

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'v e  
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.