

Price of Happiness:

You say you know what sadness is, choking on tears of those who took their lives, drowning in insecurities. I'm never good enough. When holding out a hand isn't enough, when you're so deep down in the hole of emotions that you dug. You say you know what sadness is, but do you?

Sadness isn't something you say, or show. It's a feeling, letting depression grow. It's when you feel so much you start to manifest different feelings off of it, anger and pain. Angry at yourself for feeling this way, pained at how you deal with it. But when you boil it down, you're left with nothing but sadness, until you need to feel so bad you don't care what that feeling is. Pain?

Anger? Shame? Anything but sadness.

You wonder what's wrong with you, and someone is ready with the answer. You're told you should feel lucky because someone adopted you, wanted you. But you're told everyday that it's not okay to be Gay. That it's not the way you were made. That going to college is the only right path. That it's the only way that you're going to achieve your dreams. They say that but they don't know your dreams. You're told that everything you do is subpar. Your own family didn't want you and the one that chose you doesn't seem to either.

When you know taking your life isn't the answer, but it's the only thing that will take away the pain away. You leave it all behind to try and be happy. Loved by someone other than yourself. Excited for the days to come.

The afterlife seems pleasant, you've already walked through Hell in the lifetime you had, tied down by what seemed to be concrete bricks, looking back, you realise, your feet never left the

ground, you never moved. Soul as heavy as a building, worries and insecurities weighing you down so much you were on your knees.

Finally free.

You say you know what sadness is, and I don't doubt you. But do you know the price of happiness?