

A Scattered mind

Complex People

I and You

We sit in contemplation, quietly thinking about I. You don't exist, I do.

I exist as long as You exist, I'm honest. I will only live if You want me to.

So leave, You aren't real.

We sit in contemplation, one honest, one blind.

I'm not blind.

You're something, You've been talking to me forever, despite me being nonexistent. How does that make any sense? I am nothing, and I'm smarter than you.

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An oblong ambivalence toward You, unobstructing, that's what separates us.

No. I'll be the first one to tell you that we're the same thing, You are keeping me here. Blame yourself, nobody else is responsible, you know it.

I know it.

You know it.

So do you.

I hate You.

As if an impossibly thin veil was stuffed behind my eyes, I can't touch it. I can feel it, wafting/drafting.

I've taken it upon myself to replace the *and* in my head, I've found that / is better, it saves space and is more concise.

This issue sprung upon me due to my increasing acknowledgment of the limitations of speaking.

No, language.

I have things and thoughts that are 'wrong', well, I am told they are wrong, that they are only present due to an abstract illness I have.

I would not put illness in quotes due to the notion that professionals have deemed this illness to be real. I trust them, but I don't.

I feel as if my life would be better if I could fully trust in them, yet for an odd reason their smiles irradiate a false face towards me. Almost like they were lying to me.

But why would they lie? I have no importance to the world, I'm not worth lying to.

What if they find enjoyment in it?

What if I am (secretly) someone important?

What if

What if

What if

It seems like I could go on forever, the sad part is that I know what I am.

Scattered. I jump to and from

Does this make any sense to You?

you're still talking to yourself