

"So if you see the vulture coming,  
flying circles in your mind,  
remember there is no escaping,  
for he will follow close behind.  
Only promise that you'll battle,  
battle for your soul, and mine."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Your Soul and Mine" Gil-Scott Heron, *I'm New Here*



pain on a page

The American Dream sacrifices lucidity.

The American Nightmare is an obvious derivation and has a ring to it.

The best biology term to describe America is cell wall.

It's hard to appreciate each unique snowflake when you're freezing to death but haven't hit DMT-rich psychosis of the afterlife's border`

Hopeless anhedonia can prevent drug abuse

Making the best out of a shit situation. Shituation.

Don't should yourself. Don't should life.

I volunteer when I can get out of bed, once or twice a week

Identifying the underlying problem could demystify, may not mollify<sup>2</sup>

Lost puppy / lost poet

Where do we start sterilizing our the kids? Language?

Pain makes me alien

My time ain't mine, this being isn't me.

Pissing contests over who's more depressed. I'm equally as sad as you man.

If you were God, how'd you explain  
To all the peaceful souls in pain?

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<sup>2</sup> Mollify: Improve

How do we survive when illuminated ones make the world dark?

Coping skills like band-aids on amputations

Fake gratefulness journaling on Thanksgiving, trying to trick my illness

Even elevating to hypo-depression<sup>3</sup> can feel like leaving troops behind  
guilt about guilt

local depressed perfectionist, searching for an exorcist  
At least I'm rich, I'm allowed to have mental illness.

privilege intermixed with suicidal dreams  
thinking in private primal scream  
didn't pay the doctor bill, still went to the hospital  
Rich boy, paranoid, compulsively self-belittled

What's more American than tacit<sup>4</sup> solipsism?

Hamster wheel of false convalescence

Cash-values inform each action

Mere exposure effect<sup>5</sup> to a standard of reality

Our grand military strategy is propagandistic, instilling in its executers the  
virtues of Genghis Khan. Firsthand observation. Just the mundanity of what  
goes on toward the top of the pyramid.

"your Government hates you"

"see you in Hell"

love Kurdt  
Kobain<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Low level of depression, often anhedonia (no pleasure)

<sup>4</sup> not publicly acknowledged, but always there in the subtext

<sup>5</sup> The psychological phenomenon of liking something for no reason more than seeing it a lot

<sup>6</sup> Excerpted from Kurt/Kurdt's personal journals used in the film Montage of Heck (He would often spell his name with a d perhaps as an alter ego, though the prevalence of other spellings [Curtis, Curt, Kobain rather than Cobain] has given rise to some speculation)

Intelligence doesn't bring happiness. It turns joy from a feeling to a problem.

I worry we live in a fun-shaming society, unless the fun involves alcohol, shopping, competition, or annual vacation traditions. We keep spending on commodities we don't need, pushing the boulder of capitalism up the hill over and over again.

Objects are truisms.

We stack digital streaming queues as Infinite Jest<sup>7</sup> cartridges

... nope. not yet good enough. Subtract the words that don't add up.

I can't rap, so I do calculus  
 Still ask myself what Pac would think about this campus  
 Revolutions in the mind<sup>8</sup> don't stop shootings outside  
 Only God Can Judge Me<sup>9</sup>, but everybody trying  
 Pac died age 25, not sure I'll make it, no lie  
 How's it this bad when I'm rich and white?  
 If you think in the minority, your sanity's attached  
 My truth is anti-crucifix  
 takes a lunatic to keep from being tricked and transfixed  
 Preacher men say come back to their reality  
 How do I do that when I can't feel my feet  
 Below legal drinking age, arthritic and this is getting common  
 I'm not the only young one dissociated from my physical body  
 My grandfathers died young, family been down some mentors  
 I keep moving, if I look home it gets all sentimental  
 Where's the boundary at between detached and Buddhist  
 It's White America, the iPhone's what shoots us

Certain things, the more you think about it the more disturbing it becomes, to the point where you wonder if it's worth your time to learn your enemy's tendencies, or if you should just try to avoid them

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<sup>7</sup> Encyclopedic masterpiece (released 1996) by David Foster Wallace (1962-2008)

<sup>8</sup> MacDonald, Ian. *Revolution in the Head: The Beatles' Records and the Sixties*. London: Pimlico, 2005. Print.

<sup>9</sup> "Only God Can Judge Me", 2Pac, *All Eyez On Me*

Every idiot is a genius. No wait – other way around.

