

# NOOPEPT

I just said, bitch.

I just said, bitch, why would I stay here and let you drag me?

I said, I said bitch.

Give me scars. Don't let anyone get their ass beat, why let it happen to myself?



Despite the repercussions, past a life as water, shifting.

Regarding passions.

Temporary tattoos and the sensation of letting go.

Spite the dynamic.

I move with action through crossing shorelines nicknamed,

mystery of strangers at eleven o' two.



Hold your crown; treasured regal façade,

looking glass sink.

Get stoned, poi. Flaming koi fish.

My ease attained within fever pitch heat – take my mind and stop

off. 

Ice cream and something about social efficacy.

It is a light blue. Future sun cyan tea-lights replace a Helios.

An Odysseus does ketamine in the bathroom.

Hermes bails wing-tipped, soul on pavement.



LSD Momma

Penguin heart spelling B

Very good resume and application

I am calm what sense could you ask for

In exchange for 25 long years

God gave me ssri's in communion wine

To stop ghosts wreaking

Havok my family.

Sometimes I act medium between worlds.

Boot humping ASMR,

Fear of the beyond, a fat cock.

Heart-attack structure, nearly unpleasant.

So hot! So Cute! As goes! As Goes!

Disassemble yourself, break the body and rebuild.

Hot, not unsensible,

Bleed life back into it.

Blood in blood out, fear instigator, love hater, practice.

∞ ∞

Yellow God. Symptomatic upbringing halts success. Shortly.  
Its tempered mind bled lexicons unto silk-worm weaves.  
and lo.

-To resist is mandatory Lord cyan math's similes to fit,

symphonies metaphors to bits.

Blue-Gold pieces.

Yellow Jesus!

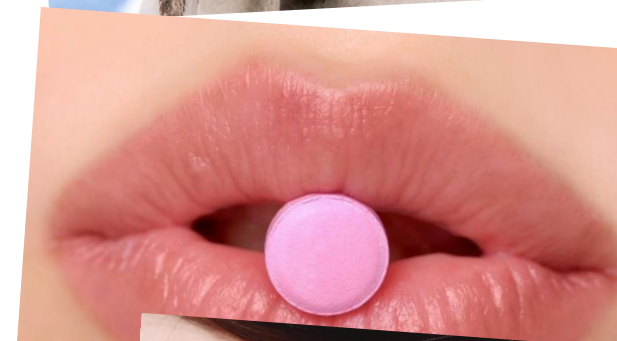
How concerning to know only concept.

Slumber Exalted, Emerald Devour.

Stability side-effect to patience. An lo.

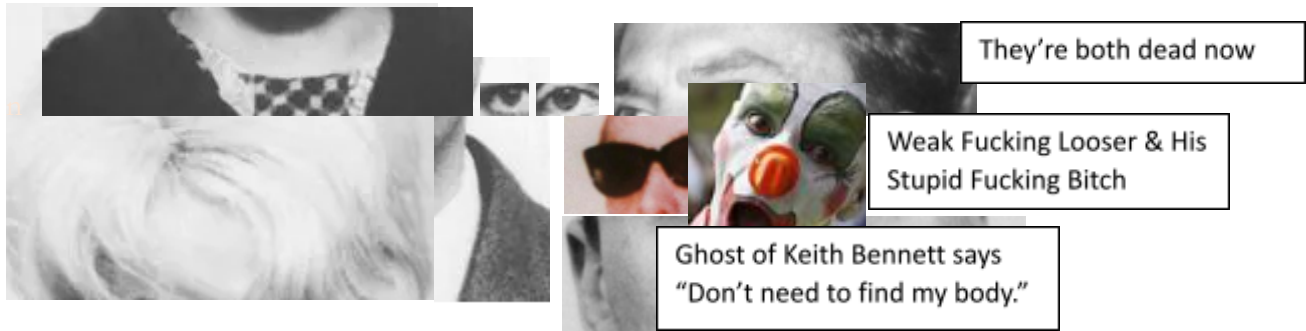
Still calls himself jackass, refers to the only thing he's ever known!

As Meaningless.



-----Myra-----

-----That Bitch-----



"Damn hideous,

You wouldn't believe how little you really need.

'Read that' she says.

Won't kill nobody.

Cocaine hypnosis.

I wait till two-am before I stick.

I been at the tail end of the ditch. It's an ashtray down there.

big time feel like giving up, suicide silly, I'm talking drug till I go bankrupt.

psychotic episode not so romantic when I'm bleeding with the mantle thick, dusted and courage patient."

-Ermac

"Suicidality and anger,

From bliss I wonder at what point.

I take these pills for ADD but I don't need them, I just like the high.

Coming off, sometimes coming up, when I don't have the Xanax bars I've been prescribed since high school.

Well, I get hateful, well I feel suspicious and betrayed.

I know that feeling will stop if I find another coping mechanism, or even go back to relying strictly on the bennys.

I like feeling suspicious

there is a conflict going on for my attention

bring out the Uber mensch."

-Thumper

## DID YOU JUST SAVE A LIFE?

Maybe you just rescued a loved one or an acquaintance from overdose. It's typical for you to be congratulated by friends (sometimes as the hero) and then forgotten as the focus shifts to the survivor. Overdose rescue can be a terrifying or uncanny experience for the rescuer too. At times, it can stay with you and be disturbing. It's often hard to talk about, especially with people who have never done it themselves. Making the time to debrief with a person or people you trust soon after the event can be quite healing. What happened from your angle? What was it like for you? What were the important moments and what did they feel like to you? Telling your own story of the event to trusted people will help you process it and weaken its traumatic impact. But you may need to be the one to reach out and ask others to listen because often they just want to thank you and move on.

"Gah fuck, no. No, no I did not. Fuck oh my god I still feel like I'm there.

I tried though.

Fuck, fuck me man. I still have flashbacks and...

Goddamnit, I know everything is going to be okay. It's just like, I have been dealing with this panic disorder for so long and I don't really have it under control so after I lost my friend, am I ranting?

Ok, yeah, I mean. After I lost him I was like, what's the point in trying to tell myself things will be okay?

Right now?

Here, today? Things are already not okay.

Tomorrow? Fucking Hell! there's a possibility tomorrow is better, but look around, look at these fucking dead kids and these dead parents.

The situation we are in here, is not okay.

I'm okay."

-Anonymous Uncle

