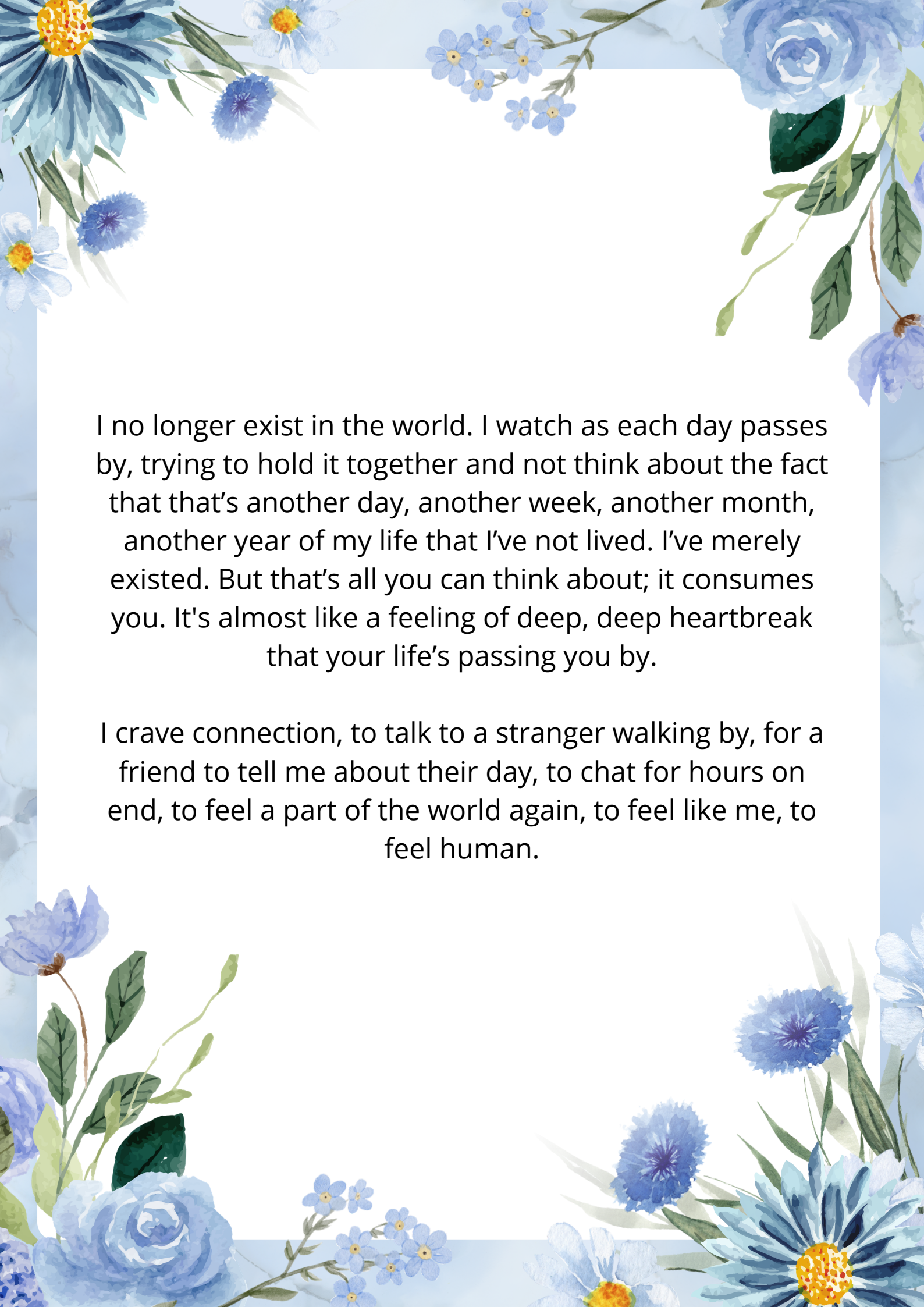




I no longer exist in the world. I watch as each day passes by, trying to hold it together and not think about the fact that that's another day, another week, another month, another year of my life that I've not lived. I've merely existed. But that's all you can think about; it consumes you. It's almost like a feeling of deep, deep heartbreak that your life's passing you by.

I crave connection, to talk to a stranger walking by, for a friend to tell me about their day, to chat for hours on end, to feel a part of the world again, to feel like me, to feel human.