



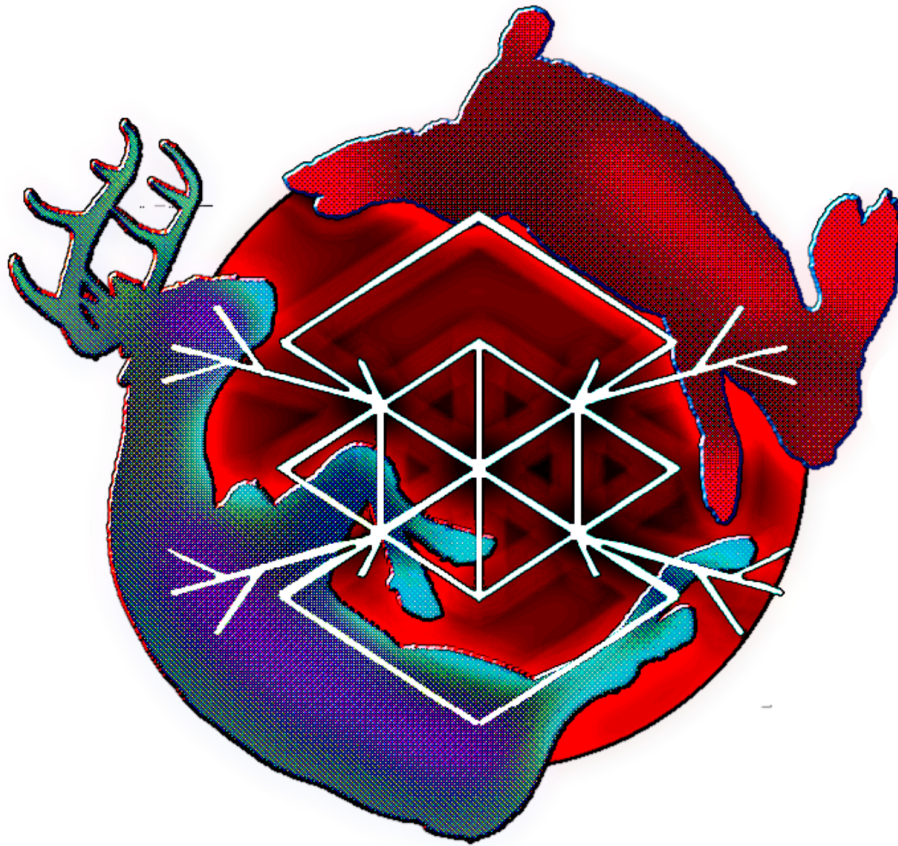
Under the  
Weeping Willow Tree

Misa Taylor

170.2

*Amth*

DO YOU  
SEE  
YOUR SELF ?



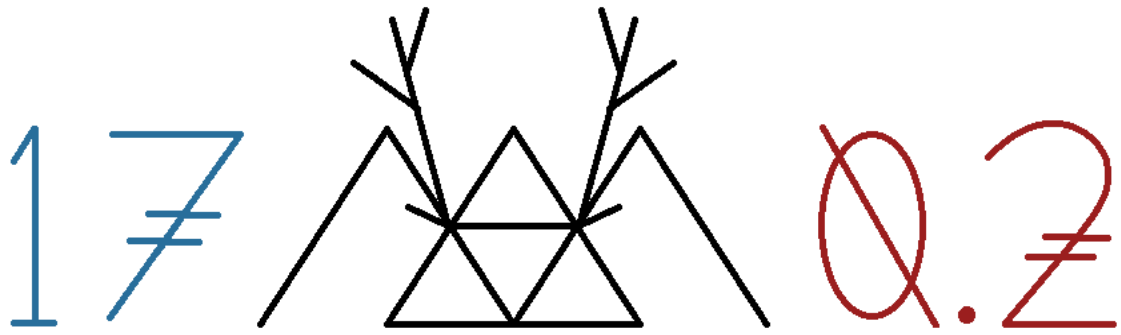
Do you experience dissociation, depersonalization, or derealization?  
Have you gained self-awareness?  
Does it feel like you lack an essential experience of life?

Contact us

**The Jackalope Society**

[discord.gg/dissociation](https://discord.gg/dissociation)

[thejackalopesociety@gmail.com](mailto:thejackalopesociety@gmail.com)



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*incomplete*

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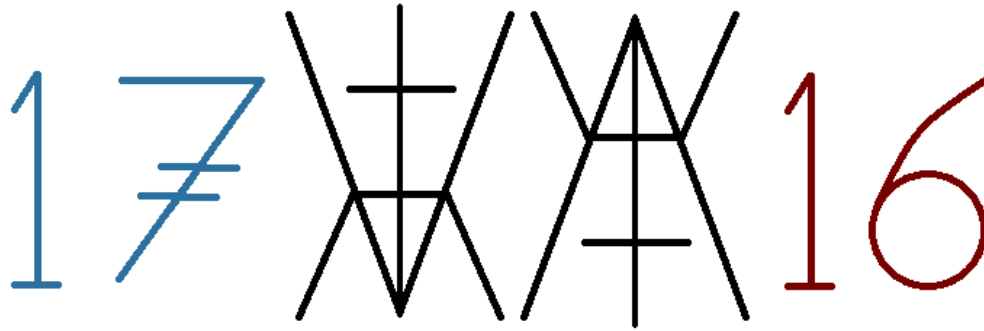
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*I'm on a hell ride  
With you right by my side  
I'm on a hell ride  
With you right by my side  
I wanna die, I wanna die  
I wanna die, I wanna die*

