

## **Toska**

By Skylar Arison

I stare at the ceiling from rock bottom  
My fall echoing off the walls  
Darkness fills my sight; ringing fills my ears  
My stomach fills with the ache  
The ache of escaping this pit

I stare at my reflection in the mirror  
Picking out each and every imperfection  
My face puffs, red and irritated  
My chest fills with the ache  
Wishing I lacked these imperfections

I stare at my screen  
Looking at the happy couples smiling  
My eyes burn, tearing up for a second  
My heart fills with the ache  
The ache for someone I don't have

I stare at my friends laughing  
I stare at my parents talking  
I stare at my classmates working  
I stare at the cars on the road  
I stare at the clerk in the store  
I stare at my lover  
I stare at myself

I begin to ache  
I ache for everything I want

I ache for nothing at all  
For I have everything I want  
Everything I need  
Yet I still ache for more