

Overture

1 Desember 2014, aku mencoba membuat semua ini. Aku membuka arsip seluruh *tweets* dari akun twitter privat yang hanya bisa dilihat olehku, dan *entries* dari blog tempatku mencurahkan seluruh perasaanku. Tentu saja, aku memilah-milah mana saja yang bisa kuperlihatkan disini, dan mana yang tidak.

Aku tidak yakin bisa menyebut ini sebuah ‘novel’ atau ‘autobiografi.’ Buku ini hanya terdiri dari kompilasi jejak-jejak perasaan dan pikiranku di tahun-tahun yang tercantum, dan beberapa penjelasan yang tidak mendalam. *I don't think I need to explain anything personal too deeply, nor do I need to justify what I posted.*

Karena aku suka menulis, baik itu di buku, twitter, maupun blog, yang kupaparkan disini adalah tulisan-tulisan yang kuhasilkan saat aku mengalami dan melewati *mental breakdown* dari tahun 2010 sampai 2013.

Ada banyak orang di sekitar kita yang sebenarnya menderita dari penyakit mental, tapi hanya sedikit yang bisa dan berani untuk *speak up* dan meminta pertolongan, karena rendahnya kesadaran tentang pentingnya kesehatan mental di negara kita. Padahal, sakit mental tidak kalah serius dari penyakit fisik, karena sama-sama menyebabkan kematian.

These are some bits of my life that I want to share, because I know there are people who feel the same way out there. You're not alone. What I mean is you're not the only one who feels the way you're feeling right now. You have comrades. If you think nobody can understand you, then maybe you just haven't searched high and low.

—*From the person who cried tears of joy for strangers who succeeded in recovery*

2010

Sedikit penjelasan dan komentar (haha) dariku akan ada di tengah-tengah lautan kopian *post* ini, dalam *font* yang berbeda. Maaf jika membingungkan.

Di tahun 2010, tidak banyak yang bisa ditemukan selain *updates* dibawah ini yang berasal dari twitter, karena aku baru membuat blog LiveJournalku di tahun 2011. Banyak yang sudah kulupakan dari tahun ini; apa yang membuatku menangis, apa yang membuatku tertawa, dan lainnya. Jadi sejujurnya, percuma saja bertanya padaku kenapa aku bersikap seperti aku di tahun ini.

I'm hiding my pain and tears behind these jokes and laughs.

3:41 PM - 20 Nov 2010

I pretend to be strong and smile like nothing's wrong. Well, I'm running away.

3:42 PM - 20 Nov 2010

I tried to reach the light, but I failed and fell into the darkness again.

3:46 PM - 20 Nov 2010

You don't know what I've been through all these time, do you? So shut it.

4:02 PM - 20 Nov 2010

What's left from me is nothingness.

4:12 PM - 20 Nov 2010

"Don't. Don't cry; is what I told myself."

4:01 PM - 30 Dec 2010

"I pretend to be strong but cowardly I pretend not to care. And yet, the stabbing pain in my heart increases."

6:01 PM - 30 Dec 2010

2011

January

24 January 2011

Day by day, my mood swing is getting worse and worse. I'm getting really sensitive. Easy to laugh, easy to cry, and easy to get angry. And when I'm having my mood swings, I'd get mean thoughts, popping out from nowhere. Suddenly, I'd think so highly of myself. Like, when I thought other people do not deserve—or they don't belong with me.

I feel like a selfish, annoying, spoiled little girl. But a second later, I thought to myself, "what did I even think about.." I feel like a hypocrite; so two-faced. Pathetic.

There are times when I can be overconfident, I'd be very proud, and think highly of myself. But sometimes I also feel like I'm the lowest. I had no self-esteem, and I'd start hating, cursing and blaming myself. These mood swings really are bothering me. But I can't control or handle myself when I already feel it. I thought that maybe I should start talking about this to somebody. I don't know who, maybe a psychiatrist?

25 January 2011 @ 08:59

Last night, I cried. I cried so hard it hurt. It's been a while since I could cry for myself. I've been trying to stay strong. No, I was *pretending* to be strong. Deep inside, I know I'm stressed out and I'm already—crushed.

I'm so tired of everything—tired of pretending to be okay, tired of pretending that I don't know, tired of pretending that I don't care, tired of holding back my tears, tired of forcing myself to smile even when I don't want to.

I just need someone to be here with me. Listening to me patiently, letting me cry and borrow their shoulders to cry on. It's okay if they don't say anything, or give any advice. I just need someone to be *here* and listen to me. Someone who doesn't know "them," someone who's not related to "them." So I can freely tell them about everything, calmly (or not).

But at the moment, I feel so alone. Even though I know I'm not. But most people around me, they know about "them." They're related to "them." They know about my relationship with "them," so I just *can't* tell them.

