

One Friday evening, I decided to go to the Spoken Word About Mental Illness. And it was nice hearing all these poems about their own experience with depression, bipolar disorder, and other traumatic affects - events that affected their lives. Well, it just so happens, as - as the event went on, I felt more compelled to share my experience. Because I have panic disorder and anxiety disorder. And I just found about it last summer. So, I went on a ramble talking about my senior year and my experience with mental breakdowns. And I told them I was so uncomfortable talking about it with my parents, cus, like, they don't like to see me cry. They despise it saying, "Oh, toughen up". Like, you don't have to be crying, you just have to like get over it. But it's hard to get over it when you're having a mental breakdown. All you're thinking is that I need to get out of the room; I need to run away from this situation. And like if I told them that, they wouldn't completely understand, like, the overbearing anxiety and emotions I was having when I was going through a breakdown. So, I was just talking about this all in this spoken word. I was not doing any rhymes. I was just spitting out words. I was going. I was just - I was just forming a narrative of my senior year because it was a mess. I - I couldn't function properly. I had mental breakdowns, like, uh, that almost every physics class. And my teacher didn't know how to handle it properly, so I had to go through a social worker. But, funny thing is, like, my parents thought I couldn't handle Cornell. And uh, they would think I would continue having these breakdowns. Well, guess what, I haven't had a breakdown since I came here, so I guess I proved them wrong.