

# Laughter and sorrow

weee

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Acknowledgement

I write when I feel down to earth or when I feel bad so most of them are sad:)))

## About the author

My name is not weeee irl:)

## summary

Nothing

My mirror image...

Tired

Colors

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## Nothing

And for a long time that s all I wanted ,those two seconds of nothingness  
Those feelings where everything but nothing matters  
Where is never a pleasure but it s an empty cry,no tears,no noises,no pain...  
Just starring at the ceiling in the dark ,no thoughts but overthinking everything about everyone, but everyone is myself  
And when I think about myself ,I think about,maybe if I was skinnier?,prettier?,smarter?  
Maybe then they ll love me, the people around,my parents,my reflexion...  
And beauty comes from the inside but when the inside is broken and rotten in an endless darkness, where is it supposed to come from  
The moon can t shine for me,but maybe it will shine for you,or for her,she s pretty,she deserves love  
That s what they say,not the people,but the voices,that are not even voices,I m just making my problems up  
Cause it s not important is it,that s what I always tell my self...others have it worse  
But I could never hate myself,I just hate the way I laugh,smile,my legs,my chest,how my hair falls out from stress,but I could never hate myself right?  
So when happy becomes empty what do you do? What do I do...cause I never got any good advice but I learned that maybe that s how it s supposed to be  
Because she s pretty,she deserves it all, but I do deserve nothing in the end cause I ll never be her,not even for myself...

## My mirror image...

To say I was ever worth to feel loved, by myself, by others or even by no one is a blasphemy  
Cause love is unconditional but I condition myself to be pretty so others feel something when they see me  
Even if it s repulse, hate or jealousy at least they feel something, almost the same as I feel about myself  
You know passing by a mirror and deciding maybe a pack of gum is enough food for today making it a never ending cycle, cause skinny means pretty right?

And maybe time makes us sentimental, maybe after all, we suffer because of time, maybe that s why we re always hurt  
Maybe that s why we re always keeping streaks, either on snap to sexualise ourselves to feel beautiful, or for sobriety, trying to stay away from alcohol, cigs, even hunger just so we finally think we re enough  
But we re never enough right? Cause to be enough means to be balanced, to not have scars, trauma, to feel perfectly fine and maybe that s why I m always fine, to be enough for you, for them, for us, for me...

So in the end we may have no one ,not even ourselves but I think that even pain can make life beautiful, so live another day and find yourself the way to be happy

## Tired

And how are we special if everything s the same,if nothing changed but it s still becoming deeper, quieter,sadder...

And we are thinking and hoping that today is better than yesterday but now we don t even wake up with hope we just wanna die

But if we tryna die,that requires a plan and what plan can we do If we can t even plan for today

So we just feel "tired",numb ,empty till feelings are just a way to explain that we don t actually feel

And now tell me how are we special if none of us are,if we are different but all the same because we end up in the same grave

But what if actually we just started digging for it is it gonna be an endless hole or we are gonna cover it with leafs waiting to fall again

Tell me how it feels to feel,from pain to love to anger to happiness... how it feels to feel alive even for a second

Cause now not even death has a feeling but seeing it making it s way through your body it s the only confirmation you re still alive

Or you can check that you re alive but that requires silver and red and you just escaped those scars of the past and you can t even starve cause it doesn t even hurt so it won't help

So now let s just exist and maybe someday we ll live,maybe someday we ll be whole again

## Colors

What is it like my love? Feeling and seeing the world in colors

Cause I only see black and white, but not dark and light, it's dark and grey, like skies that were never touched by the warmth of the sun

And maybe I was never touched with warmth only with lust and anger, sometimes love but oh...

Can you please remind me how it feels to be touched by love? Hug and kiss me one last time, love me and make me think of you only for this night

Hold me only for a moment till you again tell me to leave

Because maybe and just maybe if all of those are long enough then it would be enough for a lifetime and more

I sometimes miss the way I saw the stars in your eyes knowing well that in mine were tears and not the moon so I couldn't complete you once again

I failed you my love I'm sorry but I always fail someone so how is it different for last time.

I'm sorry I miss you I just want to feel your love again but this time please just without the hurt

Give me your day and I promise, I swear I'll give you my life time

Just do all the things again so I can remember us as whole.

So in the end... what is it like my love? Seeing the world in colors? Because right now I just think the moon is beautiful isn't it



## A missing puzzle piece

And after that their world went quiet and they became quiet with the world. You could never know if it was the daydreaming or the weight of the world and some more in their arms.

And with every quiet word and every loud lie another drop would fall, it could be a tear or it could be something else

But the world didn't know because it's only one so who cares if tonight you die and tomorrow act like you live your best life

And not even love feels the same cause you trust them but you're just a replacement till they find the better you or someone like them

And if you leave you won't be missed because 6 feet is not that far and even if the stars collide they wouldn't care you're not like them

You don't mean anything more than the hand crafted puzzle piece made and put there wrongfully till they find the good one

So you just let it slip, that one drop, of alcohol, of tears, of water so you could skip eating and maybe then they'll love you

And you don't even love yourself how could someone love you sometimes you're awful till you're not you're just painted that way

Cause they paint the wor