

Compartmentalization

My inner world has always had many different ideas and personalities. The only way I can function is to box them as best I can into separate compartments. To the wife and to the world I push out the normal, happy, optimistic man in control of my own destiny. I have tried on occasion to let out a very small piece of the scared to death, overwhelmed and almost done trying compartment to my wife but even a hint of this person sends the wife into uncontrollable fear and panic so I do not let him out anymore. I used to have friends that I could leak a bit of that out to. I used to have a therapist and therapy group I saw once a week that I could trust most of this with. But I moved out of state and so now in this area I am alone.

Managing these compartments without the occasional ability to blow off the pressure is a bit of a challenge. Lately there has been a lot of loneliness and hopelessness that has to be stuffed into a very full box. I suspect that this is the reason for the change in my ideas regarding death. There is a growing opinion that I have lived a long, difficult and lonely life with no hope of any real change anytime soon if ever. I have staved it off with the promise that therapy, dedication to a spiritual path and moving to a new state will produce a life with at least enough. Enough money, enough friends, enough freedom and enough peace.

Despite my best efforts in these areas, this new life has not materialized. I am running out of arguments to counter the idea that death would bring all that I seek and more. I find myself having long detailed fantasies mapping out the ways to end my life with the least amount of financial burden and emotional pain to my wife.

These fantasies bring me comfort in a time when comfort is hard to come by. I am not sure how long I can continue to fight them off. I am not sure I want to fight them off.

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