

Another Breath "Marla"

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We're trying to fight this disease. It's a losing battle against ads in magazines, one sided phonies on TV screens. Thank you for showing me that there is more to life than what we're looking at. There is so much more than altering the outside, hiding who we are. Smoke screen hiding lack of substance. Sop long ago we threw rocks just to watch the glass fall. And now I've grown into a person I don't recognize at all. We get so lost in social standards and expectations. We find ourselves becoming things we never wanted to be. We're looking straight ahead, ignoring what we have. I miss the fire that once inspired me. Fill my fucking lungs with concrete. Force-feed me unforgiving honesty. Prove to me that I would rather breathe through broken teeth than suffocate behind a facade

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