

# The Day I Decided to Chase the Sun

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Sensitive  
Content

I cannot be sure when I first noticed my own existence.

Whether it was the smell of the gardens around me, or the first time I felt the sunlight dance along my stem. But I am now here.

I remember what it was like to feel happy and nourished. The sun provided me with all I needed to flourish. To grow and blossom, petals unfold.

I noticed the garden around me.

Full, colorful, and robust.

Where life would go to chase the sun.

I remember finding that beautiful once.

Before the *voices*.

The voices that told me the sun would make me less beautiful, less desired. The voices that told me the sun would take away my worth. That I was delicate, and that should be protected. The voices that told me the sun could not protect me.

The voices that told me only I could protect myself.

I remember feeling my energy fade and seeing my color dull. And I remember thinking it was worth it, because the voices made it so.

The voices, I realized, were all I had. My only trustworthy companions in this garden full of life.

I was alone.

I was isolated.

Just me and my voices.

I remember hiding from the sun and hoping it would not find me. I remember finding my safe space in the garden where I could go unnoticed. Left alone to listen to my voices. Left alone to try and find joy and worth. Searching for answers, feelings, fullness, life.

Until.

Only until I blossomed, I would say.

That was the goal.

The voices could help me get there, then I could be seen. Only then could I be beautiful.

I remember reaching for that.

Then I remember seeing it too late. The moment my leaves were crumpling and my petals falling. I remember feeling lost and unsure. I remember questioning the voices and challenging them. Fearful of what that would mean.

I remember seeing how the others blossomed, and wishing I could be them. Comparison felt so simple. It seemed the only way to stay motivated. Watching the world of life thrive while I slowly died.

I was fading.

Fading.

And fading.

And fading.

And then I remember fighting. I'm not quite sure what I thought I was fighting for. I knew I was not ready for the fade. I was not ready to leave without existing first.

So I would fight. Fight to join the garden and have what they have. I had nothing left to try but to fight for life.

To feel the sun again.

I remember the fear of the fight. The fear I still feel bright and early when the first light of dawn erupts.

I remember testing the sun and challenging the voices. I remember how I started slowly and would gently present one petal in the way of the sun. Just to see. To see if the voices were right. I remember slowly inching more of myself into the sun's path. Ready to run at the first sign of damage.

But the damage never came.

I instead felt the familiar pull and tug of the sun like a warm embrace. A safe haven. A place where I could be alive.

I remember fighting until my leaves sprouted once more. And my petals thrived. Fighting the fear to find my place with the sun. I persisted and fought and feared.

And I blossomed.

Petals bright, stem strong, leaves exposed. I remember feeling beautiful at that moment.

This is what *life* feels like.

I fight the fear still. And the voices; though they are quieter now.

I fight this so that every day I can chase the sun.

Chase life.

I cannot be sure when I first noticed my existence.

But I am sure I notice it now.

