

UNTITLED

I know I should have left this one with a particular title but the many thoughts running around inside my head prevent me from it. Despite the fact that I try to discourage people from it someone still found a way to tell me I'm smart. I hate this not because I don't see it--which at times i don't--but because it tends to push more people away from me. I'm up and drinking coffee trying to see if I can relieve this massive headache i woke up with. I want to say that in these past few weeks I have been productive but I really haven't. It's funny to me that most people would evaluate their actions after the fact but for some reason I tend to do this as they occur. I know not why really. It is said that I make myself unapproachable but I don't see this and yet i have looked for it with every ounce of myself. I don't agree. I just don't have the greatest of people skills. Really I have none to be quite honest. Over the course of my short--or long as I like to think--life-26 years, I have not been able to interact with them on a level that would teach me to do so in a positive way. i really don't even know how to talk to them. I guess you could compare me to an animal that has been in a cage for most of its life and then finally set free. How, may I ask would that animal survive? It's a wonder I have even this long. I try to like to think i am adaptable even in the smallest sense of the word. I would love to get to a point where thinking about the uncertain future is not so hard for me to do but I can't. In so many ways my past dictates this to a "T". I have tried with some success to change the things I allow myself to think about and this seems to be a slow process. Do you ever get the feeling that the things you want the most will never happen? There are only 2 things without a doubt that i seem to want the most. T.L.R. is the first and to be a published writer is the second. But really I would just settle for the first if i could have it for ~~e~~ven a second in this life before I die. Today, i find myself tired but I know this will pass. The energy i once had to do things seems to be a fragment of its former self. For now here is where I stay...