

*I find Myself In Words*

*I dedicate this book to those who have ever felt pain.*

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## *Love*

Love is a painful thing,  
especially when the person you love, says to stop.

Love can't just stop on command.

It may take years or for some,

never.

Once you love someone it's hard to not look at them  
and feel an entire firework show bursting inside of you.  
People don't understand that when you fall in love with someone,  
you're stuck there for a long time.

It's like the one you love hit just the right button on the board  
and now it's out of order.

The button is stuck and no one is able to fix it besides yourself.

The problem is, you don't want to, and you're okay with that,  
even though it hurts.

# friendship

One of the hardest relationships to keep strong.

Friends are easy to find,

I mean there are over seven billion people in this world,  
but finding true friends is the hardest thing you'll ever have to do.

People say you can trust them and they'll be there to listen,

but in reality,

they don't care in the slightest.

They'll only be there if they need you and or nobody else answered.

You are their last result.

It's disgusting that someone would do that,

but in today's world,

it's just another normal day.

## Words

You know the saying,

“Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never kill.”

That quote is the farthest thing from true.

Words leave more scars on a person’s heart than a knife ever would.

Mostly because the pain stays there, with you,

for the rest of your life,

and it hurts a lot.

Words are quite possibly the most painful weapon a person could use,

especially if it is in a negative manner.

In this world, people don’t think before they speak

and that destroys numerous amounts of people’s lives.

There are some that can take it and some that cannot.

So watch what you say,

you may ruin someone’s day.

## Worried

I'm worried about you.

I'm worried you're hurting yourself.

I'm worried you are falling into a dark hole.

I'm worried you are letting anxiety take over you.

I'm worried that you look in the mirror and you can't see how amazing you are.

I'm worried you can't see how beautiful you are.

I'm worried you don't know that you are perfect, just the way you are.

I'm worried.

I'm so worried about you.



## Not Knowing

Not knowing what you think

or if you want me in your life is killing me.

I feel as if you not talking to me, makes our friendship fall apart

and I don't want to lose you.

Losing you would lead me to losing myself.

When I see you with them I feel betrayed

even though you're not even mine.

I wish I could ask you so many questions and

everything would be fine, but I can't because I'll ruin

this friendship more than I already have.

I wish I could read your mind,

so I can know your honest opinion.

I want the *raw* truth.

I don't want you to tweak it so it will "please" me,

no.

If I ask for the honest truth I should get it,

but I don't and I want to know why.

## The Impossible

I still try because I still have hope that you'll change your mind.

I'm hoping for something that I know will never happen,

but even then, I continue to wait.

I wait and suffer in the thought of knowing it will *never* happen.

I'm waiting for the impossible to happen

and I don't know why.

I don't know why I'm putting myself through this.

Well, I guess I do know the reason.

The reason is because of you.

## *Those certain things*

The fact that he thinks I forgot him stings me.

He doesn't know that he is on my mind 24/7.

I never go a day without him in my head.

Our past plays on repeat in my head like a  
cheesy romance movie that he never agreed to.

His voice is my favorite song.

His laugh is a symphony, beautiful and perfect.

It's those little things that make me fall in

love a little bit more each and every day.

## *Gone*

I met you here through a screen,  
you were the one who made me, me.

I woke up because of you.

I went to sleep because of you.

It was always you.

Then I get a call that you're *gone*.

I began to fall one by one.

You were gone, gone away from me.

I cry,

I pray,

that you wake up and stay.

I wanna feel your pulse

and feel your heartbeat,

but of course.

A thousand miles are in between.

## *Society*

Society disgusts me in today's day and age.

The fact that someone has the nerve to tell  
someone they're not loved or they're not cared for  
makes me sick to my stomach.

Who has the audacity to do such a thing?

Society thinks it's okay to call someone hurtful names  
and make fun of them because it makes them  
feel better about themselves and that they are better than them.

No.

News flash that's not how it works.

Everyone is equal, special, and unique in their own way  
and if you can't respect that,  
you need to close your mouth  
and keep walking forward.

## “Popular.”

A word children grow up wanting to be.

Something people think is more important over anything else.

