

Something missing leaves a hole

It's like barbs rubbing inside a casket
Or the mouth of an old lover, in reverse.
It's the opposite of joy.
The opposite of newness.
It cuts and swerves and dips and dives.
And rips and hurts and hits and hides.
It's the center of your very core.
It's loves end.
Loves loss.
The time when your parents die.
The time when you know, not think,
know, you'll die alone, unloved,
unwept, and unsung.
Because you are not, and never have
been special, important, or worthy of
anything.
And the people that think you are,
those people are a liars.
In that deep dark central node.
The one just past the center of your heart.
Right on the left side.
Past all the memories of childhood laughter.
And just after the embaessment of early teenage
masturbation.
Right there, is the sinking stabbing feeling.
Because everyone you've ever said I love you to,
doesn't love you back.
The people who know the best, think you are trash.
And they want to hurt you.

And you want them to hurt you.
Because being hurt is better than this.
Better than the loneliness.
Because there is no where down from this
loneliness.
It lives in you.
And it cuts into you.
And even your best days are dark.
And your worst days are easier.
Because at least you aren't dragging anyone else
down with you.
And for all the help you need.
You'll never find it.
The thing - it's not a feeling.
That's too simple.
It's the knowledge, that a part of you will live on.
When I die, all of me does.
My family ends with me.
That is the burden I bare.
I know my life will end.
And that's acceptable.
All people die.
But I will die with the deepest regret.
There will be no one left alive.
No one to take forward a piece of me.
I wasn't good enough.
I wasn't smart enough.
I wasn't attractive enough.
I was too pathetic.
Too weak.
And that knowledge and inevitability, it stays with me.

It hurts.
And it will never fade.
I am incomplete.
And I will do amazing things with this pain.
I will change lives.
I will rush into every day that I can, sucking the marrow from life.
I will cut clean free from the pain.
And I will live for all the lives that will never come after.
I am the terminal node.
And I'm going to make it count.
As often, and as much as this body and mind will let me.
I will always have this regret.
I will always be unloved.
But that doesn't mean I have to live a life with all the regrets.
Just this one.
And it's a big one.
But it's not all there is to life.
There is this moment.
There is the next.
And a million more like it.
Days that are full.
And work that has meaning.
These things will fill my days.
And when death comes.
I will lament.
But I will not lament all the wonderful things in my life that I have done.
I will not lament the joy I've felt.
The art I've made.
The time I've spent with friends or family or strangers.
I will not lament being acknowledged or grasping for life.
I will not lament loving my parents or my past lovers or my friends.

And if they reject me, they reject me.

I can be nothing else.

I am myself.

Try as I might, and try as I will, I will run with my feet pounding into the ground, as hard as I can, running at full speed, towards, never away.

And the sadness may sink into my bones.

But it will never own me.

As long as I can move.

As long as I can be.

As long as I can think.

As long as I'm alive.

I am stronger than fear.

I am better than regret.

I am more than loss.

Missing Something To Work Towards

It's a feeling of discomfort.

A lack of control.

It's a sense of unease.

Like you never know where you stand.

And it hurts.

Because you are just waiting for the rejection to come and feeling lonely all the more often.

And then it clicks.

You don't want this and it's killing you to try.

Things were so much easier before.

But now there are expectations and decisions and it's not about whether someone seems nice and smart.

It's not about trying.

It's about success. And the world feels cold and endless and scary.

And you will never find the one you love.

It's not just going to take time. It's never going to happen.

Because perfect is impossible.

It's a fairytale.

And I'm just lost in a sea of inabilities to accept.

It doesn't matter what I want.

I'm never going to get it.

Because I'm not stable enough to go more than a week seeing a person I barely know.

Who knows what she might mean to me? But she doesn't yet. And I just really want to find out.

I hate the middle of the story. And I'm obsessed with the ending.

Someone with a personality like mine has no right being this unattractive. Because I can't handle having to work at it.

I wish I could just find her already. And just get on with the rest of the work. But I won't. She is never coming. And it's time to just live my life I guess? But then what am I moving towards? A house alone.

And that sounds like a fucking nightmare.

No family.

No kids.

Death alone in a room.

No one there for me.

That is my fate. Because it's really fucking hard to meet someone? I don't know.