

# Acceptance

Tics appeared as a reaction to my inner frictions. They began with a hand twitching. Then tics. Vocal, with movement. Concentrated tension in body relaxed as a twitch. Only when I calmed down and been on vaguely "safe place", although in car. Why car is a lovely illusion, where you have feeling, that you are safe from sights. Closed door. Body has just relaxed. It was not tensed as before. In alert. It was triggered by thought I couldn't bear in that moment. Job. Ex-husband. Possibility of losing kids. Family life, I couldn't see any solutions with chasms, that didn't close.

To stop. No more running. To slow down. To come face to face with challenges. Trust, everything is and will be all right.

Roar. To gain a voice. To release any kind of voice. To cry, How?

When most of the time lived in fear, every thought, which is separated from our desired situation, inevitably becomes stress. Did I peg out clothes or did it stay in washing machine? Did I do everything or could I done more? When I forgot something, every fear dispelled me into unpleasant and tense moments. Sooner or later. Everything that by an ordinary perception would just swing by ones arm. And at the end of a day twitching. Constantl anxieties.

I turned wheel in different direction.

I trusted to friend and shared with her the most nightmarish stories. Allow myself to scream, scream out anger, pain, sorrow. And also understood her pain by her story.

Facing. With challenges. To highlight them from all angles, searching for solutions through longer ways, ways, which could work, even when having memory blockade or switch of consciousness. When I don't know who I am or where I am.

Removing limit lines, with also thoughtful decision of making a small mistake. Consciously. And I accepted it as a gift, a signature of a soul. I allowed imperfectness, over perfectness. Latter makes only anxiety, in truth you are drowning in a spoon of water. Small step of retreat, which are encompassed by ray from the heart, a hug by a soul.

Allowing myself expression in public. Walk barefoot through town. When only dress, in which I could actually breathe, got gouged, others soon followed, personal signature.

Allowing myself to roar, although as soundlessly sobbing at the beginnings.

Had a friend, who move away hand from my mouth, when I once again tried to silence myself. Then he kissed on my fingers. And who accepted me as I truly am. With that he healed the deepest wounds and scars.

Mojca N.