*Free(?)dom*
Sometimes I get scared of how much freedom we have in this life
We can go anywhere
We can be anything or anyone we want to be
We can be nothing or no one
We can be everything
And everyone
We can think of every single thing there is to think about
We can say anything
Write anything down in a sloppy handwriting
Or maybe scream it out
As loud as possible
We are as alive
And as free
As we’re ever going to be

And yet we chose to pretend
We choose to fake it without making it
We choose to close our eyes instead of leave them wide open
And finally see what we have been blind for all this time
We choose to cross out what we think people won’t understand
We choose to stay silent
Swallow our unspoken words and let them choke us
We choose to give up instead of keep going
Because maybe we’ll get another chance
But at the end of the day
We get one chance at life
One chance to look at the person in the eyes and tell them we could stare at those eyes forever
One chance to speak and be heard
One chance to leave a trace, to make an impression, good or bad
One chance to get lost and be found ...eventually
We get one chance at everything

You know sometimes
I get scared
Of how limiting freedom is