I find myself being silent all the time. Just the entire day, I wouldn’t say much at all. I would just sit there with a blank stare in my face and a lack of desire in my eyes—I just don’t want to do anything. I would feel numb and lifeless just sitting in the dark.

That’s as bad as it can get on a regular day, but I can’t stand the thought of it; the thought of nothing, the thought of staying quiet without a word, without a personality. So I would just say what’s on my mind, sometimes, to whatever my friends are talking about. Normally, I don’t talk about what I write, but a lot of the time, I write about what I talk and hear. There’s almost a different personality between me as a writer and me as a person. As a writer, I would be sitting at home on my laptop, listening to music and I would stop midsentence to reread everything I had just written and think “I don’t like where this is going” or “Hell, just put it in there anyway.” As a person, I would sit and access the situation and think, but never act and because of this, many are left with their story unfinished and cut short—not saying someone died and lost their life to death, but to nothing when they would be sitting at home with nothing; no thoughts, no life. As a writer, I have the opportunity to give these people their lives and their stories as a gift of understanding because if I’m ever in that situation, I want someone to hear me.

I find myself being loud and random all the time. Just the entire day, I would say so much. I would, perhaps, just sit there with a smile in my face and laughter in my eyes—I just make jokes for the enjoyment of others. I would feel happy in the light.

That’s as good as it can get on a regular day and I don’t mind if no one listens. Even at times, I don’t care about what I say because I would speak just to avoid not speaking. I would feel happy, not because I’m finally being heard, but because I’m finally speaking. Recently, less and less things have been embarrassing me and I’ve been noticing these changes in my myself. I honestly don’t care about some things, but I don’t care in a positive manner as in that shouldn’t matter to you anyway because it shouldn’t even exist.

I don’t care, I’ll just continue walking across the border of sanity to do what makes me feel good because in the end whatever the hell I do should make me feel good. Live life as if you don’t care about little things, but care for little things as if you live life.