

***HELP***

EVEN I  
WEAR A  
HELMET  
NOW

LONG UMBRELLA DRAGGED ALONG THE BRICKS  
TOO SLOW TO BIKE TO  
WORN DOWN BUT NOT WASHED OUT  
ALONG THE BRICKS  
DRAGGING MY FEET  
LONG SHADOWS CREEP UP FROM BEHIND  
I'VE YET TO DISAPPEAR  
NOT EVEN DAYLIGHT IS SAFE  
FROM THE STICKY REACHES  
OF YOUR SPITEFUL UNDERBELLY  
RESERVED FOR US WHO HAVE SUFFERED ENOUGH  
EVEN I WEAR A HELMET NOW



scrambling scrambling around inside me,  
it's heavier than i expected  
it's dirtier, it's stickier

inside of me  
so fluidly, so expertly crafted  
rumbling, rambling, boiling, bubbling

i'm attending to it, i'm keeping perfectly still  
it's inside of me but  
i need to get it  
out





[sometimes, unbearable]



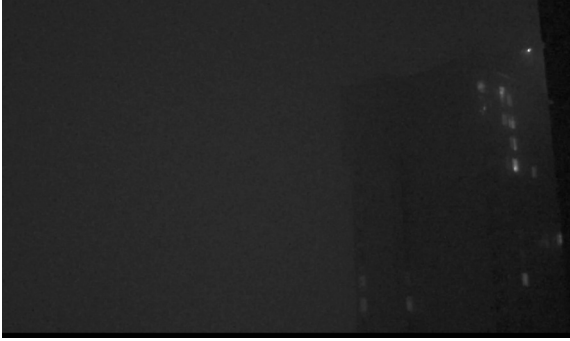
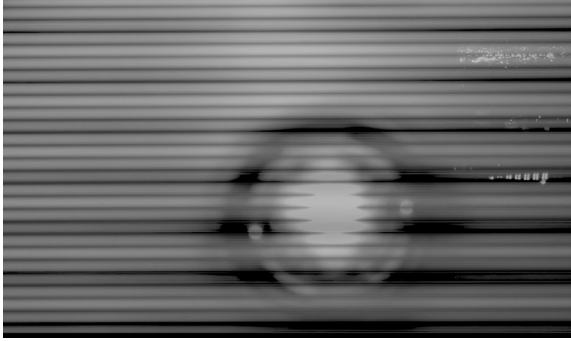
it's very lonely in here  
everyone is so far away

big empty vacuum of a head  
container with no captain  
container with no company

long endless reverberations inside  
travelers with no map  
travelers with no target

single figure in the darkness  
pain with no respite  
pain with no purpose

**1.** Learn how to be with yourself again, alone.





nothing to see here and  
nothing good comes from  
me forcing  
anything  
at all to happen or to  
fix itself inside of  
me and  
it wont last forever this  
wont be true forever not  
even next week but for now  
nothing to see  
here

I saw them pretend to  
jump and I  
took the bus instead

this time I could be  
a toolbox instead of a  
puddle of water

with my last few  
drops  
of strength  
I have enough to  
dig myself out of  
this

what are you digging for?  
more like  
what am I  
digging towards?  
to which I reply  
the sweet  
full  
air  
above ground

and on the bus I'm guaranteed to  
stay above ground







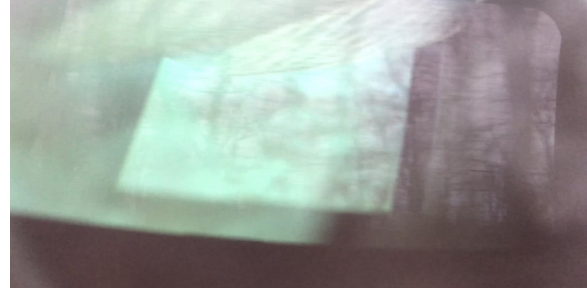
whiskey, cigarettes

[red flag]

could you  
please

tell me you want to see me  
tell me you're excited to see me  
tell me you always love spending time with me  
tell me you're interested in hearing me speak  
tell me you care about me  
tell me you'll always want to spend time with me  
tell me you'll always be around for me  
take care of me  
help me when i need it  
please

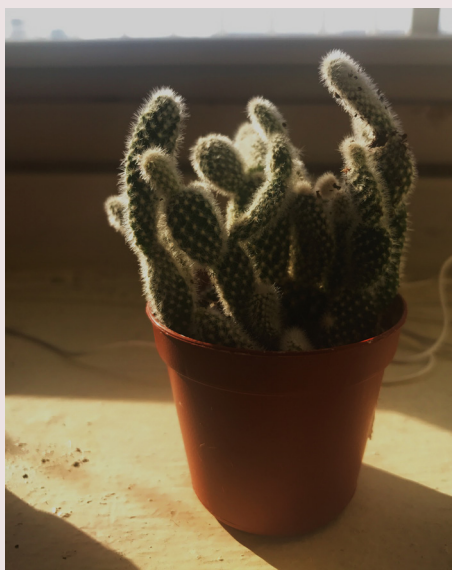




*through*

pain





*It's everyday*  
(I know)

