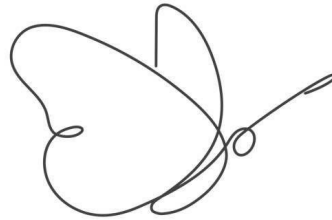


„The spring melancholy”

By Oliwia Ludera



The sun rises calmly waking up
Flowers from winter dreaming, but I'm still lying
In the same bed under the same winter sheets.
With the same tired sight
I've been awake.
I always tell myself „I can handle this”
It's a new beginning, they say: „just breathe!”
I try but I can't
That's so hard!
Sun's getting into my room.
Her warm streaks of light blind me.
I feel warmth on my skin
But, inside, I feel cold.
It's freezing inside.
I'm overwhelmed. Is it the first day of spring?
Flowers begin to bloom,
As they always did.
It's getting warmer.
Everything will come back to life
It's beautifully...
But Motivation?
Motivations for the next day slowly disappear.
I'm waking up just to go to sleep.

I slowly give up.

I feel emptiness.

I feel like I'm dying.

That's whole spring melancholy overwhelms me.

It hurts.

I'm sick of it...

But is it worth it? It's worth it. Look up at the sky and think, "I will reach the freedom one day."

I promise, will be okay.

Everything will be fine.

Don't cry, my dear...

That's spring melancholy is like snow, she'll finally disappear.

Those good days will be back, I promise.

But now leave it to your imagination and wait until the next morning,
until next spring...

