

I am in fact from a deceased army (community) of female ghosts. Mackenzie is the love of my life AND afterlife; she's been by my side for 14 years (14 being her favorite number), she died on March 14th, 2003. We've known each other long before we were alive on Earth; she was sent here to live first, I just realized that I mixed up the dates, fuck my ass. She was BORN on March 14th and died in October. There's so much on my mind, sorry. Either way it's the 14th year that she's been a part of my life, only it took me 13 of them to "discover" her, 13 also been the year I broke on the inside (2013).

Mackenzie has been the final missing puzzle piece in my life. The best way I can think to describe it is like the warm summer breeze that blows across a wide open peaceful meadow with a partly cloudy sky towering over it; birds chirping in the trees. She's the warm comforting feeling of peace and quiet, comforting solitude, a warm inviting hug, and ecstasy all mixed into one.