

Needles

I'm a needle in a haystack. Insignificant. It's hard to find me, but when you do, I prick you and you never forget me. But some do.

This needle has secrets. This needle isn't like any other needle out there. I'm the only one who's different in their crowd. I don't fit in. I've struggled through a great deal. I've hurt many, it's my nature, but some forgive me, knowing I didn't mean harm. Some don't, some stay afraid of me, and so they stay away from me. But soon they forget about me. Little, insignificant me.

I get stuck with them as if they are magnets. I am attracted to them. But they are not attracted to me. I pull myself close to them, in a tight hold, I cannot break. A hold that I don't want to break. As if I will vanish, pulled out of existence if this hold breaks. But nothing lasts forever. And eventually, someone pulls me away. They pull me off them like someone scrapes gum off their shoe. They don't need me anymore. I tell myself that I don't need them, but sometimes I do. And I am thrown away. Like an insignificant strip of paper.

But, I find someone again, and they feel the sting of me. They notice me, pick me up from the cold, hard ground I've been touching so long. They take care of me looking to see if I am still in their hands. And I am. I feel warm. I feel loved. Throughout my journey with them, I see they start to turn their attention away from me. I soon fall out of their hands, as those hands run away. For someone else, something else. Forgetting insignificant little me.

I do my best to stand out, to be seen. I coat myself with an unmistakable shine. But I am still left hidden. They see a small glint, but it's gone the next moment. I reflect everything they are. Their beauty, and their flaws. Their happiness and their sorrows. They see the good things as trying too hard, thinking I want to be just like them. They see the bad things as a reminder of everything that is wrong with them. Everything they don't need a daily reminder of. So they disregard me, make me more insignificant that I already was.

I have gone through much, and some who see me, do not see the harm I have caused. But they will. They surely will. But there is always someone who sees me for the good that I can do, not the sadness I have done. They help me to mend patches, make something that was

once thrown away, new again. They make me new again. They mend my patches, and the cuts that were once, are now only scars. Insignificant scars.

I realize that I have my own bubble of the universe, where everyone in that bubble, has to have me in the center of their universe. But that is not the case, nor should it be the case. I am at the center of my own bubble. Everything else changes. Like standing in the middle of a sped up movie, I see people leave as quickly as they came. But it doesn't bother me anymore. Leaving my bubble. Leaving my haystack.

I'm a needle in a haystack. Significant. I am easy to find, just many of them keep passing by. When you do stumble upon me, I promise to make it worth it. I promise to make your bubble a little better.

Because in the end, everyone is a needle in their own haystack.