

Sorry I'm Having a Hard Time Reaching Out Lately

I don't spend enough time with myself.

Not to say that I need to be isolated, but rather that I never truly feel alone or living for myself. I don't know if this is something wrong with me or not. But that ain't new, hahah.

But it has always caused me more joy than suffering, and as of now I have been depressed for a while. Anxiety feeds this but I feed a better beast daily and each day my preferred terrors grow. I joke, but from here on out the humor will often spike during spite. Hating, no. Anger, frustration, most certainly so.

I don't know if prose can describe how disjointed it is to perceive possibility in this current time. People are kind of in shock. Torn. Scared. And whatever I have going on in my small sphere, I cannot ignore that others suffer. That even if it is questioned to be real or unreal it is still the experience that now defines our lives. What is left to help define our future is our own choice.

I'm not sure if I have a great hope in people to simply decide not to walk behind others one day and follow their own intensions. The whole lot, the whole force, if it simply refused to follow the push and pull, including the soldiers, what would happen? This is idealistic, because a gun makes a person holding it feel safe, because death is now apparently his faithful dog. There is nothing safe about a gun. Honestly, my mind turns back to it's 14 year old state, and immediately thinks: knives are much more personal. At least touch and feel the body. At least connect yourself to the process. Was I a morbid kid? I dunno, I just thought about it. Death is a thing that can be considered, fellows, nobody lives forever. I know it's hard to empathize and understand my respect, perhaps. Still, my point stands.

Put those guns down, that is too quick a decision for anyone to make. Has our bubble of what we think the world has like sheltered us from the true sting of violence? No, haha. Our White bubble that suffocates as much as it shelters, thinly, invisibly, precariously. There have been sufferings of anxious hate, and when that suffering is dehumanized, is made a joke, spite causes hate. A repetitive cycle that makes the future unreal and constantly defines our lives.

I don't spend much time with myself.

Not to say that I don't like myself, but rather that dealing with myself has gotten harder and harder. It's been harder and harder to access outlets lately. Outlets that I know build energy and can lead to great things and if not any of those can teach me anything. What do I even think about? Which angle to start? Of course any. I still slip when landing. How can others just do while I continue to flounder? Of course the problem is with me. I can feel it, how I make it difficult for myself, like feeling your best friend screwing whomever on the other side of a wall. Hahah they can get with whoever they want. I can barely get myself to feel.

My friends are stronger than I, and I believe this. As much as my inferiority complex complicates comments correlations. The whole lot, the whole force of them, when

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they talk to me they always calm me, when they listen to me they respect and value and at least make the goddamn goddamn goddamn attempt to understand, to empathize, to be a faithful support alongside. God I wish I could spend more time with friends and I'm so afraid they won't value me anymore because I haven't been able to show or say how I feel. Why don't I think about that more often? Can I keep blaming myself for not being an idealistic version of myself? Socialite ultrafriend and solemn artistic masterworker. This is a vague hope but to not have faith is to do injustice I feel as much as I have energy to fight I will. But god is it so demoralizing. Continuing when it comes to deciding the next days constantly questioned intentions.

As much as I don't spend enough time with certain people.

Not to say that I want to avoid people. I don't know what's wrong with me. It has been hard to do something anything for myself. In the view that it will make me happy. And then to think that it might instead be good for someone else is to over-assume, the feeling of avoidance extends to even visiting someone for someone else sake. It just gets so complicated but I can't ignore others. Hahah I guess my anxiety pushes me to seek security, so I become a sucker for people's attention. Sorry. But that thought is there and so spiteful... to have others be the only people responsible for deciding my feelings can suffocate my own self and alienate my friends.

We all crack, but that is normal. Even the chick will die unborn if it does not break its egg. Pardon my lift, Student Council, but as Mikki clearly can see, time is running out. Even without a sword we must continue each time we are down to stand up, regardless of the way they talk to you. To challenge and duel is to decide and when you know when it comes to deciding things how people get? How decisions that are simple are often not easy? Heated? Refusing to yield, a push and pull constantly? It's so powerful. A gravity inertia of purpose, meaning, decision, a paralyzing speechless anti-relation. Describing this, many often chose to talk about completely different topics. But the reason they speak this way, what they chose to talk about and chose to leave out tells me that an indirect approach might lead to victory. Presence and absence are connected.

I don't know if poetry fills enough intellectual space to reflect the overwhelming shock of the experience that now defines our lives. How do I describe this, in historical references? In comparative statistics? In art? This paralysis is not new. It's full on, there's a cascade, we must spread it all out to see and reset its arrangement. Datum and sayings and memes and american dreams of the loose seams of jeans that suffocate as much as they shelter. If those who choose

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to pit me against them in some sort of sick twisted inhumane fascist fashion, I will fasten my seatbelt (like Ralph Nader my man did) to find my way through. I have my beautiful silver horse.

I don't ride recklessly into the night.

I wish I could. I would need to be a stronger entity, trading strength and freedom for identity. My dreams of enchanting and twisting my body into the ether, to escape into my neighborhood, to perch at the door and windowsill and dock and garage and free my friends from their troubles. To perch and observe from above from higher ground from unreachable view. To view and observe from my center outwards. To center and view the outside world towards everywhere else. Towards.

Places

Beyond

Our

Mind

Our

Lives

Beyond

Connecting.

To polis kindred, to communities of relations.
Don't get stuck on the way!
Wait, let me come with you!
Onward together!