

Some things just don't stay buried.

They sit stubborn underneath everything else, silent as the ragged shards of glass under the sand on the beach, waiting for the one wrong step to stab you. They hide in the spaces between thoughts, in the dead air after someone asks a question that gets answered with “nothing.” They collect in the corners of the mind like dust nobody remembers even being there, until one day the whole room feels dirty.

Then, somehow, they end up here.

On the blank page.

Raw.

Ugly.

Breathing.

A sentence starts, and suddenly the worst parts come crawling out—the jealousy, the anger, the things that would sound horrible if spoken out loud. The parts nobody gets to see. The parts that would start fights inside your head and then sit there like nothing ever happened.

Sometimes the words feel like pulling a thread through your own heart just to see what unravels. A memory comes loose. Then another. Then something you weren't even trying to remember. And there it is, exposed beneath everything else.

Not the version that smiles when someone asks what's wrong. Not the version that always knows exactly what to do and say. Just the mess underneath—the unfinished thoughts, the ugly feelings, the scenes that refuse to have gratifying endings.

It is humiliating how honest a blank page can make you.

There is nowhere to hide when the words start peeling back, opening fresh wounds in everything you thought you had covered once. When one sentence opens a door you spent months keeping shut. When something you buried deep down rises carrying its own identity.

So the words get scratched out. Erased. Rewritten. Crossed through so hard the paper nearly tears. Whole paragraphs murdered. A single sentence can feel like a confession waiting to be judged.

Still not enough.

Because comparison is a cruel little mirror.

It takes something that was once so lively and lays it besides another text until all that can be seen are the differences.

Theirs is better.

Why can't *mine* be better?

Why can't *I* be better?

And suddenly the poem that mattered minutes ago feels like a badly stitched wound that is ashamed to be called mine.

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The cursor now blinks, staring at me, waiting to see what I will now change and alter next.

But this time, I don't.

I click send.