**The Burden of a Tender Heart**

I have a big heart, and sometimes I hate it. I overthink, apologize too much, forgive too easily, and worry too much about people who don't care about me. I feel guilty for things I have no control over and feel lonely because I'm afraid I won't find anyone who loves me as deeply as I love.

**Awakening to Metaphors**

I'm starting to notice things I never saw before. Well, maybe I saw them; I wasn't paying attention. For some reason, everything has become a metaphor.

**In the Shadows of Exhaustion**

Quite frankly, I'm just tired. I don't know what else to do because no matter how hard I try, I always end up back at the beginning. Maybe it's my mindset; there's not much left for me here anymore. I really don't know sometimes. The highs of my life are so high, but the lows are too low. I am tired of being tired all the time and having to confide in something else for a bit of happiness. I feel like I am disintegrating and losing my dignity. I am exhausted and overwhelmed; my soul has basically given up, and I have no idea what to look for. I don't know what I want, I strive for a reason to stay. Being happy sounds nice but I know it won't last too long, it never does mostly.

**A Symphony in Silence**

Falling in love. It's such a weird feeling. You get Those uncalled-for butterflies and the constant need to want to give them the world, even if that means you have to destroy yourself to do so. It feels like dancing in a field of flowers or walking outside in the snow, where it's quiet and peaceful, where you feel comfort when you are with that person that you can say anything to. Where it feels like you've already loved them before, you can talk about everything and not get judged for it but simply laugh together. Where you're able to talk about your feelings and understand one another on a level you've never been able to experience with someone else. I knew that I was going to love you when we first talked. It was almost as if the world had gone silent, and it was just the two of us. I observed you closely but cautiously, I was reading you. You were so different from anyone else I'd ever met. I can't depict what makes you different from everyone else, but all I know is that I want you to stay with me.

**Lost in the Loop**

I watched the days become a never-ending loop, a constant phase. But how could it be a phase if I've always been trapped? It's more like a locked door. It's sort of like a game in a way, an escape room, a certain amount of time. Many clues, objects that lead to other locked objects. But for some reason I'm still stuck, I'm so lost. But how can I be lost when I know exactly where I am? It's like I'm in a recognizable place but somehow don't know where to go from here on out. It's a loop, a constant loop. A scream for help, and you look stupid because people tell you that you have no reason to be screaming for the help you "don't need." but if I don't need it, then why am I screaming? It makes me feel stupid for feeling the way I do when it's completely out of my control. Tell me to get up when I have no motivation. Yell at me to go somewhere with my life with no map. Tell me that I should spend time alone when I already feel lonely enough. Sometimes, it feels like I'm watching myself slowly fade away from the sidelines along with everyone else. How can people be so careless and clueless, pointing to the signs but not really acknowledging them? See, the more I think about it, the more reasoning I soak up regarding what's keeping me here. Tell me when the game is done. I said I'm done playing. But, oh man, I watched the days become a never-ending loop.

**Flickering Resilience**

How much can a person go through until they've been completely destroyed? Good question. There are too many good answers just to accept one. I've learned to cope with my sadness but with the wrong things. So yeah, I did pick up a habit, a bad one, quite frankly. But what if it's gotten to the point that it's not helping anymore? I feel at my best when I'm partaking in the bad habit, but then I feel at my worst when the rush of adrenaline is over. I can tell people how much I hate being here, but no one takes it seriously. But it's okay. I'm not complaining. It's understandable. How can I be honest with someone else when I'm not even honest with myself? I've been broken down and torn apart just to be put back together again. How many times do I have to say I hate myself or I'm tired before I go through with another attempt? People are easily broken. On the other hand, I was fragile, and yet, I was still tossed around. So really, how much can a person go through until they've been completely destroyed. the answer to that is, that it its like a light switch. Play with it too much, and I'm sure you'll get a few flickers until the fuse blows.

**Unnoticed Narratives**

To go unnoticed is to be noticed, but then suddenly you're not; to be unnoticed is never to be noticed at all. But what's the difference between feeling unnoticed and actually being unnoticed? Well, there are so many answers to that twisted question. But what if you're both? What if you know you are unnoticed, but you feel it too? How can you ever feel noticed if you've spent your life being unnoticed? That's like holding a bottle of milk to a thirsty crying baby. Most people you see with a smile on their face every day are most likely the ones who sit in bed at 3 am every night, contemplating if this is their last breath. Some people you pass by every day are most likely tired to attempt the night before but ended up waking up the next day anyway. The thing is, there are so many people with different backstories; everyone has a story to tell. Some wish never to tell them stories. Some people have good stories to tell, and others have sob stories to tell. Either way, everyone has a story. And within that story, you'll be able to know if they feel unnoticed or if they are unnoticed. So, to be unnoticed is never to be noticed at all.

**Unraveling Uniqueness**

We are all different individuals, but we have the power to feel the same sort of things. We think differently and move in the same ways but at different paces. So if we're all different, then why do I feel more different? We all think differently, so does that mean that I feel at my lowest when someone else's lowest could be way lower? Am I really at rock bottom, or am I trying to dig there? Am I really alone, or am I the one pushing myself away? Question after question. Over the course of time, I've slowly destroyed myself. So, even if I did choose to live my life, I'm not living it for me. I'm living it for the person I forgot I was, but everyone has different reasonings to stay and go. It's true, we are all each different individuals.