

Loneliness

Being social, open and funny is a blessing
A Blessing it is to be loving your voice, talking to others
A blessing until it turns out to be a curse
And it is a curse it is, when suddenly, you sit alone
Alone, surrounded by people
But all of them ignoring you, ignoring your existenz
senseless it seems when everything is just so loud, but you are quiet
The Silence is new, eating your soul
The soul that was so precious before, so openminded, so creative
But all of that is gone and all that's left is silence
A silence full of self-doubt and self-talk
Suddenly your mind feels like a prison,
keeping you away from talking
keeping you away from being all you were before
And especially keeping you away from yourself

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