

The Consequences of Thinking and Feeling

A Collection by Olivia Lee

I used to be overwhelmed with emotion.

In trying to let go of one thing, it seems I've lost something else instead.

But I knew how *all* of it felt.

—

Catullus 85

I hate and I love
Why ever I do this, you might ask...
I don't know,
but I feel it happening and
I'm crucified

—

I'm overwhelmed by my thoughts. I can *feel* them rushing out of my mouth, falling from my fingers onto the page.

—

When I write, I rush
in the same way
I think and speak.
Trying to fit in every
important thought,
because my thoughts...
they're important.

But you dismiss me.
You speak your mind
over top of mine
Who knew thoughts

could be so detrimental?

I'll go faster,
trying to pass you up
in vain— Will you see me then?
It'll be more biting this time,
more rushed.

I wanted you to
acknowledge me...
I think, I feel
if I don't make you happy,
I will cease to exist.

My thoughts,

ones that
should be able to
stand on their own,
ones that
shouldn't need
your approval
or acknowledgement...

They will become
incomplete.
Just these
incoherent
sentences.
What will I be then?

—

There are two sides in a war.
Who will be the villain?
Laughing while they sack the city
and tear down your temple to the base.
You say you could never be so callous,
leaving the job to me, especially.
Someone needs to knock you down

when you scale the wall
before your time.
War is my work.

I am the opposition and I have no thought of winning,
except to prevent you from doing the same.
I'm your challenger, and even though you hate me,
my chaos and retribution, I am necessary.
And so even when I'm beaten, I get up again.
Even when I can't make myself laugh, I do it.
because someone has to.
I am revenge and pain and the clarity of comparison.

After it all, you'll be the better hero,
remembered by your children's children.
For you, there will be glory in death.

But in life, I'm your villain,
although you call me a god.
"*Dea, par dolori*," you pray.
A Goddess, equal to pain.

You were *my* creator,
but you beg for mercy
all the same.

—

11/1/22:

This conversation made me feel ill... I felt this pang in my chest, and I started crying. I almost left class. Why is it sticking with me like this? I don't understand. It's not like other (more severe) conversations made me cry... maybe it's just that when the words ring too close, my mind moves backwards. It's been in my dreams and idk what to do about it.

—

Sometimes I wonder if I overreact, overthink, overcompensate for everything.
When I'm too in my own head, I can't tell if the things that are wrong are actually wrong.
Am I overly dramatic too?

Does everyone feel this way too?
I wish I didn't think so much...
I think some ignorance or naivety would comfort me...
although I'd probably struggle to take care of myself even more.

Sometimes I feel like it's up to me to take care of myself
With the added weight of everyone else.
I try to be the friend that I wish I had.
I show up. I help. I advise. I console.
I am a voice of reason,
an advocate for drama,
whatever they need.
You call, I answer.
I make time and
I prioritize everyone... over myself.
Is it healthy? Probably not.

So it's unfair to ask that someone else,
sometimes, do the same for me.

—

Why am I looking for someone to fulfill needs that I should be fulfilling on my own?

—

Iliad, Book 6

“Nevertheless, Hector, *holding fast*, you are now my only family— my sturdy
other half; I *beg* you, have pity and stay here, with me, on the wall.
Don't make your son an orphan and your wife a widow...”

"Andromache, *fighter of men*, you worry too much about me.
No one is going to send me to death before my time.
Go back to the house, focus on your work...
War is the work of men, and
of me especially.”

—

I'm tired of looking for another half. I wanna be whole on my own.

She wants to make you happy.
Is this what you do in exchange?
Even accepting your words
as "no big deal,"
not wanting to be
an annoyance...
Even still, those wounds
 from words
are real

To make you happy,
she must hurt.
To make you feel,
she must cease to exist.

Until suddenly,
she isn't real,
pummeled by a word
shaped like a fist;
She's only a half
of a half
of a girl.

I'm not real
I'm this ghost
in a haunted house
I make things move
I can make people feel
but I have no substance
Look away for too long
and I disappear

11/3/22:

I need to get out of this rut that I've been in, but I feel like I'd have to distance myself from my current life situation in order to get out of it. Like, I had so much fun last night, because it was out of the norm and I got to play pretend. I was cool, I was in charge, I was hot enough. It may have all been for them, but I'd play that role again anyway.

I'm still overwhelmed by thoughts. Even when I think I've written it all down, there's more.
Enough to cause a headache.

Split me open
and they'll all spring out,
fully armed.

They won't be kind.
No, they'll be sharp,
honed to a point,
a razor sharp edge.

I readied them for war,
packaged inside my head
with a helmet,
shield, and spear.

I'd choose anger over apathy. If I could only turn ideas into weapons?
I'd lounge in the armory of my creation.
For now I'm stuck with molten bronze, and I can't feel it as it burns.

I feel
like I'm unoriginal.
There isn't anything new or interesting about me,
at least nothing positive or relevant.

I have no ideas.
Only vague inclinations and an inability to follow through.
And I'm tired.
I don't know
if I have it in me to work hard, just for none of it to mean anything.
I always thought
I'd figure it out
later, but it's later and I'm still lost.
Is it really so bad to quit?
I don't know
anything anymore, or at least
I'm not *sure* about anything
except that I have responsibilities that
I don't know
how to fulfill.

11/3/22:

I feel like this thing has become a responsibility and it's draining my energy. I don't enjoy it anymore, not really. I don't feel the same rush or have as much fun. I'm dragging myself through it, without help. Maybe I'll get some... idk, but I need a break. I need a moment when everything is not some looming presence waiting for me to fuck up.

There's a stain on me
It's woven into the fibers of my heart
With strings that are knotted and matted and

unraveling at
the seams

Scrubbing and tearing into myself until
I'm raw... and there it is
still, oily and seeping
deeper.
I think I made it worse
I've pushed it so far that

I can't sort out the fabrics...
What's mine, what's clean?

It's in my soul now
In my mind
Behind my eyes
Whispering in my ears
 Choking me
Binding my hands and
 Cementing my feet.

And I can't move anymore
 Can't breathe
 Can't do anything but think
And think
That now I don't need you
Because I can tear myself apart
All on my own

—

She wears that dirty shirt
because you gave it to her
and she can't seem to let it go

—

I'm overwhelmed with emotion. I *think* I know how all of it feels.