



home

body

rupi kaur

home body

rupi kaur



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PUBLISHING®

after feeling disconnected for so long
my mind and body are finally
coming back to each other

- *home body*

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mind

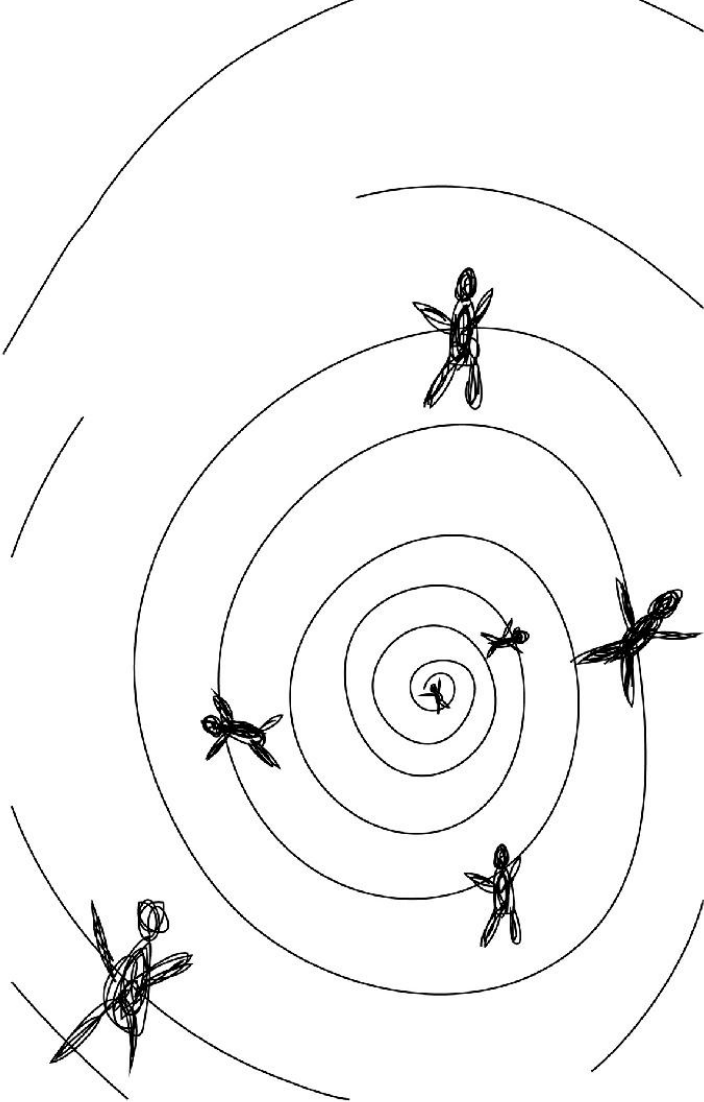
i'm in the darkest room of my life



maybe i walked out of the womb with it
is it possible to be born
with such a melancholy spirit
maybe it met me at the airport
slid into my passport
and remained with me
long after we landed in
a country that did not want us
maybe it was on my father's face
when he met us in baggage claim
and i had no idea who he was
maybe the rapist left it behind
or was it that criminal i called a boyfriend
maybe he beat it into me
maybe i met the one
and lost him
maybe it was the love
of my life's parting gift
or maybe
it was all of those things at once

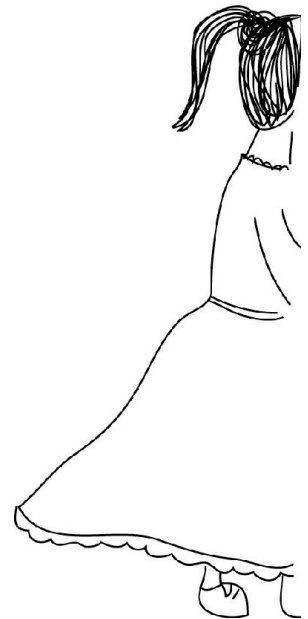
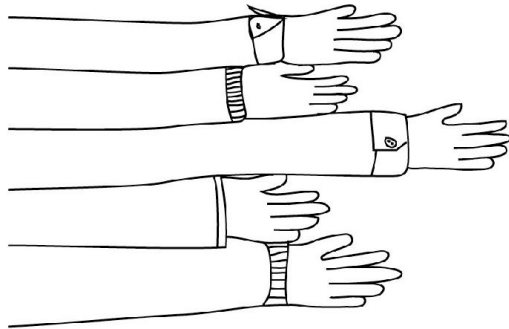
- *where the depression came from*

