

Framework

By ABIGAIL LUCA



Over the top
Over-scheduled
Overthink
Overwhelmed.

I am over-opinionated; overemotional, overworked.
I overdramatize with the feminine, or rather, the human urge
for connection; validation of my feelings.

I overdecorate.
Fabricating my bedroom into the
organized chaos that is my mind.
The one place my head allows itself to rest.

I am so over.
Why must I feel so under?

Under the weather
Undervalued

My defining phrase is "Overachiever".
Barely reaching the overzealous standards I construct.

An overachiever's daughter
a spitting image of her father
Told to "build a home inside your mind"

Yet all I have is framework.
Barren wood, encapsulates what a home could be
but is not.
Spare time is time wasted.
Good could always be better.
A house is not a home.
I live in an apartment
My rent is due soon.

With the second semester coming to an end and a new phase of my life coming out of the fire oven, a fresh clay mold, find myself without glaze. Scrambling to register for classes that ultimately decide my future. Petitioning myself for summer internships because although my resume is strikingly impressive for my age, it could always be better. The more applicable will always be ahead of me in line. I am so thrilled to dive into the next chapter of my life yet so fucking terrified of getting bored of the plot. I am an overachiever not because I want to be but because I feel I *have* to be. I have so little time yet so much to say, so much to do, so much to feel. Why do I feel as though my bookmark has been placed down and my novel has been shut momentarily? I feel at pause, wishing I was at peace. I have nothing to complain about yet so much to contemplate on.