

Whispering whimpers whimpering

In the shadow of one particular tree, a whimper whispers. Whispering whimpers that are let out and finally set free, all of which are made by me.

With leaves that rustle with secrets and in complete silence one cries alone, beneath the bark, while in the dark, a bruised spirit lies on the ground, a feeling found and felt to be ever so profound.

A noose of despair I wear, far beyond repair, where many memories grieve, I still manage to somehow breath.

A dance with the dead is where I was once lead. The many shadows all trying to take their hold, unable to feel the February cold. All my worries now gone, lightening the load I once had to hold, leaving behind many memories once sowed.

Depression to wear, like an oversized cloak that consumes, depression that forever looms, weighing heavy on shoulders that feel much dread, often wishing I was really

In arrives PTSD who comes well equipped, ready and waiting with its firm grip, wrapping itself around me single handedly. Just like a winter's cold hold, it never gets old, you'd never think I use to be so bold.

A functioning puppet lost within a crowd, with thoughts sat silent but a voice that is loud, giving off an impression of which many would think that I am proud.

Exhausted by thoughts that refuse to relent, living this new life, a struggle unspent.

Therapy voices, though soft cut deep, seeking out all secrets I once use to keep. All stones soon to be turned, lessons to be learned, knowledge gained even though its pained, I soon manage to break free from a binding chain that once restrained.

Through having many conversations, I've come to many realisations, with all that I thought to be true, I now see all anew, through the very eyes that I thought I once knew. Fuelled with frustration, knowing that won't solve any situation, I now have an obligation to remind myself of my own limitations and to act upon without any hesitations.

My tracheostomy echoes with breath so suppressed, even in silence, it aches to confess.

Medication maps my stormy terrain ahead, yet some days I falter, still trapped within the strain, feeling a pain that no medication could ever truly tame.

Anxiety claws, making me a bore, with memories still sore. In this silence, I ponder on how to be whole, having suffered such a strong blow, leaving its very own visible hole.

Friends who once rallied round have faded from view, while others remain with their kindness shining through, forever staying true.

A tapestry dwindling, once made from pure laughter and joy. Through each shifting of season, I can still just see a reason for breathing, for feeling, seeing and simply just being. To still be here, even if lacking all my cheer and now filled with drear for any listening ear to hear.

Through hesitation's grip, I stand alone and on the brink, finding it hard just to simply think.
Drowning my sorrows with drink in the hope that ill stumble across some sort of missing link, to understand why I was dealt such woe and when it was I really lost my glow as I truly don't know.

Frustration intertwines with the many hopes I once reclaimed, for all that I once aimed and for all that I once gained.

Forever feeling I'm living in darkness, unable to find that light I once did witness.

Transformation a journey, no map to unwind, a struggle for one's own mind that only I can really find.

Very few healing words are ever truly spoken, in the many whispers that I have no choice but to simply sit and listen. Instead much more is quietly being said, all doom and gloom wrapped up in pure fear, it's hard not to hear, all the voices I feel are forever near even though the coast is clear. Knowing all I hear, is just for my ear, to which I often will shed a single silent tear, before finally being able to go off to bed with various meds, to try and rest my once owned, tired, heavy head.

NMD

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