

What I Carry

What do I carry? A question that can be answered in a countless number of ways, each different to each individual. As a young teenager, I feel as though I carry too much. However not physical objects, but intangible symbols that represent my life I have been given and that I live every day. On a daily basis, I carry my essential needs: my wallet, my phone, my car keys, and most of all, myself. It's what I as a person carry on the inside, what most won't know by my appearance, that is what really matters. On the outside you see happiness, joy, laughter, and a seemingly endless smile. You see perseverance, determination, passion and an outgoing personality. It is when you take a deeper look, to the inside. This is where you see the real me, the real person I am, behind the smiles and behind the laughter. I carry stress. Depression. Sadness. A constant state of worry. I carry my feelings. This is where I find myself along with an eternal list of questions, all floating in my mind. Will I get good grades in school? Where am I going to college? Will work be okay today? Will my truck break down? Will my relationship stay in one piece? Will I be able to pay my bills? Will I wake up tomorrow morning? The list continues, it goes on and

on for what seems like forever, all consolidating into my head. It weighs me down, and changes my mood with ease. This version of me is not shown, or even known exists by some of the people I consider closest to me. On the other hand, that appearance is rarely revealed. The person I am on an everyday basis is the person I always want to be, and transform my inner self into. I carry happiness for countless reasons. I have achieved my dream job at only seventeen years old, and can only wait to see what my future has in store. I have the girl of my dreams by my side each and every day, to love, laugh, and grow with. I have a home and a family to return to after a hard day's work. I have my own vehicle to take me where I need to go. I have it made, this is what really makes me, me. This is what I live for, what I wake up every day for. Without it, I am nothing. Without it, my inner self reaches the surface. But, the feelings you have inside can always be hidden by what is exhibited on the outside. An apple for say, may seem full of color, perfectly ripe, and free of flaws. It is when you cut into the apple, when you reach the inside, is when you really find out what it has to offer. Has it been ravaged by a worm? Is the inside mushy or hard as a rock? The apple has character. It's unique. Influenced. I feel like an apple.