

Stitches

Sewed On

Sometimes my group of friends feels like a teddy bear.

From the outside we seem really close, get on well and are almost family-like.

But I feel like that one arm or leg with a tear in it, slightly detached from the rest.

Over time the rip gets bigger.

And bigger.

And bigger.

Until eventually that limb falls off, now completely separated and cut off from the rest.

Now that piece stays lonely and isolated.

Until it is decided that they can join in again.

And so they are brought back together with a needle and thread.

But the bond will never be the same

Because the rest of the group stayed close and tight together

But you just fell off,

And were sewed back on.

Needle and Thread

Now you are bound together with your friends

But this was not naturally formed.

You don't feel right. You feel out of place

But it's hard to distance yourself once again.

Things are different compared to before,

You don't feel the same anymore.

Now you want to leave

But now you have been brought back,

It'll be a painful process to leave again.

You *did* want to be here.

You *did* want to be able to laugh with friends again.

But no longer, not with *these* friends.

And now you wait.

And wait.

And wait.

Until the needle and thread

Separates your group once more.