

**anhedonia**

perhaps i live  
my life inside  
indefinite words

i suppose it doesnt have to be this way  
but i guess it is

maybe theres a way to turn it off  
like a switch  
however  
the switch could be blown  
no on and off

the brainfuse within  
disconnected  
yet somehow neurons  
fire indiscriminate  
as far as i know

i could probably make an effort  
take steps out of  
apathy  
and wipe away  
encrusted jade  
from my eyes

to shine  
through  
overcast thoughts  
over stretch  
break the potential  
to something kinetic

begin within an origin  
and not behind

maybe

perhaps

probably

and i think

butidontreallyknow