My mental health is like the ocean.
Sometimes it is calm and understanding;
understanding meaning that she/he/they
see that I am a being, that life flows through me
and sometimes I need to eat. Other times she/he/they
eat me for breakfast and leave nothing but the corpse of
what I used to be. Lying in bed, "I am nothing," I whisper repeatedly.
My mental health rages underneath my skin and not everyone can
understand that; there is something so angry that hangs over
my soul. When I call my mother after 13 unread messages,
she whispers "it's okay to be." I cry into the phone because
it's so hard to just be me... my mental health is me and isn't me.

ReBecca DeFazio