

Madison Hua

4:21 A.M.

Through silent tears streaming down my cheeks
And the quiet slap across my face
Curling up in a ball
Tucking my head in my collarbone during class
Hiding from the world
I feel so alone

Face planting in gym class
Dunked with paint in the halls of the miserable school
The slander of words scrawled across my locker
Hollers from the jocks
The finger-pointing from the queen bees
It's so lonely

Isolated, as though
I stand on the highest peak of this tired bleak world
Above me, a storm brews
Below me, a sea storms
I sigh and close my eyes
Imagining I'm anywhere other than my room

My phone lights up with a notification
Illuminating my dreary chamber
Silence immediately following the "bing!"
My breath quickens, my heartbeat accelerates
I read the text
I choke
I sob
I throw my phone across the room
And bury my head under the blankets

Don't tell me I'm not alone
Because we know that is false
Laying awake at 4:21 A.M. on a Tuesday morning
Stress-induced, quaking arms enwrap my head
As I struggle to stay afloat

When I'm smothered in my darkness,
In other people's darkness
With dark thoughts and heavy what-ifs

Clutching my tear-stained pillow
Engulfed in sadness
I am alone at 4:21 A.M.