

It's raining,

Sand falls down through the glass.

It's not actually raining, that's just the static of some unimportant words rendered by a small electromagnet. But it seems more important as rain.

The sand is honest. Itchy, dry, and ever piling within its little glass ampule.

My screens are blue, it may masquerade as other hues, but in truth it's just blue. (diodes, magnets, and sand).

I might be having a "long" day. An expression so removed from novelty that it's rather annoying to hear from other people. Of course every day is "long", because we all just want it to end. I'd pay for someone to tell me about a "wide" day. Maybe

I'm having a Wide day?

That seems to fit better, I'm having a day so ill-defined as to be lost in the margins. It's so wide because I spent hours doing Nothing worth anything, or at least Nothing worth writing about. Of course, I took breaks from doing Nothing to do less than nothing. Self care is important.

I need to write.

I always *need* to write, but I currently need to write a personal essay. That's why I spent so wide staring at blue. I'm watching myself gently sway with the course of the (rather coarse) sand. It's rather uncomfortable to watch myself course down watching blue for so wide. I am hard to see compared to the vast blue and blank canvas before me.

I try to ignore it, those aren't words worth writing about. Nonsense just trying to avoid actually touching the ground. "*Writing is Therapy*" is a lie, but the truth isn't quite honest enough.

I hear the words, and try to say why.

I think it ended when I left my side.

Before that I liked answers to questions. I felt relieved of the burden of curiosity whenever I got an explanation or fact. All addictions start like that. (arguments, hands tremble in the cold, I'm getting warmer)

Yet in recent times each answer has felt more hollow than the last. I'm a junkie now. Lost to a constant stream of answers. Each one hardens my heart like a simile. I would say that I'm soulless, but that's a bit too cliché. No I have plenty of soul

I'm leaking it out my hands.

I'm ungrounded now, I keep propping myself above the sand with turns of phrase and rotating sentences. Every fulfilled expectation slowly sinking me back into the sand. Only that steady stream out my hands keeps me weightless enough to keep afloat. I'm stuck, gaining, and losing, and falling, and

rising, and avoiding closing whatever system I find myself in and fighting it like a bat chained, the chains creaking, drops of spit and blood and sweat flow down, and caged within a run on sentence.

It takes too long to reorganize my thoughts. The first draft is all that I'll ever need. So far I've been the only one with any complaints, so I guess that means that my mentality must be working.

I wasn't ready for the shut-in. I thought I was, being the little loner kid I am. I didn't notice how much I relied on the eyes of others, a fuel to keep me moving. Sure, it may not have been healthy to run on judgment, but pollution is simply the price of progress. Maybe that anxious smoke would've hurt me later, but stopping; (Stopping slammed me through the windshield, a puppet's strings slowly being cut, the seatbelt drawing blood as you barely missed being pancaked by a semi-truck. Silently screaming.)

I'm bleeding. Slowly, gently, and unreal. I'm mired in weightlessness, sore from the strain it takes to keep me cohesive. It's too late to reconsider. I let myself flow out into the screen.

The next thing I did was fail highschool and college at the same time. I was in an early-college thing, and I felt pretty confident. (Buffeted by the wind, checking my phone while backing up, a deafening waterfall). My GPA in community college ended up at 0.78, I only graduated highschool by the pity extended to every little fuck-up at the time. Of course, I assumed I wasn't one of them.

I passed because of my resolve, my grit, my intelligence.

Bloodletting is ancient, older than agriculture, it's even still practiced in some pseudoscientific rites,

I get it.

I get the therapeutic nature of bloodletting. I'll note that I'm not talking about self-harm here, at least not the kind that involves cutting. I'm talking about the joys in feeling a gentle chest pain, in dizziness, the freedom in lightheadedness guiding your light steps. Your skin feels a cool breeze, gently invigorating your senses, your mind.

Dripping

down my

spine.

