

All the stages of a teens wants

Thirteenth birthday, "I need a selfie stick, I need a crown, I need new shoes, can we go down town." The point where "need" covers the word "want." The thirteen years of needs. "I'm finally a teen."

Fourteenth birthday rolls around, "they have this, they have that." "I need this, I need that."
Now because they have that we need that!

Fifteenth birthday, buy me a car. Buy me this, buy me that. I need this and I need that. The needs of a teen goes overboard than that.

Sixteenth birthday, I don't have enough money for that. Please mom pay for that. I don't want a job, I can't do that! You need a car, you need a job and you need to pay for that.

Seventeenth birthday comes around, there's no wants only needs. They have a job to pay for them things. Now they don't cover the word "want" with the word "need."

Eighteenth birthday... mom, I don't need that. I can get that. I'm growing up. I'm paying for that!

We won't even remember our nineteenth birthday because we don't need our wants and our wants aren't our needs.

Growing up as a teen, we know our wants are not our needs.

Corruption

We are sitting here blaming it on our new president when we barely get off our butts to change the way our living lives live. We blame it on society and we blame it on bullies but don't you ever think that it might just be us. Our world would be better if we get off our butts, stand up for what is right and do our parts as adults. This world went downhill. We blame everything on something else or even someone else. Instead of realizing its us too. Our world is so corrupt. You say you're hurt, and that you can't work and you can't do this, you can't do that. So, they help you, just so you can sit on your butt and eat your life away. Then we have the nerve to protest every day because woman's rights aren't the way they should be as you say. So, if you have time to do that, you have enough energy to stand up and march your life way then why aren't you working, why aren't you doing something to take care of your family instead of taking money from our government. We are so corrupted, we think it's okay that our life is so evolved around how we can fit in to society instead of how we can support our family.

Imagine

Can you imagine a pain so deep inside where your heart feels like it's about to cry? The pain that reaches your toes to the sky. You can't breathe, you can't eat, you can barely survive. The pain that you feel when someone you love has died. My mother raised a girl who can stand on her own, but these hardships are making me feel alone. All the doctors and all the family say you're dead, you're gone. But it feels like you will pick up the phone if I called. While you're living it up in heaven, please don't forget us dying on earth! No matter how many years go by, no matter how many oceans I cry. I will never let you say goodbye.

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

Mirror, mirror on the wall, can I be skinny and pretty like them all?

Mirror, Mirror on the wall, should I change my hair? Maybe they will care after

all...

Mirror, Mirror on the wall, maybe I will not eat and stand up tall.

Mirror, Mirror on the wall, maybe I'll make my dress as small.

Mirror, mirror don't you see? You are ruining me.

I can't even see myself without you discouraging me.

The Utterly Silence

She's screaming! She's screaming out cries hoping that someone will hear and feel her silent cries for help. So many voices going through her head, telling her she's better off dead. She's cutting herself to cover her pain. Trying to make it noticeable that she is not the same. She's been through so much in her life to make her go insane but only one person keeps her sane. Blood running down her arms trying to stay quite so no one can see her fall. She's shaking so bad, she is about to faint. She puts her hands together and she finally prays. She's asking God to answer her prayers and help her find her way, in this dark world she calls her home. Hoping he will answer her so calm. Hoping God will hug her so tight, and tell her it will be alright! She finally says, "all I wanted was for someone to love me. Sorry God but I'm going to end my suffering." She grabs the blade and glides it on her neck. She lays there dead but free from all this pain. It's finally quiet. No tears, no pain, no screams, no suffering.

Just an utterly silence.