

The Year of Granulated Sugar

January:

She was looking down at the vile, in a room so colorful that one would expect it would match her personality, yet the look in her eyes was so upset, breathing so heavily, contemplating what to do next. Moments later, on the table, a line of granulated sugar was so white and so pure in the blink of an eye that it was gone, messy, and blatantly obvious it was done for the first time. Tossing her head back and taking the deepest and sharpest breaths, she felt alive for the first time in months. The bitter syrup running down the back of her throat made her cough and made her have a horrid face. Yet the look of enjoyment, of euphoria, and the feeling of weightlessness. Nothing could ever make this feeling go away, she thought, but as the sugar always dissolves, she quickly realizes that it does. The same awful loneliness and sadness took over once again. Pacing back and forth in the room, the constant battle between no and yes, never again or one more time won't hurt.

June:

Leaning in close, inhaled the sweetness with a sharp breath again and again and again and again and again... until the days became blurred, and somehow six months have passed, unknowing what had happened and what would happen next. At some point, it stopped helping and became more of a habit; it moved from in the bedroom to the car to out in public until there was no escape. The once glittery sugar line has now become a white tie around her life. Hiding it from everyone she knew until she no longer could.

December:

That's enough. Grain by grain, line by line, day by day, piece by piece, and color by color, blossoming into something that in her world has never existed. A sense of pride in the masterpiece of herself she has made and the amount of work she put in. Looking in the mirror to a person she once knew, a person she never wants to be again, one that she ran away from so far she hopes she will never see in this lifetime again.