing blurred by the pounding of my music thudded my ears.

I haven't felt lighter in years.

My music is telling me to cry and let it all out.

My therapist tells me to let myself feel in the moment.

It's the journey after therapy.

I'm starting to see joy after the storm.

I let myself have creative outlets that uplift my former suicidal thoughts.

My head feels ten times lighter with the baggage of guilt.

My music tells me that I'm getting better.

My therapist tells me that I'm acting like a human again.

It's the journey after therapy.

I save up to buy a puppy because they always cure depression.

I had my first kiss on a twilight night next to a girl I've liked for two months.

And yet I still want to kill myself.

My music says to drop the act.

My therapist tells me to add more sessions.

It's the journey after therapy.