

1/1

I can't talk to anyone – not that I say much when I do

1/2

so I am left with just my pen and paper, writing to no one and into nothing but a wall

1/3

a bright white wall that I hope will devour all that I am so that nothing is left behind and everything that is, was, and am will be lost forever when my body is eventually burned to ash.

1/4

so I guess this is all that I would say

1/5

I always wondered how do you say goodbye to those who never said goodbye, not those whose last memory you have of them was the last time you saw them alive, but those whose faces you can still see, those whose faces you might come across again when you'd simply smile and wave, not a word nor a breath of the lie to see each other again.

1/6

To say "goodbye" is as simple as a wave
Then turning around towards the rest of your day
or "I'll see you next time"
"Alright"

1/7

As you forget me, when my face fades from existing even in the back closed-off spaces of your mind and when my name vanishes like a ghost haunting the halls of your brain, will I forget you too?

1/8

But the ache of Goodbye's pain
is when "next time" never came
and the last thing you said
was nothing but a wave

2/14

I hate the pain when I question if I ever experienced love.

I hate that I might know love.

I hate that I don't know love.

I hate my idea of love because it was, is, and will never be real.

and that's made me start to hate people

I've grown to hate the endless possibilities that are people, people built with both the capacity to care and the capacity to hurt, intentionally or not.

I hate the long green lunch tables.

I hate the walk to the library.

I hate the walking into the library and
the seeing that's where they went.

I hate the wanting to hide behind the stocked wooden bookshelves and

the crying before the bell rang so that I wouldn't cry in class and

the crying after in my room behind the closed white door because I didn't want anyone to know that I was crying over people who did not, could not, and would never again love me because that would make them hate me.

I hate the crying that turned to words on a page because

I hate that I was excluded.

I hate the crying that continued to the morning after.

"We're sorry for leaving like that and making you feel that way"

I hate all the times people made me feel this way long after being left for a short trip to the fucking library.

so I no longer loved

3/1

This life. This one chance to know what it means to be alive because there is no such thing as a redo or second chance. This life where we can see the sun rise and the sun set on the endless horizon, to see the dark night sky light up with flickering stars, the almighty power of the rushing waters of rivers and lakes and the vast deep ocean, the ancient redwoods still towering high above, a chance to see the highest of peaks only a handful have reached and seen where the clouds and the land meet, and the ever-changing colors that is the world.

Oh, what a life, what a beautiful life

is all just a goddamn lie

3/5

The sun rises and sets on a clock, just repeating moments of "beauty" constantly being captured and captioned. Those stars in the night sky are just airplanes flying above because the real stars can't be seen through all the smog. The rushing waters of rivers and lakes and oceans, despite being the source of all life, is just poison and oh how the towering redwoods fall. And the peaks that took lives, not just mountains but bridges and buildings and roofs. And the endlessly changing colors are just a reminder that time will always live as everything else dies.

3/11

I'm tired of feeling like I am barely moving as the days zoom by like cars flying past 65 on the 91 without any regard for anybody's safety except for their own whereas I am just stuck sitting in traffic listening to the playlist of songs that I "curated" for the drive so that I don't think about my very existence I so despise – guess it didn't work and now I'll drown in my own thoughts in this death machine isolating me from this world I never asked to be a part of forcing me rules and regulations on "how to live because no one on this speck of dust floating in space has any idea how to truly cope with our existence the world calls 'a gift.'"

4/6

I almost died yesterday on the way home.

It would have been my fault, for the reason if someone had died or if I had.

I told myself the drive home from then on would be more careful, but I can't help but be mad at myself for acting as if nothing had happened.

4/13

Like I've been buying more cups of coffee and some small snacks, telling myself that they're just "little treats to myself" as if this is my way of trying to appreciate the days I have. I mean, at this point, I should be walking around with a t-shirt on that says: DIDN'T DIE AFTER ALMOST CRASHING.

4/23

To be honest, I don't really know how to deal with almost dying.

4/24

Like how do I even express this feeling?

4/25

It wasn't much of a flash of my entire life, but it was the thinking of what could have happened.

