

A diary with nothing in it is a blank book, if you look closely you see erased marks. You can even read them if you feel properly and it is made so that a blind can also read and we can learn to feel. You can feel the weight of it when you hold but how will you know the weight it holds? Even when you read, it only tells the weight of your own mind. So now some decide to tear it make paper boats out of it, while some try to protect it. It is life.

How beautiful it is when little things make big picture, like one smallest event can let you see the whole. If I write a book someday, it gotta be written on dead trees, dried up plants, no living left in them, no wants left in them yet they feel happy when someone waters them. I don't want to live up to be a writer just because I write like one. I don't want to be labeled, the wikipedia page should be left empty, the face of the grave saying only time. The name died with me or I left it long ago with somebody I don't even remember. I want to be erased of my memories, and when I read them I want to feel the turmoil, I want to feel alive again. I have seen rotting living everytime I look in the mirror, but never found desire to care. I am me who wants ending.

I don't have an opinion. I don't care. It won't matter if anyone reads it, laughs on it, misunderstands it. I rather get drunk on sleep than sleep peacefully in this dump. It is not worth to do anything. Why people do things- to get respect? I don't want it from rotting flesh. They can't even think for themselves. It is not worth it.

how much do you want? the piles of the unspoken words climbed so high the temperature shifted in the hearts were too loud to see yet no one heard as they slowly disintegrated hanging from the ceiling leaving everyone behind yet no one cared its just a race of life who dies first shall not care.

A note was left on the desk a particular word all over the page yet they all carried a different weight but who am I to judge I just came to witness write a couple myself and yet I feel attracted to his death.

the rope was not tied , the knot was not tight, the hanging man was still with a slight smile. The note in my hand was weightless yet the words seemed heavy. I did not care about the note , I wanted to find love, the reason and all there was 'care'.

A care not given , a care not received, a care too tough for a soul might perish. I think love is to care and maybe live to is to love but when you dont you are free. Sadness sleeps in love and roams in smile , that smile is special on a soul like mine.

the note ended and I knew I have to be the next.

people like me, who feels too much, overthinks everything, belongs nowhere ,where do they end up? I rejected myself to such an extent that I dont see myself as a voice or an identity. This is not good no matter how it sounds like. what do you want I asked myself. Can peace cover them all? The night will be a lot easier with a warm bed to sleep . is that all you want? asked the bed. (I knew he wanted to carry a single weight). And I agreed. The nights became quieter. The days ended faster, the fence became rusted and the bed was privately owned long enough to become a country. The walls knew everything so nothing was spoken. A gaze lively enough can make them shine despite the sun shined through the window crack. The fan's joints were rusted, I think he rusted himself. He didnt want to be a part in my death, as if he knew how it felt to be in the same place for a long time. Yet the lights never blinked once , as if they wanted to watch the show. The walls never looked away as if they didnt want to miss the show. I was quite surprised when I could hear them talk. I was thinking maybe they deserved a show for putting up with me for so long. The locks rusted themselves, the keys hid themselves. I was going crazy , no , the fan was talking to me. The sunlight often came through the crack for a visit, I guess they too cant go back. The sun maybe their father but he was too farther (emotionally). I sat back on my chair the only kind I had, it didnt squeak maybe it felt like me.