

Poem Excerpt

Some days I feel pressure to hide who I am,
To seem calm, to seem quiet, to follow the plan.
That hiding is called masking — it's heavy to hold,
It's comes with a cost I don't choose
And a story untold.

“I mask every day — it takes so much energy.”
“My brain makes tornadoes no one else can see.”

Masking isn't strength —
it's survival, it's strain,
It's pretending I'm fine
when it feels like thunder and rain.