I slept across from my roommate’s Joker poster for a while. I don’t think it ever had a chance of affecting me or my dreams because I had reached the level cap<sup>10</sup> for anarchic, absurdist philosophical leanings.



Memorizing a road map of the Universe, finishing like “what next?”

Why not build a structure and leave it in your back pocket?

WashU student body in 2 words: excellent sheep<sup>11</sup>

Last semester in 5 words: Semester of the living dead

WashU social scene in two words: amateur hour

Fashion scene, two words: salmon shorts

I was at the bottom of the totem pole for a year or two before I wandered off. I’m not talking about college, I’m talking about life. I ditched typical social styles before five. Ain’t fit in in a minute.

Ahimsa, do no harm

If I felt like the only normal undergraduate on campus half the time, it has to be the other way around... right?

Richest college. Voted most stressful college. At least the food’s good. Thanks for the near full-ride, multimillionaires and 9/11 reparations<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Level cap: In RPG (Role-playing) video game terms, this means a maximum threshold for ability or tendency. like my bro about to get 99 woodcutting. I wouldn’t lie to you about something so ... serious

<sup>11</sup> *Excellent Sheep*, William Deresiewicz

<sup>12</sup> Post-9/11 GI Bill

Desiring to be satisfied with the ride

Darwinian cycling back into savagery  
Power in particularity

Violently inquisitive  
Little passive contemplation

Forced resonance  
Intentionality occurred  
Glass worms

lobotomized doves

Paranoid thoughts generated by logical mechanisms. If the logic is decoupled from the feeling of fear, maybe one could capitalize upon the hermeneutics of suspicion<sup>13</sup> to formulate insightful assessments of the world. I dunno, academics like big words.

Nietzsche sent me a message through a book in a dream.

As I reached an apex of my reading session surrounded by flowing beige phantasmatic wallpaper of a past century, I articulated this aphorism so loud and clear, I lucidly wondered if my physical body mumbled the words as well as it woke up: "There is nothing to fear but thyself." Hopefully a sign Nietzsche's spirit has learned and evolved. Or he's letting me know that self can be a timebomb.

Nietzsche fumbled at the one-yard line, which is actually an exponential limit rather than a demarcation of truth value.

For those who don't know sports, math, or philosophy jargon, he fucked up on a metaphysical scale and went nuts, but to be fair the madness was partially incited by nightmarish physical pain and social alienation for life.

To paraphrase King Nez, who was discussing Descartes,  
"In the 1500s if you ain't got no bitches, what you really got?"

Guilt tears me apart at the speed of memory  
Seeking anything that makes me feel detached or half complete  
Either way, doesn't matter to me  
If the soul hole's filled or i'm unaware of it, i'm free

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<sup>13</sup> Hermeneutics of suspicion: A heady theory that, in an undergraduate sentence, functions by assuming every possible force is guilty until proven innocent

Shades of meaning  
 What remains to be  
 Prequels to mastery, or  
 Cheap teenage poetry

To foil myself and turn snakes to branches, I turn to sound<sup>14</sup>

I fear I'm hurting women by not really being there because I'm out of touch physically, and too immersed in an inkwell<sup>15</sup> to uninhibitedly perceive. I'm not lying or malicious, I'm lost in sea.

All I feel is, hurt, disorder and mind pain  
 Blind fate may take me to a better place<sup>16</sup>



Life's complete.  
 Piece of meat.

Steeped in hatred  
 Presidential levels of delusions of persecution

Sublimate hate  
 Grassroots campaigns of love

<sup>14</sup> "Without music, life would be an error" – Fredrich Nietzsche

<sup>15</sup> "Butterfly drowned in an inkwell", Federico Garcia Lorca *Poeta en Nueva York*

<sup>16</sup> "All I see is murder murder, my mindstate, makes it too late for cops to try and stop the crime rate" 2pac on "Murder Murder" with Eminem

“Bruh why you always gotta be so negative  
 Deeply introspective and so sensitive  
 Bruh you constantly corrective like  
 You a straight Asian collective”

If that seems racist, then I intended it. Quit reading. You got social media to go scroll, twitter to twit.

I’m just playin reader you know I love you

lazy crazy

DJing. play some songs to play some songs<sup>17</sup>

It’s called a .wav file because sound is a wave. Lotta people don’t know that.

I got diffractor glasses<sup>18</sup> and my synaesthesia went next-level. And people stopped staring at me.

