

ACCEPTANCE **VERSUS** HOPE.

What is forever? Will I ever know when it's forever? When did forever start? Has it started? Maybe I realised it was forever right before I let out my last breath. But maybe I'm better in a week or two. Or a year or two, or a decade or two. Maybe I'm not.

None of it is clear. None of it might matter. Maybe I'll lose my essence. Maybe I'll flourish. Maybe I'll start to hate it. Maybe that's ok. Maybe it's good to break myself down to build up again. Maybe it's good to cherish the old me a little. Pet it and give it food. Just in case, I will be better.

Maybe that's wrong. Maybe acceptance can only be found if I mercilessly kill who I once was. To become a new me. Maybe I'm a murderer. Maybe I'm pulling the trigger as we speak. Maybe there are blanks.

Maybe I'm *winning and losing* this round of Russian Roulette.

