

# Screen Break.

My hair is matted,  
My face is tearstained and red,

I'm alone in a dark room  
Full of self-hatred and dread

I look down on the screen  
My eyes fixated,

There's more comments,  
Do I dare press it?

My thumb is hovering over it,  
Shaking, pleading me not to do it.

But before I could press it  
A arm rests on my shoulder

Telling me everything's alright  
Blocking the sadness and depression like a big boulder.

They tell me to put it down,  
My heart and my mind,

I feel stuck and glued to it  
Even bind.

I put my phone away  
And hug my parents like I used to do every day.

Turn off the screens if you want to live happy  
It's good for your mind and your soul

It's good for you,  
Trust me, I know.