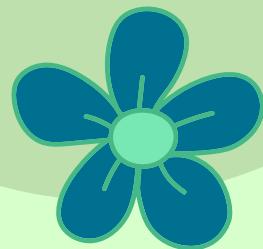


Wildflower Post

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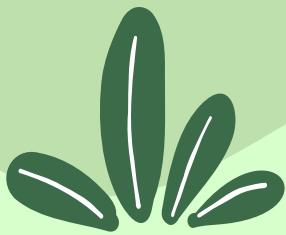


TODAY'S WRITER

Claudia Wysocky

Claudia Wysocky is a 16-year-old Polish poet based in New York, celebrated for her evocative creations that capture life's essence through emotional depth and rich imagery. With over five years of experience in fiction writing, her poetry has appeared in various local newspapers and literary magazines. Wysocky believes in the transformative power of art and views writing as a vital force that inspires her daily. Her works blend personal reflections with universal themes, making them relatable to a broad audience. Actively engaging with her community on social media, she fosters a shared passion for poetry and creative expression.

**CONTENT WARNING: THIS PIECE CONTAINS
DISCUSSIONS OF MENTAL ILLNESS**



“77 68 61 74 27 73 20 6c 65 66 74 3f”

CLAUDIA WYSOCKY

no
you don't understand
I can't just snap out of it
it's not like a light switch
or a button to be pushed
my mind is a tangled mess
of voices and thoughts
all jumbled together
like a pile of yarn
knotted and twisted
impossible to unravel
I can't tell what's real
and what's not
what's mine
and what's theirs
their whispers fill my head
and I can't make them stop
they tell me I'm worthless
a burden
better off dead

and sometimes I believe them
I try to fight back
but it's like swimming against a current
exhausting and futile
so I retreat
into my own world
where it's safe
and quiet
and I can pretend
for a little while
that I'm okay
that I'm normal
but then the voices return
screaming and taunting
tearing me apart
until I'm nothing
but a broken mind
trapped in a broken body
and all I can do
is hold on tight
and pray for a moment of peace
just a moment
to catch my breath
before the storm returns
and I am lost again
in the chaos of my mind