

WHERE I HIDE MY MOST PRECIOUS SECRETS

My strange mind is a house.

It's empty, with too many rooms. It's freezing in the winter and burning hot in the summer. It's always dark in here, but I like it. It invites shadows from another dimension, and I like them too. They sway gracefully, tempting me to leave my realm. Sometimes, I dare to move, twirling my way around the spiderwebs. I flirt with danger, knowing I could escape this prison if I just dared a little bit more.

If I just dared to exist a little bit more.

If I just dared to give in to the shadows a little bit more.

My strange house is haunted.

It's loud with music and whispers. It laughs at night and mocks during the day. Nothing is solemn in here, and I don't like it. Nothing will ever be calm or peaceful in here, and I hate it.

As I keep spinning, I notice a stain on the wall.

It was never there before, was it?

The more I look at the stain, the more it grows. It distorts in an uncanny way. In one blink — it's a face. In another — a weapon. Then — a corpse.

It has a mind of its own.

A mind inside a mind.

Somewhere in this house, there is a pit.

Dark, grim, mesmerizing.

The house keeps moving, the walls dancing around me. But every now and then, the pit appears. It crawls through the house, like a snake. Like a spider.

Like a threat.

Somewhere in this pit, there is a hunger.

My dreams, my tears, my time — it yearns for all I have.

But there's nothing left to sacrifice. I hide my mother's paintings from it. I'm not abandoning them.

It can starve for all I care.

The more I move in the house, the more I disappear.

I can feel my flesh turning to dust. I'm almost happy — the pressure of defending myself against this devilry is leaving me. My name is a vague memory. I no longer have to pretend I don't like this house.

The more the house moves, the more it imposes itself.

I can feel the ground beneath my feet pulling me under. The colors on the walls stab at my heart. Its shifting shapes make me spiral — a constant reminder of the worst insult I've heard too many times:

You're full of potential.

One day, you'll make it.

One day, people will know you exist.

One day, you'll leave this house.