



THIS IS ME

NOBODY KNOWS YOU AS WELL AS YOU
YOU KNOW YOUR UPS & YOUR DOWNS

TELL ME

WRITE A DESCRIPTION OF YOURSELF
AS AN ON-GOER LOOKING IN

TELL ME

WHO ARE YOU HOW ARE YOU
& LASTLY WHERE ARE YOU GOING

TELL ME

FOREWORD

SHIT.
I AM COMPLETE SHIT.
I WILL NEVER MAKE MYSELF HAPPY.

Page, after Wikipedia article, after interview. Malcolm X, Kanye West, Ernest Hemingway, Steve Jobs.

I never got saved in prison. I never grew up in south side Chicago. I never went to war, and I never fled one.

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow, never stop trying to figure out why I'm interesting. Never stop looking for a platform to contribute to people's well-being. Never stop looking for a reason to think I'm socially capable of changing people every day.

I can't find it

...

Sonder is the new trend. From the people reblogging the pseudo-deep Tumblr text posts to the deep-in-shit lonelies trying to escape every ounce of their misery, sonder helps us establish a human connection and an understanding that we can't be good at everything.

Sonder is defined as the realization that each random passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own. The passage above happens to be the first entry I ever made in a journal I carry with me everywhere. It may be the case that this journal entry circulates around the world to the journals of millions of other people just looking for a reason to call themselves interesting after reading countless Wikipedia articles about celebrities and activists whose lives are made up of completely different aspects than their own. No one expects the student at a mediocre university who smokes a lot of weed and occasionally goes out to parties to have as interesting a life, or upbringing, as Nelson Mandela. And no one expects Nelson Mandela to think the same about someone else.

Sonder brings us to understand that no person is content. As many achievements as Mandela had in his life, he may very well have thought himself to be boring. We as humans live by expectations, where one man older than 90 years is still expected to implement social justice. We live the American dream, where retirement is lauded as an achievement. We live by fear, where we put faces and races on forces of destruction.

Engaging ourselves in self-fulfilling pursuits and self-fulfilling means of protection, we

forget to understand the effectiveness of human connection. That is why we indulge in the culture of literature, of art, of music, of film, because they exhibit one individual's expression of raw emotions and make us feel something relatable while simultaneously enhancing our individual stories. Our human compassion and collaboration is only strengthened by sonder, whether it is a momentary sonder or an eternal one.

After countless tiring years of reading and delivering exposition and not reaching our sonder, Titus Gilner and Clay Bujorian decide to deliver something different. At this point, I've known Titus for four years. I could tell you all the exposition that you need to know about him, like where he was born, where he went to school, etc. But after a while all of that becomes unnecessary, because you still have no idea what motivates Titus to get out of bed every day and to go to bed every night. Titus realized that for himself, so he created THIS IS ME. THIS IS ME opens the gates of human connection, compassion, and sonder in the most critical time period where distrust lurks the social climate of the world. THIS IS ME is a project that taps into collaboration in such a way that no person, or group, has approached collaboration before. THIS IS ME is a project that does not build on one person's ideas but on the collective promotion of several people's ideas.

The human race owes its existence to collaboration. Collaboration is noted to be the one force that establishes human beings as one of the most intelligent, if not the most intelligent species on the planet. Narrating the submissions of everyone who self-wrote their stories, Titus and Clay help us see into the minds of content providers, 9-5 workers, students, cynics, romantics, the depressed, the oppressed, the self-confident, the self-hating, and everyone in between. By promoting and enhancing their stories through THIS IS ME, the people involved are no longer the uninteresting kids sitting behind a computer screen wishing they could put their life on a Wikipedia article that people would find interesting. They are no longer boring expositions that Facebook profiles could provide without a word being spoken. They are no longer robots striving towards 60-hour work weeks to say they got money and retired without stopping to see if they're making the people around them smile. They are no longer people fearing a woman in a headdress or a dark-skinned boy in a hoodie. They are, however, names and personalities, passerbys with ideas, they are working on a large contribution as equals, they are some of the most interesting minds on the planet. They are them. I am them. In THIS IS ME, Titus Gilner and Clay Bujorian visualize a plethora of raw emotions and links of human connection in a project by us and for us. – Ali Haider

INTRODUCTION

Thank you Clayborne Bujorian, Young Lungs, ColorsByNet, Connor Barkhouse, Kevin Abstract, Daniel D'Artiste, Quiet Luke, Jackson Rhodes, 16 yr old, Misogi, Nok From The Future, Zachary Michael Thompson, Ali Haider, and Patrick Covers for contributing so much to "THIS IS ME". Clay, without your help and incredible design talent, this project would not have been possible. Thank you everyone else that contributed. In a time where we are all so connected it seems that often we are more disconnected than ever.

