Dim

Years ago I was bright.

I was a star that rivaled the sun.

I floated on a cloud above them all.

As the years passed, I could feel my light flicker.

Now, the star is burnt out.

Now, the cloud is nothing but rain.

Now, I hurt.

Now, I cry.

Now, I feel pain.

I feel deeply about what others don’t worry about.

But I have it better than most.

It feels wrong to hurt.

It feels wrong to cry.

It feels wrong to feel pain.

Worst of all, it feels wrong to feel anything but happy.

If I’m not content, I’m ungrateful.

If I’m not content, I’m a jerk.

If I’m not content, I’m terrible.

So I pretend that I’m always happy.

I smile, acting as if nothing ever hurts

If that’s what people see, they won’t worry.

If that’s what people see, they won’t judge.

If that’s what people see, then that’s what’s true.