

Empty Shell

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Random feelings. Kinda hopelessness. Etc...

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1 - Empty Shell

I feel empty, like someone took my heart from me and won't give it back. I feel hollow. I feel hunger and thirst, I feel the warmth of the sun and the cold of the night, I feel pain and I feel my lips lift into a smile. I laugh, but it's only a reaction my brain producing. Heartless I don't feel true happiness, just the sharp, empty soul of mine bleeding for relief. All the emotion I feel comes from my brain, it causes my chest to hurt, it causes the tears to run. There is no emotion from the heart, no true emotions wracking my body, only the clones my brain creates.

I go about the day, feeling as if I don't belong. I'm lost within myself, hating myself, wishing I didn't even exist. The people of the world go about their daily lives as if I never were alive. I'm sure they wouldn't even miss me even if I was gone. I'm just one person in a world full of billions of people. One little soul that everybody pretends to care about, but the truth is, not even the government cares about me – the one body that is there for me. The only reason I exist in their mind is the taxes they receive from me, other than that I don't exist.

I haven't been in trouble with the law; I've stayed under the radar, avoiding confrontation, yet my life is full of it. I struggle every day to keep above the water, not to drown, yet the currents are starting to overpower me, bringing me down, pulling me under. I surface to cough up my salt-water lungs, gulping a breath of air, disappearing below the surface, day after day.

Everyday I'm a wraith, walking through life, following the schedule. Wake up, school, sleep. A day passes, a week, month, year, still the same hollow person. Life is just a game that everybody has to play, roll the dice, the higher the number, the better the life. Lay in bed, the moment between unconsciousness and reality, your brain in a blissful fog right before it wakes, blowing away the mist and making everything too sharp to bear. Too hard to see.

The chill in my bones never going away, even when the sweat looks like a mist on my forehead, it's always there. The hurt and pain and cold in my bones still lingers, drinking my energy like an aphid. Just keep dragging myself through this life, hoping the sun will penetrate deep into my soul, warming me from the inside out, helping me see the light of a better world instead of the broken down side of the city. I just hope that some day I will wake up and know the worst is behind me.

Written: unknown