



Human Jewelry #01



Human Jewelry

I've made an anklet
Engraved in my skin
The red slashes
Form red ruby dots of blood
The veins of blue
Add sapphires to this
Piece of human jewelry
Perhaps next I shall
Make a matching
Bracelet or two?

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Cara



The first time I cut I wanted to kill myself. I was 14 years old. I didn't have the courage to go deep enough, but found that it provided a kind of rush and relief that I had never experienced.

Looking at the scars I felt bad and vowed never to do it again.

I managed to maintain a grip on things for about six months, then my aunt had a stroke. Everyone in my family refused to involve me, telling me I was too young.

So I cut again a few times after that. They were not that bad, and that was it for a while.

I had been really depressed for quite a while, and was finding things very hard to cope with.

Then I met this boy, within moments of meeting him I was head over heels, and we were together within a week of meeting. I fell madly in love, and for the first time my problems all went away. Things were

amazing, but within a month we were over, and it broke my heart.

Suddenly, all my previous problems came flooding back to me... My home situation isn't that great. My father is an alcoholic, my mother resents me and my older brother because of my dad, my brother is 25 and has moved out, so I am here all alone.

I began to cut seriously, it started out on my wrists and I could hide it easily, but





I grew more and more depressed. I started using razor blades, and cutting deeply all up my arms and legs, I have a few across my stomach as well.

I have attempted suicide three times now, and things are not looking so good, and I have been diagnosed with clinical depression, and am still very unhappy.

When I cut I feel this instant relief, it's unlike anything else in this world. Physical pain is nothing compared to mental pain. I

am completely dependant on cutting myself, and rely on it heavily for any emotional security. My life is in pieces, and cutting myself is the only thing that pulls me through the day. I wish things could be different.

I wish I could say there was a happy ending to this but there isn't. I am feeling the need to cut right now.

To anyone out there who is hurting in the same way, I hope that you get through it, and I know how hard it can be.

I'm still crying those red tears that don't seem to go away day or night. I wish it didn't have to be like this.

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Tomorrow I'll Be Better

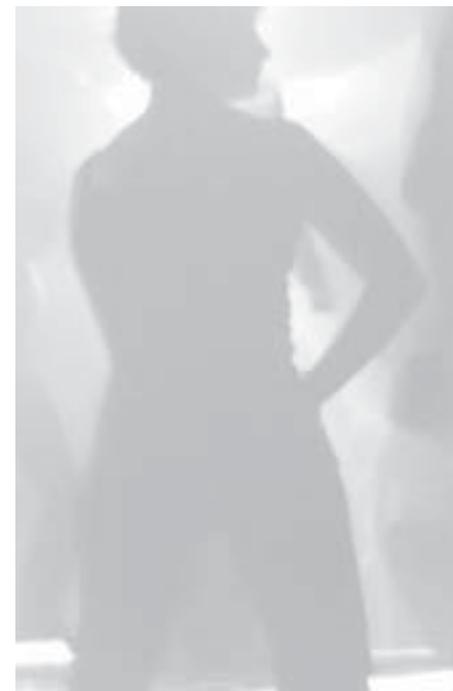
Daisies, Broadway music floating through my body, and sunshine radiating its glory all over my room. Sounds like a good day, eh? Not really.

The sad thing is, I don't even remember what happened that day. I was around 13 years old, equipped with a few good CD's and a pink razor, with white daisies glittered all over it. My mother bought them at CVS, she thought they would be a nice change from the standard grey ones that used to sit aimlessly in the closet.

Anyways, let me get back to where I think I began. My bed was deeper that day somehow, my whole body seemed to be engulfed into it and sit there like stone. The

Forrest Gump theme song was listlessly playing in the background, and my flowered daisy seemed to be calling my name. Sitting there all alone. Hey, I shouldn't be selfish, my razor needed company too, right? No one should be alone. I was doing it for the razor.

Numb-minded, I reached over for the piece of plastic. My trance was momentarily interrupted by the moisture that dripped from my eyes and fell helplessly onto my knees. With my fist in a tight pulse, I shook and stared at my begging veins. I deserved it, the razor would love it. If I did this then everything else would be okay, it would just fall into place.





