I think about how time works a lot. We, supposedly, either have free will or we don’t. But what if only some of life had to happen? *Two different paths, but converge at one point.*

They tell me I ask big question. They tell me to take my meds.

Everything feels so much lately. I take suggestions as demands, whispers become barks. I cover my ears, close my eyes, and breathe. *8 counts in, 7 counts hold, 4 counts out. Repeat.*

They tell me I’m too sensitive. They tell me to take my meds.

Making decisions is really hard. The are too many options, too much unknown, too must be right. Even the little things are life or death. *This one is fine. So is this. This one seems alright. How about this one?*

They tell me to hurry up. They tell me to take my meds.

I hate being alone. It leaves me with just myself, and we’re barely on speaking terms. I know it’s the anxiety lying to me. *We haven’t thought about them in a while. /It still hurts, I still hurt. /How do you know if you don’t think about them? /I don’t want to anymore. /You deserv-/ No more.*

They tell me to get a hobby. They tell me to take my meds.

Nothing is pleasurable any more. Maybe it never was? Maybe I just don’t understand how pleasure works anymore. *Is pleasure finishing or accomplishing?*

They tell me to stop smoking. They tell me to take my meds.

Dating is weird. I don’t get it. I just want to cuddle and play games and eat. I don’t want to be alone anymore. *Is it me? / Am I too much?/ Am I not enough?/ Am I just not meant for this?/ Am I going to die alone?*

They tell me to journal. They tell me to take my meds.

I take my meds like they tell me to. I guess this is better.