

No matter how much I try to explain, you wouldn't really understand "why"

I wonder if at some point, God resents me for being sad. Because you're supposed to feel joy–ecstatic– every single day because finally, finally, you found someone who stays even in your darkest days. God the Sovereign Creator, the One we call Love because He is full of love. And it just doesn't add up for someone to be so sad when their joy comes from their sufficiency from the Father in Heaven.

I usually would've gotten over this thing quickly but somehow, God, forgive me, for wanting to sit in for a while.

The honest truth is that it's okay to be sad.

The sound of doors clicking because of the strong wind. The rustle of the curtain as it receives the cold air. The dog yawning, the sheets rustling, the rain pouring.

Cars occasionally come past, the sound of neighbor's laughter, the sound of news.

The electric fan's sound.

The footsteps.

The...

The sound mind.

I woke up with nothing much going on, for when humans think they're okay— doing well, suddenly they're not. How ironic for us to feel such melancholy and the only words we can describe it is “I don't know” because, when did we ever know?

Somehow I am just tired even though I had lots of rest. Suddenly the world feels much louder than usual and all I wanted was quiet and peace but my own house forbids it.

I wanted to run away but I couldn't.

I simply can't.

I wonder if things would've been easier if I could just take off on my own, and flee from the noise that seems to drive me on edge. The noise that seems to drain the life out of me. The noise that seems to undo the growth I have established so far.

No matter what I do, it's become a shackle that binds me, peering to stir me up every single day. I thought I was fine because I was only hiding. I'm starting to believe that the statement "*time heals*" holds falsity. Because gradually, what time does is make you forget. But what if you can't forget because you simply can't get away from it?

What then? Is the "*time heals*" statement still valid?

I am always driven to the edge. Whatever I have just proved that whatever it is, nothing was enough.

Who even wants this?

Why are we always defined by the past we have? Why does it always hold us and binds us that no matter what growth we have, it isn't enough to drive it away?

No one notices they're the cause of you dying until you die.

Wala ka na ngang ginawa maghapon, ako na nga lahat.