

# No, i am not okay

[Philosophy](#), [Personal Philosophy](#)



I've been asked many times in my life, if I was okay. And as always, I would reply, " Yes, of course. It's just a bad day. " But no, I'm not okay. And I guess, I'll never feel that way.

Every time I woke up, the sun is greeting me warmly, the birds are chirping happily and I can feel the fresh air welcoming me. But I always keep in to my mind that I can't be too happy because the moment you thought everything's alright — the emptiness comes back in your life to bite. We are living in a generation where expectations have no limitations which are more superior than our imaginations. We need to pass the society's standards to be accepted. Like our future is shuffled in a deck of cards. One wrong move, one wrong decision, then everything will lose its action. There's no more solution, we can't trust the institution. Like I'm a fool watching an amateur magician, everyone can see the trap door but me. Like a doll, tied with strings, waiting for the puppeteer to take full control of me. Like a flat tire, I have plans on where I'm going but my plans are all ruined.

No, I'm not okay. Knowing that tomorrow's gonna be the same day. No, I'm not okay. Knowing that I cannot change the life cycle of yesterday. No, I'm not okay. Knowing that life's a game, where instead we play with money, money play with us. No, I'm not okay. Knowing that the system knows what to do but they don't give a fuss. No, I'm not okay. Knowing that we are trapped in an hourglass, waiting for the sand to slowly suffocate us. No, I'm not okay. Knowing that instead of leading us to the right path, the government is controlling us like dogs with chains wrapped around our necks. Killing us slowly, behind those broken promises, repeated platforms and secretive smiles — not recognizing it until we choke in our own breaths.

This is the society. And whether you like it or not, your points don't matter because decisions are made by the magician, not the audience. They will let you speak, look for answers and be the one to find them. Everyone will hear from you—but no one will bother listen. We are not mute but the society made us voiceless. We are not blind but the society stitched our eyes. We are not deaf but the society made us ignorant people.

This is the society. And people will always tell you that you're overreacting. That you should be positive. That you should be imaginative. That you should be appreciative. That you should be cooperative. But no, I can't let the system sugar coat it for me. Tell me everything's going to be fine and come up with some lousy excuse. It's like we're programmed and our only motivation in life is to follow the rules to make enough money to sustain our needs. I often ask myself, am I living? Or am I merely existing? I already blindfolded myself, believing that it might change my perception about the world. So I won't have any favorites, so I won't have biases. But blindfolded or not, everything's insane, it's still the same and everyone is to blame. The world's still blurry and dark. To all my friends who will ask me if I'm okay, in the future. . . No, I'm not okay and so are you. We are not okay.