

Wake a

10/23/2018

Later it feels like I am lost. My heart squeezes for hours in the dark but I continue to float down and react. I don't want anything but I look forward to eat and sleep. My mind is always a-chatter with degrading thoughts I assess over people.

I feel sized at myself for the world before it's over. I put myself under so much pressure - to be great, to be a good person, to express myself. Sometimes it feels like I'm going to crack.

Am I leading a rigid, strict life or am I open to change? I cannot tell. On the one hand I feel like I am hiding from the world, on the other that I am plunging as deep into my passions as is possible. Sometimes I feel like I'm being torn in half.

I don't want anyone to hold me back. I won't let them. My job is to —

Slide away from the world as spirit matters. My eyelids close, the pen writes a slow rhythm. I take all that I write in sense but my tongue feels heavy all the time and feels like I'll never get this world outside of me.

My mind runs down strange avenues. Sometimes I question whether I am a man, woman, both; gay, straight, neither; nothing seems to fit how I feel. Nothing is right. Who am I?

I'm starting into a page but no one understands me.

I can't even hear my own voice. I dissolve between my
is like pieces of soup. When will

When will I find out if we can be together? This is how
it would be, each of us so happily lost in each others'
lives every so often. It stings I cannot move a muscle in
my body.

I know I am in for a trial. I go to it smiling. I smile
but my brain is always left. It feels like I'm screaming
at all history. I can't remember a thing. I didn't learn
a goddamned thing all of those years. I wasted my life
I coalesced and was ground through the years.

No amount of study or practice will return time to me.
I'll rot in my present bones for the person I failed
to be. For the person I failed to launch back then.

Let it bleed out of me. How will I rise? What?
- What?

Scorn for the idiots who speak in the library
Discontent for racing dirty homeless people
Trepidation within this cage
Playing my song in my
head.
A million hearts.

But I'm not trying hard at all for the one I know it. The
doors slip backward. The doors slip backward and I can always
struck in the rest what happens if I write in the
future. Tr-1. + R-1.

I am irritated as notes begin to shut. The background is cold as the sensors flicker out. The evening fades, nothing is working: nothing has worked for all of these 72 years. I have this rock shing to and back still. It drops me down into the mud - muddling to the mud already, already muddling to the mud.

I think I work hard when I do not. I have a genuine & last rock & live inside and write all day, an intellectual, remote artist, a team eccentric. I do not know all over the world. I do not even know in my lifetime. The world shallows me.

I am done, nothing more to measure. I am all scattered into the water. I burn with an intense intensity to see the bottom of your feet.

What the fuck...

My mind lapsed into dream for a moment. What have I claimed myself? It is not I like hides the world, I like the world and nothing that I do is precious.

I could write until notes fall off the wall, it does not get any better.

My eyes shut from tiredness
and fear.

What have I done today.

I believe nothing; I'm a joke,

The lost in dreams; I will
never change; I can't focus

I ~~stay~~ can't leave

I can't leave I feel

So fucking trapped

I want to be

feeling
free.

I feel like I'm trapped. I fake a life
for all my friends. I'm nothing free. I
am always suffering. My brain feels like it's pressed
into a box.

Staying here was dreaming or living.

Nooooo. Why does this do slip away? Why does it
feel as we climb dragons, but but I cannot move, so
I get some lunch in my hand, or at least have a
towel in my hand I need music.

At least that makes the life in my mind manageable - the
beams and towers that pump through me I can't help it.
It feels like I am losing my color. I feel like
a yellow bellied canard. My eyes well with tears.

I'll never go, never arrive, and tonight will never come
and I'll do as usual and rage. It feels like my entire
life is a struggle. What have the happy days gone
away?

Why was I put into this earth to work? Why couldn't
everything have been on a heavenly stage. I can
hardly keep my eyes open. No music plays for
me. I am tired, lost, angry.

I am tired, lost angry and acting crazy - of
course. I can't stand to look in their faces.
My mind races when I see other people. For
now this entire world to be - for me. I am destroyed
like a wreck on the bottom of the sea.

I am stuck. I'll never get out. Like USA
struggle and I can't could make up dead one
of these kids. One day I will be no more. All
of my people I know will have gone away, and the
generation in between will not know what to do.

I do - I know what to do - I know:

I cracked .21 the pressure
E +
Burns ne
Oat.