

# This Life, This Strange Thing

*by Alexa*

This life is not a straight line.  
It curves, it crumbles, it climbs.  
It hands you joy in one breath  
and grief in the next,  
with no apology, no warning.

Some days, I marvel at the light-  
how it filters through tired trees,  
how a baby's laughter can hush  
the screaming silence in my head.  
Other days, the world feels too loud,  
too sharp, too much.  
Even the sky feels heavy.

There's a certain kind of sadness  
that hides behind beautiful things-  
in the sunset, in the music,  
in the eyes of someone who smiles  
just a second too late.  
And still, there's beauty.  
Always beauty.  
Even when it's cracked.  
Especially when it's cracked.

I've learned to hold contradictions:

to feel broken but brave,

tired but thankful,

lonely but never alone.

To dream even when I'm doubting.

To get back up,

even when the fall was quiet

and no one saw it happen.

I used to think life had to make sense-

now I just want it to mean something.

Even if that something is small:

a shared glance, a deep breath,

a moment of peace

in the middle of the chaos.

Because this life-

it's wild and wonderful,

brutal and beautiful,

unfair and unforgettable.

It is all of it.

All at once.

And I am all of it, too.

All at once.