

Up Like an Insomniac

Thinking...thinking dark thoughts. Thoughts that one may not have thought of before...These thoughts may be manifested into emotions...some may impulsively act upon them. While others...the others treat these emotions as a simple notion that has no means of immediate action. I, I write these thoughts to attempt to understand them so that one day I may act upon them:

The child arrived at his home later that evening. Anxiously, he opens the door slowly and steadily. Disturbed by the thoughts going through his head he jumps back. However, when he looks around he is seemed to be alone. Unaware of what is to come the boy backs away from the house. Each step he takes away he gets closer to fear, pain, and misery. A creature appeared in the window. Startled the boy yelps. No one can hear him. Not his neighbors nor his friends. It stared. It stared at the boy until he ran away. He ran as far away from that house as he could. Attached, the boy returned to the house the next day. He could not get away, for it was a part of him. It caused him pain, it gave him bruises, and scarred his mind, but it was a part of him that he is unable to get rid of. Everyday he would go back to that house, that unknown place. Everyday he would be scared. Everyday when he went there he would see that same figure in the window. He never told anyone of this house.

Thinking...thinking painful thoughts. Thoughts that one may not have thought of before... These thoughts may be manifested into emotions...some may impulsively act upon them. While others... the others treat these emotions as a simple notion that has no means of immediate action. I, I write these thoughts to attempt to understand them so that one day I may act upon them:

To need, portrays weakness. To cry, defines selfishness. Those who experience “pain” are those who have never suffered. They seek to obtain only pity upon themselves. However, those who suffer do not need. Those who suffer do not cry.

Thinking...thinking insecure thoughts. Thoughts that one may not have thought of before... These thoughts may be manifested into emotions...some may impulsively act upon them. While others... the others treat these emotions as a simple notion that has no means of immediate action. I, I write these thoughts to attempt to understand them so that one day I may act upon them:

**Caught up in conversations of personal worth, step back take a look at yourself,
now grab the real you off the shelf,
dust it off and straighten it out, your not happy with the appearance so you Sit
down and pout,
but realize its you vs the rest,
ugly vs the best, BLACK vs BLUE and,
BLUE vs you,
now face it your down,
losing to the social world,
overtaken by the overwhelming beauty of those, exposed by social media and
instilled in your brain, to make you waste all of your energy your drained,
trying to forge yourself into something of worth,
anything that will raise your mark,
among those who judge hiding in the dark,
behind rubrics and score sheets that facilitate in the definition of beauty,
WHITE skin,
BLONDE hair,
BLUE eyes,
the perfect ten,
record each score with that bold BLACK pen,
well I tell you a summary about what beauty means to me,
to live to love to laugh.... TO BE.**

Thinking...thinking lonely thoughts. Thoughts that one may not have thought of before... These thoughts may be manifested into emotions...some may impulsively act upon them. While others... the others treat these emotions as a simple notion that has no means of immediate action. I, I write these thoughts to attempt to understand them so that one day I may act upon them:

**Losing my mind without you in my life. Why?
Why did you leave my side?
I need you in my darkest times. Your just standing there.
You ignorant bastard.
Acting like society dictates how you feel and what you do. You are not a slave
and society is not your master.
Trust me I'm mad but I'm trying to understand.
I had you in my life for a reason,
I needed you for a reason,
3 years back suicidal thoughts,
I didn't even have to tell you, because you already saw.
You knew what was going on,
And once I finally started to lean on you... You're gone.**

*Thinking...can't stop thinking thoughts. Thoughts that one may not have
thought of before... These thoughts may be manifested into emotions...some
may impulsively act upon them. While others... the others treat these
emotions as a simple notion that has no means of immediate action. I, I write
these thoughts to attempt to understand them so that one day I may act
upon them:*

**Feeling... baby ...
Can't stop this feeling baby....
Stop this feeling baby...
been dealing wth this since I can remember,
I can't figure out how to render myself into greatness,
Fuck I hate this shit,
I don't fit in with it,
With this fucking social life created by social beings intended for social
purposes, Its fucking socially pointless...
Pointing in different directions,
Acting like we know what were doing,
While all of our emotions sit in the pot stewing,
Im through with it...
Nothing makes me happy,
But I can feel happiness,**

Nothing makes me sad,
But I can feel sadness,
I can feel these emotions,
But they have no notion,
No deeper meaning than the feeling itself,
Can't reach out for help,
Don't reach out for help,
You got this by yourself,
Figure it out...
No one can do it but you,
So who you waiting on,
The games already on,
I hope it dawns on you,
That you need to figure out the truth,
And sitting hear not making moves is not going to do anything,
All this confusions just going to keep lingering.
Don't get trapped in your mind,
It takes time to figure out who you are,
so keep shooting for the stars,
Even if they seem far,
They're not...
They're right in front of your face...
You can see them...
So let's get it straight,
Don't be fine with being fine,
You need to get in line to feel great,
But in order to do that... first you have to escape.

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