

## *The sun was starting to set*

*by Damian Kęsicki*

*It was 6 a.m in the morning, rays of the sun cut the shutters and fell to the floor. The windows were slightly open, so the fresh air was getting through the holes and filled the room. A young boy was lying on the bed, awake, but dreaming, thinking about "what ifs". Feeling a bit empty, because he wasn't sure about his life, he didn't have a purpose, or maybe he simply has lost it. At some point in life he met a girl, he was dreaming of, but it all ended fast. He still doesn't know if he felt anything to her. He decided to open his eyes and start doing something. Shower, food, TV...or maybe not, he felt sick of constantly staring at the screen. He needed to do something new, but it was hard for him to take a stand and find the motivation.*

*The family situation didn't help either. His father left this world when the boy was 7. Mother with her daughter (and his sister) has gone to her parents without him. He didn't want to go. He said he didn't belong anywhere. . He felt hopeless, but his mother treated it like another panic attack. He was left without giving him any attention he needed so much. Maybe if he wasn't suffering from social anxiety life would have been better, mother would still love him as much as her daughter. The truth was standing still in the air. The boy was breathing it every morning he was waking up.*

*Complaining within his mind, he was wondering when they would finally get home. He felt homesick. He found out that he hasn't got home. It was as if he was doomed to feel this emptiness. He had a homeless heart abandoned by everyone. In his dream the world was completely different. He wasn't satisfied in what he saw, what happened around him and how people were cruel. He lost the will to fill the void in his soul. He opened his eyes again. The sun was starting to set.*