I can't shake the feeling that something is terribly disarrayed. Off-tracked. Mistaken.

I awake with dread every morning and go to bed with the same swirling dreams. Nails pound in my head, puncturing every possibility rational enough I conjure up. I wash my face with water that freezes my fingers, yet the mirror fogs up—trying to mask away the disappointment that is my reality.

I stare at the stagnant yet chronic blinking of my cursor, begging me to let it move forward and create something. I stare at the lost art pieces, which I’m no longer passionate enough to pick up. I stare at the face of my past, looking at me with expectations I can no longer meet, becoming a dream turned into dread.

My shoulders are eroding, carrying the expectations of expectations I have of myself that I’ve yet to meet. My hands are destined to create, but there is no way for me to reach my true potential. My dreams are valiant roars but easily belittled by my own inability to accept change.

Roses are wilting, pens are drying, and I’m losing control. Everyone expects me to bounce back, just like that. That I could be so much. I could conquer so much. I could change everything. Yet I do so little.

I don’t get out of bed sometimes. I don’t create. I don’t dream.

I can’t shake the feeling that I won’t be able to anymore.

When I press my hands to my ears to drown out the screaming no one else can hear—I realise that roar has always been mine. This is a lesson I learned time and again: change must come from within. Only I’m responsible for my actions, my growth. But somehow, that has backfired at some point.

I no longer rely on anybody. I no longer reach out when I need help the most. I no longer need anyone to be a saviour, thinking I'm enough for myself. But enough doesn't mean it's right, fulfilled, and complete. In this quest for independence, I have painted my own skies grey.

When the sun goes down, I’ll be left to my own devices, and the voices will creep up. The skeletons in my closet will come out, and the monster under my bed will chain me again until I lose my fight to break the cycle.

Can you hear me screaming, searching for a reason why? Can you find me my potions to mend what’s broken inside? My best-laid plans have turned to ashes so long ago. My faithless future can no longer be imaginable because I can't see past tomorrow. I’m stuck in the present, pounding at my unmoving bones.

Come force me out. Come pull me apart. Come piece me back again.

Only then will the ripples turn to tides again. Perhaps it’s not the strength I lack but the will to try again. One step—just one—is all I need to start.

The silence was safe, but it was never peaceful. I saved my romanticism for my inner life but it got lost somewhere in trying so hard. The world I built inside—so vivid, so full of colour—has started to rot away.

I must venture out now, not because I’m unafraid, but because staying still is no longer an option. Should I fail again, I must know it wouldn’t break me—it’s merely the shifting sands beneath my feet. My castles are meant to fall. Each time, I’ll gather the grains, reshape them, and rise again. For in their impermanence lies their beauty—and my strength.

Alas, I can’t shake the feeling that it might just be okay.