

Then The Abstract Was Misunderstood
(Kabataan Division - Kabataan Essay)

If the coming of the new, the pristine, the modern age is equivalent to losing the support, love and understanding of those who are important to us – what are we supposed to do? The world is filled with misunderstandings - everything's changing, and nothing's supposed to stay the same any longer...

A blur of the running mass came across my peripheral vision. There's a lot of movement, mass chaos, just running and running and I have no knowledge where it leads. Everyone's looking for some refuge. Everybody's seeking for understanding. And here I am, confused, trapped in midyears before adulthood.

Here I am waiting as confused as ever, trying to decide.

Here I am and - oh – I am here with a million other confused young people...

I am sitting through the dilemma of the modern age. I am here feeling the coldest arms of technology pull me into its embrace. I am left by the people born of the past, the people I trust the most – my family; those who once cherished and loved and understood me, and those people who are said to be "filled with wisdom" for they were born before the twenty-first century.

Just before the internet invaded the everyday life.

Just before the word deep meant shallow.

As I look to my left, boys and boys and girls and girls with ruined hearts, swollen eyes are looking into my direction. We all look the same. Dark circles under our eyes – result of staying up late and contemplating our hearts' biggest worries. Dark circles under our eyes – result of racking the internet on ways to fill our broken porcelain hearts with joy our families stole from us. Dark circles under our eyes and voices cold and hoarse and barely audible – result from the never ending silent screaming. Our hearts crack in the same rhythm, zigzagged, jarred, then slowly crushed like shattered glass – a total mess. The way a heart of a misunderstood child breaks; slowly yet completely, and we seem to run out of ways to heal it. Dark circles under our eyes. Dark circles under our eyes.

Dark circles under our eyes from late night internet usage to detach ourselves from the dying humanity, from our families' disapproval and misjudgements.

What we are today is a masterpiece created from their mistakes - an abstract painting; mostly beautiful and more likely to be misunderstood.

Here I am waiting, knees folded and tucked in my arms, keeping my chest warm. Keeping the empty space left by my heart filled with fake hope. False hope that as the time goes by, we will be healed, we will be understood again.

Here I am, confused and crying, along with a million other tear stained cheeks, along with a million other sad faces, a million other broken hearts. As everybody's gone seeking for refuge, us in the middle young adulthood are stuck in a dilemma.

We are stuck in choosing whether or not we will run with the tide of time. Whether or not we will continue living through the waves of modernization. Or it would be a lot better to be off now. To end now, to be less of a problem the society bears.

See, depression creeps in the angels' minds.

The time today is a phenomenal change of the everyday life. People are running furiously just to keep up with the melody of it. But then here comes the tiny breaths of the neglected angels we call youth. Here come the cries of the misunderstood mess of teenagers. Here comes the voice of the "nonsense" age.

People around us, they never understand the verity of what we're trying to say. But as we fight for it, we seem to look worse before them. Children of nineteen and below standing up for a hilarious stunt they call truth? We are – according to them - some pieces of undecipherable mess.

"The teens today, they turn out to be in the worst possible way we never dared to dream of." - a simple sentence never spoken by any mouth, but exaggeratedly written on the look of disgust every citizen we come across with wear every day.

A blur of running came across my peripheral vision as I am sitting along with other teenagers. A lot of movement, mass chaos, just running and running to keep up with the present time. We are all suffering the same numbness in our legs due to chasing the running time. The time is, indeed, running, the legs of a wall clock are moving uncontrollably and dancing out of its joints. The time is running, modern age settles down bit by bit. Time is running; growing, moving, and changing. And so you are. And so everybody is.

And so we are.

We are supposed to be growing, moving, changing.

But they're expecting us to behave as they did decades ago.

And I am dying for an answer: whether to run or not - whether to take hold of time's hand, to let it lock into our own, and be carried through the changing tide, but judged and left and misunderstood by the old world because of how the modern times affect our acts and words and thoughts and moves and growth and outlook and then, hey, hello depression!

Or not, and let it pass, and let our only hope of surviving said farewell. Let our adolescence and innocence be buried six feet off the ground without experiencing a firm grasp from refuge. Goodbye judgements and hurtful looks shot into our directions by the society. But having to dwell on the old age wherein they never get to fit in to, being asked to live in a time, in an age, a hundred miles away from the present life.

How will we ever live long enough without losing our minds before we could steal a glimpse of a good future if we will dread every single day of a "supposedly" present time distant from our fingertips?

How come life demanded for a decision as huge as this?

And people the same age as mine found some refuge in the social media – how? Communicating with other people, voicing out their thoughts in words because no one would like to listen to them talk. Shouting their opinions and sides on public issues and health and living, honing their self-esteem, taking inspirations from what they think

is good, learning modern philosophy, building relationships with other teenagers with the same state as they were in, fighting in a cold war against blood, understanding, loss of support and love.

We love in all the ways our families have never known. We broke in many different ways and still all they see is a crying child over a simple tragic love story. We were insecure, we were bullied, and treated as an outcast by the whole world but we can't confide to our family. We can't speak to them, for they failed to understand what the new age brought to us.

The social media is a world filled with life and support our families failed to give. It reached upon our aching hearts and bandaged it even before our families had the slightest hint of what we're going through. Needless to say, we're supposed to adapt to the whole new system of life. The intuition of social media dawned on our lives. The blame was, unfortunately, in our hands, not in time's.

Understanding, home, refuge, encouragement and support - all of which our family has deprived from us. Having a world we can rely and relate to – the internet, the social media was a world full of youths experiencing the same dread of being misunderstood.

And as I gazed along the other kids, I notice their eyes ache from salty water. From tears which unmistakably burned and etched trails down their cheeks. Dark circles under our eyes. Dark circles under our eyes. The dark future lies before our tears before our eyes obscuring our vision...

Let me be done with this.