

personal essay topics - 12:28 am

- intro
- does life get better?
- my love letter to those in love with other people
- having a family is not for the faint of heart
- existentialism
- death
- loneliness
- things i would discuss with my therapist if i went to therapy
- people i wish i was
- people i'm glad i'm not
- new york city
- uh oh

people i wish i wasn't - 12:38 am

the following is a list. whether it's a great list, a boring list, a naive list, or any other (insert adjective) list...that's for someone one else to edie.

- myself
- my mother
- my father
- my own worst enemy
- an ugly crier
- an easily hyper-fixated person
- a pisces

people i wish i was - 3:40 pm

- someone else
- a writer

things i would ask my therapist if i went to therapy - 3:37 pm

- why does my dad consistently choose to not be involved in my life? did i do something?
- is my mom never hugging me voluntarily my fault too? is that where some of my issues could've come from?
- why didn't i cry at my grandmother's funeral?
- why do i keep having these rollercoaster mood swings, even when nothing happens that would make my mood change?
- why do i feel like my friends hate me every second of my life?
- what's up with me listening to that one song on loop for a week and nothing else? is there something a bit weird about that or is the song just that good?
- do i really like how i dress or do i wear clothes way too big for me because i actually hate my body?
- is the fact that i hate my body my fault? what can i do to stop crying everytime i look in the mirror?
- is everything i've asked so far annoying/problematic/sad?
- why can't i remember any part of my childhood? it can't be for the same reasons i can't remember my 21st birthday...
- why do i feel inadequate in comparison to every person i ever meet?
- if people keep telling me, "before you can find love, you have to love yourself" will i blow up and die?
- how many times do you think i've lied about my reasoning for cancelling an appointment?
- am i destined for doom? like, is this all life is?
- how do i get better at controlling my impulses?
- how long ago do you think i should've started therapy or is there still hope for me?

my love letter to those in love with other people - 3:21 pm

this letter is two-fold. for starters, i wanted to pen something for my friends who have found their person. i want to express my thankfulness for them allowing me in their lives and for not ignoring me despite their priority being that person they love, non-platonically. secondly, i wanted to write a letter to my ex-crushes...particularly those in love with someone else (currently).

love is such a big word that starts to sound weird phonetically the more you say it. the more you think about it, the more abstract it gets and then you end up trying to run away from the thoughts in our head of feeling that you'll always be alone. ok, maybe that's just my process, but i'm sure you can get what i mean. i actually love love, even if i've been bashing it publicly this entire time. platonic love is my favorite - without my friends, i'd be fucking dead (probably). familial love, for me, is the worst because i've never really felt it. it seems so foreign to me. i know it has the ability to exist and i see it all the time with others, but i've never had the pleasure of really, deeply, feeling what that's like. romantic love is this white space that goes on for miles and miles. it feels draining. it's like an empty apartment you keep trying to fill with furniture, but you realize you've got to drive all the way to ikea, you've got to actively shop them drive back and then assemble...then you just end up giving up. and sometimes, you find a cool small something on the side of the road (let's say a wooden bedside table) and it's easy to manage so you bring it your apartment, and you realize that theres a screw missing so you throw it back on the street from whence it came and you're back to square one. again, maybe this is just my process.

one thing that'll never waver is my love of other people's love. i love that my friends love me back. i love weddings. and i think i love the love that others have because i'm so removed from it most times. it's like admiring a piece of art in a museum, and knowing you can't take it home but being ok with that fact. it's beautiful and pleasant to know others can experience what i lack. good for them! i more so love my favorite pair of sneakers or my favorite hoodie in the wintertime.

and i want to be in love romantically. please don't think i don't want to be. but i haven't had any luck in that department. i've chalked it up to my looks and not necessarily my personality (girls call me funny a lot!). but i can't help the way i look and maybe that's my curse in this life. i have grown to like how i look and to respect myself because of it. and i guess for now, i love vicariously through those i know in love with someone else.

so cheers to love. cheers to finding it and cheers to trying to figure out a way to live without it.

does life get better? - 3:02 pm

hate is a strong word, but i use it often...even when i don't mean it.

i hate my life. well not really. i guess i just strongly dislike it.

