

*Gloom Mommy*

I can't fault you for that because I said no about you too. Of course i will personalize it and fault myself for the mutal non-silence because I can't stop thinking about myself.

It isn't clear why I'm writing about you at all- it feels entirely unnecessary and diminishing (*but not in a diminutive way*)

Think on it and then try to process it all

You can't, can you

?

And not this. But rather all of the subsequent(s) and events.

The aforementioned is not something particularly consequential. And likewise with that and this and that, too. I can't seem to settle my sole focus on the actual cause of my heartbroken ineptitude. *I haven't felt a single thing in months*

The match was lit but the fire still hasn't stopped burning.

I have only been keeping a hand on the latch of something that gives me a sip

Of dopamine. A full glass makes my heart scream. Freeze. Again, it's so ugly—

I can't stop thinking about myself.

Once this is all over (the entire show, not just the season) (*death!*) I imagine

It's similar to the feelings experienced at the end of a series. You either relish in the fact that the entire 'thing' was great and you're bummed it's over

Or you hated it, every second but felt a mostly inexplicable need to watch the whole thing until the choice to stop was no longer yours.