

Lost

By Aubrey Nyberg

I'm fifteen years old; I have no idea what I'm doing. I'm no longer young enough to be pacified with calming words from my mommy or gifts from my Grandma, but I am not fully mature especially on an emotional level. This is the most confusing time I will ever experience and if that's not true and there is a more confusing period lying ahead then I don't want to get that far. As confusing as it is though that doesn't even compare to how lonely it can be. Children don't get lonely, they always have someone looking out for them, someone ready to play whenever they want. But as a teenager you are suddenly expected to be able to keep yourself company or to find people to keep you company. It's a difficult task.

Feeling alone is unbearable; it's the kind of pain that hides just behind the surface, the kind only a trained professional or another lonely person can see. And because of this it's hard to ask and get help. It's so easy for people to write this off as faking it to get attention or over exaggerating because they don't feel what you feel. They don't what it's like to sit in a crowded room and just want to curl up into a ball in the corner, put headphones in your ears, and try and escape the loneliness; the feeling that you're never really going to belong. Even though there are plenty of people around you, you can't help but feel the same as you would if there was no one.

Looking at the prompt all I saw was loneliness. All of that open space but that one rock formation taking up the entire woodcut. Like that one thought that you just can't make it past this always seems to cast a shadow over all the good things in your

life. Your friends, who are going through the same or similar things, your family, although as hard as they may try they can't really understand exactly how you feel. Like the rock was shadowing some really beautiful things. All we saw was the rock.

Then I looked up the artist, Everett Ruess. What I found was amazing. He was lost. He never felt as though he truly fit into normal society. But the wonderful thing about him is that he got out. He found his own path, something that made him feel whole. That is all I want; to be a whole complete person. And even though, in the end, he lost himself in the majesty of nature, he at least didn't feel lost anymore. I don't want to be lost anymore. Hopefully someday soon I will find myself and I won't be so lost, but until that day it's comforting to know that it is possible to feel better. That people have done it. I won't always be lost.