

## Anniversary // Tammy Reynolds

This is dedicated to my therapist.

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So this is our um timeline I made for our anniversary. It's just, 'Tammy and Tammy's Therapist's Journey of Self-Improvement' you know I didn't want anyone to know your name. um and I never knew my grandmas' inheritance would take me to you.

Uh, so it started with my friend dying and the DWP trying to take my benefits away so I started looking for a therapist and so that's what the little death kind of symbol thing is and then I've got that blue squiggle which is actually the sign for a Capricorn, cause I'm a Capricorn and that's important to me. You know that.

So then in **May** you had a cancellation and you got in touch with me and the second we met I knew it was just gonna be like- it just felt like weekly wellbeing at first sight, you know?

And in **June** we talked about PTSD and you showed me the book, *Trauma is Really Strange* which was very validating and I think everyone should read it I guess ([link](#)). And I also made you laugh a lot at this point, I can't remember when but I did and it's the first of many, isn't it?

And then I found it hard to come to terms with all that trauma um so I just got really *really* drunk a lot and I saw you on Bold Street and had to run away I guess I exercised that whole fight or flight response you know?

Then in **July** that was a hard month um and it was also the time when we didn't see each other a lot cause I was away. And that was just...yeah uh...

And then **August**, previous support networks began to collapse and you taught me tools of self-empowerment and we talked about my unhealthy drinking coping mechanisms.

And **one time** you answered the door during a session and I felt very close when you came back. The next week you caught me picking my nose and eating it when I was waiting for you at the door and um...you never mentioned it which...that was nice.

In **September** we talked about medication and self-medication. I actually tried DMT for the first time but I didn't tell you. I don't like keeping secrets from you, I promise not to do it again.

In **October** you taught me how to establish boundaries with friends and family and it **2011**...well I forgot to change that here I guess...money was getting tight and I overworked myself to make sure I could pay you back. That was our first awkward money moment.

And then in **December** you taught me how to take a break from activism, just in time for Christmas and then in **January** things got really difficult but necessary and I did a really short ahem sober stint and I stopped sleeping and realised a lot of things. No, I don't think this is too personal.

In **February** I actioned on a lot of those realisations-I hope you like the love hearts- um and I finally got to talk about my artistic practice in a session which immediately improved my relationship with it.

And then in **March** it was our second longest break whilst I was in South America and I felt your absence but I felt your presence too in the tortoises of the Galapagos and in the cocaine of Columbia.

And **today** is our first-year anniversary...today. and I know that we are both so much better now we are in each other's lives. I've seen you turn into the person you've always had potential to be. So thank you for um...for letting me in.

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I WANTED TO WRITE YOU A POEM  
BUT WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE IT

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My life revolves around hospital appointments, medical professionals and therapy sessions. I was raised by parents, siblings and strangers wiping my ass. I'm used to prescriptions. I'm used to doctor's orders. I'm used to being compared to the taller-saner-lessdisabled than average. I spent years of puberty in hospitals 3 hours away from home. It's been hard to learn how to self-care for a body and brain which is always being assessed and their needs presumed. This is the closest I've got to self-care. I think I'm doing okay.

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Happy Anniversary, you.