

Static

Why are the truly tempting things never easy?

The things that resonate down in your bones,
The things that call to you when you're left alone,
The things you fear speaking out loud,
The things that'll probably be so much more than you can imagine,
Those things are the hardest to find and so much harder to take.

Why can't I leave this place, this body, this existence?

Why can't I take what I feel I deserve?

This freedom that I crave won't come to me because I begged asked for it desperately.

Why do I get so mad with myself?

Am I mad because I haven't got it yet or am I mad for wanting it in the first place?

I know the concept of a door.

Everyone knows the concept of a door.

Everyone's seen and used a door in their lifetime.

So why can't I use mine to leave everything behind?

All I need to do is put my key in the latch and grasp the doorknob.

Walk out of the front door, take only me, hope that's all I need, and don't look back...
if only it was that easy.

No one has told me how hard it'll be, but I know.

I remind myself everyday that it'll be hard and irreversible.

My next thought is always "I'm not ready to burn my bridge" and that keeps me still another day.

What would I do if everyone hated me?

How could I bear knowing that my absence caused the suffering of others?

What if I leave, get to the end of the road, then find out that it was all a mistake?

What if the freedom I crave is impossible?

So yes, Freedom, this thing that I both crave and fear, is the most tempting and everlasting thought I've ever had.

I'd bet everything I own that it's the most beautiful thing to have in your possession.

It's too bad that I'll never have it.

I'll never have it because I'll never go after it.

I buckle at the mere thought of trying, it's simply too risky for a girl like me.

I'll stay in the same little place that's been carved out for me and do what I do best.

Writing and Dreaming.

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