

Fill in the Blank

I'm in pain. A lot of pain. It doesn't go away when I sleep. It doesn't go away when I eat. Sometimes I forget about it consciously. But it is still there underneath everything. I loved. I lost. It was I who ended it, so what reason do I have to be ill-tempered? I want to cry. I cannot. I am not holding back the tears. It is the defense mechanism my brain built up years ago to withstand the barrage of attacks aimed at me by an emotionally immature little shit of a father.

I wish I were dead. I am not sure of that. I wish I felt something other than hurt. I wish I thought of someone other than her. Who's in control. Is it really me? I know it's not me because I'm writing this piece. Is it my subconscious? Some deep down primal monkey gut reactions that make me desire what I logically know is not good for me?

Fuck being "smart". Fuck making "art". Fuck acting "cool". Fuck telling "jokes". I want to just strip off my clothes and run through the ave throwing corn on the cob at each and every shallow piece of shit I see. I am no different from them. But fuck what they are and most of all fuck me. Fuck organization. Fuck being pretty. I don't know what I want but this isn't it. I've never felt so alive but it is like an awakening to purgatory. Pain so great I don't know if I wish I were better or if I wish I were dead.

Alcohol haunts my dreams. Been sober for months. But every once in a while. I crave its touch. I see people out of control and dead in the eyes. And for some reason that is what I want. To be numbed. I am so jealous of those who can't control themselves and throw themselves at their harmful addictions. At least they get a sweet moment of release. I am not so sure abstaining from the vices of the world is even a noble pursuit at this point. It seems as though I feel the same pain as they do without the benefit of the rush of chemicals received when giving in to your deadly desire.

I am not sure if I believe that last part. But it is what I feel now, and what else is there but the present moment. Alan Watts once said "be mindful and have the energy of the universe penetrate your ass, and oh yeah you need to take psychedelic drugs to even have that happiness, stupid ape bitch." Even to unlock the allegedly more holistic way of living an enjoyable and truly satiating life you need substances. It seems so cursed to me that almost everyone relies on these mind altering substances to get by or to even advance themselves into the next phase of their being. On the other hand, those I have known who forego these substances are so incredibly dry and boring and lame that it seems it would be better, and possibly they may be happier, if they were to just overdose on oxycodone and die.

By reading this document you have to promise not to kill yourself, and I will make the same promise to you. At the least if you want to kill yourself you first have to

come to me and give up all your money and worldly possessions to me. Then I will formulate the most crazy party ever and we will get so fucked up and enjoy ourselves so much that we don't want to kill ourselves for at least one more night.

I won't kill myself. In a very toxic way I feel it's the coward's way out. In reality I know the main reason I couldn't bring myself to it is because there are too many people in the world who I truly do love and care for, and I could never make their lives even more painful and difficult by removing myself in one of the most confusing and painful ways for them to experience.

I am a bitch. I am an asshole. I am a genius. Noone will ever kill me. I will figure out something. It may not be the purpose of living. It almost certainly will not. I will figure out a way to not want to end myself. I will figure out a way to put out love to those I care about as much as possible. I believe that is the only way I can gain consistent true happiness. And if I cannot figure that out I shall become a hermit farming carrots and potatoes in the countryside.

I will awake at 4:30 AM every morning to do the chores I need to before sunrise. Milk the goats, milk the cows, and milk myself. Then I will put on a kettle and make some tea, non-cafeinated of course. After that I shall sit on my porch and read in the morning sunlight. Then I will have a breakdown and start punching the soil I plant in. I rip off my clothes and roll around in the dirt. I run as fast as I can for miles into the forest. Exhausted and crying I come to my knees and start puking up the tea I just drank as well as last night's dinner of beef stroganoff. I lay next to my vomit and stare up into the towering trees. It seems quite surreal and enjoyable until pine needles and other shit slowly start dropping into my eyes. The moment is ruined and I am back to dealing with the reality of being a fucked up ape-human who never evolved to withstand holding the entire world in their head. I slowly start to walk back towards my shack. "I am such a pussy", I mutter under my breath.

Now I hope you understand that I feel like shit. I actually don't really care. Like at all. HAAAAHA isn't this great writing? It's almost as though you can visualize my brain cells jumping off the balcony with every character I type. Don't know if I have created a single useful, interesting, or important thing in my life. But I am probably just being a dick to myself at this point and also nothing matters at all. Important is such a stupid word. "Oh this is important for everyone to read durrrr", says the idiotic twitter user posting a link to an article on how bubble gum is actually rooted in slavery. "You have a DUTY to educate yourself on this topic!", writes the fucktard after reading an instagram post about how taking a shit is rooted in slavery. "The vaccine has diet coke and whole ground up baby penises in it!", writes Bob McElroy on his local Ohio neighborhood facebook page as he sends a link to a two-page non-peer-reviewed research paper.

Everyone is a dumbass piece of shit and it is both their fault and everyone else's fault at the same time. The hilarious thing is I am the exact same. I am just very good

at convincing myself that I don't have the same issues, just as everyone else is. I am so wrong about so many things for so many reasons but I have a tiny penis and frail ego so I figure out tricky ways to convince myself that I am right even though it does not matter beyond protecting said small penis syndrome.

Sorry. This is getting a bit convoluted. The only reason I apologize is because I never figured out how to get over the idea that I need to soothe and please everyone such that they love and accept me. But this isn't therapy. Probably has the opposite effect. Probably gonna get in trouble if anyone reads this as it is pure and utter insanity. The left wing media would try and cancel it for making fun of insane degenerate fuckups, even though that is exactly what I am. The right wing media would call it a libtard manifesto calling for mass suicide. Almost no one would actually read it in its entirety leading to hordes of keyboard warriors slapping their dicks on their laptops to type out an entirely redundant, useless, and unnecessary viewpoint on the matter that does not address a single thing actually said or the actual underlying meaning.

I am very tired. I am very sad still. I have tired myself out in a special way where I am less sad though. So this has served its purpose. I kinda want to cry. But I can't (see earlier). I feel a bit relieved. Thank you if you read all the way through. Not sure why I am thanking you, I guess I am just shocked if anyone has read all the way through. ANYWAYS. I wish you well.

Love,

Dear Diarrhea