

I hate that you smell
like beer but I love
that I get to say
another thing about
you.



Do you think we'll ever
write about each other

I already write about you



that's how I wrote
about you. After the
fact. Using too many
nouns. Making lists.
You used too many
metaphors.
You called me a
train once.
You called me a
light.
I was just a normal
girl with acne.



Man oh man tho why on earth did I do that to myself just now lol. Eh. God bless them I don't think what I'm feeling is jealousy I think I'm feeling like I want to be in love and taken care of

8 Replies

But we will be patient and take our time with that

And everything is fine

THISSSS

GAHD



**u need to move on
lol**

**i can't I'm on my
period**



◀ Tell me something
embarrassing about
yourself

so I actually do
think I can sing ▶



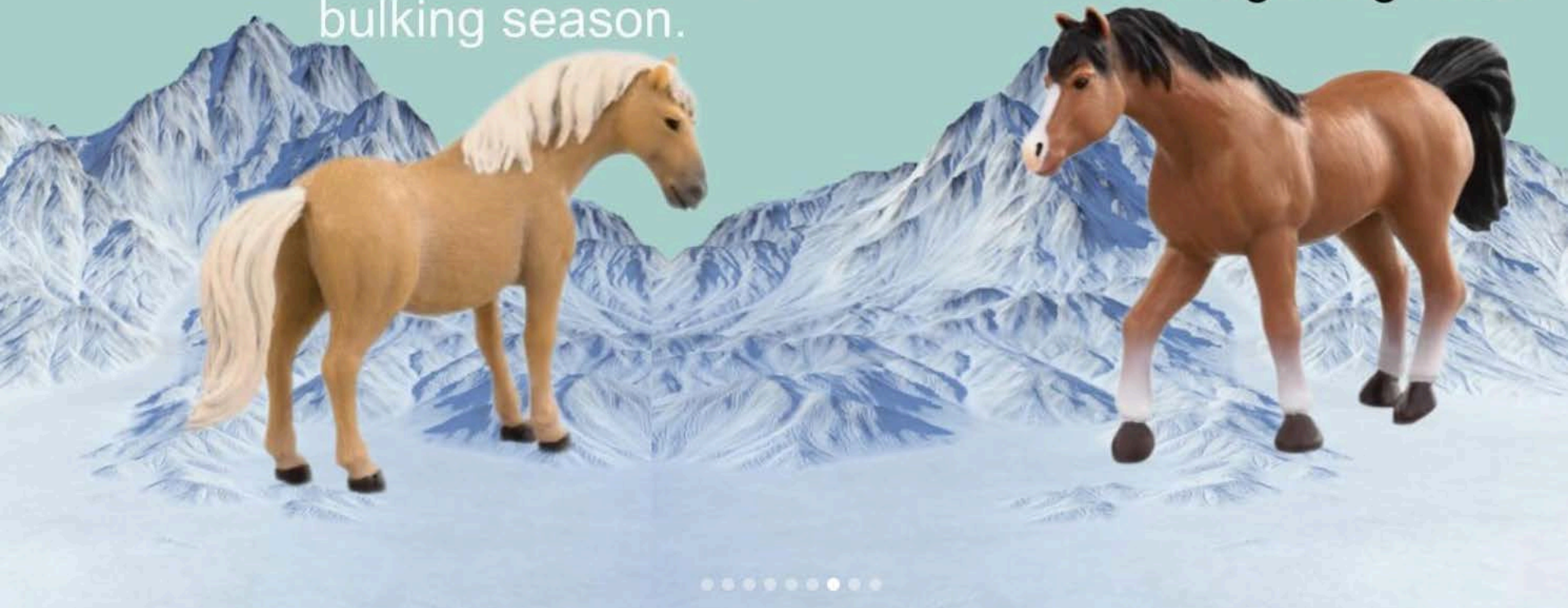
My parents are trying to convince me to move back home. My dad says, well I just feel like if you hadn't moved out it would have spared you some unpleasant experiences.

So I've been sitting like, what do I have to show for, what good has come of my independence. I couldn't think of much (i considered my big window, my roommates cat) and then I was like, I'M A WRITER!!!!!!!!!!!!

I almost forgot!!!! Bad shit doesn't just chew me up and spit me out!

No! I am chewing IT! And DIGESTING!!! and oh boy, it's bulking season.

yea I've noticed ur ass is getting fatter



My dermatologist is lasering away my acne scars which feels like a hot pinch and she's asking me what I did for Valentine's Day and I honestly can't even remember and can't talk much because I'm being lasered on and she's telling me about her husband and how he took her out to some random dinner and bought her a mini bottle of Prosecco from like some gas station and she was roasting him for it because she made him a thoughtful card and made his favorite brownies and like, he never does the romantic stuff, and she always does, but one time two years into them dating for some reason, out of the 10 years they were together, that year he got her flowers and chocolates and she was so fucking happy particularly because she hated her roommate then, and her roommate's boyfriend forgot about Valentine's Day that year, so she felt particularly satisfied to be gifted chocolates and flowers in front of this bitch she hated, but then the two of them made up at the roommate's wedding because the roommate's sister wore white and my dermatologist was like, ugh what a bitch! And the roommate bride was like THANK YOU FOR DEFENDING ME! CAN WE JUST BE FRIENDS! and my dermatologist is telling me about it all as she's lasering my skin and really all I'm thinking about is that it's nice to be touched.



I still think and write about [enter a thousand past lives] and sometimes I get insecure? the people in my life will think I'm obsessive or just like, still longing for something, when in reality I'm just like. Not bored of the topic. It still feels relevant. It's still so interesting to think about, and to consider. Memories still come up and I'm like damn that was a good line.

That'd make a compelling first sentence. That makes me think of that and that makes me think of that. Am I supposed to pretend everything isn't connected and won't be forever until of course, one day, randomly, I forget?

it's
fine<3

