

Calendar full of almos

i almost died on a wednesday 2am - the time stamped, the plan written down in shaky handwriting.

i fell asleep, when i woke up it was already 11 pm, i stared at the ceiling of my cold, dark room. my heart was beating slow yet heavy enough to echo through my ribs.

i looked at my phone again, midnight, for one hour I did nothing but look at the ceiling.

i told myself to get up,

to put the letters somewhere my friend could find them, to put my shoes on and do it, just do it. but I didn't, i kept laying in my bed, looking at the ceiling, feeling my heartbeat in my throat, in my hands. i looked at my phone, again and again, as if it could decide for me.

i had to leave soon if i wanted this to work, if i didn't want anyone to notice, if i wanted to be gone, before anyone could stop me.

but i didn't.

i lay there, paralyzed.

„tomorrow“ i told my self, tomorrow will be the day.

but i didn't die on thursday either, friday didn't work, the weekend would mean doing it at home.

the next week i planned my vacation,

„after that“ i promised myself,

but i didn't die in november, i didn't die in december or any month after that. i stayed.

tried to count my breaths so i could get through each day, through each week. looking for any reason to keep holding on.

and i did. day after day

i couldn't find the main reason yet, i still tell myself you can still do it tomorrow, next week, next month.

but i keep on looking for reasons in every corner, keep on counting my breaths to get through my days, and i'll keep on doing that till i found my reason, till my heart feels soft and light again.

because i should have died on that wednesday in october, on that sunday in december, on that tuesday in january.

i had the dates ready. but i kept missing them.

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