

Accountability

I've written epics on how much others have
hurt me, bruised me, beat
me, locked me in a room with no light
switch.

But I never write about how I've hurt myself.
It's time I hold myself accountable. I Need To Hold Myself Accountable.

Self sabotage, self deprecating, self loathing, self doubt, self disgust¹
SELF SELF SELF SELF SELF: I HAVE NONE OF IT.

Bones brittle and if you break them all you'll see is dust
and ash of marrow's future settling into its final fate of
fate of— fate of—

fate of

a future I have made for myself and it is so dark I can't see
it but fuck I can feel it.

I can feel it in every word I say, every decision I make, every conversation I have,
everytime you reach for my hand yet another time and I don't pull away.
Why can't I pull away?

Some things I do to myself.
**Most things I do to myself. Well I guess
you do things to me and I do
things to myself because of it:

I tell myself that you don't exist so that I can go
to sleep at night and I tell myself in my dreams that
you don't exist so that I don't wake up screaming and
thrashing and wishing for a better day when the sun rises because
I know all too well that it won't come true.

And when I sabotage myself I write it in pen so that I
can't erase it and no matter how hard I try I can't
take it back because God forbid I make a mistake.

¹ did i take my medicine today?

So if you ever see me at night's limbo with smoke
escaping my barely parted lips,
cheeks sunken with grief, exhausted from the public
eye and enhanced by the guilt of being me,
just know that the 'thing' i'm escaping
isn't you and it isn't me and it isn't
my footprints either—
it's my shadow that creeps up behind me when the
Sun's at my face, convincing me that everything's
okay with lucid naivety.