

## Daily Schedule Of Pain

wake up  
prepare myself for the hell that awaits  
take my happy pills  
check my phone and drown my face with the look of sadness because no one texted me  
put the mask on that covers my broken, scared truth  
pull the XXL hoodie over my insecure body so no one feels the need to comment on it

cover up  
if i don't  
i'm a slut  
but if i do  
i'm lazy  
wear what i want  
i get judged

go to school  
the place that fills my head with dark thoughts  
the place that makes me feel like the white crayon in the box  
raise my hand after ten minutes of preparing because of my social anxiety

social anxiety heightened while sitting in a 90 minute class  
Raising a hand is like being at the top of a roller coaster looking down at the ground  
the feeling of a family of butterflies flying a marathon in my stomach  
ice and fire colliding  
my hand going up in a fist holding the end of my shirt so my arm of stories is not exposed.  
social anxiety  
winning a staring contest with the floor tiles so i don't get called on

group projects feel as if you are presenting your ideas to the president,  
when in reality it's just three judging girls that just stare at themselves all  
day.

feeling like everything you say in class sounds like a foreign language to the  
other kids

hands get clammy like you're on a first date with your dream boy but really  
the teacher is just calling random names off of popsicle sticks

not wanting someone to say hi to you because you are afraid you will mess  
up and sound weird.

the fear of being told you are wrong in front of the whole class even though  
it will be forgotten by most within two minutes of being heard.

thoughts of what ifs run on a treadmill through your head

social anxiety

raising a hand is not just raising a hand

class ends

lunch starts

don't eat because i will look like a pig

haven't eaten in 2 days

just trying to rest your head but gossip is flowing throughout the air

she did this

he did that

she talked about me

he broke up with her

NO ONE CARES

mind screams on mute

keep to myself

looks up and sees the girls who have it all

the girls that gets every boy

pulls them in with a strong fishing rod

makes the girls like me feel like a small, unseen fish

stomach grumbles

last class of the day

papers get passed back

D

Look around

A

disappointment comes off from my teacher

it's hard to feel motivation to a worksheet when you're mind is in an unhealthy place

nothing becomes important anymore

you start to see no point

that D starts to define you to everyone in the school

the teacher's see you as a failing student rather than a person who has a life

you become someone who gets a label of dumb when really your brain wasn't designed the same way as others

you get asked to stay after to push more knowledge in your filled mind

when really what would be best is someone asking if you are okay

by the end of class i feel like all the school wants from me is for a passing test grade so they look good

i feel like i am a percentage in a grade book

school ends

bus ride home

staring out into the world just from two small eyes

blast my music which comes off as sad but is comforting to me

lost in my head

feeling alone in a place full of people

home

four more hours out of my day are stolen by the state by doing my homework because for some reason seven hours wasn't enough torture for them.

the work is written in an unspeakable font

dinner time

the plate of food looks like it was made for a christmas celebration to much to handle

go to my room and look in the mirror  
grab my stomach that looks like a marshmallow  
looking at pictures of girls who look like sticks.  
wishing  
pull a pair of sweatpants on that make you look like a bum but it's the only  
thing that makes you feel you  
get in bed; your safe place  
call every number in your contacts just for not one to answer  
worth goes down  
some nights not even trying because you don't want to disappoint yourself  
again  
pull out your diary  
the book of you  
pages full of the emotional truth of me  
it's the best friend that listens when you need it the most  
like the whole world is def while talking to me except the diary  
it is a comfort  
i start writing  
the pages fill with the blood of my mental wounds  
the bandage i held over them all day are filled and can't hold any more pain  
the scars open up and words fill onto the page  
laying in the dark  
my eyes become bathtubs that have the faucet on for to long  
my face becomes a flooded bathroom  
towels can't soak the pain up  
there's too much  
don't give up  
worst day i've had since yesterday  
feeling like there's nothing left  
staring at the ceiling  
it's empty like me  
feeling unwanted  
check my phone  
still no one checks up on me

feeling like it's me against the world  
7.53 billion vs. me  
eventually, when nothing is left, i fall asleep  
pillow soaked with tears  
i am like a cloud that rained out all of it's feelings  
the cloud will not rain until it's next storm  
there may be a few showers but the storms will happen later  
sleeping peacefully because it's the only 8 hours were i feel okay  
dream of feeling happy and finding a meaning

wake up  
mom yelling at me  
first thought that starts off my day  
“again?”  
the never ending cycle starts back up  
waking up just to fall back asleep  
tired of all of it  
no one understands me  
feeling no meaning to it all  
while some wait for the happiest day of their life which people usually say is  
their wedding day, i can't wait for the pain to be done  
the feeling of waking up and being good  
like you are on top of the world  
society and my head screwed up the meaning of everything  
feeling worthless  
unloved  
like a stranger to the person in the mirror  
feeling nothing  
i feel no meaning now but at the end of every storm there is a rainbow  
someday  
the meaning of life will be that rainbow.

## **A Silent Room to The Strangers Ear, A Loud Room To The Mind**

A room full of thoughts

Sitting there for what felt like 3 years

The thoughts in my head fill every nook and cranny

Tears, full of stories, fall

Trying to stop it all

Trying to stop the air from thinning

Thoughts suffocating my mind

Throat closing up

Vision gets blurry as rivers form in my eyes

No one to turn to

All alone.

But never by myself

The pain would never let me feel whats its like to be by myself

My dry face and frizzy hair get worse

Going insane

The thoughts get loose into the hallway as the door creeks open

Walking into the 'quite room'

Says the voice of a nurse

"Room time over."

## **Traced**

You did not lie

You traced out the truth

You did not drawl the parts that were ugly

You outlined the problem

With a pen that smears if you touch it

You hurt me

You made me feel pain

Your tracing skills stained my skin

This time the ink is not washing off

It will take many days of washing to become clean again

You will not get to drawl on me again

I will never look back at the skin you marked

Stay away from me with that permeant marker

Find a new canvas