



Live my life experience

By Romanja Mast

“Why I am like I am?”

I ask myself.

“why I am like I am?”

I’ll never get rid of it.

“Why did this happen to me?”

I don’t want it anymore.

“why did this happen to me?”

I am thinking over and over again.

“Why I feel like this?”

Inside it feels very bad.

“Why it feels like this?”

Anger is what I feel.

“Why?”

I will always ask myself.

“Why?”

That’s why!

Because I will never surrender!

I'm an eighteen year old girl.

Looking like twelve.

Can't do anything about it.

I have to go on.

Even it hurts.

I cannot wear heels.

Not now, not ever.

I have to give it some time.

When I am twenty-one I'll be happy.

But age doesn't say anything about personality.

It is as it is!

I will not make my life my prison.

Satisfaction.

Can't say that.

About my past.

How to explain?

Sadness.

With a strong will of my own.

Witch you don't see.

Looking silently joy full.

The hole.

I got out.

Those were hard times.

That I went through.

The danger.

That I was to myself.

Cutting of my hair.

Gave me a good feeling.

From long hair.

To nothing.

And the regrets I felt.

While cutting it.

Until I was bold.

Shit.

Why did I do that?

Now everything looks black and white.

I had a difficult past.