Sungguh, sebetulnya aku sudah lupa siapa 'they' yang dimaksud disini.

25 January 2011 @ 10:30

I really want to go home now. Curl up in my blanket and cry myself to sleep.

I don't want to explain anything. I don't want to justify myself. I don't care about anything anymore. I just want to go home and sleep—sleep forever and never wake up.

26 January 2011 @ around 10 AM

My mood has been okay since yesterday, after I posted my last entry. My cyber friends cheered me up, comforted me, and supported me to 'move on' and 'be strong', even though they don't really know the whole problem. But that makes me happy and grateful to have them by my side. Thank you. Thank you *very* much.

Untuk teman-teman internetku yang baik, *you know who you are.*

29 January 2011 @ 02:36 pm

I woke up feeling two times lazier than usual this morning. I had a wonderful dream last night. A cute, but rather silly dream. It's too silly and embarrassing so I won't write it here. (laughs) No, I don't think I became lazier than usual because of the dream. It's not the kind of dream that will make me regret of waking up.

But the night before, I also had wonderful dream. A loving, peaceful dream, not silly at all (I think). It's not something big; I saw my mother in my dream. She patted my head, smiled and hugged me tightly on the dream. And she said, "don't worry, everything will be okay. You will be okay," or something like that, 'cause I don't remember it clearly...

The point is, that dream was simple, and as I said, not a big matter, but the dream made me happy, and feel calm. :)

February

03 February 2011 @ 01:29 am

Mood swing.
I'm upset.
I'm mad.
I'm definitely, not happy.

But on the other side,
I'm smiling.
I'm laughing.
I'm fangirling.

HAHAHAHA, so random. And it's... 1:23 AM. I know I should go to sleep now, but I can't. Of course I can't, I just woke up a few hours ago.

12 February 2011 @ 07:16 am

As I try to heal these wounds,
I found myself, keep getting hurt in the same place, all over again.

As I try to stay strong,
I found myself, holding back tears.
Despite knowing that crying doesn't mean I'm weak.

My parents never understand.
They're not trying to understand.
And I, don't have any intention to make them understand.

If they misunderstood me since the very beginning, then I can only sigh and say nothing. 'Cause it's useless. If I try to explain, I'm sure they still won't understand.

12 February 2011 @ 03:42 pm

Dear you, this is a bit angst, tearful and too ~~silly~~ dramatic.

If she cries, then I'll also cry.

If she wants to disappear, then I want to disappear with her.

It's not about you or me, it's about us. It's the bond between us.

Having you means I have everything.

Losing you means I have nothing.

I *frickin'* hate myself when I can't be there with you. When I can't defend you. When you cried, and start hating yourself. What can I do?

I can only be here.

I can only cry.

I can only wish.

For your well-being.

You know, I'm really, really glad I know you.

Glad that I met you.

Glad that I live.

Up until now.

For someone who was like an older twin sister to me, my other half, my best friend.

Sorry for being so corny. I cringed at this post as well.

22 February 2011 @ 06:57 pm

I'm okay.

I'm not crying.

I'm okay.

I convince myself that I'm okay.

I keep saying that I'm okay.

Because if I don't, then I will 'notice' all the pain and sorrow; with the headaches, and those suffocating feelings.

I'm okay, because I know I am.
I'm okay, because I'm enduring (tears).
I'm okay, because I'm (trying to) stay strong.

I'm okay.

24 February 2011 @ 06:50 pm

I've come this far.
Not showing any of my 'real' emotions.
Not showing my tears, my weakness.
Not showing the real ME.

I don't know how to put it, but actually I'm well aware of the fact that I've changed. A very good friend of mine, told me, that I've changed. I built a big wall, between me and 'others'. Not showing my real emotions nor feelings. That is, true. I'm suppressing all of my feelings. I lied to myself when I said I was staying strong. I wasn't.

I'm tired.

26 February 2011 @ 10:13 pm

"I'm not crying. I'm okay. I'm fine. I'm strong. I can endure this. I can get through this."

I sing, sing, and sing. Because every time I sing, I feel so 'free', so 'relieved'. I can forget any problems and pressures, even just for a minute.

I can't fake a smile anymore.
I can't pretend like I'm okay anymore.
But I force myself, and again and again and again.
I told myself that I can endure this. I'm strong enough.
I don't have to cry.

There are times, when I can smile and laugh for *real*. At those times, I feel like I really am, strong enough, to get through these things. But those times, are so so short, so fast. And I ended up doing the same silly things. Like denying the fact that I actually want to cry, or blaming myself, or—anything.

I looked at myself in the mirror today.
I looked so..... I don't know, exhausted?

And I realized that I can't really smile now.

Terkadang aku *cover* lagu di YouTube untuk meringankan stress, tapi belakangan, hal ini juga jadi sumber stressku.