

Today is heavy.
Everything rubs
wrong.

Every small thing
Feels like an
attack.
Anger looks for
somewhere to live.

I ' m disgusted by
comfort.

By people who
seem finished.

By ease.

Because I want
that ease.

And I hate myself
for wanting it.

There's no safe
version of being
alive.

No right strategy.
No exit ramp.

We learn early
How we'll be
treated.

How far we're

allowed to go.

How it probably

ends.

You can rearrange

your life.

Change your face.

Change your

address.

But you always
catch up to
yourself.

You 're never fooled
for long.

My thoughts spin.
They won 't land.
They slide off.

I ' m moving but not
going anywhere.

Rain on glass.

Noise without
meaning.

I want somewhere
else.

A place that feels
too intense.

Too honest.

Almost fatal.

I want time to slow

Until it hurts.

Until moments

stretch

And make sense.

The road keeps

going.

The scenery keeps
lying.

Distance doesn't
equal clarity.

I want to disappear
into trees.

Get lost without a
plan.

Drop the small,
stupid weights.

Bills.

Tickets.

Menus.

Why does

someone

Always

Have to carry
everything?

My mind throws
symbols instead of
answers.

Fragments.

Names.

Images.

None of them help.

I ' m tired.

I ' m restless.

I ' m still here.

Sometimes I feel

hollow

In a loud way.

Like something

important

Left

And didn't tell me.

I don't trust joy.

It feels rented.

Temporary.

Already packing its
bags.

I assume good
things

Are
misunderstandings.

I get tired of being
perceived.

Tired of explaining

Why I'm not okay

In acceptable
language.

I feel resentment
toward time.

How it keeps

moving

Without asking

If I'm caught up.

There's a quiet

envy

Of people who

believe

Without effort.

Who wake up

Already aligned.

I feel contaminated
by thought.

Like thinking too
much

Has ruined the
simple parts.

I replay
conversations

That never
mattered.

I rewrite endings
That already
happened.

Some nights
I feel fundamentally
misplaced.

Like I was shipped
To the wrong life.

I don't always want
to disappear.

Sometimes

I just want relief
From being *me*.

I ' m afraid
That this is the
baseline.
That this tension
Is the permanent
weather.

I worry that depth
Is just another
word

For loneliness.

And still—

I keep looking.

I keep paying
attention.

Because

somewhere under

the rot

There's a stubborn
spark

That refuses to
shut up.

And that might be
The cruellest part.

At my core
There's a pressure.
Not pain exactly.
More like
Unspent energy
With nowhere to
go.
I feel split.
One part watching.

One part living.

Neither fully

convinced

The other is real.

I carry a constant

hum

Of unfinishedness.

Like I was

interrupted

Mid-sentence
And never allowed
to continue.

I want intensity
Because
numbness feels
like erosion.
Slow.

Quiet.

Irreversible.

I ' m afraid of

becoming smooth.

Rounded down.

Easy to digest.

I resist closure.

Answers feel like

small rooms
With locked doors.

I don't fear
emptiness —
I fear repetition.

Days that stack
Without leaving a
mark.

There's anger in
me

That doesn't want
destruction.

It wants truth.

Unfiltered.

Unmarketable.

I feel most alive

When something

cracks me open.

When I 'm forced

To pay attention.

I distrust language

Because it keeps

failing

To hold what I

mean.

I want to be known
Without being
reduced.

Sometimes I feel
ancient.

Like I've already
mourned
Things I haven't
lost yet.

I sense beauty
constantly

And resent it

For not saving me.

At the center of me

Is a refusal.

A quiet one.

I refuse to go

numb.

Even when it would
be easier.

Even when
sharpness hurts.

That refusal
Is not hope.

It 's not optimism.
It 's insistence.

And it keeps me
here.

There's a

loneliness

That doesn't want
company.

It wants

recognition.

Not fixing.

Not reassurance.

Just someone to

say

Yes, that weight is
real.

I feel overbuilt for
this world.

Too many sensors.

Too much intake.

Everything gets in.

Nothing leaves
cleanly.

I carry shame

For needing depth.

As if wanting more

Is a kind of
arrogance.

I oscillate

Between craving

connection

And guarding my

edges

Like they're all I

own.

I fear being
misunderstood
More than being
alone.

I measure myself
Against imagined
versions
Of who I could've
been

If I'd been braver
sooner.

That comparison
never sleeps.

There's grief
For the person I
was

Before I learned

How complicated
things get.

Before awareness
Started charging
rent.

Sometimes I resent
my empathy.
It leaks.

It stains.

It doesn't turn off.

I absorb moods.

Rooms.

Weather.

I wish I could be

careless

Without feeling

counterfeit.

I hold myself
together
With rituals so

small

They look like
nothing.

Music at the right
volume.

Driving with no

destination.

Letting thoughts
finish themselves.

I don't want
transcendence.

I want honesty
That doesn't flinch.

I want moments
That justify the cost

Of being this
awake.

I don't believe in
salvation.

I believe in
intervals.

Brief alignments.

Seconds where the

noise drops

And I feel exact.

Those moments

Are enough

To keep me leaning
forward.

Not hopeful.

Not healed.

Just unwilling
To surrender
My attention.