**isn’t it funny**

the way life works

the way people still stay

when they aren’t stuck

how we all avoid healing

because we think feeling is failing

that if we struggle to swim a little

we’re drowning

we frown upon those who

throw caution to the wind

because we are ashamed of how easily

we get swept up into a tornado of emotion

it’s challenging, isn’t it?

wearing a mask everyday

cloaking yourself in mock happiness

how else do you cope?

do you let music cushion the blow?

or nonchalance takes the cake?

the robotic behavior isn’t living

it’s only the silencer on the gun

that shot life out of you

crazy, isn’t it?

when looking into the mirror beside you

you find that

the finger that pulled the trigger

was yours

their words cut deep but you put the thread high up on the shelf years ago

you know you need stitches but

too proud for to ask for help

placed your heart

high on a pedestal

and you wack at it

like you’re chopping wood

more fuel to the fire

the flame that you burn every fiber of your being in

funny, isn’t it?

all the questions you haven’t had time to ask yourself

“what’s with the third degree?”