

Here by Nerissa Gamboa

'Reach out',
Like it's that easy
'Reach out',
Like it's that simple,

As if opportunities are everywhere
They're not.
Its one thing to say there are,
It's another to reach out and find them
I found them,
But they're not for me.

The world's still spinning while I'm just still.
Still in fear, frustrating, waiting
And waiting to feel any safer,
I don't.
Constantly in my thoughts,
Wondering. Worrying.
No one should have all this time in they're own thoughts.
Alone.
Lonely.

The only solace is art,
But even then it tires.
Without it I couldn't imagine,
A connection is craved.
Shared appreciation.
When music touches your soul
A piece of art kept in mind
That theatre forever ingrained in your memory.
I miss it.
Being tied to the art
I only ever want to feel like that again.
The feeling
The freedom

Reach out.
Reach out to find it again
I can't find it anywhere else
Only within myself.

Except I cannot forget.
To appreciate who I am.
That I'm here.
I'm still here.
I'm still breathing.
That's something.
That matters.
Being. Staying . Here.