

i don't really have anything i want to talk about. i'm bored and i've got this nagging sense of 'dammit, everything's going to come crashing down on my head, isn't it? i'm going to wake up tomorrow suddenly everything is going to suck.'

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my grandfather is dead and i am laying above his ashes.

that is not a hyperbole, i am literally laying above his ashes. my grandma put his urn under the bed because that is where important stuff goes in this household

"i can explain god and anything" said a man who is now dead "you can't destroy energy. where does all the energy go when a person dies?" but i think he was wrong and i think he was right and i remember him huddled up on his couch, murmuring to himself about death. i remember laying on that couch months later because my attic room just got too hot. and he was old, so old, and diabetic. i have seen my share of death.

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and i drank at that party and got sort of tipsy and i worry that i'll end up like my father sometimes and i DO NOT WANT TO DO THAT.

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a long time ago, i wondered if i was even capable of loving someone. i know that i am now, in several different ways, or maybe even in infinitely different ways.

except it's sort of like watching a cat grow while you're living with it, you know? i didn't realize the cat was so fucking big until i looked at a baby picture from two years ago and went 'wow wtf.'

unfortunately, with food came clarity. or perhaps with age came clarity, i'm not sure.

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she'd been cutting herself and i needed to help her. im the older sister, it's my job to take care of her and id been doing a piss poor job of it.

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my mother sang beautiful songs, hard songs. i loved them. i love her. i just don't want to talk to her.

a family is not always a unit.

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