

Today I feel gray. People think that gray is a color of eternal grief or sadness. To me it is a color of just pure bleak, tired, emotionless, meaningless life. Sad is blue. I am not blue. I rarely am. Blue is a cover up. When I am, I wish I weren't. Usually I am red. A reckless spirit and mind. An angry color Violent. A color of hidden hurting And non-answered prayers and questions. And no one seems to be listening to me. Even though I see their lips moving, my ego takes over and fills my ears and I can't hear. Years of feeling these fears that will never go away. I enjoy being feared. It makes me feel powerful, youthful and useful. It crushes the fears I have or had. but when the high is over, I return to gray. Weak, powerless, helpless, heartless. And all the fears come back. Like a tsunami. Big, powerful, unpredictable, uncontrollable. I am sinking in this feeling that my life has no meaning but I hear the angels singing on the radio. and I'm trudging along endlessly in this mess of a world and my mental state is a nightmare and I'm drowning in these pills and it kills me to see myself raking water uphill in the rain and you know, people think I don't care but really what they don't see is a part of me so deep inside you'll drown before the knots untie and let you in you'll be surprised and how much I do. Steal and lie. And lie in bed and cry and deny that my life is better than some out there and I believe it. But I won't quit, I won't give up, I will survive, I won't be blinded by my fears and I won't be silenced by my guilt and shame. Because it's a shame for those who don't put on an oxygen tank and dive. And take a risk. Just for my sake. And care about me enough to see me as I am. through the cold and hot, the black and white and all the shades of gray.

—Kianna Passmore