WHERE DOI EVEN STABT

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where do I even start? my dad used to tell me "just write, it doesn't matter if it's a paragraph, a sentence or even a word"...and I do have to admit; the thought of being able to pour my feelings and ideas on a piece of paper and lay it out for people and to be able to finally show them my "real side", it seems kinda appealing ...but I'm not even sure as for that "real side" is, am I that same young boy who's been afraid to talk

cause he felt different, and always kept to himself never even hinting that he's feeling hurt, with a body full of scars and burns each one telling a story but only to him, he always felt that he walked that road alone, even when surrounded, what did I do back then for fun? did I even have fun? wait, what is fun? is it that rush of adrenalin that makes you feel alive? is that fun? but every high has it's low, so we drop from that

routine plane, skydiving with no parachutes not knowing about our eventual fate ...is that fun? Nah, I'm just sleepy, oh yeah I forgot to mention that it's night time, I remember as I look through the window overthinking life, back then that window seemed like an opportunity but now it's more of shelter from the outside world and its cold nature, I wonder what changed ... "definitely my appearance" I thought to

myself ... "damn, when did this happen" those scars seem to be fading and my memories along with them ...I turned off the lights and opened the window for the darkness to come in," my old friend" I smiled and let its wings swallow me whole, it wasn't long before I woke up ...it's still dark ... I look at the clock, time doesn't seem to be passing, I guess that's a dream come true ...or maybe I am dreaming ...nah, this seems

far too real. I stand up and sit to my table and pull out a piece of paper ..." wait, where did I put my pencil again?"...it was right there by the dusty old memories ...now I need a subject to draw I wonder if I can draw myself ...I wonder where to start?