Publicerad 2016-10-13 21:54 av Yheela

Empty spaces

You know when no one gives a shit. And you're there all alone. Looking stupid with your exciting news that no one listens to. Trying to keep that happy smile on your face, because god knows you can't let them see you cry. So you pretend that you never intended to talk to anyone. You just walk right past them, their eyes and whispers and don't-give-a-shit attitude. Hoping you'll make it. It's not that far. The bathroom's right there. Only a short walk to the bus stop. Home soon. In your room soon. Truly invisible soon. You listen to them telling you about their lives. You smile at them. You're such a good friend. Love you, bye! Remember that time you raised your voice. And they laughed and told you to lose the drama and JUST LISTEN for a change. Crying is for babies and losers. Smile. It's alright. Yeah sure fine. They still don't see you. You cut your hair. You buy new clothes. They smile at you and you hate them. You hate yourself. Who gives a shit anyway...

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Yheela med Poeter.se id #25205 innehar upphovsrätten