

Bug bites

Spring - the utmost humble and hopeful period of the year.
In its earliest of terms, the heavy feet of a deity leave an impression.
Fallen leaves and foliage litter the sidewalk.
Concrete becomes aged and coarse, and the cracks in the floor wrinkle and traverse.
Charcoal, Green Yellow, Rose.
The flowers crouch behind a sepia overtone.

September.
Hazy eyes ponder behind a vintage dream,
people move as if duplicated and superimposed.
Exposure's turned up, contrasting the world before.
Everything is all too intense, too painful, too real.
Nonetheless, all is romanticised in its greatest esteem.

Komorebi.

Tree,
Escape from,
Sun.
A natural phenomenon: wry eyes glazed over by the warm hue of the afternoon sun,
abstract shapes of black and gold flicker as the sun peaks through trees.

Life is a constant haze, behind these eyes.
The world around me wilts, my thoughts crash.
But it's all so beautiful;
To live in such privilege, such beauty, such luck.
Yet to be so unsettled, so paranoid, so lost.
Moonstruck.
Taking a dislike to oneself is often easier as a narcissist.

Lilac, Lavender, Violet.
The flowers that have fallen look so exhausted, tired of past affections.
Rose, Scarlet, Merlot.
A skull that resembles a bruised apple, it gets deeper and darker, then
crunch I've hit the core.
 Convoluted, confused, blocked. Attention is deceased, and nothing
 ever seems balanced.

An apple that fell off a tree - not far at all.
Just like mother.
Paranoid, anxious, worrisome
Empathic, forgiving, a bleeding heart.
nothing but Love.

Yet the intensity of such emotions only drags us further and further away.
The apple can't seem to be found, lost in the vast lands.
Aha - alas! Holding and grasping the last of a branch,
Plop.

Roll back up towards the trunk and attempt re-growth.
Hope, fear, resentment.
Looks like the other seeds have beaten me to it.
.... I want my Muma.

No wonder they dropped me.
I might seem shiny and plump on the exterior,
But I'm mushy and raw under my skin.
A satisfying bite indeed, tasty at first,
But all too emotional, too frivolous, no one wants to invest. Not
near rotten, not a bad apple at all,
Just. Not one you'd pick.

How could anyone love such a useless object?
Why doesn't anyone love me?
But Hold me, care for me, *obsess* over me. Never throw me away. I cannot bear to
expose my core again just to be wounded and whipped. The thought of not being loved
makes me sick.

I contradict and overthink.

Spring to be the season of Hope,
To turn a new page.
That of which I may uncover an inkling,
A scratch to itch as a new opportunity.
When flowers go from fuchsia pink to dead brown,
My deconstructive thoughts run right along, right to town.

The world is so beautiful, it's undeniable.
A pretty yet bruised apple,
it sits under a large willow tree and ponders.
Facing the lush never-ending green and gold park lands
resident to King's Cross -
Sprinklers scattered under the cloudless blue sky.
The city scrapers look like legos,
utterly unmoving in contrast to the air traffic and passing clouds.

Everyone in the world moves around me and my tree.

My brain is a turmoil, up down left right and I can't ever think straight.
My friend told me to stop thinking so much.
I wasn't sure how to respond to this,
So ironically, that's what got me thinking:

Overthinking and contradicting, I undecidedly began a series of self-destructive decisions
that would make me at least feel something. Maybe understand myself a little better - I
didn't know why I felt so empty. Things in the world were really happening, you know?
There's a war in Palestine, will it be Trump or Kamala? There's another war in Ukraine -
Hold on, Elon Musk just did something. That's all that seems to fill The New Yorker, my

subscription running thin. The world's burning and we still need to make room for social and political issues plaguing the world. COVID's out, that's no longer relevant. Global warming? Babe, that's like, 2016.

Sigh, If I could just simply focus my abundance of selfish, uncontrollable, and sporadic energy [re; **personal woes**] on something useful, I might have a shot at president!

Yet all I do is sit here under the tree
And complain.
Bad Apple.

Perhaps if I lacked self-awareness I could be clueless about my poor decision-making, a shield against guilt. Unfortunately, I'm rather sure of what catalysed the hollow and dark emotions running through my veins, and that they were indeed in reference to my own wrongdoings. May I at least receive a medal for identifying my faults? Please?

All the kinds of decisions that swallow one's pride and brain cells, *sigh*. Indulgence and compulsiveness - I'd prefer to do it best. Perhaps a rare form of gluttony, but that of such indeed. What follows is the tactical skill of pushing these awful memories away and pretending it didn't happen, or, more often than not, finding humor in such scenarios. Needless to say, the implication of prioritising short term pleasure over long-term wellbeing is nothing new of a sort, just ask my ex-boyfriend. I just didn't know it was contagious.

Realistically, it was also the rapid consumption of quite simply *depressing* content I found online. I smothered myself in it, had let the thick darkness envelope my skin, just so I could feel a little more, I don't know, regular?

I devoured novels about rich and lonesome girls who lived in New York, one tried to sleep through the whole year just so she could feel *something*. Medication and synthetics of all kinds fuelled her, though, in the end, she ended up taking her life. Then came *The Bell Jar*, and Plath's character seems all too recognisable. A girl asked me if I found her character relatable. I felt like I was under a telescope, and either way, I was a complete and utter narcissistic pessimistic neurotic just for *engaging* in that kind of content. *Buzzwords for effect*.

I've run out of my prescription, no more medication to steady on focus. Thankfully the kids from the Eastern Burbs collect Fathers cash to cover the outrageous psychiatrist fee, no problem. *Breezy*.

They like the pills for parties I hear,
I just like them to feel sane.
Warped perceptions,
 Mad, invalidated, misconstrued.
 Irritated, exhausted,
tired.

The large willow tree has become the plum tree, and the apple patiently sits underneath. Molested and bitten alive by bugs and itchy grass, they can tear all the skin away, I won't

even mind. The bug bites on my skin are starting to appear, starting to rise, though the apple doesn't move. If we could sit right here, I thought, and be engulfed by the sea of ants in broad daylight, nothing left but some red socks, meaty bones, and a strong righteous core.

And that I watched. A simply marvelous sight!

I fondled the remains of the apple core with sweet adoration and watched the sun peak curiously through the leaves of the willow tree.

That afternoon I sat in an Uber with no destination. For hours the disturbing inflation in price only arose, tickling a dirty spot in my stomach - almost a pleasurable scratch. I felt disgusted at myself for allowing myself to spend my money in this manner, the absolute product of sheer gluttony and perhaps even Hedony, the years of my savings dwindling. An expert at shoving my unwanted yet protective thoughts to the back of my brain somewhere, I could feel only the cool wind engulfing my face as I shut my eyes and felt the afternoon sun settle on my cheekbones. The city and inner west foreshore spun around the car as we whipped into the dusk, and as the glaring remains of the sun-filled my shut eyes, and alas, I basked in what felt like peace for the first time in some while.

October.