

catHArsis

Chapter

I.

Feel.

Amazing—just!

...*Amazing*.

Elated!

At what, exactly?

I couldn't tell you, actually,
even if I wanted to...

And I do!

Want to, I mean.

Yeah... I wish I *could*...

...

Regardless, I'm... Happy!

so, so, so, *so!* Happy!

Bubbly, like a bath

or bottles of brisk champagne—beaming,

I'm

rosy-hued and

saccharine.

Sunny, like those ancient, sybaritic satyrs
in their

scintillating states of spry ecstasy;

halcyon, like a hedonist on a high;

a cheery joy, an excitement for life—

FINALLY, a will to *live*...

...

Of course, why *wouldn't* I have one??

with a world as marvelous as this one to
inhabit.

A world all to myself—a happiness *all*

...to myself.

No one to have to share it with,

no one with to share my happiness...

...

Regardless, I—I'm Happy... I'm *Happy*!!

Isn't that funny? How, now, the world's lost
a bit of its sense?

Funny...

Happy!

I just wish this feeling could last forever.

I wish I could *feel* this way forever. It's
such a good feeling.

But I know it will pass...

...

I know it won't last...

...

past today...

past tomorrow...

...

~~Stay Happy.~~

Chapter Two.

And here I've gone,
making myself sad again.
Picking apart my happiness until
all that's left is single strands, again.
Convincing myself that no good for myself
could ever be
even *remotely*
permanent
and, then, manifesting it, subsequently,
unintentionally...
Leaving only an aftertaste of what was once so sublimely sweet.

No, what's good for *me* will *never* last.

chapter iii.

"*oh, it won't last!*" god... *why!*?
why must i *always* do this to myself?
why can't i allow myself to live in the present?
preoccupying myself with the thought of an only *possible* ending
of something good, of something that's only just started and, through that,
beginning to end it in the very first place! pushing people, pushing happiness away,
never allowing myself to feel it in the moment; manifesting what i'd initially feared most—*god!*
stupid. fucking. piece. of shit. stupid! *stupid!* *why* do i
always think this way??
STOP!
FUCKING!
JUDGING!

IV. "REMISSION"

Oh...

I went too far, didn't I?

...

My apologies for the foul language and...

for the *overexertion* of emotion.

For that image of myself,

as a toddler with its tantrum, so...

indecorous, so...

improper...

I didn't mean to get myself worked up.

...But, wow! ... I feel *great!*

This has been *such* a *release*.

I still don't quite think I like writing, though.

That's alright.