

Confessions of a Teenage Nothing

I was invisible. No one knew
my name because thin air
doesn't have a name. I was
neither pretty nor ugly,
fat nor skinny,
stylish nor frumpy.

I was in the middle of the road
and got squished like a grape.
I was nothing,
nobody,
inconsequential.

No one knew I was sad
because no one knew
I was there. I passed through
like a sigh,
like a tree no one heard fall,
like one hand clapping,
like a void.

Crowded Silence

Blank
stares greet
me as I walk into
the room. The stares are
not at me though. I can hear light
tapping from the pads of fingers racing
across screens that are all consuming. Faces aglow
with the blue light of electronics, captured in their cold
embrace. I feel the temperature drop and see my breath in the
air. The night creeps closer, begging me to notice, begging anyone
to notice. I can feel its icy fingers touch the back of my neck
and it's too late. All I see now is the familiar glow, all I
hear now is the silence of my own thoughts
screaming at me to look away. Dare
to put the machine down. So, I
put my earbuds in and get
lost in the YouTube
universe that has
claimed so
many.

Despondent Growth

Like a flower growing in the shade, yearning for the sunlight
just out of reach of its petals, desperate for the rainfall
caught in the high branches of the tall trees, unable to feel the breeze
that slips past its downturned face. So too do I feel stunted,
left alone to flounder in my feelings of depression,
unsure of what is real and what is imagined, too long
left in the dark recesses of my melancholy heart.

Failure Is a Dream

Your dreams are doomed to fail,
she said with a sad smile in her eyes.
Her voice grew softer – a bitter tale:
your dreams are doomed to fail,
I can't hold back the rain and hail
or the glint of steel like lies.
Your dreams are doomed to fail
she said; with a sad smile in her eyes.

Hope

– by far the strangest word

in the English language.

Hope springs eternal, and yet,

one shouldn't get ones hopes up.

To some, it's an anchor.

The only thing to cling to

in an uncertain world.

To others – a dirty word.

A delusion that other people

keep trying to force on them,

even though they have given up;

as though they have already

entered the first circle of hell

and all hope has been abandoned.

And yet, somehow, it still shines

through; the silver lining to every

dark cloud. The eternal optimism

that all will be well. The one seed

that can grow after years

of neglect and dormancy.

A glimmer is all it takes.