I was inspired to create "THIS IS ME" by a letter that I received from a friend in my hometown. We live in the same city but I feel like I am on a different planet. This letter was very introspective and raw and it made me think "I wanna do something like this too" and so I started writing. As a major advocate for collaboration I took the idea to the next level and reached out to Clay with a grain of an idea. This grain slowly became a boulder. I couldn't be happier.

The following pages are unedited. The following pages are honest. Besides fixing a few typos and punctuation mistakes, I did nothing to the format of the submissions. All of the visual artwork is by Clayborne. THIS IS ME.

EVERY 1 BOLDER IS 1 MILLION GRAINS OF SAND.
I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU.

THERE ARE A MILLION PATHWAYS AND THE ONLY ONES THAT I EVER GO DOWN ARE COVERED WITH ALL KINDS OF OB-
STACLES. I FIGURE THE ROADBLOCKS MAKE ME SMARTER. OR THEY FORCE ME TO GO BACK THE WAY I CAME AND FIND
A DIFFERENT ROUTE. THERE ARE A MILLION PATHWAYS AND THE ONLY ONES THAT I EVER GO DOWN ARE WINDING AND
LONG OR STRAIGHT AND SHORT. I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU.

12 AM - SLEEPY, UNABLE TO RELAX. 1 AM - SLEEPY, UNABLE TO STOP THINKING. 2 AM - SLEEPY, STUCK THINKING
ABOUT THE SAME SCENARIO OVER AND OVER. 3 AM - SLEEPY, PRAYING FOR SLEEP. 4 AM - SLEEPY, CONTENT WITH
NOT SLEEPING. 5 AM - SLEEPY, FEELING NOSTALGIC AND MOTIVATED. 6 AM - SLEEPY, FEELING ACCOMPLISHED AND
OPTIMISTIC. 7 AM - SLEEPY, FEELING CONTENT. 8 AM - SLEEPY, HUNGRY AND IN NEED OF FRESH AIR. 9 AM - SLEEPY,
WANTING TO CUDDLE UP UNDER A WARM BLANKET. 10 AM - SLEEPY, RETROSPECTIVE. 11 AM - SLEEPY, UNINTERESTED
AND DETACHED. 12 PM - 12 HOURS LATER. 1 PM - ASLEEP. 2 PM - ASLEEP. 3 PM - ASLEEP. 4 PM - IN AND OUT OF SLEEP.
5 PM - BARELY AWAKE, GROGGY. 6 PM - WIDE AWAKE, HUNGRY. 7 PM - READY TO START THE DAY, COMFORTABLE. 8
PM - MONOTONY. 9 PM - MONOTONY. 10 PM - MONOTONY. 11 PM - MONOTONY. 12 AM - 12 HOURS LATER.

I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU.

SEX HAD BECOME SOMETHING TO BE PERFORMED OUT OF PITY INSTEAD OF THE PASSIONATE LOVE I KNEW BEFORE.
WATCHING HER LOVE ME MADE ME WANT TO SHOUT AT HER AND REMIND HER THAT BOYS WHO SMOKE TOO MUCH
REALLY ARE BAD NEWS JUST LIKE HER MOMMA WARNED BUT ITS TOO LATE FOR HER I WANT TO GRAB HER BY THE
SHOULDERS AND SHAKE HER UNTIL SHE WAKES UP OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE THAT I'VE TRAPPED HER IN BUT ITS TOO
LATE FOR HER. I THOUGHT APATHY WAS BETTER THAN LOVE BUT FEELING NOTHING SORT OF FEELS LIKE HELL - NEVER
ENDING - LIKE A CONSTANT LOOP. . THINGS AREN'T PRETTY. NOTHING IS DISGUSTING. I CAN'T SEEM TO SEE PAST YOUR
BREASTS AND ITS LIKE ALL I CAN DO FOR YOU IS CUM AND I WISH YOU LOVED ME AS MUCH AS YOU WANT TO LOVE ME.
BUT YOU DON'T LOVE ME. WITH MY HAND AROUND YOUR THROAT & YOUR SCREAMS DROWNING OUT THE MUSIC AND
THE SWEAT AND PERFUME AND COLOGNE MIXED IN THE BED SHEETS YOU REALLY JUST REMIND ME OF HOW MUCH I
HATE MYSELF. I THINK I REMIND YOU OF HOW MUCH YOU HATE YOURSELF, TOO.

.....