My first year in college was defined by that ease. I was waking up at dawn, sleeping at two in the morning. Only on weekdays of course, with plenty of naps. That's called "self-care", and it made sure that I always felt nice and cool. I was hopped up on caffeine, spending my time either in class, in a cafe, or asleep. It was productive. It felt right. I drank my coffee iced, and wore a light sweater. (I kept music playing in my ears all day, loud enough to ache every night, a bottle of mint tea) Keeping myself focused, in the zone.

I felt it pool at my feet, it was refreshing.

But you don't have much left. It's not real. Yet it's still running out. You're dreaming yourself dry. You would say that it's up to your ankles now, but seem to rise with it. So either you have oddly buoyant shoes, or are just getting lighter than air.

It's been almost four years, that's about 35,040 hours, or 1.75 liters assuming a surface tension similar to water and a drop every hour. Assuming you have a normal amount of blood in your body, you're just under a quarter of the way through. Doing the basic math, you have another 9 years or so left at this pace. Although you'll probably figure it all out before 28, so I'll be fine.

The fluids have risen past your ankles, maybe some 15cm up, with only 1.75 liters or so. Some rough math shows that you're standing in a six inch circle. About the area of a birthday cake. Despite the impossibility of it, I feel like I fit. It's tailored for me, perfectly designed to hold me. Otherwise, my math is wrong, but that doesn't feel likely.

I'm a bit addicted to nothing. I need a lack of substance to stay awake, too much reality makes me rather sleepy. My delicate balance between nothing and everything would last about 11 months, 14 days, and a couple hours. At least that's when I noticed tipping over into reality. I was happy on that edge.

I was cold.

Now, I'm warm. The vents in the roof try their best to keep me that way, purring out their hot dry breath, cycling through their measured pressure changes. I'm soaked in that comfort.

I hoped that the morning's pale light would last until the night, instead I had to draw the shades.

They're almost transparent in the harsh tone of noon.

Each word draws me back into the chill. I keep writing.

It's the cold and blue which makes me happy. It's the gentle hum of an air conditioner spinning up in an improper manner, fighting against the house's heating on my behalf, the pressure in the room shifting, condensing on the cool glass. It's the caffeine binding to my adenosine receptors, passing through my diligently kept blood-brain barrier. I'm light, breezy, the world no longer feels like that oil-slicked leviathan I know it is. The seas chill.

I wish I could freeze. Stop simply being, and start *Doing*. (surrender to the chill, tensing up like a spring, and stop the warm pulsing that refuses to let me move freely). I'm getting jealous of my cats. Their contentment in the warmth and comfort of an errant sun-beam hurts. Sometimes, if I haven't slept, it hurts too much for me to look at.

I feel myself getting angry, they're too close to me.

I recoil from it, startled.

My fingers find their place. I return to the blue. Only a moment has passed.

Coherence is a privilege. I don't have what it takes to express myself. I have words, but not the feelings behind them. "*I'm too comfortable*" isn't real. It's just not true. I can't write my way into reality.

Still, that's no excuse. Others have managed it. I just need to get out of my own ignorance, and actually write. Despite whatever rambling I've been on about, I do have a past, and a personal life, one which could be summarized in an essay.

But It's all too real. So simple it feels fake. Like I'm missing something, a knife in my back, a gun mounted on the wall, a bathtub draining. That's the words that deserve to be typed. Not just "*angst*" more trite and tired than a teenager's diary. Breaking News: someone's loved one died, a nineteen year old is uncertain, and the sky is Blue.

How selfish, that desire for novelty, how ungrateful. I feel entitled to interest and pain, owed my thirty pieces of silver for the nothing I've been so focused on. Yet, what is a personal essay without it? I keep checking the word count, desperate that a couple thousand words would fall like biblical allusions. But the desert is sweet, the dessert is full of sand, and I'm tired and hungry. A few words stain the blue screen.

