

11/18/23

510 Days

Down

JUST LET ME GO

This piece is my attempt to put into words the power my vice had over me, and realization that the goal I've had of being able to overcome it is actually attainable.

Omnipotent. That's the best word I can come up with for the vice that has controlled my life. It is oppressive, controlling, destructive, insatiable, unceasing, but above all, it is omnipotent. But this word doesn't define it wholly; I'm not sure that's even possible, at least to someone without the experience. Think about what it would feel like to have a slug slowly creep through your brain until it buries itself deep enough to multiply. Think about what it would feel like to have your mind sabotage itself with thoughts that you cannot control, no matter how desperately you try. It mandates your full attention; the very will with which you live, and if you don't give in to it, you feel it will become stronger and stronger until... Well there is no until. You know you won't die, but you let your mind convince your soul that there is no end; that that feeling coursing through your head will become the status quo from here on out, and you literally cannot handle that false prospect, with every fiber of your being. Think about driving a car over a patch of ice, losing control of the wheel - complete control you were sure you had just seconds before - as it careens you, helpless, towards the headlights of an oncoming truck. Think of everything you love about yourself; everything good and strong and moral, and picture yourself crushing it all over and over again with your own hand. Goals? Yeah, you can achieve them along the way. But what the hell is the point when you don't recognize yourself half the time? When the one who graduated college, got the dream job, travelled the world, is the very one who allows himself to stay slave to the same fucking thoughts that have slowly eaten away at the very core of morality and sanity for half a lifetime? What good is hoping for a woman you