Fighting an invisible enemy

by Shamelessly_Radiant

Summary

Or the lonely boat against the current - Living with social anxiety.

So

This world is all about fighting your battles and being strong and being brave but they don’t tell you how hard it is when you have to fight against your own mind 24/7

They don’t even tell you it’s possible to have yourself as enemy

So

You live thinking in the past and live in the future and don’t quite live in the present and you spend time figuring out how to deal with things that are most likely not going to happen and you spend time trying to calm yourself down and you spend time on so many things except the things you want to spend time on

So

You live thinking you’ll never be good enough, and then sometimes somehow you manage which makes it all the more harder when it slips away again because it will- oh it will- and you’ll never be first choice and you’ll never be funny or interesting or anything but a bore

So

You don’t like talking to people about it because you know it’s complete bullshit and yet you still can’t change it and you don’t want to bother them with your ridiculousness and they will not understand anyway and what if they think you are strange
What if they secretly hate you and you just confirm they are right to do so

So

The only time the thoughts quiet down a little is when you drink and you party and you enjoy yourself but you can’t drink the whole time so even though you have free samples in your fridge you don’t dare touch them and even when you are drunk it only takes a guy looking at your prettier friend (and yes you know you too are pretty, certainly with the make up you have painstakingly put on but now you just want to cry it off because again-

Again

You are not good enough

So

There is this really cute guy you have a crush on and for one moment it looked like maybe he could like you so you quickly drew back because he is like way out of your league and oh god what if he gets to know you and notices how awkward and weird you are and thank god he has a girlfriend now so you are safe and thank god thank god thank god and your heart is broken

But you are not good enough so you wouldn’t have deserved him anyway

So

You want to be different you really do but you can’t and you want to be content with yourself but you can’t and you can’t you can’t there is a constant stream of words in your mind and you have mini crisis’s all the damn time and you engineer ways to stay out of people’s way because it’s so tiresome to be around them, even the ones you like, because you are worrying about if they like you all the time, if they think you are normal, if they think you are fun to hang out

So

If somehow something happens that you are not invited to you feel it like a punch to the gut but when they do invite you you don’t want to go because you know they only invited you to be polite and you know they’ll have much more fun without you

So

When it inevitably (this is how you feel it even though you know it doesn’t have to be true) happens that they don’t want you around anymore you think finally, but even though you’ve been preparing and waiting for it all this time you are still broken, broken, broken, because you really wished it would be different this time and you still hoped

So

When you come home alone you worry about all the things you said and did wrong

So

You have never had a boyfriend and you desperately want one but you feel you don’t deserve one and someone could never like you so you convince yourself you don’t

So

You know, believe me, you know, that you are much funner to hang out with when you don’t worry
and are carefree, and you know people actually like you, the real you underneath all the spilled ink in your brain, or could like you, but you push them away real fast to not have to worry about the moment they’ll realise and then you are sad because they like someone else better (like always)

So

You wish you could go live somewhere with no people around and dozens of pets because they don’t judge but you know you’d miss being around people and you just want to be liked and like someone without everything being so damn hard

So

This is called social anxiety

Welcome in my head

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