

This is a small celebration in between breakdown and happiness

derealisation

I don't feel anything.

Imagine the world around you turning pale. Losing its colour.

It is like seeing in a grayscale.
Everything has turned into a surface with no depth.
I'm surrounded by a surface, a fake scenery, a glass wall.
I don't really feel alive.

Nothing touches me. It's as if I'm just a mannequin enclosed behind the dirty glass of a shop window. I see I hear... and I don't feel anything.
— Everything is distant and blurry, nothing touches me directly.

Now
Sometimes

Especially in the mornings my body is so out of whack that I don't know which part belongs to the other, I have stumps instead of limbs and my spine is so stiff as to be an inflexible shell.
I can hardly get out of bed and onto the floor, from which I can't get up for long.

I feel like a flatfish squashed by a giant.
I feel only the pressure deforming me.
The pressure deforming me like this.
I can't handle it at all.

My memory — my legs — my arms — everything — is not where it should be. It's impossible to do things the way I used to.

I feel like I've fallen out of rhythm. How to breathe, how to walk, or which hand the fork belongs in — these are automatic things I have to think about.

My body is more like a soul twisted by depression.
I don't feel fleshy
I don't feel I'm made up of any muscles at all.
My body is as thin as air and doesn't seem to belong to me, I have no part in what it does.

At some point it may dissolve.

Who knows who I'll be when I fold up again or when I completely disintegrate

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splitting

Someone should have spoken up. He should have called out the violence going on there. But no one spoke up. Or hasn't been heard.

To speak up, I had to split into two people. One of them was kind of representing the outside world — it was like 'fake it till you make it' to work her way up the social ladder to make something happen. But it was at the cost of destroying the other person, lost somewhere inside.

Splitting into two was a necessary phase in its time, in the situation, to move on from the place. Without it, I wouldn't have been able to speak up and break the silence. It was a way to strengthen myself, to endure.

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But I wish I hadn't. I wish I could cohere into one organic whole. Composed of a thousand tiny organisms that are connected and not separate.

Because splitting makes it impossible to feel emotions fully, makes it impossible to live. Separating a part of the personality also disconnects one's connection to the world. To not feel emotion is to perform at one's peak. To not see the warning signs.

To perform one's peak and sacrifice yourself... Pressure seems to be the essential ingredient for success. Except the oppressor and the oppressed are meeting in one body. If I'm oppressed, I have to start oppressing myself to match my oppressors.

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collapse

A disgusting, helpless and worthless stork lived somewhere in a deserted field, completely outside the sphere of human life. Completely useless.

He was standing on one leg, balancing, and doing it kind of stupidly because he kept dipping the tips of his dirty wings in the puddle. Occasionally, a dragonfly larva would fly by and bite him on the skin under his moulted feathers.

It's hard to say what the stork was before. All that's certain is that he gradually went through a kind of Kafkaesque transformation.

In fact, it was quite suddenly that he noticed that parts of his body didn't fit somehow, one part just didn't fit into the other. There were suddenly bigger gaps in his joints, so his legs and arms were horribly spaced apart and indistinct. His abdomen, on the other hand, became stiff and hard.

There were suddenly bigger gaps in his joints, so his legs and arms were horribly spaced apart and indistinct. His abdomen, on the other hand, became stiff and hard.

His blood vessels nourished parts of his body unevenly so that blood pooled in only one percent of the tissues. A lot of things suddenly didn't make sense. All the things the whole body had done together before - getting up, eating and moving - no longer made sense.

His body structure was collapsing in.
The skull hunched, the neck slumped. The head slowly slid between the rolled shoulders that formed an imaginary protective shell. The body's volume gradually shrank, to the point where he was lost in it. And it remained strangely empty.

And there it is, this strange half-feathered creature. A stork, completely useless. No joy, no purpose. Before, he was still trying to cope with himself, reading manuals for a successful life. But then he couldn't.

I guess his nerves just got short. The circuits in his brain, underneath the white feathers, had turned brown, burnt and black. And they started to smoulder. And it went on until he was nothing like himself. He didn't recognise himself or his old desires.

He's dipping his wings.
He's being nibbled by a larva... and whitebeam and chicory grow around him.
They're so annoying in their aimlessness when they keep him company.
A new life has begun for him.

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self-destruction

I'm lying
listening to the sounds coming to me.
I can hear them from the edge of the room.

I feel the heat and the cold.

I'm lying on my back, pressed against the mat.

I feel the pressure.

I feel pressure on my chest, on my stomach, on my legs.

My fingers tingle.

My chest clenches, I breathe against the weight.

So my body takes a moment to fight the pressure. It resists: it inflates, it sort of wobbles internally. The muscles are tense. Like a hard shell. Like a solid structure.

A few more breaths against the weight.
A few more breaths.

And then...
— after the exhale —
the body gives in.

It'll start to slowly deflate.

Breathing in with the exhale, it loosens.

The inhalation fades with the exhalation.

Then, my body and mind slowly stop.

The body continues to deflate
step by step
it finally bursts.

The pressure slowly squeezes my soul.

It feels like my bones and chest are sinking down and my body is fleeing itself.

It flees without apology as if it does not care. It's been scary enough. Now it will just lie uselessly and disappear into space, without my help.

And the soul flutters like on a picture, half a metre above the spilt body.

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Or who I'll be when I'm completely disintegrated.

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apathy

And what if I allowed myself to do nothing?

Yet it is by doing something people can see me: they see I am organising something or that I simply exist. I want to be in that group of people who make art. Doing affirms my existence and my place in the world. It confirms I'm making the world a better place.

But if I allowed myself to do nothing... I can't imagine it at all. I can't imagine what I'd be missing out on.

And I see others. They are pissed off about the Bratislava attack, they feel sorry for the Poles and demonstrate for the climate, yet I am just sad. No, not even sad, I'm apathetic. Just apathetic.

I still feel this pressure, like I have something to answer. To have a meaningful conversation, how to weave that symphony of themes and waves, and to move the collective discussion forward. I just feel like the topics that touch people in our bubble don't touch me. LGBT rights or feminist stuff... I just live the world view that there are assholes. They will just go and shoot the whole club. And you can't do anything.

But that doesn't throw me into anxiety.
What's throwing me there is that I should be on fire. I should be a leftist and also a feminist. But I'm not. It's pressure and anxiety that I should do something. What can I do with Nazis? Whatever I share on Facebook won't reach them, you know that. And if it does get to them, it won't touch them. And if it does, the next march will just piss them off even more and fuel their hatred.

I'm apathetic. I guess so, I'm apathetic.
I'm apathetic because I'm probably a nihilist — I take things as they are.
It's clear to me that individuals can't change things. That those things are rooted in deeper things, in the system, in education.
Just deeper problems you can't just change.

Well... I'm kind of lost. I want to belong, but that makes me want to do the same thing as the group. That's what the Nazis do. It's the group pushing them to do it.

And I just don't know where I am.
So I'd rather be apathetic. Apathetic

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