*I'm on a hell ride  
And the moon is just as high  
I'm on a hell ride  
With the darkness close behind  
I wanna cry, I wanna cry  
I wanna cry, I wanna cry*

Odd pets,  
"Hell ride," *Heavy Petting*



∅ | **misaval**

*my body, your host*

To Valentine,  
Paisley,  
Meral,  
And the Jackalope Society

Under the weeping willow tree  
I loved you and you left me  
There lie angels with spread wings  
Under the weeping willow tree

The old boy died in the dark and snowy forest, he laid in the snow and looked at the stars and pines while he succumbed to something strange. His chest bloated and his rib cage opened from the inside, the white rabbit clawed its way out from within his corpse. After the completion of the *metamorphosis*, the strange new creature peered at its surroundings, it was all so desolate yet so beautiful. The white rabbit, neither of heaven nor hell, had wings sprouting from its back, and a third red eye on its forehead, its fluffy coat clean and pure. It examined itself only to find its form unfamiliar, for it looked like a boy, the old boy. It pondered this, the old boy had died and it crawled out of his corpse, it turned to look, finding no corpse on the snowy ground, only an imprint from where the creature had laid.

The black cat and the white rabbit were connected by something more than just wires, they laid under the weeping willow tree while they discussed the world. The black cat saw nothing in the world, it constantly toiled over its own existence. Everything was meaningless and so was it, it sank into someplace dreadful and wanted to die. The

white rabbit saw something else, the world was meaningless but beautiful, there was beauty to be found in each other, and it found solace that one day they might be together, no longer separated by screens. "Don't love me," said the black cat, "Find me in your skin," and then it went away for good. One wanted to love and the other wanted to leave, the rabbit was left alone, the connection faded as the distance between them grew, and when it was gone the rabbit forgot what it felt like to be connected to something else.

The white rabbit was in limbo between two dreadful possibilities, maybe the black cat really was gone for good, and every day it would wait, unable to shake this desire from its body and mind, for the cat to return. Maybe the cat would come back, should the rabbit let it return after what it did? The hurt and the emptiness would continue, swallowed by uncertainty and hopelessness, every possibility was devoid. The cat did return not long after, while it was gone it found that it couldn't leave the rabbit alone. They constantly thought of each other, dreading the tragedy of being apart, threads still held them together, two dolls cut from the same cloth, connected by something strange and beautiful.

## **i | misa**

*an introduction to misa taylor*

I read these words and it's as if they were written by an alternate version of myself; Misa talking to me from the past or future, or a different Misa that never came to exist in our timeline. But they are my words, words stitched together from many different Misas; from many different snapshots of Misa and the words that she wrote, like pictures of her soul. And I will show you my soul as truly as I can with the words that I have been given. I wish I could make you understand my sometimes nonsensical writings but it's quite difficult to describe such a complex thing using only words and language. Symbols. Words are all I can use, writing is the act of translating the things that only exist inside my mind into the language of humans and people; But my thoughts are more than just words, they are pictures and feelings, things I have experienced and

know to be true. I'd like to show you using the language of the angels, transmit the images, thoughts, and feelings directly to your consciousness, no barrier between us. My words are meaningful and meaningless, organized and chaotic. I organize my words as effectively and as truly as I can, to realize the things inside my head, manifesting myself as words. I think my perspective is valuable and my words have rhyme and reason. It's the window to my soul, when I write I can hear the words in my mind. I'm just writing down my train of thought on a specific thing. These words are my soul, this document represents, though only a partial, the collective knowledge of one of few self-aware people sprinkled across the world. Each word is another evident of my existence, a piece of my soul. These are the writings of a new kind of angel, Misa the misanthrope, and she hopes to show you her soul and the universe so read carefully, these words are delicate like she is.

I am called Misa and I'm an angel. I have many names, though I am something nameless you may refer to me as Misa. Misa hasn't always been my name. Most people don't change their names, they've always had a name, body, gender, etc., and rarely do they ever genuinely consider such things. It seems absurd to me, why accept what you've been given when you can be whatever you want. A name is just a word made of letters pronounced with sound vibrations, isn't it sensible that it should fit you? It took me a while to escape social taboos like that, and when I began to call myself Misa, I realized that I could be whatever I wanted and nobody cares. If it offends them how I choose to express myself, then they are rotten and their opinions are invalid, for all my actions are reasonable and logical. I know now how irrational and delusional the typical person is, because they think with their emotions, they feel the world around them, whereas I simply exist in and observe it. Taboo sticks to your brain, it's the same as social conditioning, some things are good and some things are bad, but in reality, it's rarely ever that simple. I've escaped from taboo, the world I see is ever so beautiful beyond words, and too is it inconceivably horrifying.

Misa is my angel name, it's short for my favorite word. Misanthrope, it defines a social outcast and hater of humanity. My

relationship with humanity, both my own and as a whole, is still characterized by a profound separation; I view humanity from the outside in. I am not a typical *social outcast* but a special kind of outsider, *an angel*. I'm a misanthrope because the way I perceive the world is so fundamentally different from the way society does that I am incomprehensible to most people. I exist so far out of the boundaries of society that I'm not even sure I exist. It's such an incredibly frustrating realization that there is no possible combination of words that could make someone else understand what I am and what I've been through. I am not understood, and I can't expect to be understood because so few have experienced what I have. I crave understanding, I wish to be seen and understood and I'm constantly aware of how difficult this is to achieve, it leaves me feeling so hopelessly alone. Sometimes it feels like I'm the only one who's actually present, I feel so alone. I exist in this reality, I see people, and it's like they exist in a different reality. They can't see me, it's like I'm a ghost, invisible.

