

5/24/2023

Honestly, it is funny. Broken structures are beautiful things. When you look at them head on they tend to be distraught. Disarrayed and scattered around. Pieces lay about in a story. You never really see the beauty in the broken, but that is where the trick is. You need to take a step back. Maybe move around, side to side. It can be at a different angle that you see the true beauty of something that has been wrecked. The fragile nature of it can give you a rush internally. The nature of it all is disheartening to say the least. You aren't supposed to be able to see this, yet you stare at it all. Circle the object a couple of times. Touch it. It feels wrong that it exists. Things are supposed to last for an entirety, right?

This is how I feel today. I feel broken. I am the beauty that shouldn't exist. It began this morning when I woke up too tired to leave bed. I only have ten more days before I am officially an adult, no matter the age, yet I lack even the will to leave my room. I had a rough time the night before, which didn't help the feeling of emptiness within me. I wanted to sleep forever. I wanted to wake up in a never ending limbo where I can escape all responsibilities and reason. If I was in a limbo, I wouldn't feel a thing. No consequence to my actions. I knew I should have went to school, but instead I slowly drifted off.

When I finally woke, I fell into morning habits. I knew it to be unhealthy to play in the morning, but I could care less. It makes me feel something, even if it is just my hand. I have a boyfriend who is more than capable of making me feel pleased with myself, but I still fall to old habits no matter how hard I try. I sometimes think I will never get better. He is a blessing to me, one of the only reasons to get up in the morning and see the sun. He makes me feel something too, I guess. Life would be better if it was his hand in the morning, but I know I am fooling myself. Relationships aren't the answer to the problem. I can pretend they are. Pretend that his love is all I need. It is never enough. Mouth, hand, hole. Nothing can ever be enough. His touch is sickening with what it will do to my mind.

Showering is hard too. I do it when I want to, but that is the issue. I find it hard to step in a scorching shower just to smell once again by the end of the day. Cologne usually makes up for my days with tons of deodorant, but even that wasn't enough for me today. It is so easy to put it on too, which makes no excuses for how I ignored it today. I guess I liked my smell this morning, but it only adds to my general aura. I pray for the roommate I have next year in college. Certainly he won't put up with my bullshit. I don't even know why I chose to room with someone next year. I am a slob and a stink. Antisocial is my middle name. Maybe it will force me to be better. It is hard to keep the cycle going if there is someone there to stop me. It is a lot to ask of someone who is just starting college, but I need it to cope with myself. I can't be alone anymore. It hurts too much.

I just had the urge to delete everything I just typed. I deal with that a lot. Internal thoughts and urges are what run me through my day. It is hard to control them, especially the insistent ones. They plead with me to do what they want, no matter how tough it can be. The voices are hard too in their own way. At least the urges feel like my own thoughts, but voices are another demon. It has been a hot minute since I have dealt with them, but that is with good reason. Last time they made their face present, things got ugly. I never understand what causes me to feel like I am not in control of my own body. I have always been a nut for managing emotions and feelings. Compressing all the true emotions down to the core and then filing them away like an office. I express nothing that I can't control, and I feel everything that controls me. It is odd. Sometimes I feel like that one movie from Pixar, Inside Out. I wonder who controls my panel. I imagine it is sadness, but that is so stereotypical of me.

I feel like I lost the motivation to finish this, it was a nice weight off my chest though while I wrote it. I hate ADHD. Maybe I will continue writing in this later or tomorrow, I guess only I will know when I will come back.

5/25/2023

It is 1:22 in the morning. I can't sleep, I might not sleep. Sleep isn't easy for me. I have always struggled to find the motivation to finally let my body rest. Maybe it has to do with my racing mind, or my general health. I never let myself truly sit in the dark, there always has to be something happening. Even if the lights are off, there is constant noise. Constant movement. My hamster runs in his wheel, my music blares from my speaker, my desktop flickers across the room, night lights bleed into the dark blackness of everything. Noise, everywhere. I can't stop checking SaSu either. Every other hour I peek in at everyone's comments. The immense strength I have kept from responding to them all. I guess my response lies here, yet nobody is here to read it. It is tough. The dopamine isn't the same here.

This document is like a void. It sucks in all my thoughts and feelings to keep them here, but there is little reward. I need to go to school tomorrow, yet I need to feel this rush of emotion from updating this document. I need to be seen, heard, and understood. I saw a few messages on SaSu before I turned the VPN off about how it wasn't against the rules, but I know that it is for the better for me to live the lie. The lie of punishment from "breaking the rules". I need an escape.

I am curious if anyone is out there, or if I am just paranoid. I feel like an attention whore

with how much I bother about it. I know I will get what I desire if I go back on my promise, but I need to stay strong. It is so hard. I will respond to the single comment and then look away for a while. I might be back, look for the indentations. Some work will be nice.

5/30/2023

It has been a minute. I have been busy for the past few days with stuff relating to graduation. It is kind of insane to think of it. I am 18. I am so young, so fragile, yet I find myself in such a dark state with a promising future ahead of me. Next year college is going to be rough. I am going to be entering college at the ripe age of 19, a year older than the rest, and I am going to leave college that way. It baffles me the things the mind can do to the unfortunate. I have my reasons for being in the state I am in. Blame the parents, blame the internet, blame the normality of it all. I talk about my trauma and kids relate, even if they don't understand what I mean. I feel older than I actually am. I feel like I have already lived a life, quite the dangerous one, in such a short period. My boyfriend would agree. I can't wait to escape, but nothing is waiting for me out there. I am liminal.

