

# Moonlight goodbye

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Looking up at the night sky the day before, I know I'll eventually have to say good-bye. I know I'll have to say hello to closed doors and endless nights trying to keep up with those ahead. To the endless headaches and constant worry poking at the back of my mind of failing. To the fights that are sure to come along with the frustration. Soon I will have to put on that mask I so desperately wish I could take off.

There's butterflies in my stomach warning me that if I eat I will surely be sick. All these thoughts are running in my head at this very moment. " Will they recognize me? I've changed so little but have they changed a lot? Have they turned their back on me? Do they still like me? Did they ever? Will I be the odd one out this year?" High school is just a full on feeding frenzy. Watch what you say, watch what you do because if you don't they will eat you alive. Join clubs and sports to please everyone but yourself. Be what everyone wants you to be but yourself.

No one wants to see you for you. No one cares what you want. It's a lie what they say, to " be yourself". No matter what you do, you will never please everybody. There will always be that person who tells you your wrong.

So my question is this, why try to please everybody else and not yourself? This is your life not theirs. This is me take it or leave it. I will no longer hide behind this mask. You see my flaws and imperfections as they are. Why hide the things that make me, me.

We all wish we can drop the act and settle into ourselves and find ourselves. So what is stopping us? The fear of not fitting in. The fear of not being liked.

It's the fear of striking out that keeps us from playing the game. It's the fear of being alone that makes us do the things we do to be like everybody else.

But ask yourselves this, are you happy living a lie? Are you happy with who you truly are? The moon is coming out to play and soon the sun will come out to rue the day. So tell me this, will you come back fighting for the things you want the most or will you let yourself be controlled. The choice is yours. I have made mine. I rather be hated for everything I am, than be loved for something that I can't.