A phrase that people lose themselves for,

just so people will like them.

They change who they are,

what they wear,

what they look like,

how they act,

just so people will accept them.

Society says that if you don't

have the perfect body, or

perfect hair or

a lot of money,

then you're not good enough.

They are so wrong.

So wrong.

You are perfect and beautiful

just the way you are.

If people make fun of you because you're “bigger” than the average person,

they're blind.

They are blinded by lies society told and they believed that it was true, when in reality,

it's not in the slightest.

You are breathe taking.

You are stunning.

You are a work of art.

## Mom

The strongest person I have and will ever meet.

A person I admire so much.

An actual living superhero.

A woman that has given up so much just for me.

Someone who makes sure I am happy and I have everything I need,  
before herself.

Someone who will always be there at every perfect moment.

She will be there even when you think you don't need her.

You always need her, especially through ups and downs.

And nine times out of ten she right, and always rights.

I love and cherish my mom so much.

I could not live without her.

I love her so much.



# Dad

My best friend.

Someone that encourages me to do what makes me happy.

He is always there cheering for me on the sidelines no matter what.

The one that pushes me to work harder,

to try harder.

The one that helps me live out my dreams.

I'm so thankful for my dad.

I couldn't imagine life with any other dad.

He is amazing.

I am so blessed.

Thank you for being an amazing father.

# Depression

A phrase people run away from.

Something people joke about.

Depression is not a joke, it never has and never will be.

A good majority of people don't understand so

they make fun of you if you have it.

They don't understand that depression is like

the whole weight of the world on your back at all times.

Depression isn't just being sad all the time it's,

overthinking every little thing,

not wanting to leave the house,

not wanting to eat,

not wanting to get out of bed,

not wanting anyone to help,

saying "*I'm fine*" or "*I'm okay*,"

even though you're not.

You're not okay, and you know that, but

you don't tell anyone because they won't understand.

They won't understand the pain you're going through.

You let depression get the best of you and control you.

You let it end you.

Once you have depression there's no getting out of it.

And it's not necessarily a bad thing, in a sense,  
if you learn to grow from it instead of falling apart from it  
you will find your happiness.

And even if you feel like you won't, you will, it just takes time.

So be patient.

Breathe.

*It's going to be okay.*

## Saturday Nights

Normally, Saturdays are just me on my computer all day,

by my self,

alone.

And it's not because I don't like going out it's just,

nobody really invites me to things.

It's not like I would want to go but;

I would at least like an invite.

I want you to invite me to things.

I want a reminder that you actually want me in your life.

I just need a reminder because I'm so close to giving up on us.

I really don't want to, but I can't keep waiting for you.

I know you won't come back.

I'm an afterthought and I can't take it.

I can't take knowing that you don't care.

I'm wasting my precious time on you.

I'm sick of it.

Invite me to things so I can have that reassurance that you still care,

even in the slightest.

*I'm fine...*

*"How are you?"*

I'm breaking.

I'm falling apart.

I want nothing more than to die right now.

I want to cry and never stop.

I want to be able to actually get out of bed and not have anxiety  
about what I'm going to wear.

I want to be able to leave the house  
and not feel like all eyes are beaming right at me with judgment.

I want to be able to go to school and not feel like an outcast.

I want to be able to go out with "friends" and not feel left out.

I want to be able to speak my mind and not be shunned by every little word I speak.

I want to have actual genuine friends that love me.

I want to not crave giving myself a stripe every day because of people's hurtful words.

I want to be able to walk into the bathroom and not be tempted by the empty tub.

I want people to look at me like I'm normal. I just want to be normal.

I don't want people to leave me.

I want people to actually care, but they don't. They don't ever care.

I want to be able to want to wake up.

I want to be able to want to breathe, but I don't, I really don't.

*"I'm fine."*

## Trigger Words

You're sitting in the bathroom crying.

The door is locked with a chair in front of it.

You turn the faucet on and prepare a warm bath.

You take a look in the mirror and freeze.

You freeze because you don't recognize that girl you see.

*"Who have I become?"* You ask yourself.

A tear drips down your face and you shake your head.

*"This is who I'm supposed to be, right?"*

You shake it off and undress and let your hair down.

