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Lost Routine

4 a.m. has become my new 11 p.m. The day comes and goes. I haven't seen the sunlight in 18 days. I could go on a walk or sit outside and smell the flowers, but depression holds me captive to my bed. I sleep in until 1 p.m. begging my body to get back on a schedule. I remind myself of all the tasks I could be doing, I should be doing but somehow never find the time. Time is all I have but I seem to let it slip from my fingers.

My motivation to do anything has disappeared. I beat myself up over the tasks I didn't complete, again, but I never seem to find the solution. I should be cleaning up around the house, eating healthier, working out, but somehow taking care of myself is the absolute last thing I want to do. I sit down to do my schoolwork and I stare blankly at the screen for hours before I just walk away. My body has become vacant. I check out of my mind and allow my days to fall together.

I've been rotating t-shirts for three weeks now. Haven't worn a bra in a month and can't even think about putting jeans on. Showering has become an afterthought because I can't seem to find the ambition to get off of the couch. Brushing my hair is out of the question. It just sits in a knot on top of my head. Frozen meals have been the easiest way to not starve and eating three cupcakes for a midnight snack is the only routine I've created.

I have FaceTime therapy at 1 p.m. every Wednesday, which is the only other interaction I get to the outside world. I feel too guilty to reschedule, even though I don't have much to say. The first thing she says is, "how's the week going for you?" I tell her it's fine, but she knows I'm not up for sharing. Her words sit with me for a few hours, and then I'm back into my own sad world. Mental breakdowns typically happen at night when the house is quiet except for my thoughts. I remind myself that I'm broken and then feel horrible that I can't fix it from bed. But I never get out of bed. The problems I had before just intensify and some nights I can't catch my breath.

I can't even remember what day it is. I take naps because sleeping is the only thing that calms my mind. I check the same social media apps over and over but refuse to text my friends back. I scroll through Instagram admiring people taking advantage of the time spent at home, and then hate myself for not reaching those standards. I complete homework assignments an hour before they are due, even though I had the entire day to finish it.

I spend my day thinking of everything I can't find the courage to do. I reminisce on the freedom I had and how it slowly withered away until it was gone. How the days started to strangle me, and I could no longer leave the house. I overwhelm myself with the thought that none of us knows when this will be over.

All I know is this bed and everything I am giving up to stay in it.