

on growing up  
mentally ill and  
grief

the funny thing is that the first symptoms showed up on the playground. i was probably 7 when it started. i just sat there watching the other kids playing, not realizing this was the beginning of the rest of my life.

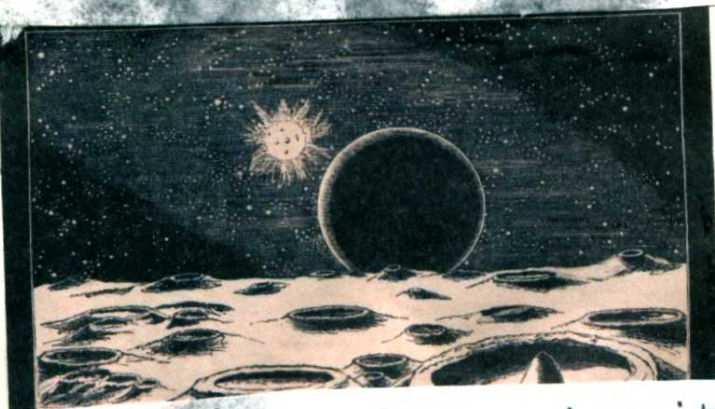
i think its almost ironic how  
it started with me sitting  
out on the playground, how it  
encapsulated the future. i  
missed out on a lot.  
physically, i was there but i  
never got to experience  
everything the way other kids  
did. never again to be  
carefree like them.

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i wasted so much time. i feel  
like i wasted being a kid. it  
was never my choice but i  
can't not blame myself

now, i dont have any  
childhood left



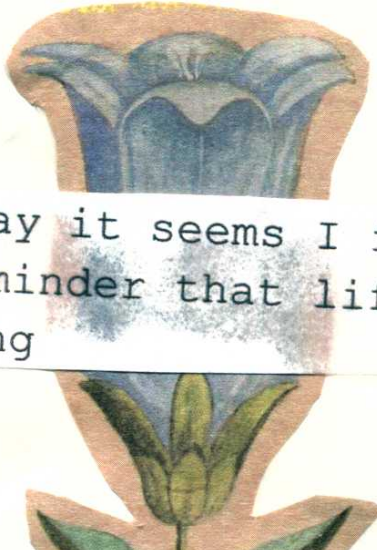
and now, i am worrying it  
will happen again



and now, i am grieving the  
time lost




11/28/21



everyday it seems I find a  
new reminder that life is  
fleeting

and i am so scared that one  
of us will die before we ever  
get the chance to love  
eachother again



but what scares me even more  
is that we may be lucky and  
live far too long, yet still  
never love eachother again

12/7/21

onismus III folio: 404

it's so weird grieving  
someone who is still alive

someone I saw just a few days  
ago

knowing I will not get what  
we had back no matter how  
much I want it

seeing you continue on

not knowing how much this  
affected you, only knowing it  
was not as much as it  
affected me

seeing you replace pieces of  
me



12/20/21

I still have a hard time in  
my basement

it's so stupid the way I miss  
your smell

people ask me about you

I don't know how to explain  
it to them



1/14/22

I am wasted potential and  
ruined relationships



I could be so much more, I  
could have been so much more



I love fully, I put my whole  
being in, I feel deeply.

maybe it's childish, it's  
definitely dramatic and a bit  
stupid, maybe futile to some.  
it often goes awry, there are  
flaws to loving so much, as I  
keep learning. "to love  
deeply is to hurt deeply" or  
some shit like that. it's  
hurts so much but I think I'd  
rather die having loved too  
much and hurting than having  
not loved enough. maybe I'll  
find a balance one day, but I  
am not a balanced person.



