

*“I know I’m getting worse. The “adult” me has been stopping by more often. Except, instead of recklessly driving by and shouting vigorous words of encouragement and wisdom before she speeds off to the unreachable depths of my subconsciousness, now she... kind of walks up to me. Sits down next to me. Folds her hands together. And we kind of sit in silence.*

*It’s usually twilight. I imagine it’s on an isolated road, on the bench of an abandoned bus stop. We don’t look at each other, but I can tell she seems tired. It seems like she has something to say, but she’s hesitating. After a while, she quietly asks, “Are you okay?” Which is funny, because, that’s what I wanted to ask her too. “Are you okay?” But we both know that, if we’re meeting here, and if we’re asking each other that, we already know the answer. And funnier, because we continue to respond with silence.*

*The child me lets out a stream of tears that fall and soften the hardened dirt floor beneath, and adult me gazes up desperately at the sky. Both of us, hoping we’ll find answers to comfort our woes, either somewhere scattered across the grains of the earth, or splashed across the cosmos of the sky.”*

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My earliest memory of visiting the psychologist was as far back as primary school. For most of my life, I have felt alone and empty due to my clinical depression and anxiety. The only time I didn’t feel alone was, unfortunately, in my own head, where a tempest of emotions raged unopposed and continuously drowned me with feelings of anguish and despair.

I started therapy a few years ago when I was suffering from another major depressive episode. I learned that I often think of myself in parts – a “child” me, which represents my trauma, and an “adult” me, which represents the woman that is trying to re-parent herself and heal that wounded child. I learned that, due to my constant dissociation from life as a coping mechanism and a desperate need to fill a void, I had created a family in my head that was composed of different versions of my “self” – or as they call it in psychology, an “Interpersonal Family System.”

I remember writing the excerpt above, in its raw and unedited form, during a time I was struggling so deeply and desperately that the only person I could turn to for comfort and understanding was... myself.

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I haven’t seen adult me in a while, since then. I wonder where she is. I wonder what she’s doing.

I wonder when she’ll come back.

What I do know though, is that, somewhere down the path, we’ll meet again, on that abandoned bus stop on the side of the road. And this time when I ask her, “Are you okay?”, I hope I’m met with her silent smile instead, letting me know that,

“I’m okay.

We’re okay.”