Dear Diary,

Things aren’t really okay.

I am smoking every day. I’m not really *happy*.

I am sad.

Actually, I’m quite sad.

I try to numb the sadness with weed or with food whenever I can (though dieting makes numbing with food harder).

I am having a hard time taking care of myself. I haven’t brushed my teeth before bed once in about 2 weeks.

I keep falling asleep watching something mind-numbing, and I find myself asleep with all of my lights on somewhere on a couch around 1 - 3am pretty regularly now.

I feel like I’m swimming underwater on some days. It is only on the days that I take adderall that I feel myself emerge fully -- energized, ready to tackle my to-do list, and able to actually follow through and finish something up.

Then, after the adderall wears off, and once the high subsides, I am sad again.

Sad at my inability to take care of myself. Sad at my inability to form a true, authentic community in Boulder outside of my relationship with Dylan. Sad at the fact that the majority of my days are spent working and in front of a screen. Sad that I am not in tune with my body nor my mind. Sad that I don’t respect myself enough to take the time I need to figure this out and move forward. Sad that I am repeatedly falling into the same traps I have fallen into time and time again.

I’m am just a child. Constantly learning and relearning the same things over and over again.

I do not know what is best for me, I am not sure if I ever will.

I act impulsively, and I try to justify it by using the language of “spontaneity.”

Things don’t feel like they matter as much anymore.

Where is the excitement? The happiness? The giggles and jitters? The energy coursing through my blood?

Where did it all go? Is it gone forever or will it return? Is the sun coming back any time soon or will the snow shield my vision forever?

Who am I?

No really…. *Who am I?*

I am not who I was 2 years ago when I was completing my yoga teacher certification.

I am not who I was one year ago when I was sober and diving into creativity and community at the beginning of the pandemic.

I am not who I was one month ago when I was taking care of myself.

I am not who I am now.

Will I ever be who I am?

Who is that anyway?

I’m procrastinating work and I’m trying to find excuses to not get high in the middle of the day, despite the fact that I have so many meetings and so much work still left to do.

This weekend I’ll be going to the Grand Canyon with Dylan and Basil. I’ll be taking some time off of work to just be in nature and to explore and take my mind off of things.

I think it will be very needed, especially in place of a missing Spring break.

I messaged my YaYa girls (the girls I took the yoga teacher training with who I became very close with) and told them that I could really use some spiritual guidance right now.

I hope that their spiritualiuty can help facilitate the universe’s attention towards me for just a moment.

Guidance would be so helpful.

It’s unfortunate, because I know what I *need* to do. I know exactly what I could do to make everything much, much better. But I just can’t get myself to do it. Is it addiction? Is it giving up? Is it pessimism? Is it depression? Is it a lack of time and space?

I’m not sure… but I need a \*small\* push. Just something, anything, to get that momentum going in the right direction.

This is my call to the universe -- *I am here. I will listen. Please send* something *my way. Please guide me through this hard time. Please help me.*

With humility, vulnerability, and love,

Jess

Age: 24