

Misery is a blanket.
You wrap it around yourself
and say you are comfortable.
but you are not.

The blanket is scratchy and old.
It is full of holes and is threadbare
It is uncomfortable.
Sometimes painful.

still you insist on carrying it around with you.
you bring it everywhere with you.
draped over your shoulders
sometimes even draped over your head.

no one gets why you find comfort in it.
it is sometimes obvious that you hate it
but when people tell you to get rid of it
you try but just can't bring yourself to it

You find it a while ago
and like an old friend
you greeted it with a hug
And it stuck around

Misery is a blanket.
You wrap it around yourself
and say you are comfortable.
but you are not.

The blanket is scratchy and old.
It is can be painful
you carry it everywhere with you.
and hide your discomfort