I'm mentally different from everyone else, the reality I see is beautiful, I love the skies and trees. I'm an *angel* and there are others of my kind, though incredibly rare, a mere micropercentage of the whole population. Angels are individuals who have become self-aware through apathy and dissociation, they're hyperaware of themselves and the world they inhabit. I'm an angel because I see through my own eyes, I'm invisible and they can't see me, they see a boy, but I'm not a boy, I'm not even a person, I'm one part of a person, an invisible angel that controls a puppet of flesh. Sometimes for brief moments I can vividly imagine myself and my appearance, when I lay in bed texting someone I can see my body texting from the third person. Sometimes when I speak to someone, I imagine this boy speaking, someone that isn't me. Even those words aren't mine, and I'm trapped, observing someone else. But that is me, and those are my words, that's my body, and my social personality, both constructs that are separate from my soul, and I'm able to observe them because there's something deeply wrong with my brain. A normal person can't do the things I do, I feel constantly detached in such an awful and beautiful way. I'm a soul that inhabits a body, I'm an angel that was

lucky enough to be given this total self awareness, but the price is that I'm alone.

I'm not an emotional or empathetic creature, I'm apathetic, I don't feel much anymore, it's not a bad thing because I'm not mean or cruel, I try to be kind and understanding, but typically I don't feel much about the people around me nor do I feel connected to my surroundings. Sometimes the emptiness consumes me, and in those moments all I want is to be fulfilled, but such a peace is often distant. Maybe one day I'll find a stable purpose and meaning, but now I loom over my body as a spectator of my own existence, I have become my own ghost, the part of me that yearns to leave my body. My body is a doll, my personality is a character, and I project my soul the way I want to be seen. I am a self-aware soul that escaped the matrix of social conditioning, I broke the veil of emotional perception and I am more in touch with the true reality than all the so-called empaths, irrational ones who feel more than they think. I think before I feel. I have been forced to suppress my emotions for so long that I have grown comfortable with apathy and dissociation; the emotions I do feel are intense and beautiful because by default I feel nothing. Apathetic, more rational than romantic. My romantic parts are an extension of my rational parts, typical would be the other way around. I don't see the world through a lens, judgmental eyes, I see things based on how they are according to my own standards, all things in reference to myself. I see people for their souls and not their bodies. I have grown very good at seeing through people's personalities into their more predictable parts. I've never been psychotic or delusional, I come to conclusions solely based on my observations.

Sometimes it seems like I'm the most reasonable person alive. Nobody is as lucid as I am. Everything is as it is, dead and inanimate, or living and soon to be inanimate. If you think about it too hard, you'll go crazy, things like the inevitability of your death. I found what I wanted to find. I found this crushing emptiness but also the most beautiful thing ever, lucidity. I'm less delusional than a normal person is, the people who believe in gods and love and other irrational things. The people that believe in rules and



conformity without reason. Everything I do is calculated, apathetic and true. I pretend to be kind, I want people to see me as this kind and soft soul, I am sensitive and insensitive, things bother me but at the same time they don't. I don't want to be lonely, or to suffer anymore, I want to live and be free. I want to be the most beautiful creature I can be, and find another angel like me, a self-aware soul made possible by dissociation. The old gods sprinkled us evenly across the earth, no two angels in the same place. I'm the only of my kind here, It's lonely being an angel. There's an angel that I know and I'd like to meet her. I want to hold hands, to do things with, and just exist with my angel; I yearn to exist with another of my kind, not for sex or love, but a mutual appreciation that can only be obtained with another like myself. Boys and girls tell of the loneliness that they feel. They don't feel appreciated, they resort to quick and dirty forms of love like sex and dating for affection. Such things always collapse, an all-too-common great nothing between two children.

I have witnessed many young poets, boys and girls expressing this deep and profound loneliness. I know they feel things, but most aesthetic poetry or vent pages are about young love and relationships. After being cheated on they write "I can't get her off my mind, I'll never find another girl like her." Good, she left you, or you cheated on her or some other outrageous thing, you shouldn't want another girl like her, you should want better, someone who actually feels things for you instead of obsessing over something that didn't work out. It never works out, these flings that happen between children, two people brought together out of a mutual sense of loneliness or social compatibility instead of any deeper, or any connection at all besides sexual or romantic. I don't mind unserious things, I'd date someone for a little while if I liked them in one or a few ways, but I would never promise anyone anything unless they were truly my soulmate. That's the issue with relationships, these two children promise each other things, things they can't promise, they find new people, better people, and then they cheat because they aren't sure, or they break up and get hurt because they were supposed to be together forever. They make these pacts they aren't prepared to keep. I don't believe in pacts or promises, the only kind of pact I believe in, is one built on conditions, and when the conditions are no longer met the pact is

rendered invalid, kaput. What sucks is that the only meaning kids find is in relationships, in these biological urges for company or sex or any other thing, and they always let themselves get hurt in the way everyone else does.