You turn toward the tub and finally turn the faucet off.

You step into the steamy warm bath and lay there.

You lay there and think, *"Empty."*

That's what you feel. You can't feel anything.

You shake your head once again and finish up your bath.

You empty the tub and look in the mirror.

You can see your rib cage. You can see every fragile bone in your body.

Your mind begins to replay the reason you are like this.

*"Fat" "Pig" "Ugly"*

You look down at your self then glance back up.

*"What have I done?"*

## Muted

Words aren't coming out of my mouth.

I have something to say, but it won't come out.

They're talking away about the strangest things.

I sit there struggling to form the words of my opinion.

Nothing is happening.

I listen and absorb the information they're saying.

Oh no the conversation is coming to an end.

What do I do?

They turn toward me and ask,

*"Do you have anything to say?"*

I look up at them and respond,

*"No."*

## 14 Years Old

I've been asked multiple times,

“How do you know about love so well?”

The main reason is that I learned to love myself.

You can't love another individual if you can't love your whole entire self.

Truthfully, I don't know love to it's fullest ability,  
but I do know what I believe love is; my version of love.

Everyone's view on love is different.

Love is a powerful thing.

I got to experience just a pinch of what love is from writing.

I also learned it from heartbreak.

Now, I've never been in a relationship,  
but there have been people that I have liked.

Liking them lead to me imagining a future with them,

like a lot of people do,

but with me it's different.

I don't imagine a perfect man with  
lots of money, a big house, and a perfect body.

I imagine them as them.

I imagine the cheesiest romance.

Love maybe far from that,  
but that's what I believe it to be,



*at fourteen years old.*

## *Feeling*

Sometimes being a writer is difficult,  
well for me that is.

Writing about love for most of my work specifically.  
With writing about love comes living it in your day to day life.

In writing, I create characters and or  
the emotions genuine because I believe  
people should have nothing less than whole love.  
When I make friendships it's hard to see them go  
because I just want to give them all my love.

And the thing that breaks me is that

I feel so much for them,  
but they don't even experience a  
pinch.

## Toxic

That's what you are.

That is what you always have been.

You came into my life,

I thought I could trust you with my life story,

so I told you;

*everything.*

I told you believing it would stay between us,

but no; everyone knew.

They knew because you spoke a promise you said you'd keep.

Then you come back to me to feed off my life problems

and once again backstab every promise you made to me.

Then it all went downhill,

hard,

more than it already did.

You snapped and spoke a sentence I'll never forget.

Something that impacted me for the better.

A sentence spoke of a *toxic soul*.

## To-do List

Homework.

Write a full paper.

Study for every class.

Finish Project.

Chores.

Friends.

So much to do, but yet it feels like there's no time to do it.

I feel like I'm missing something and I'm procrastinating everything because that one thing is missing.

I can't quite make out what it is.

My anxiety is rising.

My heart is racing.

I feel like I'm about to snap.

All because of these simple daily tasks.

## Therapy

Being that one friend that everyone can trust,

knowing oh so much.

Comforting them before yourself,

even if you can't.

Learning and growing with them so you're nothing

but strong.

At least you think, but not for long.

Then comes a day it all crumbles

and you mumble,

*"Why am I in pain?"*

Your mind strains.

Questioning even though you know the answer.

You sit there and think,

*"You need to be better."*

## Baby Steps

Take this slow.

Be patient with me.

Give me time.

I struggle to *trust*.

I'm scared to trust again.

One day I'll trust you.

I promise.

I will trust you wholeheartedly.

## *Smile*

If I'm not smiling,

don't tell me to smile.

I'll smile when I want to.

I'll smile when I have something to smile about.

I don't have a reason to smile all the time,

so please.

Don't tell me, a sad girl, to smile.

## *Color Blind*

Writing,

an art that is underestimated.

Things that are considered art have color,

imagery, and visuals.

Well, writing, in my opinion,

is the most powerful art to exist.

It allows you to draw and create colorful images in the mind.

Just by numerous words that lay in

black and white.



## The clock strikes

*"I'm happy."*

*"I feel great about myself."*

*"My friends love me."*

*"I'm happy..."*

The clock strikes 3 a. m.

