



Feeling is dangerous because
it requires us to dwell in anguish,
rather than anesthetize it
(as if it never happened).

so many fear joy because they fear
losing it.

they hate us because we live here —
in this precarious joy —
and we have found preciousness,
still.

It is far easier to desensitize
ourselves to the world.
but what about the romance of
living?
the tundra of grief, of striving, of
becoming like
every breath is an invitation to
another way of being?

what about the dignity of being?
i won't settle for anything less.

I would rather weep than pretend.
i would rather be hated than be
digestible.
i would rather be mirthful than
meander around like
happiness is some rare ray of light
piercing through my window.

it's not that we are extra,
it's that we are feeling
and you are not
(or rather, you refuse).

Our Precarious Joy by Alok