

The girl who wishes to be invisible

By Katie Williams

Some days it's quiet, and other days it's loud. But she never really understands the difference. Everything is chaotic beyond repair, and runaway friends and uncertain futures plague her mind constantly.

She only wishes for a few moments of silence. But gets no such thing. Being placed on a pedestal means nothing if all it means is a bigger distance to fall.

Why do they watch her with smiles and joy when she's on track with life but leave her abandoned on her coldest days? That's a question she will never know the answer to.

But maybe she does have an answer, an answer she just doesn't want to accept. Because those fair-weather friends couldn't care less about her fall.

They only care when she's laughing at her favourite bar, getting wasted off her head to drown her problems while she's dying inside.

Even her parents sometimes fail to see the issues. But that's understandable, because why would they want to accept their daughter has problems bigger than the eye can see?

It's not just the isolation sometimes. It's the way she's sat in her room at 2:43 AM, feeling like she would be better off non-existent. Because that's when it takes its toll, knowing nobody would ever really understand. The feeling of being constantly misunderstood.

The whole world has problems; deal with them, they say. And so, she does. And progressively gets worse in the process. But nobody must know that while she downs another bottle.

Then she will visit the forest, making her prayers to a random tree in the ground. It makes her feel better, it makes her feel heard. At least it listens.

Life looks so perfect on the outside sometimes, and this is when people tend to miss the real problem.

Someone could be playing you, just like she's playing everyone around her. Because she's crumbling but acts sane. When she's anything but at that current moment.

If only she had a few more lucky cards to play, but of course, that's a ridiculous statement to make. Who would give her a hand? They all want her dead.

A man's best friend is gone, lost to the worst enemy of any living thing. She struggles to accept that, missing the presence every day. It's just not the same anymore.

Sensitive girl, won't you give it a break, they say. Of course, she will.

The pacing around her room works for exactly 29 seconds. Then the shadows grab onto her shoulders once again, tugging her into the blue flames.

It burns, but it's cold. It doesn't hurt her. But it stings, like a bee sting if that's even the right word to describe such a thing.

Friends come and go, but love isn't forever, so she will live in her thoughts. Poor girl, if only she knew love never ends well with a price tag attached.

The closest people always carry the sharpest knives, wielding them when they see you at your highest or lowest. Depending on what gives them the most satisfactory pleasure. Take your pick.

Why can't you just act normal, they say. One, two, three.

She will never be normal; it's not possible with her situation. She's well and truly stuck, not knowing where to go.

Light the cigarette, pull out the strong stuff. She needs it.

Feeling sorry for her will only add to her rage, making her hate you. She's not one for pity, never has been.

She doesn't want your money; she will spend it in a day.

They watch her every day, judging silently as they stand over her. The glare burns into her soul; she never knows what words are going to come.

Tomorrow, yesterday, today. It all blurs into one gigantic mess in her brain.

People can't give her a straight answer; it's constant language to decode.

You can't argue with someone who doubts themselves; it only leads to confusion.

So, she cries herself to sleep, just to find some well-deserved peace.

Well, until the nightmares consume her.

