

# FINDING COMFORT IN FEW

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*By: Mohammed Rayaana pasha*

*In a crowded room, I feel lost in the crowd,  
Voices echo, yet I can't speak aloud.  
My mind goes blank, my knees go weak,  
In social situations, it's hard to seek.*

*Words don't come easy when face-to-face,  
But texting is where I find my grace.  
Emojis and GIFs, they do the trick,  
Expressing myself without feeling sick.*

*I find my peace in the company of few,  
Small groups bring comfort, it's true.  
Labels don't define me, introvert or not,  
I am who I am, in my own quiet spot.*

*In silence, my mind can think and dream,  
While in noise, I just want to scream.  
My solitude, it's not a curse,  
But a chance to recharge, to immerse.*

*Sometimes, I wish I could be like others,  
Confident and outgoing, without any bothers.  
But then I realize, that's not who I am,  
And being true to myself is my only exam.*

*I cherish my friendships, the ones that last,  
The ones that understand me, without any cast.  
They know my strengths and my weaknesses too,  
And they love me, for being me, and that's all that's due.*

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