

The story of self-esteem

As I start to form words right now, as I write, my esteem is in fact pretty low. It is feeling squashed, tiny and afraid. In the thick of this pandemic living on my own I am struggling with my needs, their recognition and those of others. I am in a forest of not knowing which one of these threads meet, which ones are mine and how other people are woven in to call me away from myself and which ones are actually there to nourish.

To upset someone I love is so unbearable and today, now I have I can't function for the rest of my day. I am done in. Absolutely no one can help me with this. I am in pain and nobody can help me. I have to accept this, it's the only way or life is too unbearable.

I have however developed resilience along the way. I know how to laugh and play and rebel but then there are days where I am rendered small, flattened. I have to understand that this cycle will never stop. Luckily as time falls onwards those days of smallness become less and less but they still rise up and leave me breathless.

Take in that breath
Throw back that head
Look them in the eye
Do not apologise

Take that kick to the guts
That feeling of nausea
With a sparkling smile
Go down in style

My face can be grim but it knows how to lift in the presence of others. My sadness stays behind close doors. One day I will have a goat and we will make a team, which will be consistent for once. The goat team. One day I might even have a dog and yes we will be in cahoots. Now I rely on my own self-esteem. I have to go to myself every time. It's all I have.

My self-esteem rises out of bed when I'm depressed.
My self-esteem eats when all I can muster is the nibble of a biscuit
My self-esteem wears bold clothes when maybe all I want to do is hide
My self-esteem applies for grants and jobs despite doubting my abilities
My self-esteem does yoga everyday when I prefer to be lazy.
My self-esteem calls my friends when I don't want to burden anyone
My self-esteem goes on dating apps when I feel unlovable
My self-esteem walks up on stage whilst being scared
My self-esteem attends events when I feel like the odd one in the room
My self-esteem keeps my phone at bay in the mornings
My self-esteem keeps visible whilst being shy
My self-esteem speaks up despite the terror of being shouted down
My self-esteem drives me to create when there is nothing inside
My self-esteem is present when I don't think it is there at all

My self-esteem keeps me going
My self-esteem is funny
My self-esteem is playful
My self-esteem is clever
My self-esteem is kind
My self-esteem knows there's always something no matter how small
My self-esteem quietly sits in the moments of deep sadness
My self-esteem lifts me up when it feels like there is nothing
My self-esteem is always learning
My self-esteem is always there
My self-esteem doesn't care where I came from
My self-esteem accepts me for who I am