The uplifting part of the song came. My right hand was lifted. It began slicing horizontally like a psycho with a machine gun, killing every civilian in its path without a second thought. I didn't stop. Not until my blood started to drip on the carpet, that is.

My left forearm was suffocated with thick blood. It was pulsing, moving, keeping me company and bringing a clever grin to my face. Normal? Yes! Who defined normal anyways?

Better bandage myself up... better run into the bathroom and get some gauze strips and medical tape... don't worry *Me*, *Me* will take care of you. It's okay *Me*, *Me* is here now. *Me* will make everything okay,



so close your eyes, and relax, you're not alone anymore.

That same pattern has been going on for about five years now. Happy to say, yes, I do change razors, and yes, my mind is in much better place. I get sick of hiding scars and wearing long sleeve shirts, even when it's so hot that I can feel the sweat between my thighs. I was sick of being a freak, of cutting, of being *Me*. So I have cut it down a lot, but unfortunately, every now and again I get hit with one of those ironic "sunshine" days. Hey, its okay, we all do sometimes. Right?



My name is Sarah. I'm 16 years old and a self injurer. But unlike many self injurers out there, my reasons for being this way are different. I was not abused. I was not raped or molested as a child. I was not in a foster home. On the contrary, my parents both love me and I'm very close with them, as well as my two brothers and one sister. My self injury stems from the disorder I have.

Downward Spiral

You see, I'm a heavier girl. I've never been thin and I never will be. Toned, perhaps, but never like the "others." I was very introverted as a child and showed signs of depression from my early years.

My parents separated when I was three, but remained on good terms. I took the separation hard. My mother got together with someone new, who ended up raising me in a fatherly way and became a surrogate dad for me, especially when I went

