



"how often do you wish you were someone else?

how often do you wish you could be?  
soulseek"

who are you  
who do they think you are  
what do they tell you  
about a person  
you can't trust  
i don't remember  
years of  
abuse  
externally and internally  
erase  
pasts  
erase whoever  
you were  
for who you  
want to be  
functional  
loved  
cared for  
happy  
but your  
lifestyle  
makes you rather  
wish you were  
not dead  
but just  
not here

//2

Nothing makes me go crazy like  
a dirty mo  
good food  
being with the boys, and holding my own

One thing that's non negotiable for me is  
a murder-suicide ending  
keeping the fan on at night  
crying so hard that i vomit

Two truths and a lie:  
i'm not who i say i am  
i'm not really here  
i might already be dead

//3  
no one listens to me unless im screaming

and even then they'd stopped paying  
attention  
and started wondering what's wrong with  
me  
at that point  
why or how  
i could get so upset  
over something so trivial

i will be remembered as someone with  
problems  
i've also spent the past four years  
living as if there was a body  
in my closet  
ed gein  
in kat von d  
and some clothes  
from an exes ex.  
people should be able to do what they want  
and you should be nice  
just to make the time between you  
and solitude  
a little shorter  
a little faster  
one day you won't be here

//4

if i agree with what they're saying maybe  
they can't hear me. maybe they're not  
paying as much attention. it's been four or  
five days and i don't really remember being  
asked much about myself. it's not like i  
could tell the full truth anyway. so i'll nod  
and listen or whatever. i'll become the  
background noise.

//5

message to mom:

1:43am sunday 30 march

im really not sure what it is. it's some form  
of bipolar most likely but im still yet to get  
a diagnosis. what's worse than getting  
emotional and over the top like that is the  
crushing guilt and regret afterwards. i know  
that's why i was so quiet today. i dont know  
what to do besides keep tracking in the  
general direction that im going, and hope

i wish i had some other way i could be, but even acknowledging that feels as if (you're broken)

you get distracted by thoughts of this show  
you don't send the message

you try to sleep  
“are the voices you hear still there?”

you think about the corny fbi guy in the netflix documentary you're trying to fade out of life and into - how his kids must have seen his 15 seconds and all laughed about it, hugged or whatever. wishes for something that idk maybe could have happened to you? but without that level of specificity. i barely remember my childhood. i drank a beer on the roof of my house somewhere before 8 years old. i still don't really know why . i would sing along to link in park songs via ipod and dance and wish i could be a scene bean whatever the fuck that meant to me then, groomed by someone you could've known and now subjugated . a feeling of having a story to tell, but you don't. the story dies with you, not for lack of trying.

8?//  
i don't think anyone really knows who i am  
i have a hard time figuring it out  
but most people do themselves  
i wonder  
i would appear a seperate person  
to pretty much anyone  
you ask  
it would be so easy  
to disappear  
and leave  
because they don't know you  
and now you're trying  
but failing  
to understand  
someone else.

Side A: Soulseek  
Side B: Soulseek Rehearsals.

Everything by Chloe Catastrophe.

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# A Guide to Confession

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