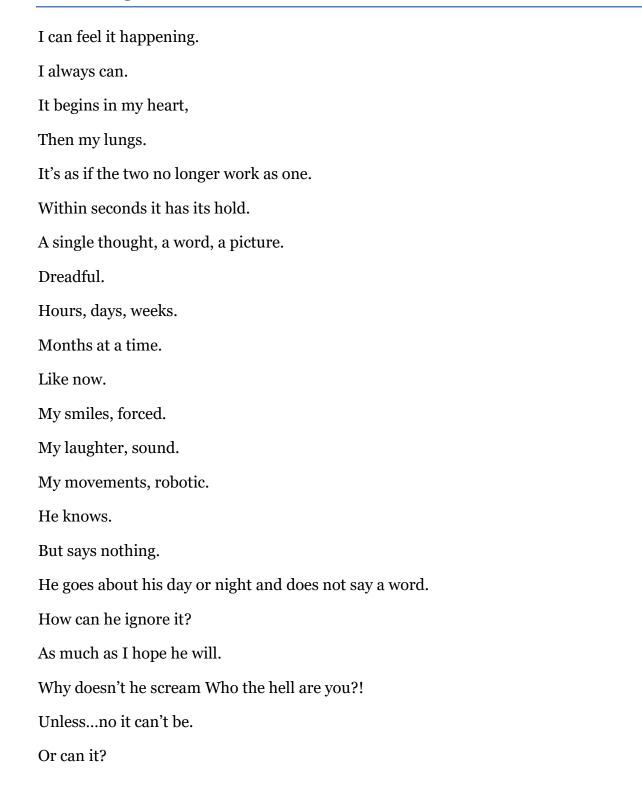
### Unraveling

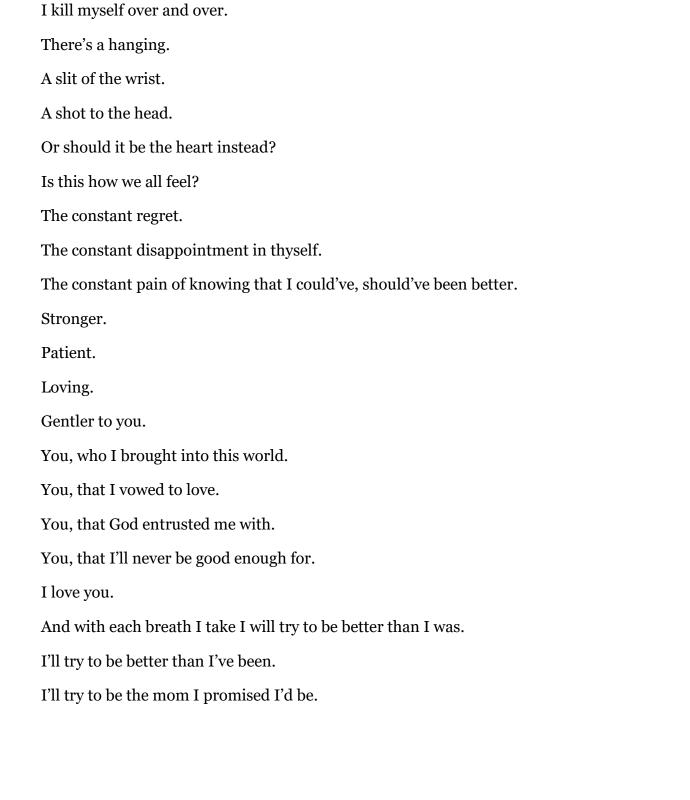
## Unraveling



Is there nothing different?

Is this just me?

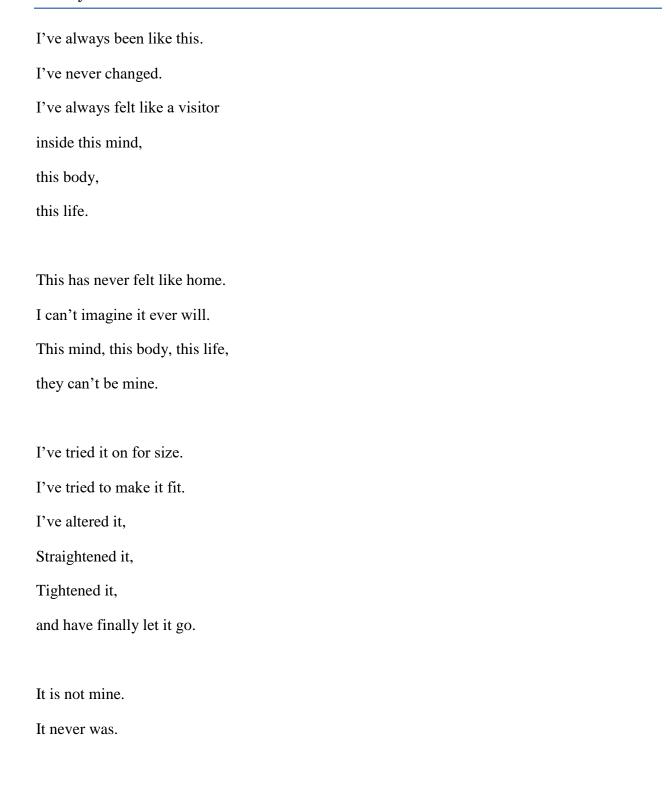
### Nothingness



#### Shit

Shit is what I feel when I raise my voice, when I roll my eyes, when I tug too hard, when I don't stop and say how are you dear. How are you dear? Shit. is how I always feel when the sun rises and dread fills my all, and I force myself to feel the way they tell me I'm supposed to feel. Grateful. Husband, children. Plenty. Plenty of everything. Yet day after day dread is what comes to me as the sun rises and a new shitty day begins.

# Always and Never



I get tired of myself.

I'm everywhere I go.

I need a break from me.

But then I see myself through your eyes

and think maybe, just maybe,

I'm not as awful as I seem to me.