THIS IS TITUS GILNER

SHE TOLD ME I WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO MAKE HER ORGASM. SHE TRIED A GIRL FRIEND.
"I JUST DON'T EVER CUM" SHE TOLD ME
MID STROKE / I LAID HER ON HER BACK / LOOKED HER IN THE EYE
"I JUST DON'T EVER CUM" SHE HAD TOLD ME
MID STROKE / MID STROKE
REPEATING OVER AND OVER IN MY HEAD
"I JUST DON'T EVER CUM"
OVER / OVER / OVER / OVER
OVER / OVER / OVER / OVER
I'M THE FIRST PERSON TO MAKE HER ORGASM SHE SAID SHE TRIED A GIRL FRIEND "I JUST DON'T EVER CUM" SHE TOLD
M
MID STROKE / I LAID HER ON HER BACK / LOOKED HER UP AND DOWN
"I JUST DON'T EVER CUM" SHE TOLD ME
R E P E A T I N G
OVER AND OVER AND OVER
WHAT MAKES ME SO FUCKING DIFFERENT I'M NOT SO FUCKING DIFFERENT YOU KNOW MAYBE YOU JUST WANTED THIS
MORE THAN YOU WANTED THAT
/ I DON'T KNOW WHY /
I AM NOT FUCKING DIFFERENT I'M NOT I SWEAR
I LOVE YOU.

..... : : : :

THIS IS TITUS GILNER

18 year old boy who recently ran away from home with his laptop a couple changes of clothes and \$5 but doesn't know where to go. I'm lost I don't know where to go. I make music and art.

This is @ruexul.

Seemingly a simple enough phrase. But upon closer inspection I realize I don't really know what "me" is. Of course I know some aspects about myself; I love cliché things like sunsets, and am happy to be breathing simply to be able to hear Frank Ocean's dreamy vocals and slow rap songs that sound good down to my soul. But who am I really? Now that's tougher. Shrouded by the cover, and time consuming mess of the Internet (and the struggles of growing up), there hasn't really been time to think about this. But I think that's okay. I know that I want to be someone more than mediocre. I want to create art and help my friends art get out into the universe. I want to be in love and kiss someone at midnight with zero cares about the future. I just want to be alive. Damn maybe Future's drugged out, slurred words really do mean something after all.

xo, postsuburbia.com

To people I'm Eden. To myself I'm everything that i've accomplished and all of my short comings as well. My mind is a constant stream of ideas, always flowing, carrying along every good and bad concept and thought. I see things as they stand, not as they could be or have been. I like to think I have a good grasp on realitly, but I guess everyone claims they do so who am I to talk. I'm an advocate for the earth. I find myself gathering more comfort from the wind rushing down through a collection of trees, or the distant sound of barking dogs then people's voices. I'm a romanticist without a doubt. Always dreaming of an ideal situation, but never grasping it. I'm in love. It's a unparalleled feeling being in love. I always seem to misuse the word, but the love I feel right now is pure and from the source. Currently I am in a period of my life where nothing seems consistant. A repetitive chain of paradigm shifts, like graudating or turning 18. I don't think we ever truly break this cycle in life. There's always something major happening to someone, somewhere. Where I'm heading is home. I'm heading to that location, whether physical or purley mental, that you feel safe. You feel as though you belong. Recently I haven't felt like where I am now is home. I have an idea of the direction I should go, but no real insight on what will be there when I make it. I believe I can make it, I just hope I have enough time.

This is Eden.

My cousin can't sleep. He has insomnia and everyone thinks he's weird. He has insomnia and I know he's up to something. Call him crazy, call him insane! But what else would a sheep think of the wolf? The sheep can't bear to comprehend anything further than what time they should be to sleep. Yet, even with his physical fatigue he remains more awake than you all! Oh, the bitter irony in that. He hates a lot of things and he hates that he hates a lot of things. I remember him telling me about how it drives him, but why, I wonder? Spite? Jealousy? Insecurities? Mostly insecurity, I'd assume.

Jump! Jump, he thinks! He wants to fly but his wings are unwillingly clipped. If he tries to leave the nest now he will fall down to the depths of demise. He must wait, but how long must one wait? You would assume this kind of stagnation would lead to that of madness. It does.

I can't sleep.

