

The Rock Bottom

I JUST WANT TO GIVE UP ON EVERYTHING. I WANT TO CHANGE EVERYTHING BECAUSE IT ALL SEEMS OLD. BUT ONCE THE NEW COMES I MOLD THE NEW DIRECTLY BACK INTO THE VERY SAME OLDNESS I TIRED OF!

IM GOING TO DIE. I KNOW THIS LIKE ONE KNOWS RAIN WILL COME WHEN THUNDERCLOUDS BLOW IN. AND I AM WEAK BECAUSE I WANT TO DIE AT A DISTANCE FROM THE STRUGGLE I SPENT MY LIFE BREAKING INTO.

I SHOULD DIE WITH THIS PEN CLENCHED IN THIS TIRED FIST, SCREAMING, "REVOLUTION." BUT... I MEAN, LIKE A SOLDIER. DIE FIGHTING IT TILL MY LAST BREATH, SEE? BUT, IM AIMING FOR JUST A QUIET ROOM. A KIND WOMAN. UNDERSTANDING.

I'VE FOUGHT. I'VE SUFFERED A MORTAL WOUND. (MY HEART!) NOW I SEEK A PLACE TO DIE.

TO BE SERIOUS AND NORMAL FACE TO FACE WITH PEOPLE IS IMPOSSIBLE. I MUST JOKE AROUND TO JOKE AROUND ON PAPER WITH THIS PEN IS IMPOSSIBLE. I MUST BE SERIOUS AND SEARCH OUT PHILOSOPHICAL ANSWERS.

DISCONNECTED. ISOLATED FOR SO LONG I SEEK OUT ISOLATION. I ONLY FEEL COMFORTABLE ALONE. I KNOW THE WORST THIS WORLD HAS TO OFFER IS IN THE WINGS WAITING TO SPRING ON ME. SO I REMAIN IN SOLITARY. THE VERY WORST THIS WORLD HAS TO OFFER.

THE INOANITY OF THAT! BUT BEING ALONE A DECADE NIGHTMARES HAVE A WAY OF COMING TRUE. BECAUSE YOU THINK ON THEM, AND THINK ON THEM. AND. THINK. ON. THEM. UNTIL YOU MAKE THEM.

THEN THE NIGHTMARE YOU ARE ALREADY IN SEEMS THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE. SEEMS LIKE HOME. IM BROKEN. IM INOANE. PLUS, I ADMIT IT!