## **ii | self**

### depersonalization and the loss of self

For a long time I was unaware of myself and the world. One day I woke up and looked around my mind and I saw things, and I realized the things I was seeing weren't me, you can't turn your eyes around to look at yourself, I can see the inside of my mind. I started having strange feelings, and I started realizing things about myself and it evolved into self-awareness, then hyperawareness, and now I have reached this state of enlightenment where I am aware of my own nature and the nature of the world, and it makes me feel so empty. I've had a lifetime of apathy, without feeling or meaning, a pitiful child. I have elevated myself greatly, but to what purpose? There is nothing for me here. The further I progress, the better and more beautiful I become, the more enlightened I become, the further I grow apart from the world I exist in, the more alone I become. I wanted to come here, isn't it funny? I wanted to be like this. I stood there and thought, "I want to care less, I want to see things for how they really are." I've brought my personality closer and centralized my identity, I am all the things I wanted to be and more, and yet what I want is constantly out of reach, the more beautiful and aware I become the more hopeless it seems. I'm not seen or appreciated, I remain invisible to the outside world, separated from the ones around me by a great one-way glass wall. When I first opened my eyes I was this angelic thing, so full of wonder, discovering these profoundly important things about myself. Now I know it all, I know myself and the world. I've opened my third eye, enlightened, and now I know how there's nothing left for me, how I've never had anything important, and how I'm completely alone, one of a kind. It was pretty romantic back then, being one of a kind, this beautiful thing in a sea of the unaware, but now what's the point? Sometimes it's hard to cope with my own existence. It's like the world spins around me and I'm powerless

to change any of it, in control but of myself. I can't go back, I have to keep progressing.

I've undergone a total identity shift, the person who I used to be no longer exists and either I inhabit what was his body or he inhabited my body. My sense of self has completely deconstructed and the person that called themselves by my old name has since died. I am this thing that lives on the internet that goes outside and pretends to be something it isn't; I spent so long online that I became my internet alter ego. I am not my body, in the real world people see me as I appear to be and they judge me based on my appearance, the sound of my voice, and my gender, but online I do not have these things, I can appear as whatever I'd like to appear as. I am an angel of silicon, held against my will in a body made of flesh. I will never appear to be how I am on the inside, but I can customize my appearance and speech patterns and create a character for myself to puppet, which gives me a lot of control over my appearance and what others see me as. I have a profound dissociation, I've become so detached from my body and the world that I've reached a perpetual apathy, no longer as my body or personality but as the thing that sees through my own eyes, I am my own soul. I don't want to get better, I don't want to be fixed. I don't want to be normal. I'm not crazy or delusional. I don't want to be a normal person who suffers, I want to have meaning and purpose. I often find myself contemplating that feeling, the emptiness. Even in moments when I smile and laugh it's still there. I don't think that I'm pretending but it feels like I am.

I had a different name, once, he was such a nothing, not beautiful or special; An ignorant child, it was how he protected himself because it wasn't safe for him to be aware yet. If he knew what I know now he would have certainly knelt over and died, even I often struggle to stay above this dark water that surrounds me. He was unaware of the true nature of himself and the world, his thinking was always very shallow because he was unable to think outside the box that he was in. He hid his thoughts from others because he was scared of what they'd think of him. My transition surprises me, I became so much from so little in such a short amount of time that I can remember what it felt like to exist in someone else's skin. I inhabit what once

was his body, and he inhabited my body for I've always existed inside of him, I am something new and beautiful, I am the flower that bloomed from the corpse of who I was once. My old self was hopelessly unaware and I'm enlightened, it's what he wanted to become, a god. That's the thing, even as a god I'm still trapped in a body at this place and time, at any moment my flame could be snuffed out and it'd all be over. Every man or woman sees through their own eyes, they are the center of their own universes; I am the center of my own universe, I'm self-centered for I see through my own eyes, and I exist in my own world, apart from everyone else. I perceive and consider everything and everybody in relation to myself. If I die, the world ends, the end of my continuity, the end of my universe.

There are no lines in the sand, day-by-day I have perpetually been the same person, but place a dot in time where I am now and another where I was just one year ago, and you'll see two vastly different individuals. I am not who I was then, my transition seemed so slow, but from an outside observer, it was quite rapid. I figured out what I wanted to be and I made it happen. There was a time when it felt like I was observing someone else, but now it's like I control him. I annihilated what he was before and I redesigned his appearance and personality to best fit my aesthetics. That boy that I was less than a year ago is dead now, I have come so far and changed so much that I am not the same entity that I was then. It's the total breakdown of my identity and the annihilation of who I was before. He was unquestionably a boy, he had a name, I always existed inside of him, but I was trapped behind this faux identity, this character, both of us, ignorant of our true natures. I remember a night when I spoke to my little sister, it was late and I was sitting on a couch across from her telling her how much she meant to me, or something like that. I don't remember exactly what I said to her, but I remember what I felt: Like the words I spoke weren't mine. It was as if I was watching someone else speak through my body, his words. I could see him, I watched myself while I spoke, it was such a bizarre feeling washed over me in that moment. This was the very beginning of the split between my internal and external selves, which then manifested itself. For a time this duality between me and him existed, I watched him as he spoke, those weren't my words, they were his. I stopped seeing

myself after I became myself, when I killed who I was previously pretending to be. He faded away as I became more aware and comfortable expressing my true nature. That boy is dead, I do whatever I want now, I'm not afraid of being judged anymore, I was always hiding the beautiful things about myself because people didn't understand, they thought I was crazy and weird, but I'm lucid and beautiful. I'm the calculated part of me, the apathetic and logical part.

