

Down Down Down

By sofiadivine

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I just got home and all I heard was how many chores needed to be done and how I never listened to my parents and how I'm the evil child in the family.

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Down, Down, Down

By Sophie Reznayak

Why does life throw so many things at us?

We can handle only so much.

Yet, I still stand.

With all I have been through, I stand tall.

I handle what is given to me as best as I can.

However, I break down sometimes like cars do.

We are not superheroes.

We are humans.

We only handle so much without giving in to pressure.

Why must life be so hard for some of us?

Why must it expect us never to break down and cry?

Why should we never show how we truly feel?

Why must we be like stones?

I don't understand.

We are humans, and we all can break down and cry sometimes.

We must show our true selves before something happens.

We must be us, imperfect humans all the time.