

The tree

When a tree gets thicker
You can see it's growing up
But when I was growing up
I wanted to be thinner

I didn't want another annual ring
Around my waist with extra skin
Every year I was hoping to get smaller
At the same time, I needed to be taller

So that I can have the figure of an hourglass
Skin and bones covering up my self-made mess
A toddler hiding in boy's clothes
Seventeen and freezing toes

Somehow I convince myself I'm doing okay
Leaves on trees eventually fade away
The skeleton of branches only stays behind
Nothing is left to feed this mind

Overthinking

All the time, I make stories up in my head
Most of them about people I've never met
I recreate scenarios that aren't even real
To be prepared for how I might feel

The situations I often put myself into
The unrealistic thinking that I always do
Constantly I am losing precious time
While being too busy for my own climb

I can't go back to how I was
Before thinking was the main cause
I can't go back because it's too late
The only option I have is to wait

I wait until thinking is not taking me over
Hours pass by without any closure
Every minute the thoughts are bigger
Too realistic that I get triggered

I start panicking about all the things
That aren't here, but it still wins
So I am losing against my own thinking
Staring at myself without an eye blinking

I try to fall asleep or start an activity
It helps bringing me back to reality
For a little while, there are no voices
Or thoughts intruding me with noises

Someone

I wish someone
Would sit next to me
Without trying
To pull me out
Of the tragedy

Instead, we sit
Together on the ground
Time stood still
And a placid moment
Was found