

I Always Thought I Would Be Okay

Hotel Books

I tried to capture my emotions on paper and was told I was misdirected,
But maybe my mindset has just been infected by this pain-infested re-
appropriation
Of the comfort I've developed with negligence.

'Cause part of my heart followed me when I finally moved out,
But I still feel most connected to it when I go back home,
She is now just a three year memory of being addicted to caffeine
And praying I could tell her all the things I planned on saying.

The coffee stains in my journal are a reminder of when I pushed myself into
depression.
It's funny how artistic we become when our hearts are broken.

And the most sense I can make of this world
Has slowly transformed itself from being ink in my pen
To being the pain in my heart and head.
And I never meant to write words
That would make people feel like crying,
I just never wanted to write a single word where I was lying.

And I have slowly tapped the brakes on working
And pushed my foot down on letting go.
And somehow, I still don't know if this method is even working.

I just pray that people can find hope in the stories that in telling.

'Cause the things that got me focused on hope
Were her smile and that beautiful California weather,
But that the winter storms have had their way with my sunshine,
I feel like I don't have anything left.
I feel like I can't believe in power without that intoxicating reminder
That this could all be another thing I'm believing
Just because I'm sick of feeling empty and alone.

Or maybe I am just once again resorting to my pathetic need
To over think just to feel like anything real is happening.
And having to cover every base without any blind faith,
Just so I can know I'm not acting out of my impulse to do things to benefit
me,
And me only.

But then out of nowhere,
When I finally feel at peace
And make sense of all these things,
It's at that moment
That I miss everybody who ever loved me.

But somehow, the weather feels more sunny,
And the water in this river keeping my mind watered is finally running,
And flowing, and livestock is growing,
My heart is showing,
My heart is glowing.
So why do I still feel so lonely?
Maybe because the words I put on paper
Are not filling up my heart,
And it's still empty.

And darling,
I promise I meant it when I said I wanted you to be happy,
I just didn't want you to be happier than me.
But I guess I'm just not that lucky.

And this pain may not be escaping,
And I may still be hurting,
But that's okay,
Because at least I'm living.
And I can see that some day it will be ending,
Even if it's not today,
I'll be set free.
So forgive me,
I'm usually much more encouraging,
But until then,
Just promise me you won't leave.
Cause heart may feel empty,
But every time I tell myself I'm alone,
I know that I'm just lying.
Cause even though my heart feels empty,
The walls hold photos of beautiful memories.

And if I hurt so bad now,
I guess it's just a friendly reminder that I'm still breathing.
She may not be next to me,
But this hurt cuts deep and still remembers to visit me.
So heartache,
Thank you for still believing in me.

You're not a problem,
You are my sanity.
And I love you for it.