

# ONYI OPARA

## Bending Space & Time

I am trapped in a space and time where reality bends, twisting itself in and out to configure a part of myself I don't recognize.

Others see it. They compliment, they laugh, they smile, they acknowledge, they relate.

Yet, I feel distant and wary of all who can't seem to see that I am struggling in an open ocean of racing thoughts, tribulations, and tears.

There are so many who surround me and love me, yet that love never seems to penetrate deep enough to reach my heart.

I am alone. I am scared. I feel alone. I feel scared.

I don't know what to do and I don't know where to go.

I pray and pray, but they fall on deaf ears and comforting hugs.

I know I am safe in these comforting hugs, but I have no recollection of ever feeling that way.

The way I move, relate, and live are all shrouded in a sense of trauma in which I have no motivation to 'cure'.

There will never be a cure for how I feel. I am not allowed to feel this way because so many others feel worse. Go through worse.

I have to support them and be there.

They need me, but I need myself.

I have to love them, but I have to love myself.

They want a place to be seen, but I want to see myself.