6/14

Kinda need to create my own blog. I feel like my time is running out and I see this diva online with her own blog and I feel inspired cause I’ll be as cool and hot as her. Nevertheless I know being a blogger must not be an easy task. But it is the future. Influencers will be bloggers soon. IDK why I don’t wanna have a normal job. Idolizing 2000s anonymous bloggers with a significant indie film selection living in a gentrified neighborhood in Brooklyn will forever be the vibe.

Honestly life is too fast . Like Addison Rae said. And im living in the moment and im 22 and I have to do something about it. Music videos feel too real and films touch me in ways I never thought they actually would. I thought I would avoid being esoteric if I was a club queen- turns out I literally cannot. You can not escape your feelings with a cunty outfit and that’s totally valid.

All im thinking about is Paris, a city where I discovered what true love is. Life can get poetic real quick. Found my Brazilian man there’s no way im not living the teenage dream somehow. Rio has been a big inspiration for me since forever- bossa nova and chill vibes will heal my soul in ways modern psychology could never. Or any SNRI. Its like they live there with free dopamine and serotonine. Of course every county has its own fair share of issues, but my own idk its like im trapped in an environment that’s too close minded – or im just mentally ill. But ever since living in Paris for a few months I’ve came to a scary realization that hopefully every young person has to go through: u really can chase ur own dreams. And it feels tooooo much. Chasing my dreams when I’ve been raised to be mediocre and never stand out really sounds revolutionary.

I feel like im losing my ability to feel hot and sexy. Maybe this is what love does to a person. Used to be someone going to the gym for the male gays. Now I have my gay and we’re smoking weed and eating groceries – lmfao and smoking has become such a bad habit lately that im not able to put an end to. I remember when I was a teenager being complete anti smoker and anti drugs. Guess life really is ironic and will test ideas that weren’t even yours to begin with. Now I resonate more with a try and fail culture. But I don’t wanna fail. But also I don’t know the means to succeed. People say it has to be hard work combined with talent but really I don’t know if I can offer both. And tbh what is talent anyways.

Being a young adult maybe has to be not having a single clue where you’re going and where life takes you. My whole culture gradually is shifting and my mind is playing games with me. What do u mean I start analyzing people’s behavior patterns like im freud or something. Carl Jung forever.

I realize that I need to get into psychology just to understand myself. Greek philosophy failed me. Maybe cuz im greek but it really gets so repetitive and like a common truth for us here that I need to find my own truth somehow.

Hopefully writing is gonna help with that.

Society will really make u look at writing through an elitist pov- something that only a few gifted people can achieve cause everything nowadays is measured in capitalism’s terms. Can you actually survive through writing? Will you be a poor writer whos gonna need his mama to save him whenever hes broke and will make questionable choices just because hes not gonna be a techbro?

The future seems scary but my people are a breath of fresh air. Sometimes not tho they remind me of what I hate in me. I recognize I can not always be there for my own people as im too occupied with my own head and whats gonna be my next move.

Maybe that would have to stop. Maybe its stopping atm. My boyfriend kinda teaches me things about life that he doesn’t even realize he does. I questioned many things before about him- literally even his intelligence. Testing someone’s brain really proves your own is not working. Getting to appreciate someone’s different way of thinking really gonna take u places u never even imagined u would. Literally u have to open your mind.

I don’t know why I decided to write in English. Maybe because of my imposter syndrome or because I think its cooler. But trust me: in greek I still feel like I could offer some poetic relief to my brain but idk if im ready for that.

I feel like I have to experience life the way it really is- its anarchy and unpreparedness. Maybe I’ll become good at it and then move on and become a poet. Maybe bloggers are the modern poets but who really cares.

Feels like there was something wrong with me reading kafka at 14. Maybe I was going through it- being queer in a private school aint easy.