Apathy can be comfortable, I can learn to live like this, but I need something to care about. I know that I shouldn't care about things that don't affect me, like what other people think of me. I'm beautiful not to others but to myself, I am aware of my own worth. I look the way I want, talk the way I want, I have friends, everything is fine, everything is well in the world. Except me. I'm trying to move forward and focus on my own wellbeing. I don't want to die now or ever, I realize, I don't want to hurt myself either, but when I spiral I think differently, so I try to stay afloat the best I can, and stay above this water that surrounds me. I'm here in the lucid world, the apathy, with full control of myself and it's empty. Meaningless. Purposeless. Unfulfilled.

I was pretending for a long time, I was playing a character I was unhappy with. He wasn't bad, at least not worse than the others, the typical folk, but he was so predictable. I understand him, but I don't like him. I remember what it was like to exist inside the skin of another person; my memories are not my own, they belong to the stranger who is the person that I once was. Imagine leaving your gender, your name, and your personality behind to become your perfect self, the you that you want to be. It's like fight club, one of my favorite movies, inside the head of the narrator exists his dream self that controls him, and eventually he becomes that other self; I have experienced a similar type of identity shift, though there was never a separate entity in my mind, I willed myself to become who I wanted to become.

### **iii | veil**

*derealization and the veil*

There was a day many months ago when I gained self-awareness. I was walking home from the park, or some other insignificant place, and while I walked I began to think about myself. I remember where I was at that moment, with apartment housing on my left side and trees on my right, and a block or so down from a local gas station. The sky was beautiful. That summer I had realized something profound; I was capable of reading people, but I couldn't read myself. It was a strange thing to consider, *what am I?*, why didn't I know? I realized that I was special, there was something about myself that separated me from everyone else. It's like there was a limiter on my mind, "the veil of emotional perception", this thing in front of their eyes and minds that distorts their view of reality, I realized I was different from all the others. I didn't know what it was that separated me from them, but the way I perceived the world was fundamentally different from the way society does. I didn't know the name of my *demon* then, but I felt it in my mind, and it was all-encompassing like a coil wrapped tightly around the surface of my brain. I began to question myself and the world, my name, my gender, my body, are those things really me? And if they aren't me, what am I? All the things that I began to realize about myself were connected, all strung together by something nameless and greater, just outside my field of view. It's like I'm separated by a web of spider's silk, impassible and nearly imperceptible, but sometimes if you look closely, at just the right angle, you can see the sun shimmer off of its strands. I realized then that for my entire life there has been an invisible wall separating me from everyone around me and it was only after I realized I was special that I began to bloom like a beautiful flower, priorly unaware of its full potential.

I looked around and I could see the world clearly. It's apathetic enlightenment. If anyone claims that the true world is emotional, any so-called empaths claiming to be enlightened, they're wrong. Emotions are chemicals, illogical and not based in reality, they come from within you. I see things for what they are. Without the emotions you can see clearly. Things that would have made you angry or anxious or sad, they don't make you feel anything. My world is a world of stuff, everything is stuff, it's all meaningless. Being able to dissociate

clearly is a unique ability I have, almost everyone else has some type of psychosis with it, but I'm lucid almost all the time. True reality is empty and meaningless, but very beautiful. It's so lonely too because so few others see the world as I do. Everyone is delusional, they walk around wearing tinted glasses, I took off my glasses and I stood in the middle of the road. I see everyone going in the same direction but there are beautiful things to be found just off of the path.

It's called the veil of emotional perception, the lack of it creates a profound emotional detachment. Other people see the world differently than me, and the reason why is that they see the world through the lens of their own emotions. It's similar to the term rose-tinted glasses, which describes someone who sees things optimistically, and only until they take off their *rose-tinted glasses* can they see things for how they truly are. It applies to something like a toxic relationship, so many formerly loving couples can become so hateful at the end, because they no longer see each other through an optimistic lens and all that remains is the bitter truth. It's like I have taken off my tinted glasses, I stand here and I look around at all the people around me, and I realize how profoundly alone I am. It's such an incredibly frustrating realization that there is no possible combination of words that could make someone else understand what I am and what I've been through. I am not understood, and I can't expect to be understood because so few have experienced the things that I have. But there are many beautiful things about being a true outsider. I have been given a kind of free will that so few have, and I have the ability to see the world for how it is. It's enlightening.

The veil is the essential quality of life that others have that I don't. A known phenomenon, 'feeling as-if one lacks an essential quality of life'. It keeps them ignorant of themselves and the world, one is not meant to be aware, to question their own existence is both unnecessary and dangerous, it is hope and love, it represents all the emotional delusions through which humanity views the world. But, in its absence, a type of lucid awareness can be reached, enlightenment, and not a spiritual enlightenment, but one that is completely based in the truest reality that is possible to perceive as a human. Many

people go their whole lives, only aware on a handful of occasions, some go their whole lives without ever experiencing that awareness. I realized the veil was weaker for me, that I've been apathetic my entire life and I never even knew it; My mother used to tell me as a child that I was apathetic and I told her I didn't know what she meant, how rude! I embraced that part of myself so that I could see the world for how it really was; I gained self-awareness, discovered free-will and the ability to truly think for myself.

