Hopeless

I’ve never felt so numb. So helpless. As if I’m in a deep pit, surrounded by darkness. There’s no ladder. No rope. No hope. How did I get here? What foul actions did I take to put me here? Who did I hurt? Who did I scorn? Why is this happening to me? All I can do is huddle against the cold stone wall of my newfound prison, shivering, and ponder the actions that have led me to this moment. I was good. I did everything right. I helped others, a spoke up for those without a voice, and yet, I’m in this deep dark pit. This unescapable black abyss. For whatever it was I did, I’m sorry. For whoever it was that I wronged, I’m sorry. For the actions I didn’t take out of fear, I’m sorry. Is that what has imprisoned me? Fear? No, he would not be so cruel. Fear would provide the key. The adrenaline, the drive, the passion for escape. Only he would provide an escape, with the hope I’d be too afraid to do so. That’s it. She’s to blame. She’s the reason I’m here, in this deep dark, unescapable, black abyss. But, is she is not the one who left me here? Abandoned me here? Left me to rot here? No, she didn’t deny me, I denied her. I forsook her. I abandoned her and cast her from my heart. Banished her, forgetting the warmth she once provided. The courage. The daring. The longing. It’s my fault. I abandoned her. It seems, I’ve abandoned hope. Now, I sit here, hopeless.