

# Two Personas

*Taylor Martin*

Let me set this out on the table—I have two personalities. Before you start spouting information on multiple personality disorder or bipolar tendencies, just listen. I am two people, two defined characters residing within one body: the person I was before “the break” and the person who formed from the ashes of who I once was. The part of me that was beaten down and destroyed, the soul of that person ripped apart, is now only a memory. I remember the sweet, innocent person I used to be. But that part of me was melted down to a liquid hatred and reformed—cooled by my bitter heart and forged into an armor. You see...this is the only part of me I believed still existed. The armor. The cold-hearted bitch without emotions or empathy.

Usually, I’m fine with that. This persona is much more successful at getting what she wants. She is much better at not caring when it hurts someone else. She goes for it without hesitation, regardless of what “it” is. And she wins. She always wins. I like her. She is empowered and confident. She is intimidating and courageous. Threatening. My life has flourished because of her.

But every so often, the old me peeks through that hardened exterior, and it surprises me. I thought she no longer existed. Just a memory to fade. But there she stands in all her mystic glory. She flashes that joyous smile, releases that spark from behind her eyes and (inevitably) welcomes in those who hurt and diminish her spirit. But she does receive some benefit from opening up her bleeding heart. Letting **someone** in feels...good, sometimes. It makes her feel human again, not so mechanical and unfeeling. She feels alive again.

The unfortunate part is that there is no happy medium. It’s a power switch, either on or off. Now that I know that it is possible to access both parts of my personality, it is up to you to flip the switch. You want the bitch? Force her to come out, breathing fire. You want the sweet and innocent girl? Give her a reason to show herself. I want so badly to live as that sweet and innocent little girl, but you fucks make it impossible. So, until that glorious moment when Utopia is released and my fragile persona can live free, you’re stuck with me, bitches.

