

This, of many, lonely days.

Some distant time. ago.
There was something tangible.

We forget such things.
Many have children.
Many have god.
Some give up.

I gave up. I forgot how to try. I failed drastically in the
only thing that really matters.

and I'm ok with that. Truly.
But GODDAMN it's fucking lonely.

Jacking off can't cure such an ailment. No touching of self
is the touch of another.

It's just pain. And underlying nothingness that consumes
all but cannot have an inkling of show. I don't even have a
friend to talk to, wouldn't know how to do such a thing if a
friend presented.

It's just pain.

The depression of knowing it could never happen. The
very deep hole. The active numb of knowing nothingness,
after knowing so much.

Something to get away, some drug. But that only ever
takes you to another way to live the misery. No answer.
No way.

But it's just pain. You'd never know talking to me. A
shadow I try to hide. We all have our pain. I could justify
mine with claims of un-sublimity. But there's always the
sperm bank. Who says I'm worse off? Why should it not
be me that gets the clue?

From this, my subjective reality, I can only think me. It is
me who is broke to me. This is me failing to get laid.
Pathetic yes, but with no lack of reality.