

Change

SAMANTHA BENNINGTON

TW: Mental Health/Eating Disorder

I hate Change.
And not in the way everyone else does,
No.
Mine is deep and dark.

Change is the warden of my every day.
Change is my ghost from the past,
Change haunts me.
Change is swirling around me in August,
I want to swat it down like a fly.

My wrists are getting thinner,
My watch slides around with every movement.
My clothes fit different,
It looks as if I'm swimming in them now.
My head is all foggy,

Change torments me from its high post.
Change picks, peels, and probes at my life.
Change stabs and scrapes away at my happiness.
Change is deep and dark.

My hair is falling out.
My rings are loosening.
I get dizzy every time I stand up.

Can I just lay in bed?
Do I really have to go?
Change, why don't you leave me alone?