

circa weird spring/summer

It's a spring day, and I just picked some flowers. Time is weird because, now, I am going to "try" to get myself more out there. I don't know why I'm always tired. I'm not even thirty yet and my back hurts like shit. You know you're growing up when you ~~see~~ parents have excruciatingly more wrinkles than they used to. I laugh at my mom's height when we both face the mirror but then I realize it's not all that funny because in reality, she's JUST SHRINKING!!! My grandpa has cancer, and I don't know how to feel. My mom reminds me to be "grateful" for everyday but how can you? The universe just sprinkled cancer on my grandpa and everyday for him is like hell. Why do these things happen. Why am I here? My hair always looks like it's tangled, but I swear I brush it on the daily. I think that's why boys don't like me. I think that's why girls are afraid of me. I think that's why my dog secretly hates me... I have a ton of books on my shelf (actually on my floor) and even they know what they're doing. I'm 20 something and I don't have it all mapped out. People, they say it's going to be OK - but is it? I think for now I just want cake.