why do i let my mind
get under my skin
i am so sensitive



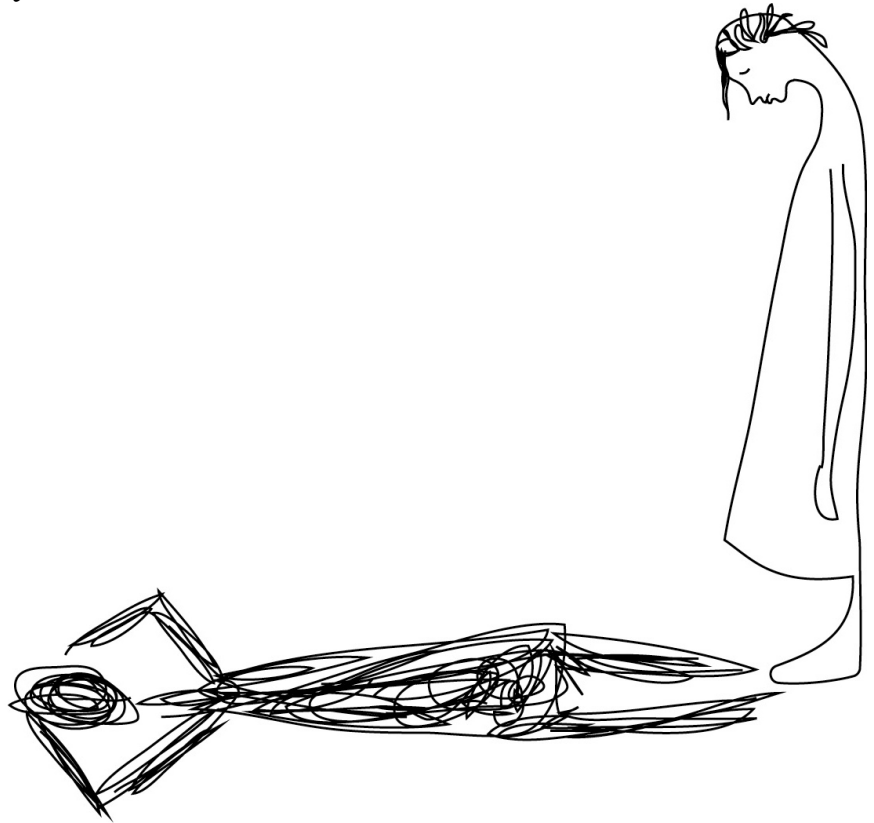
my mind keeps running off to dark corners
and coming back with reasons for
why i am not enough

sex is a way for people to
transcend into each other
and come apart
a beautiful earthy expression
but for me
sex was my girlhood
dragged to death
he said
we were going to play
then he always locked the door
always chose the game
when i told him to stop
he said i was asking for it
but what did i know
about involuntary orgasms
and agency
and consent
at age 7. 8. 9. and 10.



i'll be quiet when
we can say *sexual assault*
and they
stop screaming *liar*

depression is silent
you never hear it coming
and suddenly it's
the loudest voice in your head



my mind
my body
and i
all live in one place
but it feels like we are
three completely different people

- *disconnected*

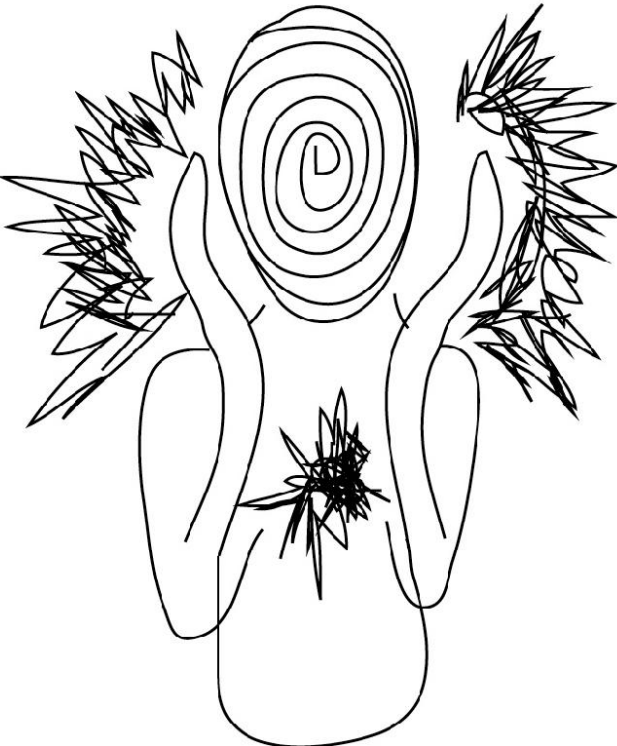
while everyone else
was living their life in color
depression froze me in place



nothing lasts forever
let that be the reason you stay
even this sick twisted misery
will not last

