

## Delivered

“Do you want to hang out?”

Delivered.

“Are you still my friend?”

Delivered.

I have this texting anxiety  
where I worry about sending and responding.  
Will I get a response?  
Did I say something upsetting?  
Am I bothering them?  
Are they ignoring me?  
Or are they busy?  
Did they just forget?  
How can I make this person comfortable talking to me?  
(re: did I push them away?)  
I worry about what my messages could mean,  
what blue or green bubbles will I get,  
when they are delivered.

I don't follow texting norms  
Like I use proper punctuation.  
And I don't mind sending multiple texts  
If I need to explain myself  
(re: sometimes I over explain trying to communicate)  
and I'm a rambler.  
I love little smiley faces.  
And I respond right away,  
society is too busy sometimes to do so,  
or don't want to seem too eager,  
but I do it anyway.  
Because if they take the time to reach out to me  
I feel weird not to.  
I can't leave them on delivered.

I also don't always get texting  
which is for a myriad of reasons.  
I wish communication was simple.  
I try to be kind to everyone,  
but sometimes my message may not come across like that.  
I always love,  
I always try to help,  
to give,

so I never know how to address my needs,  
my feelings in that little bubble.  
I'm a small person with big, messy thoughts.  
Some communication I totally get-  
I'm aware of every little cue  
of everything I try to do  
But even then I slip up.  
(cue awkward laughs).  
I misunderstand the situation.  
Subtext.  
I miss a tone  
or maybe they rather not respond.  
Oops.  
I get embarrassed,  
hurt,  
because I didn't know my response was wrong.  
Society doesn't really teach that.  
The right response isn't delivered.

Texting in any modern space,  
especially during the pandemic,  
is weird.  
Everyone seems to be an extrovert.  
Feelings aren't really expressed.  
No emotion.  
Rushed.  
Texting is the new hangout,  
easier to social distance.  
It's hard to love, understand,  
make friends  
behind that screen.  
But I must.  
That's communication.  
I get called too much  
too sensitive.  
I want to be loved,  
understood,  
cared for,  
appreciated.  
Friends.  
But again...  
only so much can be delivered.

I have learned  
to not be afraid of my heart,  
to bounce back,  
to love  
to care  
with all that I have  
(which is a lot).  
To exist loudly.  
To feel 'too much'  
To know that I am appreciated,  
loved,  
more than a text can convey,  
More than any messages left on delivered.

I remember it's okay if I am left on delivered.  
There's lots of benefit of the doubt,  
everyone tries their best  
like I do.  
Delivered isn't always bad.  
Lots of people feel the way I do.  
Notification waiting,  
stomach knots,  
calm,  
still better than phone calls,  
wait a little longer,  
maybe not left on delivered.

Texting is...  
messy  
chaotic  
weird  
beautiful  
human.  
But I have learned it is okay to not get it right all the time.  
I try to be a good person,  
connect.  
I can love.  
I can feel.  
I can share my voice.  
I can make it weird.

In the end,  
my emotions get all bundled up in a big bow,  
everything I have to say,  
signed,  
sealed,  
and delivered.