The blue and red flashing lights, the wailing sirens, the blood-splattered windshield, and if I was lucky, the inevitable last drive to the ER.

4/26

I didn't tell anyone when I got home, maybe I didn't want anyone to worry

or maybe I was still registering
how I managed to walk through the door

4/29

To experience almost dying is feeling proud of yourself for having avoided that, followed by a long sigh of relief that you are still breathing, and then met with the desire to share your accomplishment of survival with someone, but then you think that you probably shouldn't because your heart has stopped racing and you have actually caught your breath and your mind is overwhelmed with the thoughts of almost having died and for a moment you are even questioning if you are truly alive and whether or not you actually managed to avoid crashing into that semi-truck and if all that you see and feel around you is real as the painted walls of your house are familiar and all the small little things you'd normally see seem to be in the exact places you'd find them at and this is not just your almost dead brain tricking your mind into perceiving that you survived,

and then you stay up the rest of the night, laying in bed wondering how you are here until your eyes are just too heavy and you finally fall asleep, only to wake up in the middle of the night having realized that you almost died

4/30

and the only person that you told
is this small black book

except it doesn't count as a person

5/1

I found myself at work more – I do have a life outside of this book – and lately it's been serving as just a distraction from the whole almost-dying thing

5/2

it's been helping, I guess

5/3

I don't hate my job, if anything it's done more than what this book has done for me

5/4

it's kinda funny actually, working at a place where I greet complete strangers with a smile and "Hey how's it going" like I've seen them before, wait patiently behind the counter as they browse through the menu until they find something that sounds good to them, or give them a suggestion on "what's good"

"would you like that hot or ice"

"small, medium, or large"

I write their order in Sharpie on the cup, set it to the side for the other person behind the bar to prepare the drink, and continue taking strangers' orders, greeting them as if we were friends or

if I was working alone, make their drink myself as they watched me prep the cup with ice as the shot pulled from the machine with just enough time for me to pour in the milk and drizzle the syrup from one of the glass bottles lined along the counter into the metal shaker before throwing the finished shot on top, dropping in the ice, sealing the shaker with the other half, shaking it up and down, hitting the side of it to open, pouring the mixed concoction into the plastic cup, topping it off with a lid, and handing it to the stranger on the other side of the counter where they would take a sip before saying "thank you" and walking away as I waved them "have a good day"

5/5

and I feel more satisfied doing that than when I come back here to write to this small black book where I'm just suffocating

5/6

but then again

even when I'm not writing to this thing

in the dark quietness of the empty morning

when it's just me preparing to open for the day

my mind can't help but remind myself it is nothing more than what it is, a job

5/7

that no matter how much it might mean to me when a stranger enjoys the drink I made them
or when there is someone else behind the bar during the weekend rush
or feeling part of a group and whatnot

I still feel like I'm at the long green table.

5/8

like I'm trying, I've been trying, *really* trying to feel like I'm a part of something that does not
just consist of me and some abstract personified figure that is this fucking journal

5/9

just for someone else, anyone else, to just listen

5/10

am I asking for too much?

6/1

because the last thing I want is to be a burden

6/30

and sometimes I tend to think I just end up writing in this book
talking to no one

because at least I'll read it

7/1

some days you feel whole

7/3

other days

you're broken

like a cracked sheet of glass

barely held together by cheap plastic tape

on the verge of completely shattering to pieces

7/5

or the rare occasions when it's no use trying to fix you

and you end up just being replaced

7/9

because there's no obligation to keep you around

or to care about you really

7/15

unfortunately

that's how the world goes

7/19

you're told to "soldier it"

even though deep down

you know it's doing nothing

but building up the internal suffering

you'll eventually deal with

and you're praised for it

one way... or another

7/26

and even on those days

where things seem to suggest otherwise

in those same quiet nights

where you are left with your thoughts

you shoved to the back of your mind

float to the front

7/29

and you try to fall asleep as fast as you can

before the tears soak your pillow

8/1

what is it called when you feel you are not interesting enough for people to want to know you
or fear that if they do, it'll push them away

8/2

that you are just a blurry face that passes them in their dreams at night, that you're tired of chasing for even just an inkling of any sort of connection your whole life just for your effort to be reduced to nothing more than being a friendly face, and if you're lucky, some random name walking around on the same speck of dust floating in this vast empty space called the universe.

