

Hannah

Circling

Time ticks by. Tick. tock. I stare out the glass at a stretched and twisted clock. I can't make out the time but I know time is passing. Every second feels the same. Nothing ever seems to change. I swim in circles, feeling trapped. I long to feel grounded, but beneath me are jagged little pebbles reminding me of my fears, sharp and scary. My fears grow inside of me. This is hard. I'm struggling. There's no escape from this small space. There is no escape from my fear either. Bubbles encircle me confusing my direction. I look up and see small flakes of food floating on the surface, like bread crumbs trying to lead me out of this bowl that traps me. Or is it just lunch time? Time makes no sense. Am I even hungry?

Time just keeps ticking by and days swirl but nothing seems to change. Swimming in circles around and around again. The fear grows with each circle and I feel like I'm drowning in the waters that surround me. I try to pull up to get back to the light, but the fear yanks me down again. It's harder each time. Tears roll down my cheeks, and bleed into the surrounding waters. Can anyone see me cry? I see someone coming up to me. I stare into their large eyes. I can see all of their pain. It is something familiar. A mind that cannot be freed of the fear. I want to comfort them and tell them I feel the same way, but there is a barrier of glass between us that we cannot break through. They slowly walk away. I look at the reflection left in the glass. For one quick second, I think that maybe I'm not alone. Maybe I'm not the only one who misses someone. Maybe I'm not the only one who feels alone.

These past few weeks have been hard for everyone including me. Going around in my house every single day, seeing the same walls. Hearing nothing different. It feels like swimming in circles. Nothing changes. I long for something new. Some good news. A new adventure. My friends. Instead, I can't go anywhere. I feel stuck behind the barrier of glass. I sit in my room worrying and wondering if this will ever end. Will I ever get my normal life back? Will this be the new normal? All of these dark thoughts take over my body. I can't seem to free my mind. Nobody is meant to live this way, not me, not a fish. But, I will keep circling until something changes. Circling, until I can swim again.