it’s funny how one small human conscious can lead themselves to believe they’re useless, or that they’re more useful than they actually are. emotions can run anyone, except for the stable ones. I can only imagine the concept of stability.

mountain peaks and high tides, eloquent words of wisdom and advice, still finding ways to make myself feel like I don’t matter because that’s what my brain seems to want for me.

will I ever succeed? It’s probable.

But I will fight waves and high winds in a sail boat while others sit in cruise ships, protected from any forces of instability, whether it be from the conditions of the day or the conditions of their headspace.

I will walk the same path as they do but I will be hit with more than they allow me to say I am being hit with, and I cannot process emotions the same. They will sit aside and take a short break, cry a drop, whilst I rest for days and I cry a waterfall.