

Soft Words for Hard Feelings

Life Isn't Worth Living

(a voice for when the dark starts whispering)

I know.

It feels like there's nothing ahead but more weight.

More noise. More loss. More of everything that already hurts.

Or nothing.

More emptiness, too much space, no tether to this world.

And maybe you're not planning anything —

you're just tired of waking up with the same ache,

tired of carrying it alone,

tired of being told you're strong when what you really need

is for life to *stop demanding so much from you*.

If no one's said it lately — or ever —

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry it got this heavy.

I'm sorry you've had to find reasons to stay

when the world hasn't been offering many.

But here's one reason: **You are still here.**

And that means this isn't the end of the story.

You don't have to believe in "someday."

You don't have to fake hope.

But if you can believe in *this breath*, right now —

and then the next —

then you are surviving something that almost nobody talks about out loud.

And that is not nothing.

You are not broken.

You are not weak.

You are not alone.

You are here.

And that is enough for today.