

Eternal Tourist

Countless times, I've stared up at the walls and wondered,

"There has to be a catch to make this worth it."

There's spiders I threw on my ceiling a year ago and every night their ghosts come to haunt me and I feel them crawling all over my body.



Blank eyes throughout the day.

My work is done here, so everything is fine.

But it never feels right
to just go through
the motions.

Looking outside of
the windows and wanting
to break free but something
deep inside always seems
to stop me.



One day,
I look to the sky.

whatever makes up this body is
not the same flesh as
those around me. is it
wrong to mourn this?

My throat fills with water,
tears, circuitry board.

I scream:
I scream:

"God, please
let me live."



I was never truly religious until this year,
and even so,

I do not follow the
lines of any abrahamic
religion, yet

the God I yelled to
answered my
subconscious,

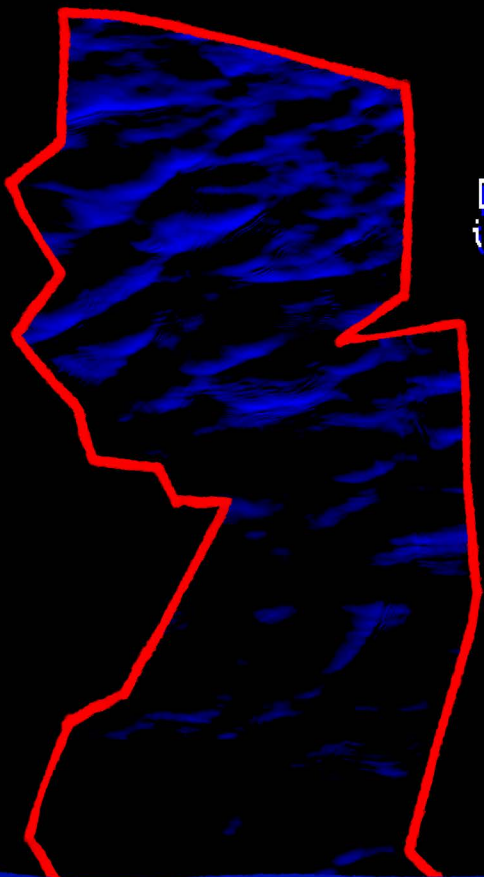
and I began to follow a
path of red string.



More than just school, work, what made Dad proud.

Spending money on expensive things I could've went without simply because i wanted something nice.

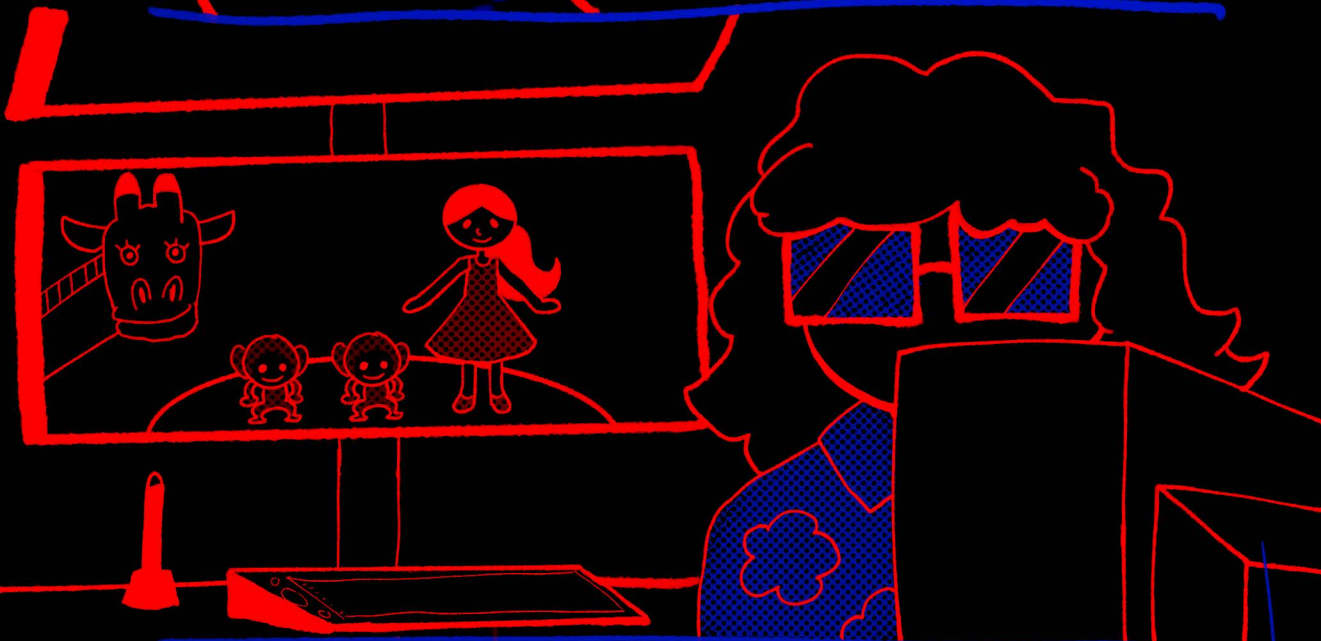
rays are my favorite marine life, but if i told you why, it would be like stabbing myself in the chest three thousand times and exposing my innermost secrets to a stranger.



Deadlines could be delayed if
it meant I was with a friend,

if it meant enjoying
the time I spent,

i think in another life
me and my best friend
were born a few years
earlier and we would've
had modded PSPs together



If I enjoyed living again.

I haven't felt this way since I was
a child and could say;

"I enjoy the life I pilot."

i can't look at old pictures without thinking,



It's enough to choke me.

I'm still not used to it.



But I guess I'll
live a little longer.