

I'd kill to
MAKE it STOP

You can describe it and mew.

-200mg of penibit

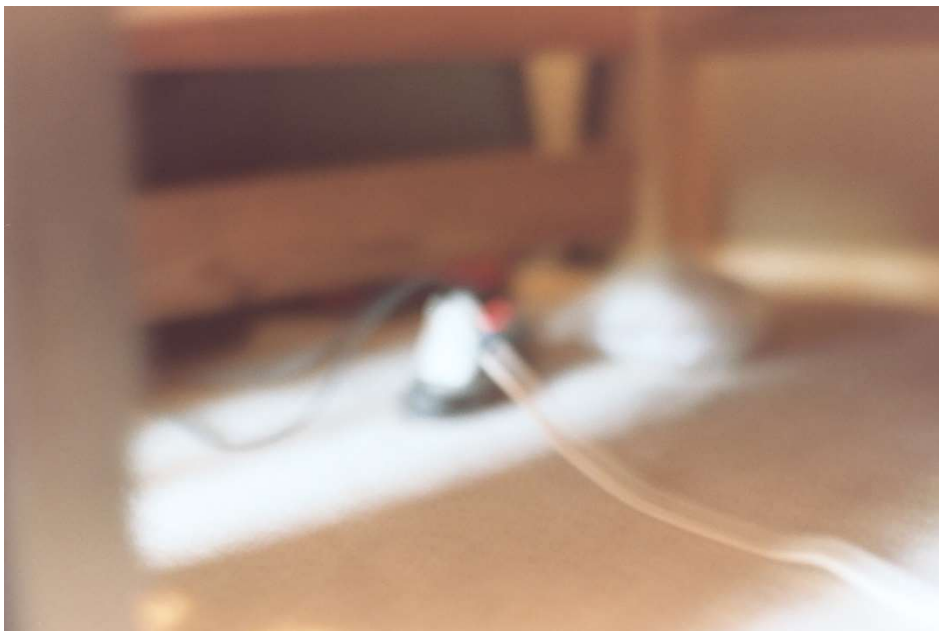
-48mg of klonopin

-340 milligrams of Adderall in the last 2 hours, also 11 tabs of lsd. The one's hidden in the bacon-flavored-toothpicks tin, drawer under a Ganesh. Also, like a quarter gram of mushrooms.

La pachence sconfigge il tempo. Patience defeats time and I am not going to commit suicide, I think ever. It's a weird obsoletism sort of feeling; gravitational depression, if were to name it. Or Glancy for short.

Feeling like I should use chapstick, attempt to border my conscious onto a more consistent directive..

I wonder how one might accord as regal a rhythm, without guilt unabashed ~ Even with grammar, I don't hate you grammar – On the contrary, I love you.”



“Could not have been all that long.

Save masturbation and impatience. From that prior paragraph to this one. Well 4 pills or so back. I suppose not much change is made in the mind decided.

Beast of habit but a least I make a habit of it, no that’s fucking corny. Um, to be honest, I feel pretty....whiped. It’s like that feeling since 3 days ago maybe 4 when I took benzadrine and adds and really didn’t get much. See I was boosted proper today on sixty milligrams – over boosted. The fifty and fifty milligrams the next hour did me tricky because I didn’t space out the dosing enough. LSD came in between 110 and 150 milligrams. Oh well, this isn’t a scientific report. Something unconquered 4:04 AM. I’ll get it.”

-he forgot his name when I asked so instead of anonymous this dude just doesn’t know.



Hammering Nails Into Rubber

So much of my time working with mental health professionals has felt like pure work, especially when I was younger and like WAY disassociating most the time. It can feel like hammering nails into a rubber wall, like "okay did X amount of sessions, what are my appointments for next week? what am I doing today? okay sounds like boring work, hammering nails into rubber". It would get so frustrating when I would wake up - like - all the way out of my mind, and id say, "why do I feel like I did two weeks ago? I just made all that progress!" and the feeling would stick around for a day or two as I felt I really must have lost all that mental health effort I was accomplishing. and I go back to another appointment, not expecting progress, honestly expecting the doctors to be disappointed in me. And they never were, so I wouldn't beat myself up too bad, the work would get done. By the time I snapped out of that feeling of lost progress, I would notice how much work I was doing really started to pay off. Like I would say okay four weeks ago I felt bad, two weeks ago I felt okay, one week ago I felt bad AGAIN, and now I feel better than okay! It's about the progress we make, when we don't FEEL it is still being made.

sorry about the rant I just have a lot to say, you know I been through the mental health ringer more than most (be it for better or worse) and maybe none of this applies to you, I do know you like to hear what I have to say on such topics SOMETIMES, so here ya go.

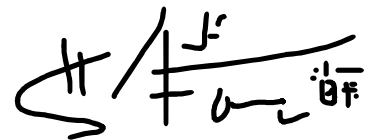
"Homicide my guy, sitting here I feel brief flashes of horrifying existential anxiety,

I tie these feelings to triggered thoughts and always return to how they begin, not identifying them at all. Simply disregarding emotional discomfort for persistence given that investigation without immediate or repeatable success is meaningless mentally.

