

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

When I wake up it's cold in my room. My roommates yelling for me, and when I respond then return to the bedroom she's awake and it's like we got in a spat the night before. Any hope that lay under our friendship of some secret potential thing is gone I guess and it's bottomed out where it is, how long the retraction takes could be a day or years but the depth of things is established as forever shallow...

"i'm gonna go make us breakfast, do you uh, want coffee"

"Nah, I don't."

I move to the kitchen and start washing rice and put my teflon(fuck) pan to heat on the stove. I read in bed while Lis scrolls, and I hear her audio blaring/cutting. Something in me scratches at something and I write on the post-it I use for a bookmark:

I'm on this side of it... I occupy this rung of the order.. I eat little guys and get eaten by small-medium guys... then there's the sea and the water and it's the current I need to change and it's the ocean I need to change...

My rice cooker blares and pulls me into the kitchen. I bring Lis a dish others have derided as a "poverty meal". We eat dual-scrolling and then she leaves much earlier than I think other people would.

I worked 7 straight days the next week and street parked twice. When I did it was 150 steps-ish to my apartment. Anything I did was net zero, stalling, wasted. I want to huff exhaust and get dizzy. I want a brain that can think "construction guys made this.. someone made a frame and poured in the drywall painted it, people lived here before and after me.."

I bought my gun. I bought things to use it. I climbed the fence to get into the landfill and I shot bottles people left there. I stopped when I thought about glass flying back at me. I looked for cans and there were none. I went home with my gun. I don't think I can kill anyone because I'm not 'solipsistic'. And there's nothing I can do with a gun to make things better for after I'm dead.

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Service: I will do anything with a gun...
Alexei Hillel- 18 days ago- Confidentials

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