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At 17

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At Night

She's the one you love,
I'm the one you lust for.
She's what you really want,
I'm what you desire.
She's on your mind all day,
I'm only on yours at night.
It is what it is, I can't change it.
I need to accept it, and decide if it's alright;
because when I heard her name from your mouth in your sleep,
I knew it wasn't me you were dreaming of.
She's the one who lit your candle,
I'm just here to fan your fire.
She's your wonderful Desiree,
and I'm just a momentary desire.
Its her you want during the day,
and me only at night.

At 17

My demons shape a part of me.
I'm so happy with how far I've come,
and that I've lived to see the sun.
Still, I'll never forget who I was at 17.
The conflict between my outside and inside worlds,
and choosing which one to believe and live in.
Covered in external and internal scars from making mistakes.
Full of so much insecurity, shame, and hurt.
The struggle between how everyone said I should be feeling,
and how I felt.
How not many understood my depression or anxiety.
Young, and sad, and tired
Wondering what the future would be like,
if I survived.
Well here I am,
I made it.
At 17, I wanted to die.
At 18, I decided to give living another try.
At 19, 20, 21, I made a new life,
but I'll never forget.
Never forget who I was at 17.
Because she's always with me.
Sometimes she even pays me a visit from time to time.