

OCD and me

Every book has a title, a name,
many sizes, colours, and styles
Though at first they may look just the same,
When you stack them into neat little piles

Every book tells a story inside,
bringing romance, laughter and pain.
There is a logic I keep as my guide,
It's the only way that I can feel sane.

Once they are finally placed, with every spine aligned
just the way I want them to be,
I close my eyes, and the moment softly takes me
to a place where I stay and just be me

Every dress, with beauty and gleam,
has its purpose, season and style.
No matter how random their order may seem,
That's the way to find my peace for a while.

Once they are finally there, so neatly side by side,
just the way I want them to be,
The weather can be anything, I'm set to go
My dress is there, waiting for me

Everything has its place,
meaning and time.
Suddenly, everything falls into rhyme.
My little quiet space,
No shadows dare to chase
This moment, pure and sublime.

That's my life, day after day,
keeping all changes away,
I just wanna be free,
But it's easy to see:
It's my OCD and me.

Never thought that I would stand by this door,
finding the strength to finally turn the key,
One little step, bigger than before,
And I'm still here.
But despite all the fear,

I believe there will be days
When I can be who I'd like to be.

Soon, I will find my place, meaning and time,
When everything at last falls into rhyme.
My little quiet space,
where shadows cannot chase
This moment, pure and sublime.

That will be life, and one day,
Changes will shine on my way,
And I will be free,
'cause I'm learning to see:
It's just OCD,
My OCD and me...