

Repetitive: A Reflection

I remember being scared as a small child kneeling in the corner waiting for a blow or a yell or a "you can go to bed." I remember being scared of the boogey man that was under our bed and in the closets and huddling up giggling nervously and waiting for mom to come in or for the boogey man to come get us or for sleep to come, because it was all the same anyway. It was dark—it was always so, so dark no matter how bright the lights were it was dark and I remember being scared of the dark so scared. I grew up at some point, with a little girl who remembers being scared in my heart and she remembers being scared so well that it just never goes away. And that darkness, of which I was so afraid, also never went away and it stayed part of me and I began to wonder maybe it is me and I remember being scared of the dark and if I'm scared of the dark does that mean that I'm scared of myself? And if the darkness which is me makes me scared of myself and what does that mean? Does that mean I might hurt myself? I remember being so scared of the dark and then there were blades and pills and deep, dark pools of blood and water. And I don't even have to remember being scared of sharp objects and pills and depth and dark and blood and water because I'm still afraid of all those things. And I remember being so scared of the dark and of myself long after the pills and the deep dark pool went away, lest they return again—which they did, every night in my dreams. I remember always being scared of sleep because the boogey man and my mom came to get me in the dark depth of my slumber and my dreams aren't dreams anymore but nightmares and I can't even sleep because it hurts then, too. I remember being scared every night before bed because I didn't know who was going to come and get me when but they always did and the fear and the sadness—the horrible, deep, dark, sadness—started to stay with me again and this time I recognized it for what it was and then I remember being scared of myself again and I didn't want to be so I went and told someone and now it only hurts while I'm asleep, even though I'm still afraid of the dark, which is no longer me.

Copyright of Reflections: Narratives of Professional Helping is the property of Cleveland State University and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.