

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.