Sincerely, Elijah Thomas Norris

IT'S DECEMBER 27TH AT 3:21AM AND I'M STILL UP, SCROLLING DOWN MY TWITTER FEED. A LOT OF THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN 2015: GOOD AND BAD. I WENT THROUGH A BREAK-UP NEAR THE START OF THE YEAR AND I STILL HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING OVER IT COMPLETELY. LITTLE THINGS STILL REMIND ME OF HER AND I STILL FIND MYSELF TALKING TO HER EVEN THOUGH I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T. I DON'T REGRET ANYTHING THOUGH. OUR RELATIONSHIP TAUGHT ME A LOT. I STARTED WORKING ON 'CONTRADICTION EP' EARLY IN THE YEAR AND I FINALLY RELEASED IT THIS MONTH. I'M REALLY PROUD OF THE PROJECT AS A WHOLE AND I THINK CIAN AND I DID A GREAT JOB. WE'VE BEEN MAKING MUSIC TOGETHER FOR OVER 3 YEARS NOW AND THINGS ARE FINALLY STARTING TO SOUND THE WAY I WANT THEM TO. I HAVEN'T MADE ANY MUSIC SINCE I RELEASED THE EP THOUGH, AND IT'S MAKING ME REALLY FRUSTRATED. I'VE BEEN REALLY UNINSPIRED LATELY AND I FEEL LIKE I'M NOT WORKING ENOUGH, BUT HOPEFULLY THAT CHANGES SOON. I'M LEAVING TO NEW YORK ON MONDAY AND I WANT TO SEE THE HATEFUL EIGHT WITH DANIEL AND DAVID WHEN I GET THERE. I'M HOPING A CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT WILL HELP SPARK SOME CREATIVITY BECAUSE I'M TIRED OF FEELING STUCK. SCHOOL IS FUCKING ME UP TOO. I HAVE SO MANY THINGS I HAVE TO DO AND ALL I WANT TO DO IS BUY A GUITAR AND NEVER LEAVE MY BASEMENT. I JUST WANT TO KEEP GETTING BETTER AND KEEP MAKING THINGS THAT I CAN SAY I'M PROUD OF. MY FAVORITE ARTISTS ARE ALL DOING SO MUCH. IT MAKES ME WANT TO DO MORE. I THINK 2016 WILL BE A GOOD YEAR FOR CIAN AND I. I'M DEFINITELY NOT SAYING "IT'S GONNA BE OUR YEAR" BUT I THINK WE WILL ACCOMPLISH A LOT. IT'S 3:36AM NOW AND I SHOULD PROBABLY GO TO SLEEP SOON BUT I'VE BEEN STAYING UP UNTIL 5 O'CLOCK FOR THE LAST COUPLE NIGHTS. I SOUND LIKE AN IDIOT READING THIS BACK BUT I DON'T REALLY CARE. ONLY A FEW OF YOU ARE GONNA SEE THIS ANYWAYS, BUT YOU'RE THE PEOPLE THAT MATTER RIGHT NOW. WE HAVEN'T SCRATCHED THE SURFACE OF WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, SO THANK YOU FOR GIVING A FUCK SO EARLY ON. HOPE YOU STICK AROUND FOR AWHILE.

THIS IS YOUNG LUNGS

THIS IS YOUNG LUNGS

explaining myself is hard
16 years old is a transition in anyones life
damn near 17, march 11th 1999.

regardless.

nothing about my physical appearance sets me apart from any other 16 year old black male.

i cut my hair recently, wanted to regrow it.

i look like a string bean, tall & skinny as all hell.

you get to know me and you learn that i don't stop talking, ever.

i aspire to be the biggest shit in the world.

i aspire to entertain the world in some way shape or form.

i do improv comedy, i'm an actor, i'm in the choir, i make music, i write, i make videos, i just do whatever the fuck i want when it comes to mind.

nothing separates me from any other kid out here with a macbook & an iphone aspiring to create.

that's the cool thing to do now.

i want to create because that's the only thing that's ever made me feel good about anything. Although i hate everything that I do. Everything that I make.

My divorced parents told me at a young age that i can do anything.

i'm working on it.

i'm working on making the impossible possible.

my thing is my whole life people have told me i can.

no one's doubted me, they always knew i would be the biggest shit in the world.

no one has told me no. of course they've told me go to college but i always tell everyone that i'm going to become famous and move.

where am i moving? fuck if i know. away. that's all i know. And i will. That's all i know.

explaining myself is hard. i don't know who i am currently and i don't think i ever will.

i'm just a collection of others and an inner drive and motivation that makes me want to be like them and a better person.

i'm bad at explaining. i've always been more of a do-er.

so there it is. this jumbled mess of a letter, is me.

This is Isaiah Smith.

It's been almost three years and I don't know if I'll ever fully be over the fact that my friend got with my ex boyfriend.

I still love him or have some type of love for him I can't grasp the right feeling to describe what this is.

I'm not sure why it still effects me or effected most of my decisions till today. It has caused me so much Physical and mental pain

Anyways it's all most the end of 2015 and it's barely leaving my head the heart ache... who knows when it will ever fully leave.

I'm in need of some kind of justice.

Things will be ok I hope.

