

To Self Reflect Through Others

I thought about death and the time that would come after it
And maybe it's not selfish to want to disappear for
a while but maybe more selfish to not at least think about
how others might feel towards your vanishing.
So I did for a long time and sometimes
I can't help but wonder why they would care
when they would watch me smoke a whole pack of Marlboro
Menthols in about an hour and not say a word.
Or when my paychecks wouldn't be able to cover my gas anymore
and it was only going towards temporary happiness.
Or when i made jokes about me throwing my life away.
I wonder if they ever noticed how I was watching my life
in the third person's perspective.
Slowly watching my life fade as my last cigarette does too.
And I light another one knowing the effect it has on me
but it makes me feel better than the last one. So, I keep going.
And I question if my friends see through it.
If they see through the wasted money I go through every week.
Just to reach the artificial happiness for what feels like forever
but slowly turns into what feels like a millisecond.
And I know they all may love me,
but I question what their definition of love is.
Because I see the way they look at me when i down another bottle
right in front of them and they all giggle and ask me how i do it.
And from that, I learn that they're not visual learners.
And maybe i see right through their attempt of affection
because maybe that's all they know how to do to make it
all feel better.
But then i realize I surround myself with people who participate
in the same activities as I do.
The ones who try to make it all feel better also.
But I stare at them and hope they never feel the same
way I do on a daily basis.
But the studies show you surround yourself with people
who resemble you most.
And I self reflect and see all the common interests we share.
And the one I hope we don't is the constant need to want to disappear.

