

My privacy

Sometimes it is so hard to write about yourself. And I really couldn't explain why. Maybe it is because of fear. Fear of sharing things with someone and then losing that person. Fear of revealing all our feelings, wishes, dreams, hopes and then that person is gone for good. And what about us? Again, we stay alone.

I really don't know why life is so selfish. It keeps taking away all the reasons for moving on and all the persons that we care about. It takes away all the good things that we had and covers them with its sheets, and leaves us in the corner, surrounded with skepticism.

When all the hopes, happiness, people go away, when all our dreams disappear, there is only you – facing your pain. That is what happened to me. After all the failures and falls I am empty inside. I become so closed that I can't even explain to myself how I am writing this. Maybe this is not my confession, but confession of that boy, hidden deep inside me. He's been crying for years, wanting to go out to tell everyone how he feels. Life had been giving him with one hand and taking away with the other. And he kept hiding deep, deep down inside me. And what about me? I was moving on, trying to find strength, hope for better. I was creating my own new world and look at this one the way it was the best for me.

Only sometimes I meet that little boy. When I am the happiest or the saddest, because we both hide the same secret. We both want the same dream.

I will keep that in myself. That's the best. Only that way I can protect me and that little boy...