

Drowning

Poem by Lucia Otto

I'm drowning.
For real this time.

The bubbles on my skin feel so pretty, but terrifying as well.

I know you don't believe me, I mean how could you.

The me you know, no, you knew weren't like that.

I still hear the words coming out of your mouth, " you have problems? yeah right" and you don't even know how that sentence destroyed me.

You said you would always be there for me, YOU SAID, I could trust you with everything on my heart.

And yet I am the one standing in the rain, while you are standing under the umbrella I gave you.

Trying to hide the fact that tears fill me up from inside.

Trying not to break apart after hearing that damn comment.

Don't you dare.

You have already shown enough to her.

Just. ACT.

Don't get me wrong, it's like I said, it's really not your fault.

I was the shoulder you had to lean on from day one, I was there despite all my struggles, trying to push that side of me away.

Just so I can make sure, you are alright.

You were my priority.

Always.

But you have to understand, I can't pretend forever.

My walls were falling apart, one after another.

Trying to escape the hurricane around it.

Without realizing getting sucked in more and more.

Until you see the eye of the hurricane.

So silent, isn't it?

I'm drowning and I don't think there is a way out.

As a kid in swimming classes I was told, if you ever get lost under water, follow the bubbles they will lead you to safety.

But my bubbles don't float to the surface anymore.

They "plop" the moment they come out of my mouth.
And I am the one destroying them.
Follow the bubbles, they will lead you to safety.
I don't believe that anymore, just remember to take a deep
breath before sinking too deep and keep all the bubbles to
yourself.
Close your eyes and look around.
It's so silent around here, right?
And whilst you don't notice going deeper and deeper, faster
and faster, the deeper you go the more silent it gets.
So why in the hell would you swim to the surface?
I'm drowning and I don't think there is anything, anybody
able to pull me out.
Able to tell me that that water is just one inch deep.
I wouldn't believe you even then. So I go deeper and deeper.
Yet, you blame me for distancing myself from you, if you
would only know what is happening inside of me.

I once hoped you would be my harbour, my rescue ship that
pulls me out of the water.
But proven, you will never be my harbour nor will you be the
flag waving on top of that ship.
So I'm swimming away, so that my hurricane won't affect you
at all.
I already made sure that your ship got residence at another
harbour.
So that I know, you will be alright when I'm gone.
Like I said, I don't blame you, for anything, at all.
Actually.
I blame myself.
I'm egoistic.
Cause.
Drowning..
...is the most calming feeling ever.

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