ALSO ALL I WANT TO SAY IS FUCK YOU BRITTANY!

-grim

I think about the past a lot. Those memories are fine wine and they get richer each time you touch them. I feel like I've lived a lot already, I've been a lot of different people. I still feel like I have to prove myself to feel loved. Maybe its as simple as giving and receiving. Everyone's obsessed with love and I externalize it through creative projects. Everyday I wake up and a thousand thoughts rise up, are quelled, and rise up again. "What's going to happen" "When will I make it" "What's my purpose." I have to meditate for 20 minutes in the morning to find a little peace because I get anxious. There's this thought that I'm going to die in 60-70 years, (I'm almost 24) and the time I have now is so crucial because I have to perform at the highest level to make 10 years from now great. I know that's just my societal programming talking - work work work so you can buy buy buy. I idealize this aloof, hierarchical view of reality that's distinctly non-human, but I can't help but feel swallowed up my own inefficiencies some days. I'm thankful for those things that make me break down. I think its all of me feeling all of it. I have my health, good ideas, and good friends who support me. So life is rich after all! 2016 is going to be a great year, just wait.

Its hailing outside as I write this.

This is Blake Bohls (@knxwfutur).

INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT

isolated in his bedroom jake sits. alone. always. but he likes it. he's not a loner. he's outgoing and has a lot of friends. he's writing something. a poem? a screen play? a song? frank ocean is playing but all he hears is the rustling of the wind tapping on his window screaming at him to get out. he listens sometimes. most of the time he doesn't. he wants to be left alone.

JAKE

And there are days when alone is
not okay.

he's sad. trying to figure it out but always seems to be lost. he thinks too fucking much. he turns the music up to escape - strawberry swing. he's in search for something far greater than the reality he is engulfed in. he wants an ease. a calm. a paradise.

JAKE

Paradise is all around you. It's found in many things. But most importantly, paradise is you. It lives in your soul. Find it. Stay there. No one can take it from you.
he feels shitty some days. some people don't understand him. friends. family. but he can't complain, shit, he doesn't understand himself either. he's emotional. he hurts. he's human. he feels broken.

JAKE

It's okay to be broken. Because to be broken means that someone has the opportunity to put the pieces of your soul back together and make you new.
- forrest gump. he's gay. he lies. he makes bad choices. he just wants to do creative things. he's an actor and he takes it serious. the world will know him one day. maybe. sometimes he doesn't like his life but he knows he's blessed. sometimes he doesn't like who he is. he's conflicted.

JAKE

Dig deep. Find the innermost part
of yourself that you hate. Fall in
love with it. Maybe it is not as
bad as you think.

he's a nice guy. loves life and just wants to make people
laugh to off-set the hate in the world. he is kind and
trying to be better everyday. the world needs more love. he
believes that. love. just love.

-@IAMJAKEGARCIA

from the start, i knew that i was not the same. when i was three years old, i had taught myself how to read while the other kids in my preschool were running around chasing each other. they had mommy and daddy. i had mommy and mommy. when i expressed my family structure to them, i had no idea that such a thing would stir up any sort of uneasiness or sense of discomfort; it was all i had ever known. fortunately, growing up in the liberal and progressive community of los angeles, most children had no change of heart about my character and continued to be friendly to me. but, one child, whose family was more conservative and religious, had told me that his daddy said that all gay people go to hell. i discovered homophobia at age 3.

i had my first near death experience the summer after first grade. i was pulled out by a riptide in the atlantic ocean on a private beach in new jersey with no lifeguards, while my parents were on the sand, talking on the phone with my uncle. six-foot waves crashing down on me, i screamed desperately for help. nobody noticed for close to a minute until my mother did, and by the time she had rescued me, i was almost unconscious. i discovered the fragility of life at age 7.

in second grade, my teachers noticed how quickly i finished my work and how bored i was with the curriculum. six weeks into the school year they offered me a spot in a third grade classroom. i accepted without thinking twice.

being the youngest student in my grade came with benefits and drawbacks. i was still ahead of the curve regarding my abilities, but far behind in terms of my maturity level. i was always chasing the spotlight. if i was playing soccer at recess, i had to show off and be the best on the field. if i answered a math question incorrectly, i cried in front of all of my classmates.

in middle school, i began to understand the power of independent thinking. all of my classmates were following the routine and doing what they were told. this is around the time i started to say "fuck everything." i picked up skateboarding, found a new friend group, and fell in love with hating authority.

the same post-obligation-boredom i felt throughout elementary school persisted in middle school, and i found myself talking shit to my teachers and disrupting class, feeling no remorse whatsoever. when nobody else did, i understood that the public school system facilitated more demolition than inspiration to the child it claimed to educate. this stirred up so much hatred in my heart that i felt like running as far away from it as i could. at age 12, i discovered marijuana.

