

DAY
AFTER
DAY

SATURDAY, MARCH 3rd

It's a cacophony.

CNN radio playing in the back of me, and Radiohead *You and Whose Army* on my computer.

I can feel the heat of the tears welling up behind my eyes. Before long, my face is wet and I struggle to breathe.

I've been doing my best at keeping it together. At keeping on keeping on. At pushing through and staying above water. It's easier if I don't think about him. It's so much easier to shove it at the back of my mind and pretend we just broke up and he's out there doing his thing.

It would have been so much better if that's what had happened.

Maybe I should have let him break it off all three times he initiated it. Maybe he would still be alive, doing the thing he always did. Maybe maybe maybe.

But I couldn't let him go.
That's not how relationships
work. It's not that black and
white. I don't think he really
knew how to deal with another
person in his life who wasn't
HIM. Not that he didn't want
relationships, but what he
sought from them were things no
one could give him.

He needed nurturing and love. He
was after a mother's love, not a
lover's love. And maybe I gave
him too much and that was his
undoing.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30th

Fragment of a dream:

██████ was coming back (seemingly
from work?) and I made plan to
ask him to build me a weaving
loom since we had most of the
materials here. It felt really
real. Like none of this had
happened.

I guess I don't remember the
whole thing because I'm just not
ready to dream about my dead
lover.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30th

I'm not okay. I haven't been okay in months. Every morning I watch the sun rise wishing I wasn't.

This sun shining through the living room windows feels like a lie. My life has been foggy since he's been gone. I'm not swimming, I'm doggy paddling. I'm kicking into nothingness.

It's come to the point where I tell myself I don't want to cry today and avoid thinking or talking about ████████.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18th

I can't seem to stay awake.

Sleep turned into an escape. If I sleep through periods of time, it makes the days go faster and moves me further away from that day I lost everything I held dear.

It's been a long way forward. Every single day is a battle against the urge to finish it

all. To just finally be asleep forever. To see him one more time.

I just want a break from feeling empty. I want to create, I want to be the best person I can be but today I feel like there's no hope.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd

Somehow, everything seems harder lately.

I can't seem to find a middle ground with anything. I'm so impatient. I'm so scared of losing it all again....but am I losing? I have nothing to lose. Not in an aspirational way, but literally. I have nothing.

Just this once, I wish the universe would make it easy for me. I'm so tired of fighting for what I want. What I NEED. Maybe I'm just destined for this bullshit. Always wanting more. Always always always.

Ab Initio. Ad Infinitum.

RAM LIBRARY

*The Randomly Acquired
Memories Library*

is a collected series of
epistolary echoes of the
past from the impassioned
cerebrum of the French
Fury, the Void's Architect.

Together, they form the
basis of the Void's
illusiv and elusive
macrocosm and will perhaps
help shed a little light
on its genesis.



ÉDITIONS
DU NÉANT