

Yearning to be Yearned for



...Her Little Nightmares...

She thinks and thinks. Overthinking about herself and the personalities she has. From her body to her *smile*. And that one birthmark on her thigh. She overthinks under this big oak tree, that is casting a big shadow over her. Yet, she is **jealous**.

Not because others can look so carefree. Or smile so happily with each other while she is alone. No, it's because they managed to find their happiness in a person and in something called '*love*'. A relationship, a person who dates to marry and worships their happiness with their **whole heart**. She is jealous because all around her people seem to find the one, but in the end she is the only one who ends up **alone**...

She is sitting on the grass, the shadow of the big oak tree cold. Cold enough chase away the warmth from underneath it. She watches over the field where blankets are lying on the grass. Where *flowers* seem to bloom around these smiling people, these people in *love*. She holds these scenes in her heart, worships them. Because that is the closest she will ever get to the feeling that these people are experiencing right now...

She is **jealous**.

All because she is still alone after years. And not just years... years of trying. Of socializing and hoping to find the one. They always say when you rush it, you will take the wrong path. She didn't rush it, never did. She just sought, hoped and wished for

the one. Because this **loneliness** hurts... and it starts hurting her more the older she gets. The more people around her seem to find the one, their happiness, or better be said... *love*...

She is **jealous**.

And maybe **scared**.

Because what if she will never find the one? What if her happiness won't come and she will be forced to sink away in this **loneliness**? She needs someone to pull her out, to scream her out of these thoughts... to worship her. She *yearns*, for her own happiness in the form of a person. For something that is called *love*...

She is **jealous**.

Of the persons who don't even need to try for it. She even gets jealous when she wonders how people find their happiness, their person... the thing called *love*. Wondering what she needs to give for such a wonderful thing. To experience it herself.

She overthinks it.

Again, again and again.

She is afraid that she will never be the one for someone. Never can be a happiness or someone's person... *his love*...

A tear unconsciously escapes her eye and she catches herself smiling at these people who are deeply in love. Who are smiling at their happiness, the one for them...

She is **jealous**.

Yearns for this herself, wishes, hopes and even begs... But she smiles even though the scene shows something she will probably never have. The love that these happy people show on their picnic blankets, between these gorgeous *flowers*. While she sits under the oak tree, its shadow casting over her while playing *Je te laisserai des mots* on replay.

She will always smile at these people in the warm sun,

listening to the music in the voices of their happiness... *their love...*

She is **jealous**... because this is all she ever wanted.

Yet, she is the only one she knows who has never experienced it... and maybe never will.

This is one of *her little nightmares*... sweet yet very pessimistic...