

Suppress or Express

Obsessive compulsive disorder, social anxiety disorder, posttraumatic stress disorder, recovering alcoholic-addict. These are neither who I am nor what I have. I no longer need excuses to explain my behavior. They are the fleeting imprints of my past, the past that was forced onto me as a child.

There are those that say there are no true victims only willing participants. They have forgotten the children. Children like me did not have a childhood. Just disjointed memories of the few times it was safe to be present in the world or worse times when escape failed me and I was present for every painful second.

The loneliness, rage and shame that I did not dare acknowledge turned sour in a dark corner of my soul. Every attempt to act, look or feel normal was doomed to failure. It all seemed so easy for you and so utterly impossible for me.

The rage that protected me from those that might get close enough to see: the shame if you knew that my parents did not love me, even as a baby: the loneliness that came from being so afraid of who I might be that I dared not look inside.

I became as close as possible to the person I thought the world would see as normal. I became a true actor. Unlike most actors I was not bogged down by the past, I did not have one. I could not afford the luxury of consistency, everyone wanted someone different out of me. Any clues as to who I am that bubbled up from the deep met with one simple law " suppression not expression". I thought the rage, shame and loneliness were the real me. I knew that if I let them loose I would be lost forever.

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