

BUSYBUSYBUSY (and strangely very good but also kinda bummed? idk bro january has been WONKY.)

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***Abstract*—i wake up at six to give my body a chance to be productive before my mind realizes what is happening.**

***Index Terms*—bread, lots of bread, dealing with acute lactose intolerance**

FOG (AND MIRRORS)

my cupboard smells like marshmallows. i caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror while it was still foggy. i grabbed my hair, pulled it gently around my neck, and set it down on my collarbone. and i was beautiful in that foggy mirror, i tell you. i saw myself and i was beautiful.

I.

today i'm feral. skin, shorts. cold enough to be shivering. warm enough to be alive. i fell asleep to a serbian audiobook last night, accidentally. one of my legs was hairy and the other one wasn't. couch, just like last year. no more caffeine for me. thinking about eye contact and the way hands move. no coding today. i can't think, at all. at all. i'll be fine. it's okay. thinking of you, and you, and you. why can't i just think of myself? i should eat, probably. i can vacuum my room. i want to sit in the sun. i must be a monster. thinking of myself, and myself, and myself. why can't i just think of nothing? and then there was nothing. it's windy today. the clouds are empty bottles of air. today i am going to think, whether i want to or not.