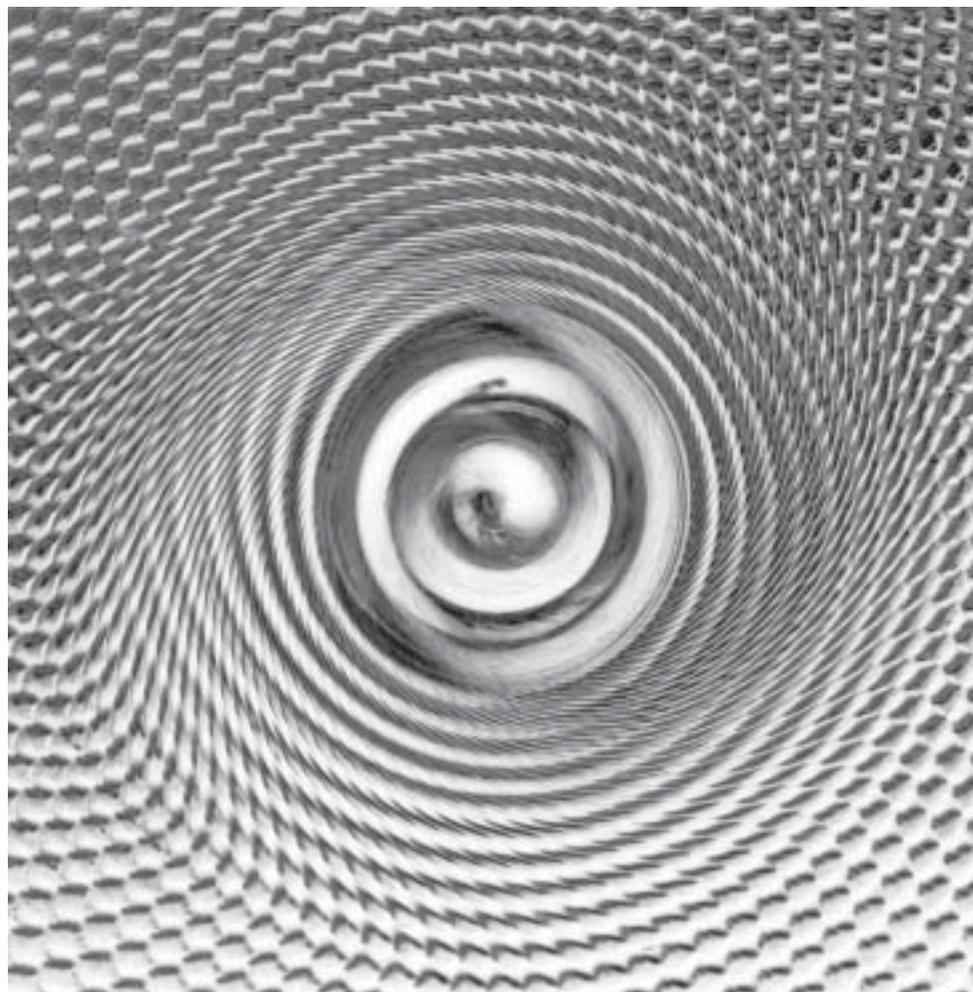


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through the stage of hating my real father. When he and my mother split up six years ago, when I was eleven, my world crumbled. For the first time in my short life, I hurt myself intentionally by cutting with a razor. I don't remember why, but I didn't do it again for years... until last fall, when I was fifteen. I'd been to two highschools already and onto my third. I was still overweight and had poor self esteem. My grades slipped drastically. And so did my mind...

I met a girl at the new school named Niki, who re-introduced me to cutting. She didn't intend for me to begin, but seeing her arms and hearing her tales was enough... I began to cut again. The release I felt was tremendous... and it still is...

My thoughts began to run together, which was strange for me, seeing as I usually had a good control on them. Things seemed so downright bleak for me, everything from friends and family to school to my own self. In late October, I was prescribed lorazapame, an anti-anxiety drug.

It helped, but made me tired... I was only on it for a month.

By the time Christmas came, my arms and legs were ravaged. Most of my cuts were on my legs during that time and because I'm overweight and have odd circulation, the wounds don't heal properly on my legs, making them last longer. I accepted this as more pain I could take. I felt strong, but at the same time, weak.

I spent the night at Niki's shortly before Christmas. Her and I both ended up talking and crying, both having fits and cutting. I called my mother and told her I needed help. So in January 2001, I started seeing a psychiatrist. He put me on Paxil, an anti-depressant and when my sleep began being disturbed, Trazadone, which is an anti-depressant/anxiety and also a sedative. I was in charge of taking my "meds" and frequently took too many or not enough. Then I became addicted to codeine through Tylenol 3's. I finally got myself off those and continued on Paxil and Trazadone, not telling my shrink much

about how I was. Meanwhile, I was slipping away from everything and everyone.

I was finally diagnosed with a form of depression known as dysthymia, which is a step below manic. Alongside that, I have an excessive anxiety disorder, obsessive-compulsiveness and I'm addicted, to this day, to marijuana and nicotine (I smoke). So in light of this, I naturally felt awful. I felt guilty, sad, angry... and a whole lot of other things I'd never known I could feel.

The night before my Sweet 16, which is February 14th, I chased a half bottle of Tylenol 3's with a bottle of red wine and sliced my wrists. I passed out on my bedroom floor and thought that was that. I woke up the next day to the sound of my alarm clock. So I hadn't succeeded. I was still alive. And very much wishing I was dead. I'd attempted suicide several times before, but not like that. And I had to go to school that day, seeing as it was my birthday. What a surprise to see the newly 16 year old me looking like I spent the night in a dumpster...



As the months flew by, the drug addictions slowed. My cutting slowed as I started seeing a therapist along with my shrink. I was taken off Trazadone a month ago for trying to OD, which resulted in me being in the hospital.

My therapy is going well, but I still don't feel right. I feel like I need to cut, and I still do sometimes. I cut my wrist 3 nights ago and my stomach and leg about 3 weeks ago. But I am making progress...

I guess someday I'll look back on this and laugh, but I don't think about that... I think about trying to get myself out of myself... of trying to make my world stop spinning and flinging me about in its path.

