

Optimism.

What comes to other people's minds
When the word is brought up to them?

Do they even think about
The people in the world who are less fortunate
Who strive to keep it
In the dark and pessimistic times?

I wouldn't know.
I'm not them.
I'm abnormal.
Unique is what others have called me.

I'm too weird for the normal.
Too normal for the weird.

People don't understand me.
I'm just left here in fear.

How can I be optimistic
When I'm so incredibly petty and self-centered?
I try
I try not to whine and cry about my life
I know there's people going through far worse than I am.
Thus, I must do what I can
To get over the problems that began
This phase of my self-loathing.

I must get over this
Even though I believe it cannot be done.

I tell myself
The worst has already passed.
Already left me
But it still haunts me.

I tell myself
I'm just being strong
Whenever I lock myself up
And try to restore the frail wall that surrounds me.

I have blessings
A roof over my head
Eat three plates of food a day.

Why do I still despise my life,
And most of all
Sometimes,
Myself?

Is it because
My life isn't the remnant of what it used to be?

So much has changed

And I want to get over it.
It seems like it cannot be done!
I simply want to run

From my inner conflicts.
But instead I must restrict
Myself.
To face my fears.

I just keep thinking about how
He died.
She died.
He's sick.
She's sick.

We've moved to a new place to start our lives over but yet I can't move on from everything I left
Over there.

I fall into the same endless trap
My sadness continues to relapse.

Optimism
Such a beautiful and bright word.

But you wouldn't truly understand the meaning if it
Unless it was challenged inside you.
And you almost or did succumb to the darkness of pessimism.

Optimism
Too much is never good
But none will definitely hurt you.

Optimism
It's such a great thing
But do I have it?
Do I want it?
Do I need it?

In my life, through the heartbreaks and difficulties,
I managed to keep looking up to the bright side.
I managed to keep on dreaming
The unrealistic things.

I was childish.
It was childish.

Yet,
I still can't help but looking onto the happier side of life and wondering

What if it gets better?

What if...getting over this...can be done?

Being happy
Isn't impossible.

Optimism
Isn't childish.

And nor is hope.

Nothing is impossible,
It can be done.