

Throughout my life, I have felt little sanctity in the things I do. Nothing caressed me like it should have. People told and still tell me that I have to love something, one thing.

Senior year had dissipated into nothingness. It was over. Not with a flash or bang. I tried to make things happen and I tried to make things meaningful, but it was so contrived. And for what? I had no purpose to end senior year the way I did, because, I had no purpose in general. I kept having the same ten ' minute ' long conversation with my friend about the things I liked to do. I had been telling him everything felt empty. Since my last world fell apart. I could never decide if I thought he could understand what I was going through.

We would walk together down streets talking about me. Forever about me. I always had issues going on. My main issue was that nothing felt like it was going at all. I made everything go wrong just so it could feel like something was going. Explaining it to people doesn't seem like enough.

Feeling it isn't enough either. Ravaging my life makes me feel just as empty as living it. Cogs churn for a brighter future every moment of every day, and I can hear them screeching. Their cracks run down their spines as the weather pushes and pulls on their skin. Below me, above me, in front of my face, they churn all around me. I guess I'm depressed. Maybe paranoid. Maybe it's a combination. Maybe I'm obsessive, anxious, and addicted. My favourite one, the one I imposed recently, is borderline.

I do not find any sanctity in my life. No action nor secular prayer nor decomposed ritual fills me like it should. Buddhism did for a while, then I stopped. I started prioritizing myself, which is wonderfully oxymoronic when you think about it. I find true peace in mental labels.

Grass sprawls under my feet. Birch trees suspend the sky for me. The creek ebbs and flows to tell me there's a path for something to take. When I walk, I can feel. I realize that out here, I don't have to make left and right because it's made for

me. The fruit drops to its delight unto a quiet bed. For me to eat. For me to fuck out. This is the beauty of self-diagnosing.

I will allow myself to say I have Borderline Personality Disorder. I looked through the DSM-5. I know everything there is to know. Of course I don't think that, but I feel it. And I'm certain I'm allowed to be here. I'm certain this brook is right for me. I have little sense of self. I cannot balance extremes. Blah blah blah. This feels right.

Like a brook, it's segregated for the right and wrong. I belong here, fucking this place out. Cutting the branches off the contemplated trees, snipping the grass to a one-inch sea of green carpet, baking the apples into faggot-crushing pies; just like where I live, I've decimated the place I don't belong for myself.

We call our neighbourhood friendly and nice. I guess shallowly it seems that way. However, once we let go of our ego, it is abundantly clear how the name "Brook" deceives.

There is one side of a brook, where we live on. With the brook. Called "Brook." You live on the outside. Without the brook. Called "Reality." We despise you. Us versus you. People who can live with themselves and others vs. people who cannot live for themselves without stepping on others. We despise you.

Like my newfound town, people say I am friendly and nice and any other word you can think to describe someone like me. It seems like there's a password, but I promise you any word will work. Conniving, as she puts it. Perverted, as they put it. Manipulative, as I put it. Nothing seems to fit. No outer word describes who I am. No name fits me. No terms. Nothing fits like it should. Except for labels. Labels describing how I've presumably thought, and how I think.

Labels call me a brook. I take myself at face value, as a mirror only has two dimensions. I call my brook borderline to despise everyone outside of it, without this horrible brook, that I don't even have. The brook is flaccid, the brook is undefined, the

brook cannot be owned. It is not determined to be true, like the river's rushing, thrusting power. A brook, unlike a river, slides quietly into itself, changing nothing of what steps "inside."

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