I feel like I should respond to the kind remarks on my farewell post. There were plenty of people there that wished me well, but one guy posted something very interesting to me. It remarked my statement about the cycle I live in. "I need to take this chance to break my habit of despair" was what I stated, and he found that very insightful. I really enjoy the attention it garnered, it makes me hopeful for my future too. I am staying strong so far, only viewing my own post on SaSu. I haven't even hurt myself in the past few days. It is blissful. The calm before the storm. I feel silly for thinking that. I feel gross, like I am romanticizing it. I don't intend to have that affect, I just want to share my feelings. My depression.

This might be a long post, don't expect there to be any beautiful poetry in it. I am scattered right now. I can't think straight; bar it up to the ADHD taking over my brain. I am all over the place. I have so much I want to talk about. I want to share a few things that has happened lately. I want to talk about my future. My head hurts like I am spinning. Why am I so dramatic? So extra, like my mom always said. It feels gross. I feel gross.

Let's talk music. What music do you listen to? You, being the one reading, should recommend me some songs. Lately, I am all over the place. I enjoy a wide variety. Music is a huge part of my life, I have always had it tangled in with me. I used to play violin when I was 4, rather forced to play, but it grew on me as I got older. I still play, but it is not the same. The feeling of the strings stick to your fingers as you dance the melody. It is euphoric to hit the trill after ending a crescendo. I was pretty good at it, saying I have

played for 14 years of my life. That is more than half my life spend on a wooden instrument. I know the classics: Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach. Personally, I enjoy Jazz more. I like the struggle the violin endures and the triumphs feel strong when they appear. It can be hard to make your voice stand out next to saxophones and piano. They drowned you out. Muffled.

Violin isn't my only instrument. I know a slew of them, including percussion. I know a good amount about music. It is my life after all; the closest thing to a parental figure I have. I enjoy french horn too. I am quite the horn player. I spent hours and hours learning horn calls and different tricks to work towards the goal of perfection. I've never achieved it, but that is on purpose. If I am never perfect, then I will never climax my life. It will only go upwards if I keep it on the bottom. I am at the best state I have been in since 4th grade, so that is a testament to my theory. It can only go up from here, because nothing can be as bad as the past few years.

I got pulled away again and now I lost motivation. I will try to update it tomorrow. At least today was mostly positive. Rather, I kept the negative out of the conversation.

6/2/23

I wrote a bit of stuff, but I didn't like it. I don't want to leave you with nothing though because that would be rude. I am doing okay. I am currently listening to "Everything is fine" by Teen Suicide. Recently, I have been reading a book and I am too sunk into it to write something with effort. It is called "House of Leaves" by Mark Z. Danielewski. I would recommend it. That is all, more stuff will come out later. Busy.

6/14/23

It took 12 days. A whole week has passed since anyone has heard from me. I wish I could say more has happened. I played some games. I applied to jobs but none responded. I did some driving but only because I was hungry. I have done nothing. 12 days. I stopped reading the book. I have been at a disconnect. I don't know how to write anymore. I used to be so beautiful at writing stuff, but now it is a bit pitiful. My writing is mediocre. I am not living up to what I wanted to do. I want to be so great yet I am nothing. My tongue hurts. No, burns. My tongue burns. Is it worth it? See you next time.

6/26/23

I am so tired.

Amidst the dimly lit room, the low buzz emitted from the weathered speaker continued to reverberate, casting an eerie ambiance over the scene. The speaker found itself surrounded by a chaotic collection of cassettes and CDs, their once vibrant album covers faded and worn. It was as if time had forgotten this space, frozen in a nostalgic era of music. Just a few steps away, a tired and trashed couch slouched against the wall, its torn fabric bearing the weight of countless memories and forgotten dreams. Resting on the couch was a disheveled teenager, faceplanted and lost in their escape of reality. The stains, mementos of spilled drinks and careless evenings, blended seamlessly with the fluorescent flowers that adorned the junk-filled room, lending a bizarre and surreal quality to the otherwise dilapidated surroundings.

In a sudden burst of life, the room stirred with kinetic energy. The disheveled teenager's eyes fixated on the beaten electric guitar, a relic of countless untold stories. With deliberate slowness, they rose from their slumber amidst the clutter, their worn Doc Martens crushing discarded remnants beneath their weight. Anticipation hung heavy in the air as they extended their hand, trembling with a mix of nervousness and determination. Swinging their arm back and forth, they absorbed the room's aura, as if seeking guidance from the unseen forces that lingered. With a deep sigh, a blend of resignation and hope, they unleashed their arm in a swift downward motion. The strings of the guitar reverberated with an almost tangible clarity, filling the room with a symphony of resonant notes. Adjusting the speaker's volume, they fine-tuned the intensity, craving an amplification of their emotions. And then, with an eruption of fervor, they launched into an onslaught of intense strums, their hair thrashing in wild disarray. The guitar's melody decayed into dissonance, melding with the anguished screams that tore from the depths of the young musician's soul. Tears streamed down their face, tracing paths of both pain and release, as the music became an embodiment of their torment, a vessel through which they sought solace and redemption.

With an unstoppable surge of frenetic energy, the teenager's guitar became an instrument of destruction. They moved with an unbridled fury, tearing through the room as if possessed by an untamed force. The once-static air crackled with their every movement, reverberating with the dissonance they created. Shattered fragments of forgotten possessions rained down like confetti, mingling with the debris strewn across the floor. But as their relentless rampage continued, their body started to betray the weight of their emotions. Exhaustion crept in, causing their once confident steps to falter. The crashing waves of sound gradually subsided, leaving behind a hollow silence. With trembling limbs,

they sank to their knees amidst the trash-filled floor, tears streaming down their face. The realization of the chaos they had unleashed settled upon them, the weight of their pain and frustration crashing down like an avalanche. In that moment of vulnerability, they found solace amidst the wreckage, their tears mingling with the discarded remnants of their tumultuous journey. Juniper needed help.

See you next time.