

Ghost

by Kyle G

You look like anyone else. You blend in. If you furrow your brow a little, the look on your face comes off as determined rather than depressed. You hold tears back, but that doesn't stop them from welling up in your mind. You try to connect it to something tangible. You keep repeating, "Why do I feel like I do?" But only in your head. You wouldn't want to draw any attention to yourself by voicing your pain out loud. You want to be there, but not noticed. Alive, but not too alive. Because that's how you feel every day. Like an apology with legs. A weight that no one wants to lift. A ghost retracing the steps of someone who already used up all the happiness afforded to one lifetime. And you float through life, never really touching anything, never making any connections, never really feeling anything but empty.

