1.

I had been through a lot of pain all through last year.
It was hit after hit after hit with heavy things.

My grandma passed away,
my uncle passed away,
my cat passed away.
I was going through a break up.
All these things happening at once.

I have anxiety.
I have been medicated since I was nine years old.
Moments of jitters, out of control, almost.

I was in the process of getting off my medication after so many years.
Caring for my anxiety. I had pains in my chest. Depressive episodes.

There were times my body would cry.

I let my body - I let myself - feel everything.

If my body needed to cry I let it cry. I let it really feel.

My *emotional pains* became *physical pains.*

I found pleasure within the pain because
I had all these new feelings.

I'd wake up from sleeping
and would be *hugging myself,*
catch myself with my hand on my heart, without even thinking about it.
My body, subconsciously, was comforting itself.

First time it happened I cried
After everything, it was *beautiful* to react.

WOW, I'm feeling so much and seeing
how much my body can handle.

I never knew how much it could handle.

After the year,I stepped out of the shower,
looked in the mirror and noticed my first gray hair.
My body was physically reflecting the pain it had gone through that year.

I'm very proud of my body and myself.