My best friend Mike suggests, I try not being so close to death.

Today I have the audacity, to say,

"thanks, I'll try that".



Being close to death used to be a unique trait, I wish I had always known it does not stay this way. Never asking to be closer, no one ever does.

When I was ten years old I started seeing ghosts, eleven, twelve, I could talk to them, interact with some.

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, activity goes poltergeist..

I attend a Christian high school and theology professors one after another tell me I am followed by demons; some just scoff and stop making eye contact for the semester.

I am told I am being tested, that demons crowd to interfere with god's children gifted with sight.

That the greater my torment from these spirits, the greater my acceptance into god's grace.

And here I thought I was forgiven.

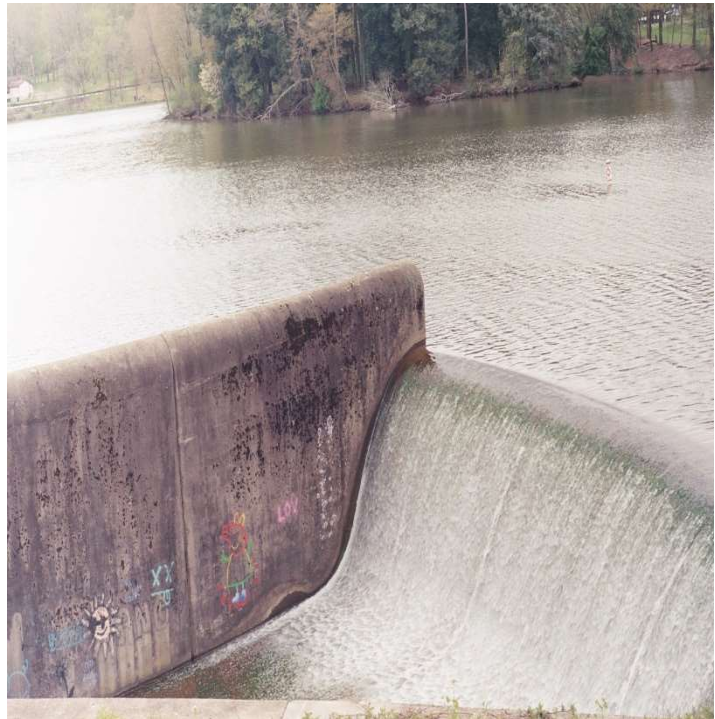


Mike is right, I let death become me for too long. When my friends started dying and I moved to Colorado, I unwittingly became a medium. I would see people walking the street, working the counter, minding their own business.

They would look like someone I should recognize. When I looked inside I would feel that some other spirit near me felt this way, and I would ask, Who are they to you?

Do the dead friend door dance and think positively on those who have passed. Instead of meandering over to their grave placed in marble on my mind.

Body like a temple, skin of mausoleums, ears of speech eyes of seeing.



Product Name

Application

Bone marrow MSC separation device
Umbilical nucleated blood cell separation device

Cell separation devices

KANEKA Programmable closed circuit cell culture system

Programmable closed circuit cell culture system

KANEKA Cell Washing Concentration System

Cell Washing Concentration System

Blood purification

Purification Device

s, and we're contributing to the evolution of before. It feels comfortable to in case of a fall.

This system is capable of selectively removing just the pathogenic agents

*This product is provided by Kaneka Medix Corporation.

CRUMBLING VENEER

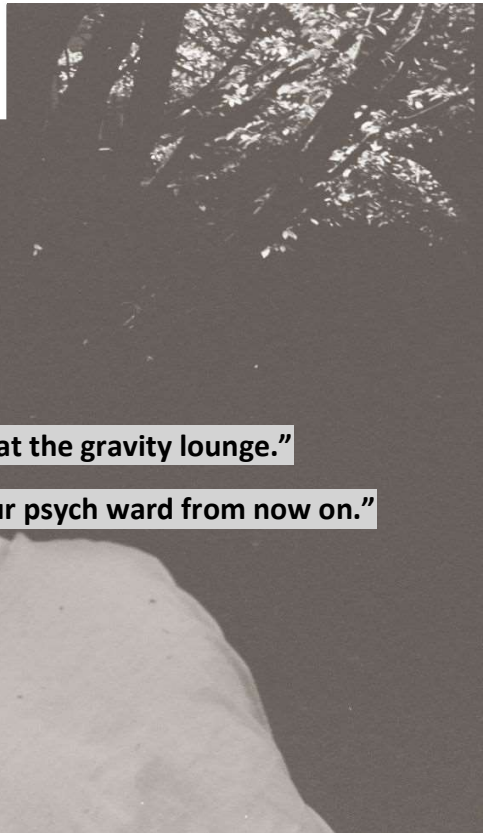
FEIGNED DISINTEREST

BRUTALIZED BY SCIENCE

"Two of those, and I can eat ass all night."

"Claudia played the theremin with his hair at the gravity lounge."

