

Rain
by Jess Harrop

Imagine you're lost in the rain. The worst part is believing no-one cares enough to save you. That's what you remember, not the physical pain, but the never-ending fear of being alone.

There are wounds that don't surface, a deeper hurt that cuts through bone. It nestles its way into your soul, feeding you words of fear and doubt. You're surrounded by an emptiness that you can't fill. When they glance at you, the disappointment reflects in their eyes.

Every raindrop has a purpose, right? You don't. You fall in an endless cycle. When you're falling, the raindrops surrounding you drip onto you before soaking into your mind, telling you that you mean nothing. You're constantly tormented by the negative thoughts that now possess your mind. You don't feel like picking up your favourite book anymore. You don't feel like watching that one series you used to love. Nothing in the rain seems fun anymore. You know nothing will cheer you up.

A smile can reveal a lot about a person, depending on how deeply it is analysed. A natural smile will fade, after all, we can only take so much damage to our mind-sets. You viewed her smile every day. You couldn't stop feeling the unease that she might've fallen into the void with you. But she didn't, you didn't know, because you cared too much. She was aware of your presence, yet it didn't change a thing. You were finally one step away from hitting rock bottom, although rock bottom only seemed to be getting deeper and deeper, with no end in sight. You confessed to her, the tears stung at the corners of your eyes, about how you've been struggling. To your surprise, lightning split through your last hope and heart when she told you your problems are nothing compared to what other people go through. She disregarded your feelings like they held no value to her as she let go of your hand, watching you struggle to keep afloat.

Problems build so high onto each other, like a tower of building blocks, you can't control yourself anymore. Your faith is treading on broken glass, and each day you feel a piece of your heart melting. You see a blurry figure in the distance and squint your eyes to view better. That's when you see yourself, growing up, and how thrilled you would be to play in the rain. You giggled and danced in your yellow raincoat with your wellington boots. Who knew that rain could be so hurtful?

After suffering in the tide for so long, people arrive at the shore at different times. Nothing has changed yet other than the fact there's not a single rain drop near you. It appears that the storm is starting to clear. Glancing up, you see the void starting to crack, allowing the smallest shine of sunlight to beam down on you. Walls of pain begin to crumble around you as more and more sunlight shines through until all you can see is sunlight. Any falling tears dry, your heart begins its journey to heal, and you can smile again without forcing yourself.

Rain is manipulated into something it's not by the mind. It's not purposely damaging mental health when it's raining outside. However, when you feel like you're drowning, the best thing you can describe it as is rain. Rain is a constant cycle that won't change, which is the best way to describe falling into depression. However, depression can be helped in most cases if we reach out for the help we deserve. We strongly relate to rain when we hold our trust in someone and think we're connected, only to find out they broke that bond you had causing that thunder cloud to lurk over your head wherever you went. When we really look at rain, we see rain provides life: it's beneficial. You will pick up that book and you will finish that one series. Just because you see no hope, doesn't mean that you can't smile again. Nobody deserves to go through depression or loneliness, and it's important that when suffering, we reach out to people we trust. If we fail at doing so, we try again until we are satisfied.

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass. Life is about learning to dance in the rain.