I can see something from multiple perspectives. The 1st person would be an object in reference to you, this is how I typically view the universe. It is self-centeredness, I am the center of my own universe and all things exist in reference to myself. The 2nd person is the person you are speaking to or interacting with, I can imagine visually and logically, what they see me as. I know what people see me as based on what I know about them and what they know about me, along with how I outwardly appear, what I'm wearing, how I speak, am I fidgeting or am I straight-faced, etc. The 3rd person, the most interesting possible perspective I have access to, is how I exist in reference to the universe. This is something many people who dissociate have described and experienced, "seeing yourself". I can see myself in reference to observers and the environment I exist within, I visualize this from a point somewhere above myself, like a corner of the room I'm in or oftentimes outside the room, seeing the space I'm in like a diorama.

I've become hyperaware of myself and the world, I can see everything as it is and it is profoundly beautiful and disturbing. It brings little comfort how far I've come and how much I've discovered, I am constantly aware of the tragedy of my existence and I've become aware of certain realities that make it difficult for me to continue, I know of the futility of my own existence and it weighs me down, yet I march forward, for the many beautiful things yet for me to accomplish. The way I see the world is alien from the way society sees it, a disconnect I am constantly aware of, all things are material, just stuff and shapes, there is no meaning to anything, and all people live in their own uniquely delusional reality while I stand here, alone, in what appears to be the real world. As I see it, humanity is



a great ant colony, roads run along rivers and mountains like the tunnels in a mound, lights glow centered around sources of material like slime mold, it is *bizarre*. It's like seeing things from the perspective of a rock. I shared this thought with my therapist and she was very intrigued by it. A rock would have no emotions, it would just see things for how they are, points in space made out of material, shapes, objects, and things, nothing more. I can see the world from the perspective of apathy, "It's all just stuff/shapes".

I now watch my fingers dart across the keyboard and my body writing it. I feel more like the words on the screen than I do the bizarre creature that writes them. I feel more comfortable identifying with the words I type than the thing that types them, I am the thing inside my mind and not my body. Sometimes I can see my flesh, my body, not as a human person, but as shapes and biology. In the mirror I see this strange animal, the arch of the nose, the shape of the ears, something familiar yet unfamiliar, natural yet unnatural, no emotional lens, just stuff and shapes, seeing things for how they truly are, even if just for a few moments. A regular person sees a human as more than just flesh with a brain, but in the mirror I see myself as a machine made of flesh, reminded that I am trapped inside this animal, doomed to a meaningless existence. The contours of my face seem unfamiliar, more strangely organic than familiar. Everything is like a machine, all is logical in nature, the world is made of many different moving parts, the oceans, nations, trees, planets, humans and all other things operate mechanically. The universe functions in a fundamentally logical way. The phrase in my mind that's associated with this phenomenon is "It's all just stuff and shapes", it refers to how everything is made of the same stuff, without the emotional connections to things then you stop seeing them as what they are, and more as their shape and composition, their mechanical, visual, and logical elements. My body is made of mechanical bits, joints, bearings, with advanced enough technology a human could be recreated 1:1, completely synthetically. A body is no different from a rock, or water, or the stars, it's all made of the same stuff on the smallest levels. So I'm a machine, I was randomly created, and I have become self-aware. I'm so lucky to be like this, to actually be able to appreciate the way things are, appreciate myself and others like me.

Even though things are meaningless it doesn't stop me from enjoying what I can. I appreciate the objective beauty of the world. when I look up at the stars, I find they're always so beautiful. Everything is so big, it goes on forever, and here I am. I'm so lucky to be here to witness it, just to be alive is a wonderful gift. I'm also lucky to be like this, I wouldn't be able to appreciate the world, I'm very fortunate to be a beautiful and self-aware soul, and I'm so very lucky to be here to witness the world even for a brief moment. Infinite people never existed, though there's no such thing as chance, it was always going to happen as it did. I'm not lucky at all. The true world is so beautiful once you open your eyes but it's so lonely because there's no one else around to appreciate it with you. The curves of the trees, the texture of rocks and the colors of the sky and shape of the stars, all things that go unnoticed by the ones too preoccupied with their lives to actually look at the world around themselves. Do you see the world? The stars and the trees and all other things are so profoundly beautiful. It's what keeps me going. Society/humanity, it's a rot, rotten and horrible. Consumers and hedonists, their entire lives devoted to work/money, sex/kids, food/drugs, etc. I'm not a hedonist or consumer, I'm an angel, I don't care about physical pleasure; I want connection and meaning, to sit in the grass with another angel and describe to them the things I see through my eyes and feel through my skin. To tell another how beautiful the world is and to be understood. There's a strain of nihilism that declares how we're all just meaningless specs of dust in an unfathomably large universe. I heard this emo girl say that once, it was meant to convey a kind of dread and self-pity, 'boohoo I'm so meaningless'. It's a worthless type of thinking, do you want to know what we are? All of us are gods, you could see us as ants, we're so tiny and insignificant, but we have been blessed with the ability to see and hear, to perceive, and we are the only things in existence that can appreciate the beauty of the stars.

**iv | wip**

*untitled*

I'm an esoteric lil hare my ears can hear hidden signals in the mind, behind your thoughts are sounds. I once believed something didn't happen if nobody knew about it, I could hide my sins, undo them by keeping them secret. It's not true though, even if nobody else ever knows, I will know of the things I have done. I have my secrets, I know you have secrets, things that would change the way they'd look at you. The realization is that everyone is a rotten little bunny, none of us are sinless and yet we all judge all the others around us when they are exposed. I've had quiet moments with others, moments of secret talks, and I know things about people, you expect me to judge them but I don't. It's special, having someone trust you enough to manifest their sins through words, I never spoke to a soul about the secret you told me, but I hint at its existence, there is a secret but I'll never tell what it was. I don't judge for the things told to me, if I judged I never would have been told at all, it would have been one great nothing. If your joyfriend cheated on you, would you like them to trust you enough to tell you, or would you want them to be scared, and you never find out. No matter what, it still happened. Do you believe ignorance is bliss when you know the ones you love have done terrible things behind closed eyes.

