

In my life, I know that I'm surrounded by wonderful people who love and support me, and yet I still feel unbearably alone sometimes.

There are days when I enjoy the serene solitude. It feels freeing, as though nothing in this world can bring me down. I'm as wild as the wind, but I know that freedom comes at a cost.

I can only exist in the moment. I have no control over how long I linger, and sooner or later, I am always carried away. My presence is as impactful as a whisper, a faint secret that fades before it can be kept. I pass through their lives unnoticed. I brush against them softly, yet they never turn to face me.

I do not resent them for this, for I chose this life myself. I will always be there in passing. I carry their laughter long after it leaves them. For them, I am the gentle breeze that caresses them on a hot summer's day. Even if they do not know it, I carry everything I remember about them.

As graceful as I may be for my friends, I struggle to offer that same grace to myself. Sometimes, I wonder if I'm too much. I wonder if my presence has become something heavy instead of comforting. I wonder if I have overstayed my welcome in their lives.

So I keep myself quiet. I bury those thoughts beneath stillness and silence. I endure the storm alone, hoping it passes before anyone notices it was ever there.

There are times I wonder why my friends don't check on me in the same way I check on them. I reassure myself that they care, yet the thought lingers all the same.

I don't know whether I should feel anger or sadness for this. Perhaps both.

My friends have seen me upset before, but anger is something I rarely allow them to witness. I fear they would shut me out if they saw how I wail in my woes and howl at the vulnerability I try so desperately to hide.

I don't wish to shout for their sympathy.

I remind myself that no storm can rage on forever, and the winds will always settle.

And when they do, I find myself drawn back to the same people I feared I had burdened. The same people whose laughter I carry with me. The same people who, despite my doubts, have never truly asked me to leave.

Perhaps that is what I failed to understand.

Like cherry blossoms dancing upon a spring breeze, some things are beautiful not because they last, but because they are shared.

I have spent so long believing I was a whisper fading into nothingness that I forgot a whisper is still heard.

I know this confession will be a whisper of the wind, fleeting to some, invisible to others.

But if it reaches even one person, then perhaps I was never as alone as I thought.