

Teenagers minds are galaxies,
Beautiful and expanding,
But sometimes the stars feel too heavy to hold.

They wake up already exhausted,
As if the night had forgotten to give them rest.

The mirror becomes a battlefield—
A place that judges, not listens

Some days, silence is their only language,
And sometimes that can't make anyone proud.

They scroll through worlds that aren't even real,
Yet you measure their worth by them...loud.

Inside their chests, storms gather—
Unseen, unspoken, but loud
Very loud.

They are told to then “calm down,”
As if it were a switch,
As if the wires weren't already far too tangled.

Friends become lifelines,
Thin threads that somehow hold up
Entire hearts.

Homework piles and expectations
Stack like bricks
On shoulders not finished growing

Sometimes you cry for no reason,
Sometime there's no reason at all
But it's valid, isn't it? Or not at all?

You laugh loudly in the hallway,
Smiling, filled with glee,
Yet you wonder “what's wrong with me?”

They dream of escape,
But escape ain't fun or easy,
Feeling understood is never easy.

Hope appears in small forms—
A song that fits like a heartbeat,
A text that says “you good?”
A morning that doesn't hurt as much

And still they rise—
Not with grace, not perfectly
But bravely, so bravely
You learn how to carry those galaxies