



A Painted Face

Is this all there is? I have been pining inside my existence for a sense of worth. I expect myself to matter in this world, one way or another. But here I am, with a face painted on and senses well below my grade. I am disconnected and tired. I am aching and craving. Under my painted face I carry my bones and prop them up to seem joyful. I make a great effort to spread what happiness I have to those around me. This is my mission, one to serve and to repeat. My being is supposed to be happy; I want to be happy. So I take my materials and scrape them together to create a character, a face, that can be known to others. One that will spread joy and love to those surrounding. I beat my mind to a pulp and carve it to the person I am meant to be. I am becoming weak and fearful. I am disdainful of this reality and tired. Again, is this all there is? One day there will be nothing left of me, just the urge to be more, see more, and do more. I worry about the future and how much longer I can hold on. I want to be there, I do, but something is pressed against my back. The desire for more carries me from one situation to the next, chipping away at my soul and leaving me dirty and bruised. I do not know how to sustain my being. Is there nothing more than what is in front of me? Despite my never ending consciousness, I sit. For now, I will watch the world go by, under my painted face.