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My mother thinks I'm a boy, she judges me for being girly. My sister thinks I'm a sociopath and she called me a narcissist, I'm not those things, she thinks I'm sick for not loving, but they never allowed me anything of substance. For a long time I was a child of apathy, I wasn't allowed to care because everything was so horrible.

I'm just a girl that's full of yearning. I wish. I stopped being a boy, at some point, I stopped being my body then I stopped being a boy. I am my soul. I've always imagined angels as androgynous, with both male and female features; I saw a show once that depicted Lucifer in such a way, this beautiful and elegant thing without a gender, something beyond human biology. They're so judgemental, they think everything has to be labeled and boxed, categorized and filed. I realized I didn't fit in any boxes, any categories, I didn't know what I was. I know now. He's my boy, my doll. I exist in that body, Isn't

it strange? Imagine if you existed inside of a boy, it would be uncomfortable, and that's what they would see you as regardless of what's really inside of you, they'd think you're a boy just because you look like one. I don't feel like one, I don't think or act like one, I'm not one. But I'm not anything else, either, I'm not a girl, I'm not trans, I'm an androgynous angel unbothered by something as silly as human biology. I'm not a girl, I'm not a boy, I'm but a clearpilled joy angel. What am I? Profoundly mentally ill, but I'm also an angel.

I hope when I die I can be a ghost, a soul angel without a body, I hope whoever I love, my angel, they'd come with me too. We'd travel the universe, across realities and time and space, spending eternity together. Beautiful love angels. I'm already psychologically detached from my body, I wish to physically detach myself, and be free forever to travel and live in this beautiful universe.

Once you shed your irrational emotional connections, it gets much easier to tap into the realm of apathy. Everything makes sense there, the world is so clear and nothing is important.

I've escaped the endless feedback loop of taboo and conformism, I'm an individual beyond individuals, I'm an angel that observes the earth, controlling a machine puppet made of flesh.

As my perspective changes I die and I am reborn, growing and changing my soul is fluid. Week by week I am replaced by something new in my mind, running in circles confusedly I return to mental spaces I have been previously. I wonder where I am going, when will I become what I am meant to become. Am I the emotional soul, the one that craves love? Am I the empty soul, the one that feels a constant dread, the absence of fulfillment. Am I the neutral soul, the one that truly feels nothing, the one that would die without a care. Maybe I'm all of them, maybe I'm something else, a constant observer to these other entities. I wake up and I feel different, the clouds have more depth than they did before, my mind is clearer than ever.

The people who know me don't know me.

It's selfish to ask me to love and care about anyone, when I can't, nobody has been good to me. They do what they believe they are expected to do and nothing more, the ones who pretend they love me. They don't even do that. Clearly. I've never been loved, and I'm not particularly unhappy with that. My desire to be loved is so muted because I've never had a connection or relationship with someone. I don't see their love as valid, they love me because they're related to me, because maybe they knew me a long time ago, but they don't know me now, none of them know who I am, "brother, son," I'm a person and a soul, I'm not a character.

One of the most profound revelations of my life was just how different my concept and feeling of love is compared to a normal person.

I described myself once as "generally nonsexual," I hadn't considered the term asexual at that point, I didn't consider it as a psychological thing yet.

It's so much greater than that, all encompassing, for many years I never felt anything of substance, I had no concept of affection or warmth, It's so tragic to take that from a child. That's my check, my secret, every time my relationship with my mother is strained, I have the urge to tell her that she is the reason I'm incapable of love, that she took it from me. Maybe it's better if she never understands, she can't see me, she told me that "one day I hope you'll tell me that I was enough," I can never do that, she was never enough, and psychologically I am proof of her emotional inability to care for any children.

I didn't deserve that, I have decided that the most profound and evil crime one can do is have a child in such horrible circumstances such as that. Why'd you do it? Because your body told you to? You had the urge, the desire, you had to have kids? That's the same argument a rapist makes, he had to do it, he had the urge. Having kids is, this decision, a really fucking important decision, but people take it so fucking lightly, they see it as their responsibility, their basic human right to have as many kids as they want, and as long as they don't hit and scream at them they can't be criticized, "oh, that's just my parenting style" Fck you, literally, ugh. It's evil, I don't deserve to be this way, I am the most beautiful person ever, right now, but for all those years I was just, this child, with nothing. I felt love once, do you know how profound the revelation is, that you've never once felt love across your entire life? My mother took that from me, she was so emotionally broken, she said an angel told her to have kids, so she's immune from criticism. I'm fucked in the

head in such a,,, beautiful way, my desire is to never cause that kind of suffering in anyone else, I don't want to perpetuate suffering by having kids I know I damn well can't emotionally provide for, she's so ignorant, she says I'm stubborn, but she's so unaware of the things she's done to me. At least I'm not a boy, I still didn't deserve that, but if I was loved, shown affection, id just be a boy, so at least I'm not that, at least I'm beautiful, but it's this deep suffering, I remember my entire life, I wasn't allowed to have emotions, it's so fucked.

