Chamber of Reflection

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As I’m standing in front of the mirror, I see it, my reflection. Another creation sculpted with his bare hands, God. From the way my skin glows in the sunlight to the way my long dark brown hair curls just at its tips. Every part of me was made for a purpose, my life here on earth has a purpose. At least that’s what my parents say. But how come when I look in the mirror, I see someone I hardly know, we are merely acquaintances. I feel as if my soul does not match my exterior. As I glance in the mirror, I have a flashback to when I was just a child, happy, carefree and not defined by societies standards. I loved life back then, it was beautiful. Life through a child’s eye is so innocent when all we’d want to do is play and have fun, no technology, it was pure happiness. But as I grow older, I start having responsibilities and I start realizing that not everyone is as nice and caring as we’d expect them to be. Most of my days seem so dull, everyday feels like a routine. I wake up, get ready, have breakfast, go to school, come back home, and repeat it throughout the week. A constant feeling of sadness overflowing through my veins and body. No cause, no reason just an overwhelming feeling of constantly always having to be this perfect girl who’s always happy and can most certainly do it all.

Even when the weekends roll in, I still feel so dead inside. I love my friends and family but, they’re hardly even what they’re titled to be. A friend is someone who loves you unconditionally and laughs with you about the most stupidest things or talk about the most craziest things. Though, it feels like my friends are only ever there for me when they want something. As for my parents, their hardly there. Always off doing business and meetings or travelling for even more business and meetings. It’s rare for me to see them home or to even have plans as a family. Every night I come downstairs from my room, the tables all set up for me and I proceed to eat alone. An empty table, an empty home, and an empty soul. Because of these things, the past few months I have distanced myself from friends and family. You’d think that because I have a well-funded life, I’m happy and I have the opportunities to do the things that make me happy but, I have lost all interests in the things I have once loved. Things that used to make me happy, just no longer does. Every lonely night, I lay in bed crying and screaming inside the pillow waiting and waiting, hoping that someone would burst in and give me a warm hug, but no one ever does. I’ll have a sudden burst of sadness or panic attacks throughout the day, for no absolute reason. Then that’s when I know, It’s back. My dear old friend is back from the dead. Its name is depression and it comes back to haunt me at times when I’m at my weakest. I try to find help when my depression has come to visit me, I try to talk to my parents about it but, nothing I say or do would ever get their attention. I’m just a sad girl with a soul that’s screaming on the inside trying to claw its way out of this dead body.

I lost myself somewhere among these people who come and go in my life. They are simply just passing by. I try not to get attached to anyone, in the fear of them suddenly leaving with no reasons and no goodbyes. I don’t know who I am, or what my purpose is, here in this world. Why do I let my depression consume me, until there’s nothing left of me? Why do I must always be this perfect girl, judged by the society? My parents say to have depression, I must have gone through a traumatic experience in my life but, since I didn’t, then they won’t believe my sufferings. They just don't understand, no one ever does. They don't understand how depression can come out of thin air and attack me, all completely out of the blue. People say “To fight depression, you must find the root of the problem.” So what exactly is my problem? The absence of parents? Being an only child causing the feeling of loneliness due to the lack of siblings or home socialization? Having fake friends who only ever need something from you? What is it? What exactly is causing me to be so depressed, and how is it that I lost myself? I’m on this journey of rediscovering myself and who I am as a person. It’s called growth, the growth of changing from a young girl to a woman. So, I experiment with new things and new people but, this time, I do things completely different. The only way to find myself and who I am as a person is, to do it on my own. We only really have ourselves in this world after all.

That’s when it all hit me. I shouldn’t be waiting for someone to save me, I should be saving myself. Depression may come and go, but it’s our choice whether to deal with it or to whine over it. I am not letting my mind be tormented by the voices in my head and the nasty thoughts. The first step of dealing with depression is to start with myself. As I stand in front of the mirror in my bathroom, I tell myself that I am not the girl society portrays me to be, I am who I say I am. My hands reach for the scissor sitting on the counter of my bathroom sink. As I grab it, its coldness sends chills through my arm. I raise the scissors up next to my head. Two or three snips through my hair has already changed the way I was, I felt it inside me. Then, I proceed to cut my hair, it was short up to my shoulders. I take a glance in the mirror and I smile. This is me, this is who I am. I am taking a different approach with handling life, and this time, I’m stronger.