

Elfesness_5

To be or not to be...

Even Shakespeare was on to something there. I've never known the real meaning of those words until recently.

To be or not to be, quite literally means to live or to die. Hamlets most famous quote, how I relate to it. It talks about the wish to escape the horrors of the experienced life and the hope to escape them, with the only possible way still seen – death.

So much hope in that, I've felt it too. To take the pain and suffering away, because you just can't anymore.

Call me Ellie, I've been severely sick for 5.5 years, spending every living second in imaginary shackles bound to my bed so that I may not leave. No strength to stand, walk or even sit, no showers, no intimacy, often in paralysis, tremors, spastics, pain to name a few.

For 7 years this illness has me in its grasp now and it won't let go. There is no treatment, there is no cure, there is only problem after problems. Who knew that having an illness that's common but not widely recognized, that will hold you near death but won't let you die, is the easy part.

What could possibly be worse you ask. So much I hear my mind say, head bowed. A single tear escapes my eye thinking of the horrors that also keep me in their grasp.

Germany. This is supposed to be a country with an excellent health care, they take care of their people I hear a naive younger me think somewhere in history. How I wish she would have been right. So much time I spend trying to learn acceptance of how my body let me down and robbed me of my life. I am a mere shadow of who I used to be. I smile at old pictures and think, I miss her.

But Germany is not my savior, I was thinking the hero in form of our social system would swoop me up and lift me high, where I could never reach myself. But I was lied to. The devil, the villain already got his claws in it, it poisons it with corruption and apathy. How can people like that exist, I ask myself. But I don't understand. And I don't know what to do. I'm a solution focused person. I struck it off. Surely there are solutions.

My mother, my sole carer, overwhelmed and in carer burnout, goes to hospital on a nervous breakdown and I'm left alone. Unable to do anything for me on my own, I lie in my bed desperately trying to find people to help, staff to work. The knife I hid nearby winks at me. The promise of sweet sleep, it is so beautiful. Yet, what if I just hold on, try try try again. I fail fail fail again, not better. Just fail. I feel so alone. In my prison, I can never leave, no crime committed no sentence passed. But this is where I must stay.

The sleep, the sweet release. The dream.

ay, there's the rub:

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, when we have shuffled of this mortal coil.

There he said it. The unknown. The fear of the unknown or how I hate you so. I can neither die not can I live.