beginning the summer after seventh grade, i started to get high whenever i could. it felt good to do something that all authority figures did not want me to do. in fact, their anti-rebellion rhetoric made my indulgence that much sweeter. all of my friends that i was smoking with around that time are now out of school, unemployed or in rehab. i was the only one who still took care of my schoolwork. most of them didn't make it to high school with me. i stopped smoking at the end of the summer after eighth grade as my parents forced me into a therapy group and drug tested me frequently.

as a high school freshman i was severely depressed. i was extremely underdeveloped compared to my peers - short, fat, and thirteen - an easy target. my "friends" all sat around making fun of each other all day. i hated it. but i fought back, because i felt i had to. i overreacted, had uncontrollable crying fits, even attempts to physically hurt them. they abandoned me.

i decided to turn myself around. i started running multiple times a week and eating healthy. by the end of my sophomore year i was considered attractive for the first time since seventh grade. i could finally experience sexuality because i had people interested in me. in ninth grade i had seen who i considered the most beautiful girl in school and she had no idea who i was. by the end of my sophomore year we were sitting next to each other in spanish class. by the end of my junior year, we were in love. i kept a journal about the way she made me feel, and by the first time that she had broken up with me, there were thirty pages full of raw emotion. the last page was almost impossible to read because of all the teardrops blurring the black ink. i gave the book to her. i know she still has it, but, i doubt that she even thinks about me anymore. at age 16, i discovered heartbreak.

i'm now a student at one of the top public universities in the country, and i feel so empty. music is the only thing keeping me afloat. one week ago, on my eighteenth birthday, i almost died again.

this time, i'm here to stay. i see the world for what it is now. everyday i watch the dreams of my peers die without them saying a word. i'm not letting that happen to me. not again.

This is Lez Majesty.

PEARLSCALE: A LOVE LETTER

burnt sienna, the warmest of winter days
see me for what i truly am
 an acrimonious composition
born from the warmth of the virgo
and the negligence of the aries.
in the moments where silence
lingers in the wake of inebriated thoughts,
i'll see to it that i press my fingers into
the corners of my eyes
 until the blood trickles down the expanse of
my crooked spine
painting a portrait of love in the hue of sabotage.

burnt sienna, the warmest of winter days
see me for what i truly am
 a walking case of survivor's guilt
born from the piety of the virgo
and the chagrin of the aries.
for every breath wasted on a premature union
outlined in chalk
 i promise to separate
 flesh from rib
just to show you that indecision is a plague
 like none other.

burnt sienna, the warmest of winter days
see me for what i truly am
 a disjointed narrative in the book of life
born from the ardency of the virgo
and the umbrage of the aries.
let the scars on my arms serve as a reminder
of what occurs
when man subjects himself
 to the plight of moths.
a futile existence
where gold proves to be a farce and home stands as nothing more
than a rumor in the sky.

burnt sienna, the warmest of winter days
see me for what i truly am
 a boy; equal parts megalomania and melodrama
born from the modesty of the virgo
and the adamancy of the aries.
i can assure you that your shit has seen greener pastures,

but in the moments where silence
lingers in the wake of inebriated thoughts
you come to realize that leading a life of regret is tiresome
and nothing suits the heavy head better than a place to fall.

so burnt sienna, the warmest of winter days
see me for what i truly am
a careless mistake etched into the history of
nuanced and fruitful romance.
born from the neurosis of the virgo
and the assertive nature of the aries
on the 19th hour of the 21st day of the 7th month
a cancer in every sense of the word.

- mitchell theodore kalala (@mtkmtkmtkmtkmtk)

I don't know who I am. I don't know where I'm going. I don't know what I will do when I get there, but I know who I used to be. I know where I have been.

I used to measure times in my life depending on which boy I was dating at the time as if my entire existence was based on being in a relationship. I'm single now so I'm measuring my time according to me. This time I'm not falling in love with the wrong person. I'm falling in love with the only person that will ever know me completely - myself.

I used to base my self worth on what other people thought of me. However, each person saw me tainted with their own personal experience and opinions of the things I had done. I'm the only person who can truly know me because I see everything. I'm emotional as fuck. I care too much. I'm a perfectionist. I try too hard. I get nervous when talking to strangers. I'm shit at keeping conversations interesting. I think too much. I have a hard time organizing my thoughts and I always talk too much. I'm over-sensitive. I'm gross. I'm inspired. I'm motivated. I'm determined. I'm finally starting to open my eyes and see who I am and I'm usually not happy with what I see, but I'm working on it.

