

Lacuna

When I was little, I used to dream about being a star. The world would look at me and think, I want to be her. I would have the perfect life, the perfect husband, the perfect career and the perfect children. That dream vanished with that little girl.

When I think about this dream lying in bed at night, thinking about every life decision I have made until this point, I feel a void inside of me; this world has crushed that little girl's dream. Now all she wants to do is lay in bed in silence and not move for the rest of her life.

About one year ago, I was admitted to the Keres mental hospital. My roommate had me hospitalized when I did not get out of bed for five days straight, not to get food or go to the bathroom; I was a mess. The day I arrived, I had to talk to one of the therapists there. She was a really sweet woman. She had long curly brown hair; she reminded me of my old nanny. She had a calm voice, the kind of voice that tells you a story so you can fall asleep and know that nothing bad could ever happen to you. As I was sitting on the brown couch in front of her, being asked to talk, nothing could come out of my mouth. I wanted to talk about how I loved the couch, how comfortable it was, and how fluffy it felt on my arms. I wanted to know where it came from so I could buy it for my apartment. I had the perfect place in mind, next to the green plant that I had gotten for my birthday. All of those thoughts went away because what was the point of all of that? The piece of furniture would bring happiness to the apartment for a week then it would lose its magic.

I stayed silent for two weeks.

The first two days were a copy of the days preceding my arrival, except for the forced visit to the therapist, until I reached day three. When I woke up on day three, someone was waiting at my door, a nurse. She had the same light blue scrubs as the intern in the tv show Grey's Anatomy. She reminded me of Lizzie Stevens, the tall blond intern with a pretty smile. She told me that I needed to go to the bathroom in the next ten minutes.

When she said those words, it didn't make sense to me because why the hell would I get out of this bed? I was comfortable and hidden from the world. My stomach had been hurting me for a couple of days, but I did not see the purpose of going to the bathroom. I stared at her for a long time before she helped me get up and go to the bathroom.

The door wasn't completely closed when she walked out of the room. When she helped me sit down on the toilet, she told me she would be right outside if I needed anything. It took a while before I started to use the toilet. I stared at the wall in front of me for what seemed like forever. I was brought back to my sense when the nurse touched me, she said that she had been calling my name for the last five minutes without any answers. I got up from the facility, my stomach was still hurting, so I sat on the ground, and the tears began to fall.

The nurse had sat next to me, asking if I wanted to take a shower. My head had been itching for days now, but I thought it was at that moment that I truly noticed it; I nodded. I probably cried more in the shower. The thing with depression is that when it traps you, everything becomes a blur. Every time someone talks to you, their voices are an echo that is so far away that you can't even begin to comprehend what is being said. Time passes fast, and you don't even realize it because you are just stuck in the jail of your mind, guarded by feelings that will end up destroying you. Everything that hurts you physically becomes part of the routine. You just don't care enough to do anything about it because you deserve it for all you know, and it is meant to happen. Everything you say or do becomes a distant memory you can barely remember as soon as it happens. When I went back to my room, another nurse was waiting for me with two IVs, one for food and one for water. This time I did not have the energy to fight them. I just sat on the chair that was in the corner of my room. I think I might have fallen asleep there even though I woke up the next morning in my bed.

What they don't tell you when you are a little girl brimming with dreams is that life can run you over, take everything you love and care about with it and leave you to fend for yourself. Depression was not the first thing that broke everything in me, anxiety was. I went from the nice girl who was friends with everyone and talked to everyone to the girl who couldn't breathe. Every time she walked in between the table of the cafeteria or the teacher would say that there was an oral presentation that had to be done in front of the entire class, she would choke.

It did not change things in other people's lives. My parents still put a lot of pressure on me about school and my future, which made my condition worse. Because now I was scared that I would never be good enough. When I entered college, I went into the literature program. I like creating stories. I figured that this would help me. There was always anxiety stored in the back of my mind telling me that I would never be successful and my life would be a disaster. If I ever get a job, having a happy life will not be enough. I think that when I got out of college that my depression started because why go to university if I had no future anyway.

I still went to university. That was the right thing to do; that was society, my parents, and everyone else that knew me expected me to do. Every morning I would wake up anxious about my day, but I forced myself to go. I was able to drag myself out of my room for about a month until putting an effort was not in my vocabulary anymore. I would receive emails from the school telling me that if I did not show up to my class in the next few days, I would be kicked out. I cried for days, I knew I was doomed, and there was nothing I could do not to get kicked out. My fate was sealed.

When I could no longer attend school, my parents started to realize what was happening to me, and that is when I was first hospitalized at Keres'. Then a second time, a few months later. I was doing good for a while, life finally didn't feel like too much and I could breathe without worry again. It didn't last that when I was admitted one year ago, it took six months before they cleared me. My family tried to tell them that it was too soon, they should have listened to them because here I was again. This time it only took 2 months before the darkness caged my light.

They give you meds to help you, and you take them, and then you think you got better and that your life will change for the better. Every dream you had back when you played dress up and had imaginary friends will happen. There is still that voice in the back of your mind that still is there, and you try to push it away to make it disappear, but even the pills are not loud enough to cover her sound. Some people make it out, they are able to kill the voice to ignore it. but as much as I try, she always comes back to haunt me. I fight with everything I have, but it is never enough because I get crushed. The world around me thinks I will make it out one day and that the future holds so much happiness and life for me.

It is not that I don't believe it. It's the simple fact that right now, when I am lying in this bed looking at the old white ceiling, waiting to be told that I need to go to the bathroom or I will be forced, I don't see how life could get any better. I am living in a hole, and as much as I try to get out, I am stuck there.