

My Body Aches

by serenity_potterx

A short poem I wrote during a time of depression.

My Body Aches

Chapter 1 of 1

A short poem I wrote during a time of depression.

My body aches.

It aches with the numbness of knowing, of living.

It aches with the physicality of my regrets and mistakes.

It aches with my inability to be happy, to let go, to live.

I have so many things people dream about and yet I want more, I am not satisfied.

I blame when there is no blame.

I cry when there are no tears.

I wake when there is no sleep,

And I hurt when there is no pain.

I am not satisfied,

Not with the air I breath or the food I eat.

Not with the love I give or the gifts I have.

I wallow—wallow in this emptiness, this unfeeling, willing myself to fail.

I build dreams that do not exist and believe passions that are false.

I lie awake with my lover that is misery and curse those who do the same.

I am not happy, though, I have no reason to complain.