

Dear me,

They say no mans an island, but an island makes a man.
Ha. I'm the farthest place from Disney land.
I'm feeling shipwrecked.
I now know solitary confinement's no longer called neglect.
I'm searching and scanning for answers in every line,
I knew you were mine. I said you were mine. I thought you were mine.
The world seems to burn.
I'll publish the letter I wrote you:

"Your family adore you; your friends completely love you,
Surely the ones that know you best become the best-placed ones to judge you,
Not only are you enough, there is nothing you need adjust.
You are a diamond, and all diamonds go through times that feel rough.
There is a light inside your core,
It is bright and it is yours. It shines so bright that we can see it trickling through you,
For you are kind and you are caring, when you decide it is worth sharing,
The world is lucky to even get a flicker of you."

Why should I play this game of pretend?
Don't the tears just pour?
I could curl up and hide in my room.
I could give in to all of the gloom.
Everything wasted, nothing left to say.
My world has gone dark without your light.

Will I ever be more than I've always been?
I try to speak out but nobody can here me through the screen,
Isn't anybody waving back at me.
It's like I never made a sound, for forever stuck on mute
And every sun doesn't rise,
I'm slowly waiting for my demise.

You take and you take and you take
But I keep loving anyway
You laugh and I cry and we break
And we make the mistakes
And we keep living anyway

We've found each other