



# It's Only Me

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"What's on your mind?", they ask, But do they truly want to know? Are they testing me? Or are they trying to pry into my mind to see what is wrong, as they seem to intend? I'm not enough I'm falling apart I'm losing all that is me Why are they still here? Are my words too strange for those around me? Am I too impolite while I hide what's inside? "You seem annoyed," they tell me, But I'm just tired, I say Yes.. Tired Tired of not knowing if I matter Tired of wondering what would happen if I passed on Tired

of not being able to be myself "You're not yourself," they say to me, Is it really that obvious? Is my mask no longer enough? Do I have to rebuild my walls all over again? Don't ask me if I'm okay It's not like you care anyway