From the Peer Perspective

Spring by an anonymous peer

Close your eyes and smell the sweetness of spring. Feel the warmth of the sunlight on your cheeks, almost like a subtle hug. Spring exists in the children’s books as a symbol of a new beginning and the raw presence of joy.

As the days stretch on longer and the flowers start to bloom, the quiet feeling of love starts creeping up on me. And it startles me.

For a long time, I have been shrouded in darkness and despair. The emptiness in my chest has become a blanket that provides me a sense of comfort and safety. Sadness was a friend who kept me company when all I've known is loneliness and cold.

Suddenly, I feel the foreign touch of joy. And I freeze. It has become easier to invisibly exist within the silence of the night and harshness of the snow. I am not used to joy.

But then I remember what a therapist said to me once, earlier on in my recovery, “it’s okay to be okay.”

Change is incredibly scary. And when you first see the light at the end of the tunnel, it can be blinding. Just remember that as spring rolls around, hope is in the air and it is up to you to embrace it with courage.