

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.