

Replay that Tape

Sometimes when I feel the darkness it helps me to go back to my childhood, remembering a time when I would dream. I would play, I felt accepted, and a security, no matter how beaten up I feel now, that period in my life is somewhere I can escape. It is there, I can remember the light deep within me, when I replay that tape.

I am lucky to have memory to draw from when I was really young, feeling loved by my family, feeling that I belonged in a warm, welcoming community. Looking back now, that tape is a treasure in my mind. It is there for me anytime to play and rewind.

When I was a boy I was full of hope, free from negative stimuli. Adulthood has been full of mental illness imprisoning my spirit. I have been through a lot of internal pain, feeling like I am waiting out my life as a sentence. People see me differently, but really I have not changed inside. Beneath my masked exterior is someone that people used to accept. Now I am out of the loop, no longer one of the guys; adulthood has blurred the truth into misunderstood lies. A lot of my fate was out of control, all I can do is survive, waiting for a second chance, each day holding on, paying another toll for something I did not do wrong.

It helps to escape this unreal world, to one full of fun, dreams and security. Always there to remember, a grasp away from serenity, in my mind reaching for an escape, letting go, laying down, replaying and rewinding that tape. When I was a boy, with my life ahead of me, my spirit, my life, I was free. Now I will hope to recapture that part, remembering the boy inside of me, and giving him a fresh start.

- Stephen Sigurdson