

A Departure

La Dispute

To scratched out, for everything.
Night fell on me writing this and I ran out of paper so I crossed the name out at the top of the page.
Not sure why I'm even writing this.
But I guess it feels right.
It sort of feels like I have to-like an exorcism.

I guess that makes me sound crazy but that's alright.
Lately I feel like I might be, not that I've heard any voices or anything.
Just like that everyday kind, where you forget things you shouldn't and you think too much about death.

Maybe you know what I'm talking about.
Or maybe you would have known?
Or had known?
Is it once knew?
I don't know what tense to use.

I know I never used to feel like this.
I used to never think of death or hear voices.
I used to feel like everything was perfectly in order, a normal life, but I guess then came a departure.
That I know you understand (or would've understood?).
I guess things changed after that, and I'm mostly scared now.
But it's there in the stories, or whatever they are.
You can see it. Anybody could if they could Look.
I wrote some notes in the margins explaining it.
The rest is in between lines or in the fine Print.
First, the feeling of abandonment, then trying to cope.
Then death and hope and the thing Itself, waiting for me.
It's all there in the pages ahead of here.
It's there waiting for you.
Or for me. I'm not sure.
The whole story.