

## ATTENTION SEEKER

my message logs are filled with

“you sent [this]”, “you sent [that]”,

TWENTY DAYS AGO

*Read*

and no response yet!

for years and years, I’ve just been yelling incessantly,

“Help me!”

to no avail.

I show them how much it hurts and they hiss with cold breath,

ATTENTION SEEKER.

I wish they could realize how scared I am

that I’ll scream again

and they’ll just look past me! Like always!

so, I yell to the void.

At least it won’t tell me to shut up.

I wake up coughing again

temperature up six degrees from the typical

vomit splashes in the sink. My head hurts.

And then!

Here it comes, the painkillers and chicken noodle soup!

Doctor's note to school signed almost illegibly,

Sleep,

Fluids,

In a few days--healthy again.

yet, for the past five years,

it hurts! it hurts so much! it hurts all the time!

"Help me!" "Help me!" "Help me!"

what am I supposed to do if I ask for help but no one replies?

how bad does it have to hurt till they look at me?

no matter what I do they won't take me seriously

my poems are just another Word document to everyone

I show them much it hurts and they hiss with cold breath,

ATTENTION SEEKER.

everyone steps on glass shards around me

they tell me they're scared to offend me

so they'd rather leave me alone, suffering silently, till I calm down.

"You can always vent to me if you need it" only works a few times, I've noticed.

They're all tired of me.

the pain is never-ending, perpetual, ever-lasting,

and I always express it, 'cause it's killing me,

so I can't even blame them for finding me annoying.

I baked another lemon loaf cake today

when you took a bite with your fork,

you said it was, "Too sour."

so next time I'll throw in an extra cup of sugar

just so you smile and say, "This is better."

I'd rather have negative attention than none at all.

I "provoke" and "raise my voice" and "disrupt the peace"

my very existence always bothers someone in some way, doesn't it?

Whatever.

I'll "smile" and "crack jokes" and "be polite"

I'll be tolerable again. I'll make myself like chicken noodle soup - easy to digest.

I can't breathe anymore.

I'm suffocated by the perceptions of everyone else around me

when I see my face in someone's eyes I always look away

when I see my appearance reflected in the mirror I hesitate—

Who is this ATTENTION SEEKER?

—I want to shatter the glass into millions of pieces.

every morning I awaken and open my desk drawer

I take out Elmer's glue and colorful craft sticks from a 6th grade project

I layer it on over my cracks

desperately trying to piece the parts of me back together

deep down, I'm just empty!

I stopped counting;

new fractures appear almost daily

I can't keep up! I'm breaking down!

hey, stop laughing when I explain my problems!

it may seem inconsequential to you

but to me it's the real-est most painful feeling in the world!

you don't get to talk about how much I'm inconveniencing you

when you haven't experienced any of this to the same degree I have.

call it melodramatic,

call it theatrical,

call it fake,

call it ATTENTION SEEKER,

it still hurts and no one will even look at me!