I Just Want To Sleep

I just need to be honest with myself and everything; I am not okay and I will never be. And the worst part is that I am entirely convinced that the universe does not care. That everyone around me is to busy to give me a few minutes of the attention, that the people who talk of my importance and how I matter have left me on “read” and in silence.

I haven’t slept and I can’t get to sleep because all these dark thoughts, worries, and heavy ideas are tearing me apart, but damn me for thinking I really matter and that I am the only one. I wish people could hear how I lay in misery and loneliness. Even writing this I know that those who read it will not bring it up because none of them have. I have cried out to the world so much and again… nothing.

All the while I fight to struggle and convince myself otherwise because I inwardly know that I am worth something. That I matter or else I would have never been born. Yet it is hard to convince myself of this when the world acts in opposite. Words mean so little when they fall from dry tongues. And maybe this is me lashing out at myself for my inability to stop my thoughts, to just die like I should? I do not know anymore what I am doing, and I am not myself anymore. I am lost and no one wants to help me only control me.

I cried for the first time since I can remember last Thursday and Friday, it was not much but it was agony and it was not as relieving as I would have hoped. I thinking I am losing even more then myself day by day and I have nothing telling me otherwise.

I just want someone to talk to, something to talk to. I just want to sleep. I really just want to sleep because I can’t beat my skull anymore, both figuratively and literally.

But I am fine… I must be, it’s the only way.

I found that I have been apologizing a lot more lately and I don’t know if that’s a good thing… because I really don’t understand what I am apologizing for and It hurts to know my words are beginning to fall hollow. Either way… I really am sorry to whoever is listening, I’m sorry to myself, but this is the only way.

“With a winter cold face, I keep frosted window pane. No one will see into my house, to get a peek at my pain.” That has a poetic ring to it ha-ha.

Revision #2
Created 14 July 2025 01:07:36 by Mechseroms
Updated 14 July 2025 01:27:23 by Mechseroms