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Trying to feel

Nothing's as liberating as the sound of glasses breaking, the sight of hundreds of tiny pieces of shattered glass, scattered across the floor. Maybe it lies in how the sharp edges could feel underneath your feet, how it could make you bleed. How they sometimes are similar to words from your loved ones; fatal, yet still crucial for your existence. Maybe it even lies in how somehow, some things are so much more beautiful when they're broken, than when they're fixed.

So today, in the midst of all this confusion, I let myself try to feel beautiful.

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