

Excerpts of A Madman

- ① My eyes popped open around three this morning, I layed here for an hour in the dark staring at the slope in the pictures hanging on my wall, watching the shadow dance around them. I got my feet on the floor around four. I sit on the edge of the bed in the dark staring out of the small hole of a window looking to see your face in the moon.
- ② ~~My~~ My memories are most precious to me, they define me, I have nothing else. They define my personality, my creativity, they make me laugh, they make me cry. They're mine good or bad.
- ③ If my brain chooses not to remember something - it is only trying to protect me from myself. I am sorry for all the bad things I've ~~done~~ done for all the pain I've caused. I just don't know how to say it.
- ④ I never feel like doing anything anymore - I'm always wore out; it's not the depression, I know when that hits me; for some reason I have to force myself to do everything from getting out of bed to eating - from writing to painting.
- ⑤ Vegetable peelers, Grapefruit spoons, Ice cream scoops, Bundt pans, French presses, Turkey basters, Egg slicers, Coffee grinders, Waffle makers, Pizza wheels