Art was always there for me when others weren't. I don't know where I would be without it. Over the years of my life, I've been backstabbed, abandoned, broken, and in pain. At this point, I feel like I'm just bones. I've been worn down, especially by stress and active work that my body just can't physically handle. After awhile, everything got so bad that I did want to end my life. But someone was there to help me, and they tried to help me out of the "blue". I've never really ever found someone who actually cares about me till now. My whole life I've felt like I had to be a fake carbon copy of everyone else. If not, you would be stared at, bullied, or shamed for being "different". In recent years, I realized faking it is harder on yourself. Just how I am now is fine, myself. Hopefully, I can be cured from this depressive state of mind and truly be happy. In retrospect, that'll be awhile. This art piece is symbolizing my pain. But somehow I'm still moving. Just like how Martin Luther King once said, "If you can't fly then run, if you can't run then walk, if you can't walk then crawl, but whatever you do, you have to keep moving forward."