

Who are we on our own time?

It is easy to say who we are around other humans.

Maybe we are the cousin that goes to weddings, maybe we are the exhausted single mother, maybe we are the absent working father, maybe we are the best friend who pulls through?

Some of us though. We stop existing when there is no longer a mask or a role to play. We struggle to get to the car, fight through traffic, push our way up the stairs,

feed our pets, then collapse on the couch. It is only supposed to be for a moment or two. Maybe a quick nap? Then when you wake you notice you are hungry but don't care enough

to feed yourself because in all honesty, who cares? You played your roles and masks for the day as best as you could even though it was not enough. You sit in silence,

you sit in silence, you sit in silence, you sit in silence, then hurry up and check your phone and social medias for anything that feels like connection. No messages.

Tons of forwarded reels of emptiness. You sit in silence, you sit in silence, you sit in silence. You think to yourself that people have families, parents, kids, cousins,

any other humans that they feel connected to. There seems to be many for other people. You try shoving your mask aside just a little to try and connect authentically only

It makes the humans uncomfortable and you don't know why. You have already spent years and years and years and endless hours researching, watching, studying, practicing,

and failing. Failing to feel loved, failing to feel good enough, failing to connect. So now who are you on your own time? Silent. Empty. Part of the furniture. Waiting for

The time you can slap a mask back on so you can at least have a role, a simple function. Work. This happens day after day after day after day after day after day.

Who are we on our own time? Non existence, drowned in societal rules and obligations. Only you were never exposed to other humans. Not like the rest. Who are we on our own time?

We are the same little girl that didn't get fed, that didn't speak, that stopped functioning, that had no space to be. No space to explore who we are and now we still don't know.

Now there is all the time in the world to be. Only now, you can't figure out how. Everything feels like nothing when nothing was your everything. So, who am I in my own time?

I am everything yet nothing and I will always be nothing yet everything.