*It takes forever*  
(I know)

Accepting emotional help in the past has  
somehow hurt me, because I didn't know how  
to receive it

[illegible]

I will speak  
quietlier and quietlier  
and quietlier  
until I disappear

my body involuntarily so  
moved around  
shake my head until my mind has no more  
attachments

see how slowly the clouds are moving?  
i can move that slowly too





preparing

[even still, I wasn't prepared,  
I'm never prepared]



*Friday    monday*

*Wednesday? Annie*

*Bookstore   bookstore*

*bookstore*

*uhhhh*

*unmm*

*Nothing   nothing   nothing   nothing*

*filled with*

*Nothing*

*some frustration here*

*some nothing there*

*Airplane   mode*

*Jenny Zhang*

*is   would   be   good*

*to read*

*It   would   be   good*

*to*

*Filled   up   and*

*and   and*

*full*

*or   empty?*

*Or   nothing?*

*Don't sweat it*

*I lose touch as soon as I write  
it down. I lose touch as soon as  
I say it out loud. Speaking to  
you, speaking to myself, writing  
inside a little book that only I  
see, formalizing anything. as  
soon as it touches paper, as soon  
as it touches a physical reality, it  
ceases to be true. I think I hurt  
you before because of this (see?  
now I'm somehow talking to you  
again), I couldn't stop talking.  
Sorry, nothing I said then was  
true. nothing I'm saying now is  
true either. I'm sorry, sincerely*

*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
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*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*  
*the body*

The body is often a vessel, for you to bounce  
around inside, trapped, lonely . . . . .

The body goes here, goes there

(This body is mine)

The mind cannot leave

(The body is proof)

***I exist I exist I exist***

# ***REMEMBER TO***

## ***CARE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE***

- 1.** Reciprocate all care received
- 2.** Initiate care often and sincerely
- 3.** Overcome the notion of 'self' completely

all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
all caught up  
all caught up  
all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
all caught up  
all caught up  
all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
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all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
all caught up inside  
all caught up

would like to be the be to be the be the bee the bee buzzing around  
and around and around round round buzzing changing my  
description here and there and floating around and buzzing and  
secretly secretly attached not so secretly stuck floating floating floating  
around still stuck I'm caught up all caught up inside all caught up  
inside inside

*being is / isn't enough*







I took a detour  
found the absolute worst case  
convinced myself that in it,  
I survive  
then returned

[all I found was smoke, backlogged]















# ***REMEMBER TO***

## ***WRITE DOWN A LIST OF RED FLAGS***

What do I do with my body?

When will this day end?

What do I have to look forward to?

# ***REMEMBER TO***

## ***TAKE TIME***

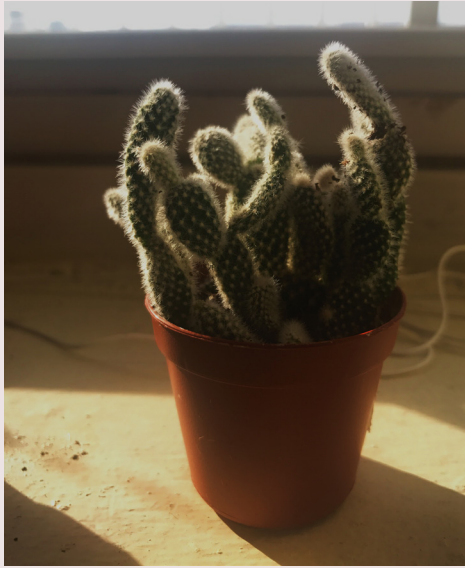
- 1.** Wait it out
- 2.** Talk it out
- 3.** Art it out
- 4.** Sleep it out
- 5.** Write it out
- 6.** Pray it out

(You think in circles)

I should remember to water myself like a plant even when I wake up and I don't want to. Even when I wake up and think, what reason is there for me to wake up? what reason is there for me to keep on living?

It is often helpful to think of my friends, how they remember to water me when I forget to, how they would do that forever. How I would do that forever to them.

*but you can't expect people to take care of you  
all the time*



*I know*

The same bricks that I walked on then, I walk on now  
Last night I dreamt I shot myself  
There was me and there was me  
My limbs went numb, I welcomed you  
But when I tried to shoot  
I hesitated

Too late



wrapping  
aroundaroundaroundaround  
pulling me

around me  
down

*acquaint yourself with the ground*

want to know how you will die?  
want to know how you will die?  
want to know how you will die?

want to know how you will die?

want to know how you will die?

want to know how you will die?

want to know how you will die?

want to know how you will die?



















