

Why is it that I don't have strong emotions? I feel the need to write all that I feel down. Do I truly fear my own mind? I seek to blame the moon, I tell myself it's dark and the stone surface dulls my mind and makes me believe the demons I see are real. I walk through the days, seeking a life I don't have. I seek a life I don't understand nor do I know that I would find happiness in. Everyone around me expresses such strong emotions... hate, depression, disgust, love. Why don't I feel them, for anyone? I can't bring myself to hate those who wrong me, I remind myself that I should forgive them. I can't stand depression for long, I seek those who would help me. I'm never disgusted by anything, I give so much of the sadness in my life the same blank stare. I can't love anything, I continually lie to myself that I do love someone but as it always ends it was just a fleeting feeling. I stare at so many people in my life with a smile, and I don't believe it's fake. I just wish I could look at them with something stronger. I think about the future, and I wonder. Will I look at their casket with the same blank stare? Am I still able to cry for anyone? In five years... will I still cry for myself?