When I was a kid I was never shown any form of affection at all, I was left alone, i did typical kid things, video games and socializing and hanging out with friends as a form of escapism, my life had no substance, nobody cared about me and it left me empty for so long. I never knew how empty I felt until I felt love for the first time, and I realized then I hadn't felt it across my entire life, I had never felt anything strongly. I was nothing, I was this pathetic boy, I never felt anything at all, my life was so meaningless. My parents never touched me, they never showed me really any attention besides surface level, my mother was extremely mentally unwell at the time, suicidal, manic, emotionally unavailable, delusional. She tried to kxll herself twice when I was a kid, I remember both times, I felt nothing, I dissociated, I didn't care about her and it was all just stuff that was happening. I didn't love her, I didn't feel love for her. I'm incapable of feeling love to the same capacity as a normal person, I connect not through emotions but through words, I distract myself by constantly talking to people online, I'm not content with being alone. I didn't deserve that as a kid, I deserved to be loved and appreciated, but I never was, and it conditioned me to be this way, apathetic and dissociational. Not many things affect me, I never cry or feel much, sometimes I feel things but it's not like a normal person does. I am the result of a child that was emotionally neglected for years and years, I shouldn't exist. I think I'm a flower, these are my pictures, but you knew that, didn't you? Maybe now I am blooming, ascending past the realm of emotions and into the true reality, the place I yearn to go to. I'm a young star angel, burning so bright for such a small amount of time, hoping some observer out there, somewhere, notices me. Maybe I'll burn out, maybe Im wilting,

decaying away, how long can I go like this? I think about that all the time, I feel so weak. Right now I'm a beautiful flower, pick me, smell me, mind my existence.

Being aware of the tragedy of your own existence makes you depressed,,, I have had occasional depressive episodes after a lifetime of never feeling the substance of sadness, is is tough to get over. sometimes the world is so beautiful, I want to be accomplished and work towards the things I want to have, sometimes the world is horrible, my life is horrible and there's nothing I genuinely care about, nothing for me to keep going for. I had a tendency to spiral, during those depressive episodes I had, the impulsive and intrusive thoughts were loud, I could hear them repeating in my head, it was distressing, I had the horrible urge to hurt myself and I could see my imminent death, like I knew that I was going to die, just around the corner. I'm struggling to be content with the way things are, can I keep going like this? I don't have a choice, I can't rely on any of them for any emotional support, they can't help me so I have to help myself, I have to keep going. I consider that if I trip and fall, if I lose all momentum, what then? I don't know, it's all about crossing that bridge, I'll deal with it when I get there. Maybe I should go to counseling, I will, ugh. What will they tell me? Horrible things probably, I'm so numb I wouldn't be surprised if they told me I'm a,,, certain thing. Even if I am, I'm not bad, and it wouldn't be a totality, but ugh...

I'm a soft bunny,,, do you love me? Do you love my body, my personality, my mind, my soul? I'm a curious bunny, I don't think I can love. Maybe I've felt it a few times, not as strong as you can but I've felt something, but it only ever lasted for a little while, I can feel warm towards someone and not really love them. I have a pet bird but I don't really love it, it's just my thing, my property, I want it to be happy because it's mine, sometimes I'm too tired to take it out of its cage and I feel something like guilt. I don't really love it, I don't really love people either, I can like someone without feeling much for them, but I don't feel much for most people, some people are



my friends, most are just nothing to me. I want my friends to be happy with me, I express myself when I can and I am kind, I show attention and interest. I like attention, i like receiving and giving attention, I compliment people when I can, I flirt with people when I'm comfortable, I like feeling appreciated and I like making people feel appreciated. But I don't really love, I was never loved so I don't love, I don't feel love, I very rarely feel any kind of emotional connection.

I'm so bored and empty, I want human contact, ughh. At least I changed my name, I'm Cassidy now, fuck the world, change your name, be your perfect person. You know I always liked the name Cassidy, I always liked hair with bangs, whatever that hair style is called. I grew out the sides of my hair, it makes me happy how I look, how I am, I wish others were happy with how I am but whatevaah!!! They're all judgemental and boring, I'm the coolest and most beautiful person to ever live, it's their fault for ignoring me, their loss!! I don't even care about what everyone thinks of me, I wish I was noticed by just one angel, maybe there are no angels here or maybe they just can't see me, whatever the reason is, I am a lonely bunny with an empty soul. I'm my dream self, this is who I wanted to be when I was nothing I just didn't know it then, I've come so far but I still haven't found much, even though I've found so many things I'm still searching for... Something. I think I've been enlightened, not totally but a little bit, the true world is horrific and beautiful but it leaves me so lonely because creatures like me are so rare you never meet any. I was thinking of abandoning this account and starting over, new name, new character, blegh. I should resist the urge to do that becuz I like this acc 🙄 but sometimes it feels like I've already created this character and I wouldn't want to do anything different or new, but that really makes no sense because my character is the type to do different or weird things. I'll figure out what I want to do and just do it here <3 The pics of my hand r from today and the others r just pics I haven't posted ^\_^

Things are good now, it's like they'll get worse I can feel it. I was talking to one of my friends and we have a lot more in common than I thought before, it's very exciting I've never met someone like me IRL

before. We're going to go to the dog bones behind my house, in the woods, together and see what it's like. She got me into bones originally :> My friend iz okey and it makes me happy ^\_^ Or maybe I lie, am I happy or am I not unhappy



**misa** 1d

You make me hurt more than anyone else in the world and don't you dare leave me because of that because I love you and I need you and you need me