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Being Human

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Being Human

Judge,

That's what you learn
That's what makes a human

We see

We mimic

We Judge

I am the product of Judge

The eyes that Judged

My own sick Jury

I live in within the scar

I am jagged

Gaping

I am the wound

I am the cause

See,

See what comes from this thinking?

The pain that resurfaces

Being human is being numb

numb is how you survive

A pill,

my teeth

a knife

the void

Being alive is numbing

It stings

Then it fades

It burns things away

How can I write what its like to be human, to be alive, to walk around like everything's fine. I can't. Because none of those things are true.

I feel too much
But I think that's good

I've been a bitch
I've been sweet
I've been good
And I've done bad.
I would choose myself last every single time someone asked
I lie,
and lie,
and lie
In fact, the better I know you—
the more I'll lie to you

I'm sick,
been sicker,
And I've thought I was dying

It's the pounding heart,
the aching head
The time that slips away
I'm working so hard,
and for what?

I forget sometimes, that my life is not a storybook — sometimes there is no author who's thinking about my story. It's just me, pretending that I'm real and that the world is real.

I'm a broken toy
I'm not even a real toy
I'm not Crayola
I'm a loser Roseart
And everyday I wake up and remind myself of that

I start my days with a lie
“today is going to be a good day”
even as I smash the snooze button
“It's not your job to be perfect”
As I put another mistake in my mouth
“you can do anything”
The list of things piles higher than my head

The times I've felt a fraud outnumber the times that I've been me. I wait for moments of clarity, the far and few, the out of reach, because in those moments I believe the lies I tell myself. I believe it when my mother says "I love you". I believe my father when he says "have a good day". Or my therapist when she tells me "you seem like you've got it all under control".

Being human is a game
And I'm the loser.