

Me, myself but I (Borderline Personality Disorder)

One day, you will be the most attractive person on earth. Everyone seems like looking at you, some of them get jealous in you. Some of them look afraid to talk to you. You are the queen and the king. And the other day, everyone seems like hating you. You feel like you are not enough pretty or not enough smart to them. Those feelings changed everyday. One moment, you are angry, one moment – you are calm. Normal people can't handle this but guess what – People with Borderline Personality Disorder lives with this pain, fight with this issue and try to be their most perfect version. This is what people with BPD deals in life.

I do not know who I am. I am flesh, bone, skin and soul. I am scar, broken heart and room abundant of darkness. I am happiness, laugh and kindness. I am everything, but I am nothing. My inner side is part of the empty scream inside of limbo. I stuck here, I was born here, may die in here. When someone asks me if I am a good or bad man, I don't know what I should answer. What, I, should, say. This is the split between me and me.

It was introduction to me, the human who loves, who cares and who requires too much. It has always been like that, nothing more, nothing less. The human who always compliments for not receiving enough. The human who satisfies only for unexpected gifts. The person who requires someone beside her for not to feel lonely. The person who hurts and breaks everything she touches. I look for someone to trust, ready to fall on my knee in front of them to take their attention.

I am WORD, I am Feckless WORDS. I hurt people I love, but I beg for them to stay.

This is what this monster feels like. You know it is wrong, but your feeling is stronger than your brain. You can calculate everything, but you can't control yourself. Tiny little problems can turn you into act aggressive, anxious person. Tiny little things can turn you into emotional, weak person. You are extra sensitive, but you are extra strong.

My mind is understanding your words, but not my feelings. I'm thinking on 2 sides. One side of me is trying to calm me down. This is issue. Not because i'm stupid or needy.

When I screened this problem, they diagnosed me with Borderline Personality Disorder which is very common disorder among girls - about 75 of people diagnosed with BPD are female. I also joined the group of people who are diagnosed with BPD on facebook in order to share my extra feelings.

Suicide rate in BPD are 8 to 10 percent. But at least 70 percent of them have attempted suicide. This is huge number. This is problem.

“People with **BPD** are often very anxious, particularly about how we are perceived, whether we are liked, and in expectation of being abandoned. Calling us “**abusive**” on top of that just serves to increase stigma and make us feel worse about ourselves /Healthline blog/”.

When I posted my issues on that group, a lot of people shared my feelings and supported me. They were feeling me. It helped me to understand that, I was not the sacrifice of my life. I ain't be that weak person to approve my disorder and give up to it. I am not that type of person. No, no no – BPD you are not my type. I can't approve the way how you are affecting in my universe. This world is mine, not your stupid affection.

“It is my life”

Bon Jovi

When I first diagnosed with this disorder, a lot of people told me that BPD doesn't heal. I truly believed that, and it made me sad. But when I get connected to the people like me – I found myself.

“Nothing is impossible. Everything is possible”

Take a breathe, look at yourself. Take a deep breathe, try to focus on something positive. Take a very deep breathe, believe in yourself.

I would love to say these words for people who diagnosed with this disorder. We live in cruel world, there is lot of crazy things happen around us. We should take care of ourselves and should follow our life rules. We should not put much pressure in our inner universe. We must stay strong, amazing and wonderful. We worth it, we worth it more than anything.

I love you all and everyone loves us back. We are **STRONG ENOUGH TO LIVE WITH OR WITHOUT BPD.**