

If you could see inside my soul

You'd see a boy standing on a beach
in a season when it's not glamorous to be outside
Sad and fragile, the boy appears calm
He's fully exposed in nature
yet doing his best to hide

The boy half-facing an ocean that is still
But also forever
That grandeur is both beautiful and terrifying
From the damp shore that is nothing
the boy continues to stand
He loves it here
Away from demand, the chaos, the order
Of a world he doesn't like or truly relate to
He thinks about it all the time
but chooses to stay away
The boy needs to be this way

He can almost feed off of opportunity and desire
As he stands and thinks about the horizon
The world is his for the taking
But he imagines his own, for fear of sinking

Today the world is gray
With a chill that would inspire goose-bumps
Why go back inside?
When a little pain
Reminds him he's alive?

This is a typical moment inside my mind.