

Dear God,
are you even real?
are you there?
do you give a shit about me or any of the things going on?
am I enough?
can you hear me?
are you there?

...

Please be there.
What if I pretended you were?
Would that help my restlessness?
Would that help me in these feelings of overwhelm and exhaustion?

I need rest, you know, real rest. I have shed many tears over the years since well, you know what, since 'that' and 'them' and 'it all' ... I keep running, I want to keep running. ... well, maybe I don't want to.

I yearn. I yearn for community. I yearn to be seen. I yearn to see. To belong is hard. To run is hard. I'm tired.

Let me rest for awhile. Can you hold me? Please.
The storm rages. Do I just let it, do I venture into it and realise it can't hurt me. But it can. It has. It does.

I'm afraid. Are you there? Do you even care? Please care. I'm here and I matter. I hope I matter. What if I pretended I did. Would that be a start? Could something grow from that? Could it even be good? Can I trust in that, can I rest in that? Please be there. Please hold me. I need something real, no matter how small.

Let me sit here and pretend I am loved by you, that I am precious in your sight.
I would like it to be so.
Is it?

Gendi