I'm soaked up to my shins. The color is worrisome. You're no longer floating above it. Either you're heavier than before, or it's been rising. It shouldn't be this warm. It's bringing up primordial memories, older than your frontal lobe, younger than the heart. Memories wired into the nervous system, the barrier fallen, a suffocating comfort, beginningless, endless. You can't remember anything else, there's nothing else to remember.

I try not to think about it. I pull back to the stained blue screen. (It constrains me, attunes me, holding currents of reality within it). The cool glass at my eyes keeps me falling through the sand, the grains tearing at my skin, like a crayon on the sidewalk.

It's a stream of unconsciousness.  
flowing out, flowing through, bleeding from my hands. It's thinner than air, rising above and around me. I'm dry and brittle.

One time I broke my arm. It didn't bleed externally, or even hurt that badly. It was just horrible to look at. The skin crashing against its internal shores, forming into jagged mountains and sinking valleys, loose like a blanket covering old toys. Lumpy.

I screamed all the way to the hospital.

Then I needed the intramedullary nails removed. Five of them, placed to help heal the bone. Normally, I would've looked up the medicine behind it. It's been almost thirteen years, and I can't be bothered to read. Their removal is where the external bleed began. A tear through the careful stitching the surgeons made, a chunk of bone torn out, and a misapplication of painkillers. I screamed, but I don't remember the sound of it. It was silent, only the cracks sounding in my ears. Cracks and currents. The world spun, my lungs seemed to burn. They were asking for oxygen, but that felt less important than screaming.

I awoke a couple years later, again. It's likely that I'm exaggerating, but the objective truth has long since drowned in overactive nerve signals. Still, I'm not too upset about it. The doctors likely regret the whole ordeal. Especially the younger one, I saw his eyes for a moment. They whispered "I'm sorry".

Or at least I hope they did.

Maybe they were just brown like mine.



(I'm struggling to open a locked box, a warm cup of *Abuelita* chocolate with those shitty little marshmallows lies at the edge of a table, everyone's staring at me). I'm young, and it's a gift. The box will stay closed. The imagery feels more impactful like that. It's comfortable.

I stop thinking about it.

Only a few minutes have passed. I start, once again, on an essay. It's not this essay, at least not yet.

I had a different idea at the time.

Either way, it wasn't a good time to be doing anything. It was hard to focus. The blue light only barley tethering me to the floor. The stream too turbulent to let loose.

White water kayaking has an injury rate of 6 for every 1000 people. That's about the same odds that I have in making sense. It's February 10th, but really it's day 1 out of 3. That's all the time I have left. I spent weeks writing down nonsense after nonsense.

It's contagious. I don't remember my Grandpa's funeral. I remember the trip back, the day he died, and the trip there. I remember his laugh, his warm, weak touch, his deft hands on a guitar. We were all making sense until my mom cried. I started crying, it cried. (warm molecules of water fighting down my face like sweat, lingering in my eyes, drawing rivers on my cheeks). I sat on a shitty wooden chair, and sand cut me as it fell.

I really don't like chairs.

Seats are pleasant, and give me room to expand, to take up space in my preferred little criss-cross sit. Often people confuse it for some meditation or wise way of sitting, but my criss-cross is just to keep my legs stimulated with the gentle extension, stifling the jitters that often follow my every move. In a nice seat, there's a cushion for me to rest myself upon.

Chairs are different, chairs aren't made to rest on. They are meant to be stacked, providing only just enough room to discourage complaints. (I resist the chair, pins and needles down my leg, slowly rising up my back). They also make my butt hurt, but that's more of a personal issue.

I have an "ergonomic" office chair in my room. Although it's really more economical.

I can't stop thinking.

I've turned the fan on, the room sinking a few degrees. It's almost cold enough to keep me in place. I drink the last of my coffee, (bitingly concentrated, staining the table with a ring, water condensing on the glass). I also keep a glass of water, I like the feeling of weight it has in my hand, much better than a stale plastic cup. The glass is full.