I lay wide awake.

I'm scrolling through my phone seeing the people I thought cared for me

out and having fun with everyone they know;

but not me...

I look up at the ceiling thinking about life.

Tears start to unintentionally flow out of my eyes.

My mind automatically turns for the worst;

nobody likes me,

they never liked me.

I feel a lump in my throat and my mind in a daze of *lies*.

I'm starting to believe them.

*"Maybe I was never happy..."*

# Beautiful

“Beautiful,”

they call her.

Her long beautiful hair.

Her beautiful blue eyes.

Her beautiful smile.

Her beautiful laugh.

There’s something missing from that list,

well,

something that should be the only thing on that list;

her heart.

Don’t look at her and only see her skin,

look a little longer and see

her bare heart;

waiting to be unraveled and loved

all night long.

## Heart Breaker

What's the point?

You don't care.

You never cared.

You told me you loved me and made me feel special.

That was until I knew you spoke the same phrases,  
not just to me, but to everyone else.

Every breath I took,  
every laugh I laughed,  
every smile that formed;  
it all meant nothing to you.

You didn't love me.

Every sentence you spoke,  
had no meaning.

I meant nothing to you.

Every tear I cried  
was always because of you.

It was all because you had to break my heart,  
just like everyone else's.

## Heart Tattoo

You came into my life

and imprinted your heart on my hand.

You sat and sunk into my skin forming a permanent piece of art.

Then you left and ran away.

Away from every lie you left forever on my blank canvas.

Rivers of darkness spread throughout my lines and then bury deep within my veins.

I try to forget,

I try to never take a glance, but every day once again.

I'm reminded by that prominent *heart tattoo* that rests on the top of my hand.

## *Missing Shadow*

Darkness blinded me,

my sight,

my heart.

Then a light opened up.

A light started to shine.

That light was a shadow and brought nothing but joy.

Comforted me in the dark and brought me into the light.

A fire began to burst and grow into a mighty flame;

warming my heart and setting a spark.

That spark led to a burning heart,

burning for more.

Then the shadow went away and still to this day I feel the same.

## *Addicted*

*"No, I'm okay thank you."*

*"No, I'm full."*

*"No, I'm not hungry."*

*"No, I'm not thirsty."*

Yes, you are, you are hungry.

Your stomach is yelling at the top of its lungs for something, anything.

Your head is in a daze of black spots;

dizzy and drained of all the water you never drank.

Your mouth is whimpering for a liquid to relieve that dry desert.

Your body is demanding even a morsel, to soothe the pain you are creating.

But you choose to ignore it,

to keep your addiction satisfied.

You leave your body to suffer, well,

*for you to suffer.*

Chameleon

I'm hard to see,

to notice.

No body pays attention,

ever.

And when I do get attention

I hide.

I *blend* in with my surroundings,

no matter the area,

no matter the time,

no matter who is around me.

I learn to hide myself away because I can't take the pressure.

I do not want the attention.

*lupid*

The mythical love maker.

He's supposed to shoot you with an arrow from afar,

but no.

He had to come straight up to me

and stab me right in the heart

with an arrow that had your name written all over it.

Your name is in my blood,

my veins.

It is intoxicating.

I cannot breathe.



## *Imperfect*

I hate being called perfect.

I hate that people only see me for my skin.

I am not perfect.

My life is not perfect.

My body is not perfect.

I am so far from it.

So do not call me perfect.

If you actually tried to crack me open,

even in the slightest,

you would see a horror story.

## *I Find Myself In Words*

I shocked myself.

I proved my ten year old self wrong.

Ten year old me said I wouldn't be here,

I wouldn't see tomorrow.

Look where I am,

I'm alive,

breathing.

I made it to tomorrow

and I plan to for the rest of my life.

I'm only here because of the words of the people I love.

The ones who gave me a reason to be here.

Their *words* picked me up and to this day are holding me.

They lead me to find myself.

*I Find Myself In Words.*

Thank you reading *my story*.

*This is my heart and soul in black and white.*

This is everything I hide.

This is everything people don't see.

This is everything.

Thank you.