

Subscribing to Circles

to draw. Mostly, I hate them because I cannot escape them at all.

committed and subscribed to eight cocurricular activities and thirteen YouTube channels.

Amongst other things.

roots deep inside my head and strangle every inch of my body. They take different paths.

Some slowly slither down my throat and strangle my vocal cords before resurfacing to tie knots with my tongue. Others shoot to my eyes, jumping ^{up}, ^{down}, ^{up}, ^{down}, ^{up}, ^{down}, like fleas, before racing out my eyes to resume their explosion of energy.

Eventually, these strings find comfort around my neck and wrists, weaving languid coils before stretching, pulling themselves taut, and shutting their eyes. These strings multiply with every thought I have, every word said about me. They despise stillness and the mundanity of my everyday mediocrity.

Some strings occupy themselves by becoming mirrors, ceaselessly reflecting the chasm of my heaviest thoughts. Others whisper to me the jeers of society which my ears cannot detect.

Carmen Maria-Machado once asked,

being locked inside of As the strings gash my brain and occupy my thoughts, my head F2ff10E49Tm

