

i never acknowledged where the obsession derived from;
maybe it was the constant worrying of my fate,
and subconsciously being situated in a predicament of overthinking everything

“will my dreams come true?”

i shake a sphere and allow my aura to percolate through plastic — “you may rely on it”

“does he love me?”

my professor’s words slip of my brain like a bar of soap

why can't i ever just focus on the things that matter?

this time i’ll click a button on my screen of pixels — “yes, definitely”

“will i ever win?”

i try to resist the urge of asking, why couldn’t i just listen to my gut?

why did i always need someone to reassure me?

i give in, never once overthinking the absurdness of how some

blue dye

and

plastic

and

alcohol

could give me such comfort and satisfaction, until — “ask again later”

it’s response felt dry like the sahara,

i shake the globe, vigorously — “cannot predict now”

why did everyone always question what i was capable of?

i’ve always been desperate for answers — “no”

the dilemma was that i always asked the wrong questions
everything is abstract; nothing ever would be simple as a series of yes or no questions.

*i can't focus on the things that mattered, because they don't matter to me
i always needed someone to reassure me, because i couldn't be that someone for myself.
the only person who ever questioned me, was me.*

“has my only real enemy been me?”

and i didn’t need the orb to justify an answer i already knew — “without a doubt”

— malia shah // *magic eight ball.*