1/29/22

# Le Petit Journal

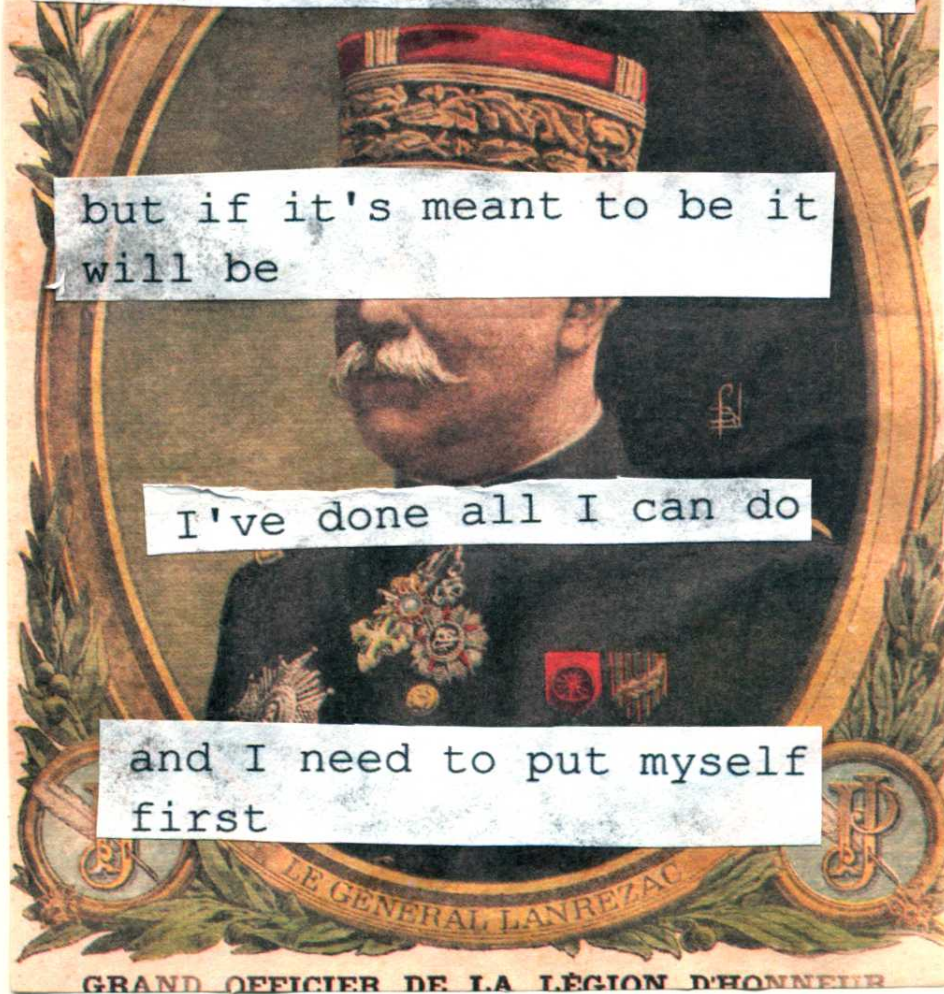
ADMINISTRATION 10 CENT. SUPPLEMENT ILLUSTRE 10 CENT. AGENNEMENTS  
25<sup>me</sup> Année Numéro 1.389  
DIMANCHE 5 AOUT

doing what is right for me  
when it is not what I want is  
the scariest thing

but if it's meant to be it  
will be

I've done all I can do

and I need to put myself  
first



2/9/22

I don't think I present  
myself as who I am



2/11/22

when you lose the person you  
feel the most yourself around  
it feels like you lose  
yourself too




im trying to find myself  
again.





2/28/22

my high school english  
teacher died



it doesn't feel real

I don't really feel much at  
all

I don't remember as much as I  
wish I did

3/2/22

I realized it's been almost 6  
months since everything  
changed



that makes me feel sick

soon it will all be so far in  
the past and we will forget  
so much of it and there's  
nothing I can do

3/9/22

it feels so weird

I love my new haircut

it's a look you have never  
seen on me

this isn't the same me that  
loved you

but of course it is

ive been reading poetry

I want to tell you that

among other things





grief would sit on my  
shoulders

I got used to the weight

I know he's still here, but I  
can't feel him as much  
anymore

it's easier to walk now

I carried grief for so long,  
I no longer feel like I owe  
him anything

I hope you're reminded of me

sometimes I wonder how you  
live with yourself

funny that I wanted to feel  
the pain again just a little  
bit. it hurt worse than I  
remembered.

statistically, i should be  
over this by now

but when have i ever grieved  
normally

when has any of this been  
normal



3/24/22

id have a full collection of  
alison bechdel's books

had I not let you borrow one  
because I thought you would  
like it

had my love language not been  
giving

maybe that represents how i  
give too much of myself away  
to the people that i care  
about

maybe not

either way, I want my book  
back



4/6/22

concert on Sept. 18 2021

It's remarkable that I didn't  
let you ruin phoebe bridgers  
for me

instead, I let it mean so  
much more

I think it was punisher when  
I realized

this was the beginning of the  
end

the tears started during  
smoke signals

by savior complex I was  
sobbing







you finally hugged me after  
not wanting to all day

I'm not sure if you realized

or if you thought phoebe just  
made me emotional

later we sang together in the  
car

I convinced myself I was  
irrational

but later you told me

that's when you realized too