intro - 3:02 pm

i type in all lowercase. i never text anyone back until weeks later, when whatever i was texted about doesn't even matter anymore. i think about death a lot, my own death to be exact. i think about getting hit by a car. i think about falling off a cliff. i think about killing myself. i used to cut myself. i have relapsed with cutting myself. i have a shitty relationship with my parents...with my entire family really. i haven't finished a book in years. i look bad in sunglasses. i have a short attention...i spend a lot of time on my phone. i ignore instagram dms. i hate myself. i hate my mother. i have never said that out-loud (or written it down) until now. i have never been in a relationship, except with that girl in a weird online thing from twitter when i was in high school. i have been rejected by every girl that i have liked. i have not held a grudge against any of them and started acting weird, like when a dude gets rejected. i love kids, but don't want any of my own i think. i always start things, but never ever finish them (will i even finish this book?). i cry everyday, and not by choice. i have tried therapy and for me, it doesn't work; things only get worse after going so i stopped going. i need therapy. i listen to my myself on a volume that isn't at all healthy. i am scared about going deaf. i wear clothes that are too big for me and call it self-expression when i'm really just ashamed of my body. i'm fat and i'm trying to be ok with it. i hate my body because of the people i follow on instagram, and the shows i watch. i dream about being genuinely happy. i hate waking up because reality is what's killing me. i have tried to kill myself twice in the past. i have a mother who yelled at me for making her leave work early instead of comforting me when i first got flagged for a suicide attempt in high school. i tried again my junior year of college. i have never felt close to anyone, not even my friends. i had a crush on my 9th grade english teacher. i still do. i wonder where she is now. i'm tired of a lot of things: being sad, work, shitty people, being lonely, tinder, grocery shopping, explaining myself, using humor to hide the fact that i'm hurting. i tend to exaggerate. i love music, it's the only thing keeping me alive. i've been listening to the same song for the past two hours, on a loop. i hyper-fixate. i tweet way too much. i fucking hate instagram. i wear blue light glasses even when i'm not looking at my computer. i'm allergic to nuts. i hate chocolate. i talk to myself. i don't talk to my parents. i want to live in new york. i can't afford it. i want to run away. i'm scared. i don't remember any part of my life before college. i am lost. i don't know what to do in this life. i feel like dying would solve it all. i felt that way, anyway. i don't know what i feel now.

untitled - 10:58 am

- 5 pro tips on how not to let it go
- woman wins award for finally completing a 5-minute task that she's been putting off for a month
- 22 year old accidentally adds every person they've ever talked to to their close friends story
- woman bookmarks every Instagram post just to never look at them again
- how to convince yourself that they heard you the first time
- how to actually laugh when typing LOL

jack's watchlist - 10:08 am (shared)

1. vertigo
2. crimson peak
3. the beguiled
4. life after beth
5. miss sloane
6. the last black man in san francisco
7. muriel's wedding
8. isle of dogs
9. suspiria (2018)
10. saint maud
11. the to-do list
12. house (1977)
13. sound of metal
14. bandits (2000)
15. barb and star go to vista del mar
16. a woman under the influence
17. death becomes her
18. funny girl (1968)
19. clockwatcher
20. fargo (1996)

2023, ins and outs - 4:30 pm

what's out

- wishing someone a happy birthday on instagram
- baking shows
- austin butler
- coffee table books (guilty)
- marvel movies, war movies, and late night tv
- brunettes
- biopics
- online dating
- mixed drinks
- youtube
- ryan murphy
- @deuxmoi on instagram
- snl
- miniskirts
- going live on instagram
- sunday scares
- workwear
- clogs

what's in

- wishing someone a happy birthday on bereal
- indie films, rom coms, and day time tv
- jennifer coolidge
- magazine subscriptions
- blondes
- musical theater
- movie stars pivoting to broadway
- dating a friend of a friend
- whiskey
- artificial intelligence
- marriage
- pop rock
- shakespeare
- brandless fashion
- colorado
- sitcoms
- kim kardashian

attempt - 8:38 pm

they're surrounded by a sea of bodies, hungry for each other. but to them, they are alike. staring at each other from across the room, only an invisible tether between them. who will be brave enough to shorten it? to completely sever it?

he looks at her, more intently now. her eyes glow beneath the neon lights. her skins breathes - it speaks to him. her pants, the color of moss, and her cropped graphic tee sitting playfully above her naval. she now eyes him. he stands tall but seems to float, hovering over the mist of the party. he smiles shyly, swaying his ungovernable hair to the side...as to get a better view. she smiles back, softly and silently, but she says everything she needs to.

she runs to him, finally breaking the tether. they embrace, they pause, they embrace again. the room seems to fill with other people now, but contact never breaks.

we close in on their faces, staring longingly into one another. just as they go to kiss, we CUT TO BLACK.

cool stuff! - 10:28 pm

1. graduated
2. got a cool job (ily nyc) (edit: this didn't age well)
3. got confirmed for a production credit on a show coming out in 2022
4. watched a lot of movies
5. my friends fell in love and got married! (ily @ pipes and emma)
6. experienced a whole new world of tunes (always grateful for u @ jack)