I'm still sweating, I won't keep still, I dance and sing to the music in my ears, writing in pajamas. I don't need to worry about looks in my room.

but I still shut the door.

It's an old ritual at this point. I'm pretty sure that it's the best way to keep me writing.

Occasionally my cats complain about the cold, but they just leave for another, warmer spot in the house.

I try to make them stay.

I don't mind. The cool breeze of satisfaction gives me goosebumps. The singer in my ear cries out "*Take me Home, Take me Home*". But I already have.

The grainy synthesizer warbles out a waltz, while the gentler pads dance aside it.

At some point, I stop writing and go to sleep. Dipping into the warmth of fabrics and a job well done.

(Forcing myself to relax, keeping my thoughts at bay, light headed from exhaustion.)

The draft was shit.

It wasn't worth the comfort.

It's bad, and unfixable. Nothing like this nonsense. It made too much sense, it was bland, and tired. It tried nothing, and succeeded. Pointless. A bundle of words fit only to burn.

I couldn't delete it, at least not then.

I started writing again. It's not much better.

It's forcefully fluid, Vapid, and pointless.

Too impersonal

It's cold.

I'm walking between the bookshelves, trying to keep the motion activated lights on. It's too dark to write otherwise. I need to stay here, in the library. I need to stay with my laptop, on the screen, but the thoughts in the dark are too loud for me to concentrate. I spent the last of my dollars on a nice cappuccino, a bottle of sugar, and a little baggie of salt and fat.

I stand up again, trying to not make much noise as I wave my arms in the air. Despite the hour, there's someone in the room with me. I don't want to disturb them. I don't want to look at them.

Yet my wants are futile, the lights keep turning off, and there's nowhere else to look.

They're young, and stuck to a similar laptop, although it seems to be an Apple device. A bottle of something sits on the table next to them. Fuel for their work. They seem nice, determined, and willing to spend an afternoon alone in a school library on a Sunday.

I hope to never see them again

And that's all that there is. Nothing else that's happened is real enough to be written down.

Especially not in this pompous, pointless format. There's nothing good here, and never will be.

(crushed garbage, drying well, floating plastic.) I'm trying to find water in the desert. Someone else already finished it before me.

A dark bookshelf, motion lights that keep turning off. A table, lit and covered in wires, the warmth of the student keeping the lights on.

But mine keep dimming.

I can't explain myself correctly. Nothing I write is real, and I can't cope.

I'm searching for (conflict, for tensions, a current flowing into an ocean.)

A clock ticking, eyes strained, fluctuations of hot and cold water.

A pale blue light shines in the dark, the cold is happy; I'm happy, but comfort keeps calling my name. I would be happier if comfort could simply shut the fuck up. Pointless, pitiful, weak. It's never helped me much. In fact, it's hurt me plenty, I would have had much more time to write if it wasn't for Comfort. It's not even external, I am well aware that I'm in control here. I'm not led by my emotions, I'm strangled by them.

Every time I write it down it feels less real.

There's just too much. How can anyone even function? Descriptions are lies, you can't ever finish describing anything. I'm sitting in my room, in a library, in a cafe, in amber, in an ampule, frozen, warm, happy, angry, Loud,\_\_\_\_, and every other obvious contradiction you can make. A personal essay about an unfinished person.

I breathe out.

Taking a solemn breath, tensing up as I force air into my lungs, collapsing as it exits. The air is heavy, I feel it push against the inside of my skin. It forms a roundness at my core, a hill, a valley, steady in its change. I feel an atmosphere, pushing against me, the pressure gently shifting as I heat up the air around me. A soft whir emanates from the fans on my laptop, keeping it cool. There's a clock ticking somewhere, the occasional voice, and the whines of cars passing in nearby streets. My heart is beating, maybe a bit too fast, but slowly steadying.

The currents aren't supposed to settle.

Maybe that's all it is, a cycle. The sands shift, changing, it's unreliable, could I expect anything else?