Being an actress makes you strangely hyper aware of your every movement, word, and facial expression. At any given moment, I know exactly how my body is positioned and how it is affecting the people around me. I never know what to do with my goddamn hands. I hear the subtext in my words like blazing sirens in my ears. I overanalyze the words I say and the words that are said to me for days after the fact because if acting has taught me anything, it's that the words make up less than 50% of the truth.

The one thing I know for sure about myself is that I am constantly moving. I have too much unspent energy that needs to be channeled towards something. I'm impatient as fuck and I am never satisfied. I'm always wanting more out of my life. More friends. More adventure. More creativity. More excitement. I once dated a guy because he made my life exciting. It wasn't so much that I loved him, but I loved his life. With him, I felt like I was a part of a bigger adventure. I wanted his life. I wanted his charisma. His friends. His beach house. His private parties. His trips to exotic islands. I didn't want to sit on the sidelines. I didn't want to be the girl standing around at the party in the corner while all the other girls danced, but I was just too afraid because I knew that my body looked strange if I moved it in a certain way.

I feel like I don't have enough time to do everything that I want to. I constantly feel like there is a countdown clock ticking in my ear. Sometimes I think I want too much out of life. I want to feel alive. I want to create. I want to make an impact. I want to leave something lasting behind. I want to pour myself into something and hold nothing back. I want to break my limitations and my expectations.

I do not know who I am. I do not know where I am going. I do not know what I will do when I get there, but I'm having a hell of a time figuring it out.

This is Katrin Brianna.

I try to know myself but it's too often that I don't. I aspire to be calm and collected in any given situation. I succeed 80% of the time. The other 20% is stressful. I feel a lot of angst built inside of me directed towards "the system". It flares up whenever I'm told what to do with myself by someone else. Despite all of this I'm good. My life is easy. I have a roof over my head and food to eat. I've developed a smoking habit that I don't have a reason to break. I wake up, try to create art that I find unique as often as I can and I hang out with my friends. I dread going back to college after this respite called winter break, but that's just how life goes. Even though I'm residing in two different places I really don't know where I'm going. Right now I'm just trying to go.

This is [NAME OMITTED].

I'M A LOT DIFFERENT NOW. I SEE THINGS DIFFERENT. I THINK I FEEL DIFFERENT. I THINK I THINK TOO MUCH. I HAVE ONLY FOUND THE THINGS THAT I'M AFRAID I'M LOSING. I CREATE THINGS. I CREATE ART. I'M TRYING TO CREATE MYSELF. I HOPE YOU SEE ME. I HOPE YOU DON'T FORGET ME. DON'T LISTEN TO THE RADIO. DON'T FORGET ABOUT YOURSELF.

THIS IS COLORS BY NET

THIS IS COLORSBYNET

I moved on. I broke ties. I deleted contacts. I blocked numbers. I stopped extending my hand. I put down the substances. I stopped picking up the phone. I changed my address. I grew up. I found myself. I found love. I am me.

This is @tino_lasers.

I hope what I'm doing is right. It definitely feels right. But at the same time everybody thinks I'm making the wrong choice. At the end of the day, when my classes are over and I'm off work, I get this feeling of uncertainty. Sometimes I put it to use, and I create and plan and think about the future. Sometimes the uncertainty is too much, and I lay there and let my thoughts swirl around until I can't see, almost like a flash of vertigo. I feel like Alice falling down the rabbit hole. I am Alice, and you are too. We're all falling and there's nothing that can stop us. Might as well enjoy the ride.

This is Jace Vertigo (@JaceVertigo).

As the year starts to close, fresh turned 19 years of age, I find myself doing what I've done for pretty much the whole year; thinking. Thinking about all the curveballs life has thrown me this year, but also the home runs i've managed in these 365 days of 2015. I think about music, the one subject that canvasses my mind all day every day, never stopping. It's in my blood, in my DNA, I can't help or escape it. Sometimes I feel like nobody supports me, that i'm going downhill before I even made it halfway up, angry with myself for not working as much as I should be, but I think back upon the huge strides I've made this year, and am currently making. I am extremely blessed by all of the friends i've met through music this year, even if they seem distant at times I appreciate and support every one of them to the end. I think about love, and the one girl who seemingly possesses the rare ability to pierce the canvass music has created in my mind and find her way into my everyday thoughts. I can't deny i'm in love, and even though at times it's not okay, it's okay. I think about my brothers who i've had to say goodbye to in 2015, I still grapple with why the world works in such awful ways, but I continue to think about Buggy, Scott and Alex every day as I will the rest of my life. The love and the loss come full circle as my motivation for my sole purpose on this earth; creating music. This is me, a headstrong but passionate kid from Connecticut, just trying to share his art and emotions with the world, hoping to bring something good into it. I walk into 2016 knowing this is my year to shine (as we should every year), and I just hope you continue to join me on this ride.