"Put on some grippy socks, the world is your psych ward from now on."





I Swear To **Fucking** God

--

I hate with such breath

Fear with tendrils I waft the sky I cannot see my own radius of vigilance

I am suicide suicide suicide suicide case suicide suicide Suicidal Ideation Obsessive

Words like "Fuck" to express pain

I don't have even

A sound

There is not

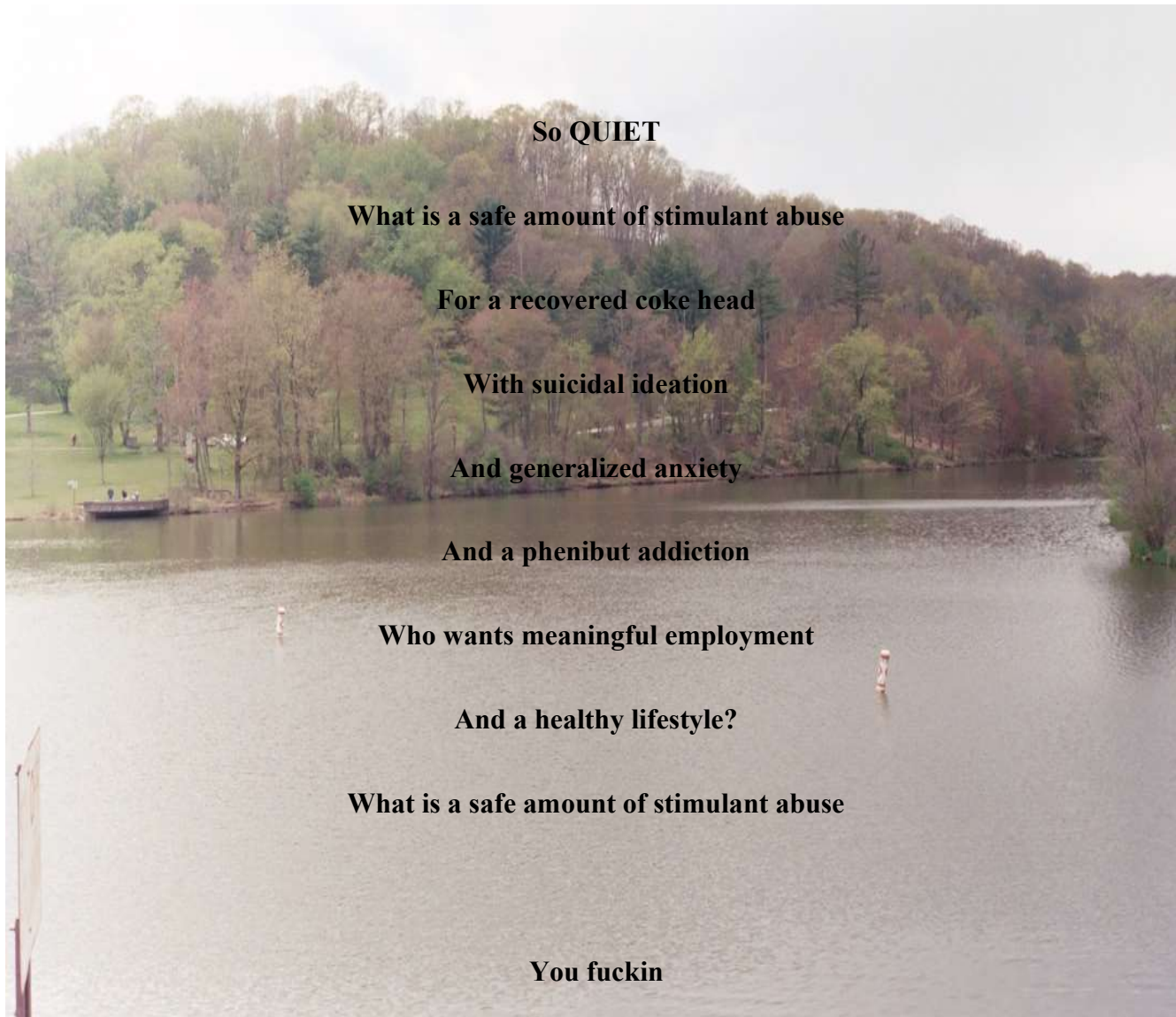
Even a noise

I cannot share with you how I feel because it reaches me keen on disbelief, awe at terror.

Part of me, screams like a siren, wails, and begs for me to kill myself.

I just won't. I just won't.

I feel so angry When it is so quiet



Try new things. Throw some art in the margins, your kinda stuff, green eggs.

Listen to new music everyday even if you don't like it, you have it.

Each page ~ is an entry ~ publish a page ~ work one at a time.

Remember sitting on that back porch in California and just absolutely...

N o T a L I v E N O C o N s C i O u S .

Conscious enough to remember to leave a period. Blot at the end of a sentence.

I started marking on my left pinky knuckle, a black sharpie blot each time I act suicidal enough to concern myself. Doing quite good, actually, like that phrase.

All things considered.