

I Mourn

I mourn unfinished things—
studies, jobs, relationships, family life.

I mourn opportunities that were never there;
self-esteem, foundations, worthiness, love, acceptance, care, nurturing,
a loving gaze, a gentle touch, a hug, a smile.

I mourn the things I have done.
I mourn the things I have not done.

I mourn my experiences—
violence in all its forms, insecurity, uncertainty,
distrust, neglect, lack of help, belittling, insults,
labels, fear, horror, loneliness.

I mourn what kind of person I am due to my trauma —
anxiety, panic disorder, feeling different, separate, lonely, having
experienced too much, having seen too much, emptiness in place of
emotions, self-loathing, self-hatred, all the pain caused by others, PTSD,
feeling stuck, disappearing from myself, overeating, forgetting things I
should remember,
recalling things I wish I could forget.

I mourn when I see something beautiful and good —
why was I deprived of all that?

I mourn fatherlessness, I mourn motherlessness.

I mourn.

By Minna

