

# Quiet

Indigo Maynard Watts

A lot of people have told me that I'm quiet.  
And trust me, it's not that I don't like you.  
Trust me that my silence doesn't mean that I don't trust you  
It's just that... I don't know what to say.  
Which is strange, because a lot of the time I feel like I have more to say than anyone I know.  
My mind whirls, worries unfurl until it feels like there's nowhere to go  
And it's scary.  
My expectations of myself can scare me.  
Infinite opportunity, 'you can do anything',  
And that's brilliant because I'm not limited but limiting because I can't do everything and I am  
limited because I'm human and that's ok.  
I'm ok.  
What's not ok is the pressure that is put on me to compare myself to others.  
To aim for what others have and what others do whilst not instilling in me that others are not  
other but they are like me too.  
Their heads are full of what has been, of what could be, and not often enough: what is.  
I struggle to appreciate what is because I'm pondering those infinite possibilities of what could  
be.  
I don't want to do this, but I still do.  
And thinking of what could be is important.  
I have always been one for planning and I'd never turn down a good list.  
But when the list is never ending, maybe it's not a good list.  
My mind is stuffed full, but I don't want to pour it out on you, I want to take in what you have to  
say.  
I have a long way to go even if I don't know where, but so does everybody else.  
That hurricane of thoughts helps me appreciate the beauty of this world and the privilege I  
experience in it, so I don't think the noise I hear is screaming... it is music.  
But I can't help wishing it would shut up sometimes.  
So don't tell me that I'm quiet, because it's bloody loud in here.