

Living with Myself

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I desperately tried to savor the short lived relief
I'd get after doing something good,
Something morally *human*.
Believing that this satisfaction could be my static state.
I've had issues with emotional permanence,
For I am unfamiliar with the definition of contentment.
If I did not feel leisurely, warm, and whole for more than an hour,
It must mean that my life is bland and dismal.

Missing something,
Feeling my red blood cells turn white.
I must do more, get more, become more.
Be around good people, consume art, literature, architecture, eat the right food,
challenge myself, educate myself, share myself, be in the sunlight, exercise,
save bugs, feed animals, plant seeds, throw rocks.
I overindulge in human cravings,
Hoping to control the fluctuation of how I feel in a day,
Wanting to consist of positive influxes only.

I always wanted more of something I couldn't physically grasp,
Couldn't visualize or articulate, yet I feared living without it.
So how could I ever expect to sustain the satisfaction of my moral state?
For satisfaction is a boredom industry,
And I must ward off the haunting feeling of regretting this life that lays before me.
I strive for this *completed essence*, where I am grand, full of exuberance and stars.
Yet mediocrity is my static state.
I am bland girl,
A rude girl,
In need of some relief.