

# getting stronger

By kath

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*just somthin i came up with. a little emo. not ment to be sexual in any way. it"s about the pain some people endure when they push themselves to there limits.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/kath/57371/getting-stronger>

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## 1 - getting stronger

I bend and move and force and clench.  
It hurts so much that I'm almost in tears.  
My lungs suddenly seem so small, I breathe but I don't absorb.  
All of the water I have pours out of my skin.  
Like I'm crying through it.  
My throat hurts.  
Finally I sob, tears stream down my face, mixing with the hormones I sweat out from exertion.  
I don't stop.  
I push and push and it's exhausting.  
I want to end the suffering.  
I tell myself that it's a good thing, that the pain means I'm getting stronger, that I'm pushing myself to my limits.  
But my heart tells me different.  
I am weak and I know it and the only way to get strong is to fight it.  
But it hurt so much.  
I'm so weak.  
I can't stand it.  
I'm trying to fight through it but it hurts and my tears won't stop and my lungs are getting enough air but my brain is suffocating.  
My limbs are burning, I can breathe but it isn't working and my nose won't stop running.  
My anxiety eats at me and I cry harder.  
I stop and star and keep fighting through it but nothing works, it's too far and I can't break through it.  
I push deeper but I don't get any farther my strength suddenly gives out and I give up.  
My demons whisper and it gets louder and louder and I try to shout back but I can't hold them off.  
They are right but so am I.  
And I fight but soon I find I am shouting with them.  
I hate myself for being so weak and hurt and in tears.  
I break.  
I crack.  
And I bleed pain.  
Then I don't think about it.  
I focus.  
My smell isn't bad but it isn't great either.  
I feel clean.  
I drink water like a fish until my stomach is full.  
I wash and I go somewhere else while I rest.  
I come back and I feel better.  
No longer in pain, I feel good.  
Better.  
The sad thoughts enter I try to face them and dismiss them.  
That moment is over. It only concerns my demons now.  
They are not here.

The ache in my limbs feels good.

I can feel them.

They are bigger.

They are growing and soon I'll be a bit stronger.

One day I can get through that haze.

One day... my demons won't matter to me, and my soul fire is now stronger.