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The Vernal Pool

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Pain

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

Pain

By Abigail Rodriguez

She was a girl with a broad white smile.

Voted as happiest in her class.

In between her stages of high school,

the constant routines, and

the ignorance that went around her,

Her smile was no more.

Day by day she tried to understand the numbness she felt

Feeling nothing but yet being driven crazy by the aching pain in her mind.

Not understanding,

Sleeping for hours,

Not eating,

Faking it.

She had enough.

She resorted to the only pain she could actually control.

She grabbed the nearest sharp object

and grazed it against the flesh on her arm.

As she saw the blood pour from her skin,

her eyes widened with the satisfaction she felt, taking her mind off her true thoughts.

For a second, just a second... everything was okay

But, as the openings on her skin healed

The vicious cycle started again.

She tried to look for answers

But they were tough to find.

She cried for help, letting out the few words she wished to say since the start,

“I’m not happy”.

Never did she think she’d receive the words that forever played on her mind:

“Your happiness is not important; your education is ALL that matters.”

The last energy she had left to enlighten her life was now gone.

She gave up.

Because if her happiness meant nothing
why live.