

## (Not) Alone

I know what it's like to feel alone,  
Afraid of the unknown and trapped in my mind  
To feel like my sadness defines who I am  
I wear my scars on my heart and my skin  
I pray that my sins can be forgiven,  
Driven by the pursuit of happiness and joy  
But instead I feel like life toys with my feelings  
There are days where I feel the healing has been done  
And that I've won the battle  
Then there are days where I feel like I'm livestock, and my pain is herding me,  
Hurting me and pushing me along  
I listen to sad songs to alleviate my sorrow  
And let people borrow bits and pieces of myself when they hurt, too  
I may feel alone even when I'm surrounded by thousands of individuals  
I may feel residual and picked last, inadequate even  
But I truly do believe in my potential to fight this  
No, I'm not going to right this, because there's nothing wrong with feeling down, only  
staying down  
I'll just look around, and keep my head held high  
Because, friends, my mind and pain won't make me die today  
I am strong, I have value, but most importantly...I am not alone.  
And neither are you.

## Depression

A mind that's an enemy, but also a friend  
May often envision the means to our end  
Be it by bullet, or a long thick rope  
We envision these things because we feel we've lost hope  
To all I will say that I have been there before  
A teenager, I considered knocking on death's door  
I felt broken and done, no longer wanting to live  
I felt I had given the world all that I could give  
I wrote my own language on my thighs and on my arms  
Though it was never deep, it was still self-harm  
I felt alone and unwanted, used like a pawn in chess  
I looked at those around me and felt I was less  
Even now it is hard, I'll feel unmotivated and tired  
Can't help feeling that way, it's how I am wired

But to those who struggle every night and every day  
“You are not alone”, though that is quite cliché  
For those who are broken, this is for you  
I will keep living life, and do all that I do  
I speak to you all and ask you do the same  
We are all on the same team, though this is surely not a game  
Battles have been won, though the war has just started  
It is not yet our time to join the departed

### Beautiful

Beauty surrounds  
It knows no bounds  
It can be found in the simplest of things  
Whether it be the grass flowing in the Spring breeze  
Or the leaves upon the trees, swaying and dancing to the tune of nature  
I'd care to wager that there are plenty who can't even see the beauty in one's own body and soul  
But I know that there's beauty and passion deep down, hot like coals  
So stop for a second and look at the beauty everywhere  
Stop and stare at the blooming roses  
Life is full of so much beauty, the universe composes it like a symphony  
Even if you feel yourself slipping into that feeling of doom  
Understand that gloom doesn't have to consume you  
Change the lens, change your view, and appreciate what is around us  
Everything and everyone that is around us  
Because what's around us is beautiful

### Falling Apart

I'm usually good with words  
Piecing them together into sentences, sentences into stanzas, and stanzas into poems  
The words on the page are like home to me  
It feels like I'm able to discover the unknown, make connections  
No matter what direction I look, I always find some soul to connect with through writing  
When I'm fighting for my life, I'm able to make these words my tool and swing my voice like a flail  
Through writing, I unveil hidden little truths...  
All this is why I'm not used to fumbling over my thoughts and words like I do my own two feet  
I desperately want to say everything sometimes, but don't know where to start  
On the outside I may seem composed, but on the inside I'm falling apart

## Being a Human

For the girls who've been broken.  
Who've felt the sting of their words  
A pain worse than needles  
But not worse than the blades they use,  
Or the pills they pop to feel something  
Because numbing the pain never does it  
Making it a dance with death so they may get away from this God forsaken place  
Hiding despair with a smile on their face,  
Like the saddest mask that we are unaware of  
Like everyday is Halloween  
Unknown and unseen by who may help them  
Defined by a set of standards that are meant less to be met and more to taunt  
Where a tape measure is the tool that haunts them  
Make up is never in the right amount  
And they will forever lose count of the number of times they've been called "slut" or "ugly"  
Because beauty has to be painted on like their body is a canvas  
Psychological warfare through objectification  
A six foot hole being their destination  
Treated like perfection is their goal  
Then told it can't be attained  
The impossibility of abstaining from pain  
But we're human; pain reminds us of that  
And to the nice guys who remained in the shadows  
While the battle went on around them, blow after blow  
"Boys will be boys" is all he knows  
But he doesn't think what they do is okay  
Fighting to keep the demons at bay  
He gets grouped with them because that's what society does  
They say there aren't many good boys in this world, there probably once was  
But maybe they're just hiding  
Because they feel the world dividing  
Subsidizing the pain that we feel  
Everybody telling us only time will heal  
But we must begin to peel the skin off this horrid fruit  
The hate, the toxicity, it's a look that doesn't really suit us  
Love has the potential to hurt, too  
And while this is true, that doesn't mean shouldn't at least try  
Because all these hurt people feel like they should just cry  
Show some compassion, we're all rational beings here  
Show them the same love that you would show your peers