8/3

when I searched "alone" on Google, it gave me seven definitions.

1. being apart from others; solitary
2. being without anyone or anything else; only
3. considered separately from all others of the same class
4. being without equal; unique
5. without others
6. without help
7. exclusively; only

8/4

it makes living torture, to go day by day trying to find some reason to make it to the next, to question if your current feeling of happiness is just the repression of all the times you've told yourself that you don't need anybody else, that everything you've strived for, everything that you're dreaming of, everything that you want to achieve, is only for you
because there is no one else

8/5

When I searched "lonely," it gave me four.

1. dejected by the awareness of being alone
2. producing such dejection
3. without others of a similar kind; lone; solitary
4. unfrequented by people; desolate

9/8

I came to an understanding that I am alone.

9/10

I came to an understanding that I am lonely.

so you isolate yourself
from people

it still hurts
but at least it's never them that hurts you
at least, that's what you've told yourself

10/5

Those tears you've shed thinking about those now nameless faces and faceless names feel like wasted time and tears lost

10/6

and now you're just some person who writes to no one but themselves

10/7

in a little black notebook you hide under your desk that you take out only in the darkest hours of the night when everyone else is asleep and the only light in the house is the shadeless lamp on the nightstand behind where you sit to write because you can't even bother to replace the other lights in your room

11/20

Loneliness

is the painful unfortunate awareness
that on this speck of dust in space
that the only one thinking about you is you
that the only tears shed over you are the ones you have cried
that the only yearning and waiting for you
is the one you want someone to have
that the only aching for you is your own body shaking
trembling from your own lonely heart
that the only missing of you is your own feeling
of being unloved

11/21

Being alone is having no one to talk to except in a journal that no one would even read

oh yeah and happy birthday

12/1

Yet there is something that makes you keep going, to continue with this life that tortures you
day and night, there is something

that makes living actually feel like a gift

12/2

Lately I've been finding myself alone in the same dimly lighted room where I decided to share
all that I would with someone that I would have called a friend. I guess this is my way of saying
not much has changed and might remain this way and eventually I'll have another almost-
dying experience that makes the awareness of my loneliness all too present in my life that'll
lead me back here to write about it in this little black journal

12/3

but I can also say that I think that I would be okay with that

that somehow talking to no one

12/4

was what I needed

because at least it would be put into words and become all tangible and real instead of being
stuck in a blank void without a soul of meaning

and maybe this will be all that is left of me
when my body is eventually burned to ash

12/5

so this is what I have left to say

12/24

I was left at the green lunch table
and though I tend to think that I am still there
I am really on the walk
that I had chosen to get up
and carry on

or at least refuse to give up

12/25

and maybe I'll end up in the library
or a coffee shop
or a grocery store
or on the side of the world

12/26

and I'll see one of those people
of a familiar face
or unforgettable name

12/27

that made life a little less lonely
even for just a short speck of time

that they probably won't even remember

12/28

and maybe we'll catch up
on "how's it been"
or "what you're up to"

12/29

or reminisce on those oh-so-far-distant memories

12/30

and maybe one of us would say
"see you later" or "see you around"
without any real expectation to

12/31

because of course
all that we would really say
is a smile
and maybe a quick wave
"hey"

1/1

In the case that someone does find and read this,
that means I'm still breathing on this floating speck of dust

or at least chose not to burn this

1/2

and maybe you found some sort of answer
to all the ones I'm still looking for

or left unanswered

1/3

because it's tough learning to live with this gift
no one has asked for

I am alone
talking to no one
except to myself
telling everything I would say
inside a small black book
that I will always have
that will always be there
when there is no one else
but for the short times
there is someone
I hate to think that
this small black book
will be all that I have
because in these small little glimpses of life
that would otherwise be forgotten
and become nameless faces and faceless names
I find some reason to continue
to have these however-long-it-may-last moments
with those who find themselves
on this small speck of dust
floating in space