You don’t have to worry about walking straight at night when you have friends.

Light pollution is spiritual suicide. Those stars were our nightlife pre-agricultural revolution.

PTSD, ADHD, 4 words, runs in the family

Forgot stuff? Blame it on the ECT, baby<sup>19</sup>.

There’re steeply diminishing returns on affection for me

Mind-numbing pain nullifying mindfulness, unfortunately

After outsiders ousted me, I found my people

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<sup>17</sup> “Say some words to say some words”\* (47) Don DeLillo, *The Body Artist*

\*do what it do

<sup>18</sup> AKA Rave glasses that turn light into rainbows. Spectrophotometer shades. The message is sort of the same as shutter shades, “Fuck you all so much that I’m going to impair my vision.”

<sup>19</sup> “Blame it on my ADD, baby” “Sail”, *AWOLNATION*



The number of times I felt inferior to my alternate selves because I hadn't done the assigned reading because I couldn't get out of bed. I had no mental resources to fight problematic thoughts and feelings, and my capacity to identify them as maladaptive only served to make me feel more powerless. I knew my enemy but couldn't take another step, was too disabled to make one move, no matter how that move stared me in the face. don't get me started on the cycle of email related shame

It always goes away, but it always comes back. I just wake up some mornings and the only motivation to stay alive is guilt at picturing my family at my funeral.

“Fuck mornings”

“Its 2pm”

Some days it's like the conditioned choices of past generations have sealed the fate of our species, but ruined everything in existence to the fullest degree possible.

Okay Google, what do I do when the world is fucked and all sources of contemporaneous information trigger anxiety horror hopelessness and sorrow?

Today I got told to fuck off by a lawn care professional for reading a book on a bench. Orwell. I'd shooed away my own automatic negativity when he turned on the mower, aggravating my migraine.

15 minutes later, a kind woman from the nearby craft store walked by, noticed me futilely massaging my temples, and offered me some Tylenol. Well-meaning strangers giving away candy levels of goodwill.

Local whites see me as spoiled rich, students treat me like a prole, folks north of the loop are the friendliest in being indifferent, except for saying fuck whitey. It takes too much energy to walk down the street in this city, and i don't even have to worry about getting catcalled.

At WILD (Walk In, Lie Down) I walked in then lied down for a few seconds, then sat up proud of my accomplishment, greeted by an objectively morbidly obese guy inhaling a hot dog with a condescending “I almost stepped on your head” clear in his tone he didn't give a shit if he did. He seemed excited to see the All-American Rejects. I didn't even think about attending WILD after that one. The people fake, but the money ain't.



I didn't like the blank space so I googled filler, got nothing good, then googled bullshit so I could bullshit to keep the page looking nice.

There's never a one-way or barrier to keep you out of black neighborhoods. You can go a mile South to Bear's Den cafeteria, or half a mile north to pawn and get a bail bond. There're no cops at the shops with switchblades and Glocks.

A kid collapsing to his knees, letting out two sobs that sounded like repression, then right back up, walking straight ahead without looking around. I fought bystander effect, said "you alright man?", gave him a pat on the back, told him to take care of himself as kindly as I could. Please, let him have walked through the doors to our peer counseling service and not headed back to the dorms to study. Like it mattered long term.

Ivy sublimity, binge drinking, smothered existential angst, sleep deprivation, calloused curricula, shallow and crushed community, smell of stress hormone, cultural pressures, living for a resume, racing to the grave at 18. Bless this campus<sup>20</sup>

The kids say I'm paranoid to think these engine-revving red and blue cars with underglow are doing a bit more than styling.

There's a pink glow coming through my window from the T-Mobile store, reminding me of the beginning *Island* by Aldous Huxley, and Arcade Fire's *The Suburbs*. "Dead shopping malls rise like mountains beyond mountains, and there's no end in sight. I need the darkness someone please cut the lights." I'm blowing smoke out the window in the belly of the beast.

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<sup>20</sup> "Bless This Space", Brian Eno, *Drums Between the Bells* (2011)

There is no such thing as  
**TOO MUCH  
B-ROLL**

get that b roll B.

Imagine chess with cybernetic enhancements, we could play a billion moves ahead. White would always win though. The game would start by flipping a coin, “Op, you’re black, sucks to be you, game over.” Notice white gets 1 in his starting position, and he gets A on the left because he’s the historically literate one.

Disconnections

“My only fear of death is coming back in this bitch reincarnated”<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>21</sup> Tupac Shakur