

Entry Title: Okay

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Entry:

No one hears my cries for help

no one hears my pleas

my fears

my pain

my anguish

it all goes

unnoticed

like the way a white-glowing streetlight

on a highway lined with yellow

goes unnoticed.

A difference so blatant

yet so inconspicuous

that a person only looking can tell.

I've lived my life in a shroud

a shroud of pretend

of false happiness

fake smiles

submerged hurts

and

silent sorrows.

A shroud reminding me that

positive

is the only way

that pain and suffering must remain tucked away,

that happiness

is what people want to see

happiness

is what I must be.

The shroud of pretend makes me hide it all.

Bury those hurts

wipe those tears

put on a smile

are the commands it gives.

So that is what I do

I must be strong

I must submerge my pain

like a sunken submarine

and carry on.

When out with friends I'm asked

How are you?

but any answer other than

Good

no one wants to listen to.

If I say that

I'm not doing well

they change the subject

or walk away

not wanting to hear my burdens of grief and pain.

This shroud of pretend

of

'happiness only'

seems to be wrapped around everyone else as well

blocking out the dark

welcoming only the light

making its victims believe

that happiness

and good

are the only right.

I'm seldom good

I'm seldom fine

but each day I pretend

there's nothing wrong.

I hide my fears and bury those hurts

it's all bottled up inside me

wanting to burst

but I put on a smile

and pretend each day

because no one wants to know

or hear

or feel

or understand

that I'm not okay.

A friend

once saw my smile and said

You're always happy

You've got nothing wrong

I wish my life were yours

those words

they hurt

they cut me down

like a felled tree

collapsing

to the ground.

I tried to tell my friend that things weren't fine

but she walked off

she didn't want to know,

that shroud of pretend

of fake happiness

at it

again.

Maybe

my only hope

is to end my miserable life

because

when I call out

no one responds to my cries.

They just don't want to know

what is wrong

they only want to see

happiness

smiles

laughter

and soldiering on strong.

So, there I stood

on the edge of a

rocky

rugged

ruthless

ridge

waiting

waiting for someone to pull me back

waiting for someone to listen

waiting for someone to unwrap the shroud of pretend and care.

But

no one came

no one noticed

no one cared.

I closed my eyes and

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There was no rush of wind

no pain

no gravity

instead

there was a hand

a hand that wrenched me mid-air

a hand that belonged to a stranger

with a warm, gentle voice

who said

Don't

I'm here

I'll listen

Tell me everything

You don't need to pretend

because

it's okay to not be okay.