

## **Grappling with Dissociative Identity Disorder**

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Children

real and unreal

hurting inside

Their names echo in my head

Those kids,

lonely

pretty

sweet

hurting

in a lost dark past

the walls that shield them, blank

...a gray luminescence

in the dark recesses of my mind

What terrors

do those frozen closets hold

that hide my shame,

and cover no good,

dirty, illegitimate old selves?

My friends

inside and outside,

sad

and maybe secretly O.K.!

Sh...Sh...

Don't tell their broken dreams!

They'll know we're DID.

Or are we?

Trying so hard to face these hidden

pockets of my illegitimate self.

And my doctor is trying so hard to legitimize them.

He makes them people,

children

grown-ups

He calls them and cares for them.

It feels so good

It feels so scary to be me,  
and not know who that is.

Why do I do such crazy things?  
Why not just not do them?  
Why legitimize them?  
Why uncover pain?

Especially when pain is not legitimate  
when it hurts so bad  
and there's no trauma to relive.

Why hate?  
Why not forget?

Am I DID?

"I am DID...I am DID...I am DID..."

Maybe if I write it 20 times on the blackboard

I will accept it!

Doctor please: play the great white-coated doctor and say

"You are DID; classic legitimate true DID; whether you accept it or not and  
sooner or later we'll get through to you"

Or, play the Pentecostal and say

"The Lord told me to tell you..."

Or, be like my Mom and make me believe it

Cry. Say how alarmed you are that "You'll never be anybody unless you get past  
this!" Say that you're just desperately trying to keep me from "remaining  
something horrible" all my life. Get emotional, rave, pace. Shake your fists and  
say that you'll never be right with God if I don't stop rebelling from the truth.

Of these three, I might accept the first

Or just put me on drugs for a while to stop the voices.

(I'd probably kill myself to escape the drugs)

Look how hard I'm fighting all this!

Somebody put me in a straight jacket

and make me listen!

I feel so disqualified to be in pain

Utterly unqualified to be DID

I have no reason to be sad

I had a happy childhood

basically a happy childhood.  
My Parents were Christians  
they loved me  
they listened  
No one tried to rape me  
or torture me  
When Mom and Dad left me,  
they left me with "friends"  
We traveled to interesting places  
I see the basic symptoms of DID but we could be wrong  
It could be ADD  
or allergies  
or just a crazy creative mind.  
But my doctor is treating me for DID.  
I just can't make the connection  
He says  
"De-nial is not a river in Egypt"

A little rhyme runs through my head;  
Little starfish in the sea  
I do sorely envy thee  
You are also DID  
When you get hurt and have to be  
Two other people, maybe three  
Each broken part of you is free  
To recreate its own body  
So if your alters disagree  
They go their separate ways at sea

Did we really go in separate ways  
inside of me?!