

That Feeling of Desperation

The absolute most intense feelings I remember having in my early childhood was my desire to sleep with my parents. This desire extended to desire any company to such a degree that I offered my brother anything he could possibly want for me to be allowed to sleep with him. I owed my brother unlimited amounts of just about anything he possibly wanted until I was about 5-6, this is because after my parents went to sleep every night I used to offer him anything he desired in order to sleep with him.

I don't relate to these feelings in some sort of practical sense today. I like sleeping by myself. However, what has really stuck with me is the memory of intense desire, panic, fear, and loneliness I felt in my youth. It is hard to write out the extent of loneliness you feel as a little child who has to deeply beg outside your parents door to sleep with them while the door is locked and they have convinced themselves that ignoring you is the best option. I think most people forget this era of their life. It is the most intense feeling I remember having (by far) in my youth and it is more intense than almost anything I ever feel today.

This memory is one of the most precious things that lingers in my mind from my youth. While I have moved on, feel no resentment and don't retain animosity for this ... I almost fear these memories will lose their power in my mind and so I subconsciously hold on to them in fear that my complacency in life will fade the memory away.

It is 10:28pm. I am laying with one daughter in each of my arm (2 and 5) as they sleep and I feel incredible gratitude that they will never feel the feelings I felt. I try to conjure the feelings I felt in my youth in order for me to see the importance of the moment I am living in right now.

I no longer feel any of the loneliness I felt in my youth. However, that feeling of desperation was the strongest feeling I remember having as a child. I am happy to have some shitty sleep here and there to make sure they dont have the same experience. It is a weird thing to convey these feelings ... I don't think most people remember the feelings they had before they were 5-6 and it desensitizes them to the experiences of children. The fear and desperation I felt is important to me, and I am glad I haven't forgot it.