

SUCH WEIGHT  
*Kendall Driscoll*

My body is a prison,  
A prison where shackles arise from the concrete.  
It grounds me like cinderblocks aboard the basket of a hot air balloon.  
Sometimes life feels like it weighs far too much and nothing can help us see  
that things will get better.  
Sometimes life isn't beautiful, especially with four hours of sleep.  
Sometimes we just want an end to set us free.  
Let us loose and unpin us from this terribly muddled world we've been tied  
down to.  
We try to save ourselves, but sometimes, that'll never be enough.

Life weighs down my body.  
I wake up in the morning,  
I feel such weariness in my bones, and I wonder if it's even worth the trouble  
of getting out of bed.  
They say to keep moving forward,  
But every step hurts and spears pain the further I walk.  
When the day starts, I pray that the day will end quickly  
And then next day, I find myself repeating the same prayers.

Why did you do it?  
Was it for attention?  
What's wrong with you?  
Don't you know that the people around you love you?  
Why?

Maybe this was for attention.  
Maybe this was a plea screaming to the world  
"Please, save me.  
Save me from myself.  
Just be there for me.  
Tell me things will get better.  
Hold me together when life is tearing me apart limb from limb.  
Help me balance when my circus act is tottering unsettlingly from one side  
of the tightrope to the other."

One day, I screamed to the world

And one day, it screamed back.

“You aren’t alone,” it said.

“Life is hard and living it well is even more difficult,

But listen to me when I say there is something worth fighting for.”

And just like that I felt a jolt in my heart,

I witnessed life being breathed back into my petrified body.

I began to see beauty in my heart and in my brain, lungs, and pancreas.

The art of living seemed magical as the system of weights in my life seemed to level out,

Leveling out to reveal landscapes of freedom, not cages of imprisonment.

Life appeared as a promise,

A promise worth fulfilling,

So I adjusted a few knobs and evaporated the energy drinks sloshing around my end of the scale,

I freed up my inhibitions and let them soar,

I filled myself with light and hope and sparkle and gleam until I felt like I was one with the stars—

Weightless and showing brilliantly across the night sky.

Every day held promise and purpose,

Whether it was making the Dean’s List or making a delicious meatless veg-an sandwich.

Whenever life begins to weigh me down again,

I only need to remember pull off the makeshift shackles in which I’ve imprisoned myself.

Some days, we need constant reminders not to cut the ropes which hold us up.

Every day, we should construct survival mechanisms and restructure ourselves to live better,

So that we find ourselves weightless compared to the scale of life burdened.