- *hope*

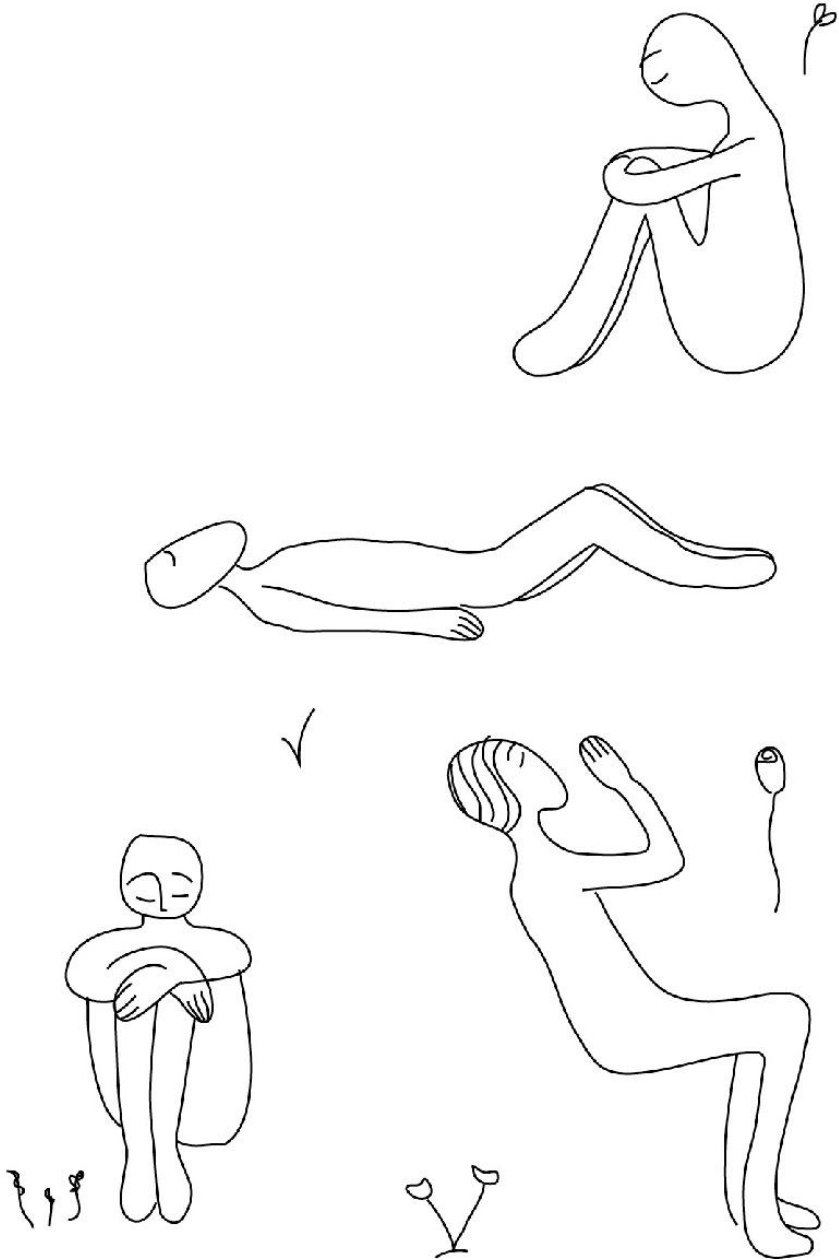
i have never known anything more
quietly loud than anxiety



if you could accept
that perfection is impossible
what would you stop obsessing over

you are lonely
but you are not alone

- *there is a difference*



it feels like i'm watching my life happen through a fuzzy television screen. i feel far away from this world. almost foreign in this body. as if every happy memory has been wiped clean from the bowl of my mind. i close my eyes and i can't remember what happy feels like. my chest collapses into my stomach knowing that i have to get up in the morning and pretend i'm not fading away all over again. i want to reach out and touch things. i want to feel them touch me back. i want to live. i want the vitality of my life back.

abuse doesn't just happen
in romantic relationships
abuse can live
in friendships too

