

Willie Cotton

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Prelude/Intro

As I stand looking at her lifeless body on the hospital bed.

When she sleeps her eyes never fully close
always half alert mind overworked constantly
overthinking about her next

move.

It used to freak me out as a kid, but now still

reflecting her last moments trapped in temporary fear as she grasps for air.

The ER shared that they did everything they could to resuscitate her, but even now as her mouth hangs open there's no life to be found. To look at someone as their life has expired feels similar to standing in a desert; a dry land, no water, no life.

You see a human body, but with no life the body has no purpose just dry land returning to the dust it was created from.

By now I have almost mastered my bad habit. This habit in my eye in that moment was a

useful skill of mine, (detachment).

I have been able to detach myself from intense moments for some years now.

And as my mom lays there no longer needing to worry about everyone else than care for her own needs. I have turned my own emotional settings to little to none I see this situation as life and it's the natural process as we live and we die.

I tell myself this was necessary/ she is not in pain / she was constantly suffering. All this was true, but it was not my reason for not

feeling any emotions. It's a sign something was still not right with me.

As I share with you some details of my life in reverse until we discover the root of my true issues and where the issues begin.