



## Dying For Peace .

You don't have to know how I feel  
to help me, but you can help me by  
listening to how I feel.

Imagine ... a feeling, a pain, a fear so unbearable that the contemplation of inflicting extreme physical harm on yourself, or taking your own life, could actually offer relief.

Imagine ... standing between the house you've fled from in absolute terror and the blackness of the highway before you. Imagine in that moment, believing that stepping into the path of a truck would be more bearable than stepping back into your own home.

Imagine being entombed  
in a place where no-one can reach you—  
keep you company.  
A place that severs your connection with life  
and the consequences of your actions.





This state of mind first struck me at 15 when my cousin violated my body. Violation continued during the six years married to a violent and abusive man. I escaped in the fantasy of death—it kept me company in the isolation of my pain.

Like a macabre meditation the anticipation of an end to my suffering created moments of peace.

Attempts to end my life  
weren't rational, thought-out choices I made—  
it was believing, in a fragment of time,  
an unbearable moment,  
with a horribly distorted mind,  
that I had no choice—

I was wrong.

Beyond reach

As you fail to comprehend my loss,  
I fail to comprehend any existence beyond this moment.  
Nothing exists, nothing moves, a black emptiness.  
Just muffled sounds of life in the distance.  
I was gone from life long before my final breath.

A conscious act of selfishness—it is not.  
A moment, void of logic, to end my suffering—it was.  
A brief moment when I lost my grip.

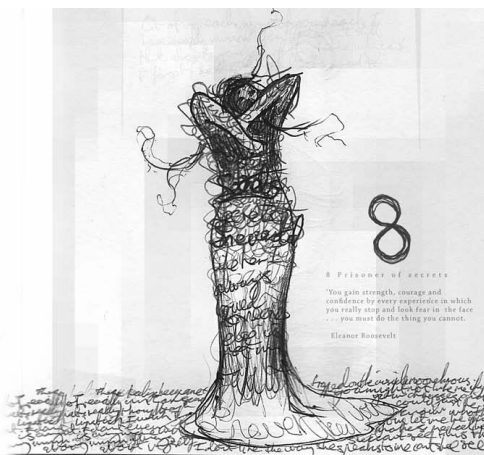
As you suffer the pain of my death,  
Only then do you come close to the place in which I was lost.

I was beyond your reach,  
As life was beyond mine.

**AGAIN  
I WAS WRONG**

My mind had the power to take my life, it also had the  
power to save it.

I am still here.



## Beyond Reach .

As you fail to comprehend my loss,  
I fail to comprehend any existence beyond this moment.  
Nothing exists, nothing moves.  
A black well of emptiness.  
Just muffled sounds of life in the distance.  
I was gone from life long before my final breath.

A conscious act of selfishness—it is not.  
A moment, void of logic, to end my suffering—it was.  
A brief moment when I lost my grip.

As you suffer the pain of my death,  
only then do you come close  
to the place in which I was lost.

I was beyond your reach  
as life was beyond mine.

Again . . . I was wrong.

My mind had the power to take my life,  
it also had the power to save it.

**I am still here.**

Lifeline 13 11 14



Thank you  
to my friend, Harley Manifold,  
who took my story and all its darkness  
and transformed it into something beautiful  
through his photography and artwork  
and in doing so,  
helped me transform myself—  
my life.

Images from book, In My Room (2007)