

June 21, 2024

Poem- Coming Out of Hiding

Sometimes thinking is terribly overrated

Yet when I think too much

I feel like running and hiding

Hiding from what?

Cringe?

Not that

Because I'm past the point of caring

About someone's opinion

Who didn't think it through before farting it out

Pissing someone off?

Jeez, if I piss someone off

Just for being myself

Just for minding my own business

And doing my own thing

That person needs to get a hobby

I spent too many years  
Living to other's opinions  
Thinking they had power over me  
And influence on people I cared about  
But in reality  
They were the ones who wanted to cut and run  
Not me

I'm at the point in my life  
Where I'm not in the mood  
And in reality  
I'm never in the mood  
And never will be  
For anyone's bullshit

Money can't buy happiness  
For those not struggling to survive  
For those who are insatiable for more  
Who take that empty space  
And fill it with hate instead of love and kindness

And hate can't satisfy a craving for love

Hate can't kill the craving for love

For support, encouragement, comfort

Most of all

Hate doesn't heal

No matter how much money or influence

You throw over it

So I'm not running and hiding

From other people spewing crap

Or at least I tell myself that

In reality, I'm running and hiding

From overload

Because as a neurodivergent weirdo

I do go into overload

Overload from cascading thoughts

From emotions turned into tornados

Like a hurricane builds up in my mind

And I fight to stay on the surface

To get to the calm eye of the storm

So when the hurricane makes landfall  
Things in my life stabilize a little  
I can hear my individual thoughts  
Feel my feelings without my heart pounding  
And yes, I write poetry, and blog, too

It's okay to hide out for a while  
Build a blanket fort in your mind  
Lay down and color  
Read or listen to music  
Or just close your eyes and daydream

I hit the road and think my thoughts  
I let my mind wander  
(And yes, I can do this while driving)  
I change things up when I have to  
But I see the time I have  
Is more than before  
So more time for poetry  
For writing

But not for cringe

Not for bad and shallow opinions

And definitely not for clickbait trash

So if you need to

Run and hide to quiet your mind

To calm your heart and feelings

Rest and recharge

Come out when you're ready

Have the moments that drove you down

Then let those moments play out

And come out of hiding yet again