



I've been dealing with a mental illness for years now. It seems like forever. When I get upset, my emotions feel like they're going to crush me but they just leak out. I wrote a poem the other night because I've been feeling unheard with all the pain. I have this bad coping mechanism where I downsize my emotions and what I'm going through. This is for all the people out there who feel unheard or are told to smile more and wear some lipstick because that's clearly what will help you -to the hurting, I hear you.

I'm tired; withered away with exhaustion.
I speak with words, clear as day.
I put on lipstick to hide my cracked lips.
Mascara and eye liner to protect what's left.
I'm slipping though.
My eye liner isn't perfect you see, it hasn't been for awhile.
My mascara is dried out.
So what now?
I speak with words; words seeming to be translucent through the tip of my tongue, my teeth, my lips.
Can you hear me?
My mascaras dried up.
My lipstick has crumbled.
My eyeliner isn't consistent with it's stroke.
You tell me, buy more lipstick, new mascara, different eyeliner and all new techniques with applying.
Applying for what though?
You've heard what I said; listened to the words spoken.
I'm tired though, and you haven't grasped the concept yet.
My words are little buckets of non-alphabetical lined letters.
With spaces.
Spaces you over looked, because reading and listening as quick as you can gets you far.
Right?
My mascara is gone
My eyeliner is smudged and smeared and seamlessly slacking.
My lipstick is fragmented into crumbled pieces.
I'm tired; bones breaking, spine slipping.
We part ways now.
You've finished my cluttered confused confession.
You've listened, and that's all.