



the dark
is afraid
of us

No, I'm not ok. I'm having trouble sleeping, I can't seem to focus, the world doesn't extend past two days from now, everything feels fake and bullshit all the time. And it is no failure of my sanity or sense of perspective that this is how I am. These are times when people turn to conspiracy theories to try and make for themselves an evil with nads that can be kicked, because there is real horror in the knowledge that no one is steering this bus and it is headed for a cliff. It's unbearably scary when things are broken and you can't find someone to blame. It's hard to sit with the feeling, and it's okay to set it down for a bit and just do what needs doing. It's okay to put one foot in front of the other, to feel the raised paint on the road through your worn and holey soles, to listen and not speak.

And it's okay to scream.