Truly Hidden

Nobody knows this about me,

But I hide.

Hide from my true self,

Fearing I will be unliked,

I pretend not to care, Not to notice,

But I can't help it.

If I'm not tall enough, Pretty enough.

I'm afraid someone will say something,

Words that stick,

In my head as sticky notes to the paper,

Those words stay with you, Hurting you,

Every time you let your guard down.

I’ve learned to keep my guard up.

Nobody knows this about me,

But I worry.

Worry about losing friends,

Or people I love.

I overthink about it.

I stress myself out over,

My irrational thoughts.

I worry about losing them.

The people who make me smile,

The people who make me laugh.

The lights in my life.

In my head, I worry how things will end,

Before enjoying the time I have them.

Sometimes all I can think,

Is about the end.

I rarely ever focus on the present.

I think about,

What could go wrong,

What could end,

Does anyone truly know?