

There are voices in my head.

Some days they're quiet for they've grown comfortable with a routine.

Knowing what the outcomes of my day are like an organized work schedule.

Working 24 hours 7 days a week making sure nothing changes.

So they can be happy.

But when something so minor something that someone would see as useless to get upset over they start to get upset.

They shout and scream like a toddler having a tantrum over a toy being taken.

Because it was something different something to be worried about something to wonder if there is something drastically wrong.

Causing such anxious feeling and paranoia that all I can hear is their cries to figure out why something was just a tad bit to the left instead of a tad bit to the right.

Wanting me to bash my head in hoping that would shut them up.

For the only way to get them to shut up is to shove it down their small throats that this is how things are or just to question and fix it back to what it originally was.

And with trying the latter it only causes those to grow upset and grow annoyed at my desperate attempt to put spilled milk back into the broken cup as the voices keep screaming to put it back together

Drowning out every calm outcome to make sure their needs out satisfied pushing back the voices of those that care telling me that I shouldn't cry over spilled milk.

When I wish I could tell them I want to but the compulsions of voices that force my body to try even when I know it's only causing stress to everyone and myself.

Because the only way to calm the voices back into the dormant whispers is to do as they say.

That way I can hear the voices of those I care for once again.