

# Memories before Hope

It is a long relationship - with the darkness, the obsessive thinking.

30 years or so.

And over those years it has changed many times.

It crept in sneakily, - I didn't even know it for a long time.

And then, I didn't understand it - nobody did really.

So it became my 'normal' - a part of me, a character trait.

Most of the time, I didn't acknowledge it at all.

But it was always there simmering away.

Over time it became a comfortable, old, love / hate relationship.

Sometimes ignored, sometimes embraced.

The security of the familiar.

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