**1.**

**2.**

**3.** Be saved.

*stay*

*I know  
I know  
I know  
I know  
but*

*it's important that you stay  
I want you to stay  
I'm here now*

In this way, I also discovered how to hate, how to hold so much anger inside of me that the only way it could possibly escape was with explosion. To me, that was better than imploding. To me, that was better than months, half-alive. I didn't realize the hatred was just being redirected away from myself, the anger was just discovering how hard it was to choose to live in this body with myself. I begged to feel hope again, I begged to see a reason to stay. The distraction of anger, the distraction of hate, it wasn't enough anymore. Nothing and no one could make me feel better. I still don't know, to this day.



(It can come in many forms.)

(It will not always make sense.)



I was surprised and briefly comforted  
to discover that many of my friends  
were not okay, either

[stay inside, take your time]

I spoke to Dorothy on the phone yesterday.  
It feels like every new situation that comes  
up is something I have already seen, and  
been on the other side of. Now I'm filling  
in the gaps, I'm being carer instead of  
cared for, I'm being mentor instead of  
mentee. It's funny that I still don't know  
how to love myself.

# ***REMEMBER TO***

**1.** Reconnect with old friends

**1.** Reconnect with yourself

**1.** Connect with new friends


**1.** Grieve

**1.** Take time for yourself

**1.** Check up on your friends

**1.** Take care of yourself



A group of people are silhouetted against a large window in an airport terminal. They are looking out at a sunset or sunrise over a body of water. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue. The interior of the terminal is dark, with some lights visible on the ceiling. In the background, there are airport signs, including one that says "DC2048".

no one can help me  
everyone says yes

# ***REMEMBER TO***

- 1.** Cry
- 2.** Grow
- 3.** Trust
- 4.** Hope

# ***REMEMBER TO***

***BE YOUR OWN FRIEND***

***BE YOUR OWN FRIEND***

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***BE YOUR OWN FRIEND***

***BE YOUR OWN FRIEND***

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***BE YOUR OWN FRIEND***

***BE YOUR OWN FRIEND***

here, you can trust the sun to rise

here, you can trust time to heal

here, you can trust love to fill

here, you can trust people to care

here, you can trust the earth to stay

here, you can trust me



things that end  
I didn't realize a place like this  
could be either good or bad  
I didn't realize the pounding void  
could go away  
I didn't realize this month is mine,  
these changes are true, the pain is  
past

things that begin  
I didn't know you'd come in  
this way  
I didn't know what's here is  
what's now  
I didn't know

*Oh, it's the other side  
now, and here we are,  
and there we were,  
and I have trouble  
recognizing myself, I  
have no patience for  
this part of myself, there  
is so much I can't look  
at, I can't even put it  
on paper for no one to  
see, I can't look into the  
mirror, I can't look, but  
I'm on the other side  
now, I still don't know,  
I still don't know, but  
I know how to love, I  
know I'm worthy of  
love, I know what love  
is now, I know what it  
feels like, I know what  
it looks like, how much  
it weighs, how it can  
grow, and heal, I know  
that growth comes  
with time, and it comes  
with love, and love is  
growth itself, and I've  
been putting out fire  
after fire, and there are  
rooms that I have never  
once stepped inside of,  
I'm exploring slowly,*

*I'm scared, but I know  
more than I did, and  
some rooms needed  
to be destroyed, and  
some needed attention,  
I was afraid to look,  
I didn't want to look,  
I wasn't even trying,  
I was precoccupied  
I was trying to force  
an elephant through  
a doorway, I was  
banging my head, I  
was pacing around in  
circles, I was so dizzy I  
couldn't stand up, but  
there's an empty room  
with a single mirror  
that I had never stepped  
inside of, I'm in there  
now, I'm looking, I'm  
sitting with it, with me,  
I'm trying to only feel  
love, I know now how  
to do that, it has to be  
active, it's life or death,  
I know what parts of  
life are worth living for  
now, what was dark is  
now bright, I know how  
to create my own light, I  
know I exist,*

from here

to here

my body changed to remind me that I can change

and I changed to remind me that I can love



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YOU COULD BE CERTAIN THAT I'M HERE  
THAT I EXIST  
SOMETHING THAT COULD HELP YOU  
I COULD HELP YOU LOVE YOURSELF  
WHEN I'M DEFINITE YOU COULD BECOME DEFINITE TOO  
IN YOUR HAND, BY MY HAND  
IN OUR HANDS WE CAN HOLD IT  
YOU COULD KNOW THAT I EXIST  
THAT INSIDE YOU IS SOLID  
I LEARNED HOW TO BE A GROUND  
ON THE GROUND  
I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU COULD LEARN TOO  
BY THE GROUND, THROUGH ME  
I'M SOLIDIFYING, I'M SOLID  
INTO SOMETHING YOU CAN HOLD IN YOUR HAND  
BY MY HAND, THROUGH ME

I LEARNED  
HOW TO BE  
A GROUND  
ON THE  
GROUND





***SELF***