

The Sweat Stain Upon My Being

I am consistently perturbed by a constant sweat that settles upon my forehead. Physical and mental illness are interconnected entities. And when I am unwell, I am ill. A person to be cured by society. Thus, I am thrown inside a facility against my will and treated with pharmaceutical cures that do not truly cure at all.

It's great that mental health awareness is being spread, but if we were to place awareness as a tree chart branching out, I think it is heading up but in the incorrect direction. You see, I believe in a non-curing society. If society accepted us crazy people as we were instead of trying to fix us, we wouldn't be so crazy anymore. My mother always says, "Normality is defined by society," and I think about that quite often.

Even whilst medicated and going to therapy, the sweat never goes away. It leaves stains on my brains, clothing, being. My skeletons and paranoias follow me around wherever I go. I neglect my responsibilities and ruin my sexual, romantic, and platonic relationships. Everyone in my life is currently disappointed in me. I am very close with everyone in my major, but I am not doing my coursework. I go out every night to ease the pain. My illness is worsening; currently The Sweat is upon me. My Borderline Personality Disorder is not truly a disorder, and it is not truly of the personality, however. I know who I am, and I also feel so much that it makes me a greater artist. I feel in eight dimensions; I feel every possible sensation around me. I am considered "disordered" by this society though, which in turn does actually make me disordered, because of the lack of understanding we live in. So, because of lack of societal accommodation and understanding, I will be constrained to failure in life, even if I realize that realistically, I am a

talented woman. Talent is sometimes not enough. One must be sane and/or lucky, as well. And I am neither of those things whatsoever.

Sometimes The Sweat disappears, but whenever it does, the next time it comes back it comes back worse than ever, almost as if I had hyperhidrosis (and I do not). A sweat of the mind that sooner or later will sweat me out completely. I am plagued, I have a plague. I write here, hoping in all my last hope that someone, someday, or maybe even the reader of this piece, will hear my cry. Because it took a lot of courage to even submit this piece last-minute. I'm not even reading it back, out of shame (an emotion I feel all-too-often).

And if you do not hear me, so be it. I am just sick of yelling. My vocal cords are exhausted, my body tired and aching,

My brain sweating.