

Enough

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I loved you the moment I met you, but my head and my heart weren't connected.
The love in my brain couldn't get through and the way that I felt was affected.
I'd cry and I'd cry as I tried hard to feel; although now a mummy it didn't seem real.

The rush of love that I'd thought would just appear simply didn't happen, all I felt was fear.
You should sleep when they sleep, well, that's what they said. But I'd lie there awake with sad thoughts in my head.
Convinced any other would be so superior – that I, as a mother, was grossly inferior.
Great expectations I'd put on myself; so unrealistic and bad for my health.

Stuck at home, no way out, scared of outside. A prison of self doubt, I wanted to hide.
Always second guessing each choice that I made. What if I got it wrong? So, so afraid.
Anxiety crippled me, ruined each day. The stigma of how I felt kept me away
from those that could help me and those that could name the torture that haunted me, filled me with shame.
So sure they would judge me and question my pain, I punished and hurt myself over again.

Heartbroken, a failure, no good on my own, I spent my time hiding and crying alone.
Trying to live up to standards I'd set – impossible targets I'd never have met.
Stripped of identity, who was I now? Not who I thought I'd be, no way, no how.

I loved every second of carrying you; so shocked that my dreams of 'us' didn't come true.
But however bad it got, however low, there wasn't a moment I thought I should go.
I just felt that you could do better than me, I'd never be good enough, how could I be??

All over my newsfeed I'd see smiling faces; happy mums with their babies all visiting places.
Their hashtags would taunt me with seeming perfection, of 'mumlife' where all of them felt that connection.
The one that was missing between me and you, the one that was deep down inside me, I knew.

On one day I truly then saw the abyss, and suddenly realised, I could change this!
I added it up and I pieced it together, that maybe this nightmare would not last forever.
my symptoms, my feelings, they weren't meant to be, they weren't part and parcel of being 'mummy'.

And so I took hold, I reached out, I broke down, 'I need to get help, please, now, before I drown'.
My journey began at the doctors at first; he understood; listened, saw me at my worst.
The support was immediate, and relief soon followed. Unburdened to an extent, tablet then swallowed.
I then found a counsellor, talked it all through, she helped me think straight, with perspectives anew
I needed some balance, my thoughts realigned, to sort out the chaos that cluttered my mind.
There wasn't a moment the sun then shone brighter, but gradually I just began to feel lighter.
Your smiles now permeate, make me feel warm, still anxious, still worried, but far less forlorn.

Now my heart feels what my head knew before. I love you, you love me, who could ask for more?
The doubt and the worry still come every day, the difference is now I can honestly say...

I am enough for you.



@poems_by_octavia

Home-Start Epsom, Ewell & Banstead has played a major role in supporting me on my journey through postnatal depression, anxiety and PTSD, following the birth of my twins. I reached out when I was at my lowest point and now my life is so much better, and a lot of credit must go to them. Thank you, love and light, Octavia x