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Untitled

Whitney Allen

No more excuses. No more, "I'm sorry it's just . . . ." No more. You just don't get it. The truth of the matter is I just don't get it myself—I wish I did, but I don't. I don't know why I am so messed up. I don't know why I have to be so mean. I can't explain the reason or even know if there is a real reason for my attitude. I'm not sure if there is something really wrong with me or if I was just brainwashed into believing there is something wrong with me when they took me from my mom.

When I cry and someone else asks me what's wrong, a majority of the time I just make something up because I really don't have a clue as to why I am crying or where the tears came from in the first place. I don't know why I have never been okay in my whole life, not even once. I don't get how I know I need to talk and sometimes I want to talk but never know what about or how to even start. I don't understand how it always feels like something's missing. I can't understand how everyone is fine or finds a way to be okay except me. I don't know how I just somehow fell apart.

I don't know how to make something of myself. Sometimes when I hear myself talk, I hear myself saying a lot of good things, but the reality is all I've amounted to is just one big mess. I'm not even sure I know why I hurt and why I was even mad in the first place. Thought and played with death, but just didn't have the heart. What if heaven and hell are indeed real. I can't live and go through hell and then die and go to hell. Sometimes I am sure but the rest of time I am clueless and lost.

I smoke weed day in and day out, blunt after blunt just so I won't cry. My whole life from the age I can remember until yesterday plays in my mental theater, and there's no bathroom breaks. I always feel scared inside, and sometimes I try to trick myself into believing I don't care, but I really do. I

don't get how I always without fail manage to mess everything up. You know with people you never can be sure, so I can never figure out when to trust and not lie. I can't recall ever feeling apart or as if I belong.

When I was a little kid it was just as bad as now—always feeling aware and feeling like I got to do something and always in the end just making a big mess of things. Closed out of the world and people. I don't think I ever actually felt loved without any threat about it—not even with my family. I'm not sure if the only reason I close myself in is that all my life I was closed out of it. I am just so scared, and that's the way I prefer to be.

Everything is a mess, and I can't fix it.