This is @machinesix.

log:

27th of December , around 3:30. Through the majority of this year I've been stuck, wether it's with not going to school, getting over my ex, & work. I like to look back at 2015 through sections, season if you may where in spring I was happy with someone & summer being the saddest of the year. 2016 looks promising, more time, to perfect music, art, writing, anything that is an idea I want to solidify. I say all these glorious things sometimes, but I get uninspired just like you, faster than most sometimes, to where I put so much pressure on myself to work harder I hate everything I do. See there is no path to success, just your path, what you want it to be & how you want it to be. The only thing that stops us is our heads, the hearts got it right, obstacles in life are the only thing that slow us down. I'm just afraid when I do work hard at music or whatever I release I'll never reach the standard that I want to make. I just want to project something bigger that you or me. I hope that you can believe it too,

hi I'm kyba morales.

Hi, this is Keeplivingfaster aka Catherine

I'm 16 yr old , art enthusiast and typo lover, I been working hard to improve myself as person and artist. I'm pretty sure out there are a lot to artist like me that have started young chasing they dreams, and I just wanna say guys, keep dreaming and working no one can stop you now.

I had the worst feelings of fear because I wasn't sure about my talents and skills but then I get a marketing job at the age of 15 so everything is fucking possible even if you are your worst fan, even if there are people that didn't trust you just keep fighting cause everyone got a talent and knowing yours is the best one.

I am black and I am white. I am sad and I am happy. I am pretty and I am ugly. I am kind and I am mean. I don't know what I am anymore. When I do bad things I just convince myself that I didn't do it. That way I don't feel guilty anymore. This means I am good and I am bad. I think I'm getting numb again. I'm emotionless when I'm expected to be sad, and I cry endlessly at small things like an old man sitting alone in a restaurant. the world is too mean for me. it is on top of me and I am suffocating. I'm calling out for help, but everybody just takes a quick glance, and then they walk away. i scream and I scream but nobody hears me. I'm sorry this doesn't make sense I am full of scrambled thoughts. I might be getting better, but I also might just be better at bottling my emotions, I'm not sure. I wish that I could write, at least then I would have a way to express my numb but still painful thoughts.

I'm trapped in this tiny small minded town, there is no way out. they are vultures eating me alive from the inside out
I don't know why I am like this.

This is entitled.

The Girl

Oh, love. I never knew much about it, nor did I care too. What they spewed at me in the movies, books, and music didn't really appeal to me past the entertainment spectrum. I preferred heartbreak to heartfelt, valleys to peaks; I felt much stronger experiencing the formers of those analogies rather than the latter. I wasn't a big fan of the idea of giving all of my being to another. Maybe I was a pessimist or maybe I felt a sense of pride every time I got through pain. I had love all around me though, and it took the girl to make me realize that.

I must start this self reflection out by taking a trip back to a time before the mirror was even present for me to look into. I believe it was around 2007 when my brother's biological father, my mother's ex husband, pulled into my driveway one evening when I was outside with a couple of my friends. It was rather odd that he showed up to my house, especially considering my father, my brother's step dad, was home at the time also. I heard the front door shut, and out came my brother with a suitcase, two duffel bags, and a stack of seasons of "That 70s Show". I didn't quite understand what was going on at the time, I asked my brother if he was going on vacation, and him being a 16 year old big brother to a 6 year old, told me he would be back for me. I saw my mom and sister come out, my mom hugged my brother and looked like she wanted to cry but was holding it back. I asked my sister, who at this point was crying, where he was going and she told me he was moving out, and that she was next. I was in complete and utter shock. I never expected my big bro, my best friend to leave me like that without any notice. I began to scream and cry and tell everyone that it's not fair and he can't leave me. This is when my mom spoke, and let me tell you the worst sound I've ever heard in my life, the sound a person's voice makes when the lump in their throat begins to well up and they want to sob, my mother said, "At least I still have you."

My brother remained my best friend over the next few years, we hung out as much as we could and I liked to go to the restaurant that he worked at just to see him. Toward the end of 2011, I got the oddest news I think I have ever received, I was going to be an uncle. The bombshell of this news was that it wasn't just my brother that was going to be a parent, but my sister also. I had started to feel betrayed because my parents, for the second time, neglected to tell me big news about my siblings sooner. In 2012, in the month of March, Madelyn Marie Hamrick was born, and my brother became a father. In the month after, Maddox Jeffrey Hamrick was born, and my sister became a mother. I was in the fourth grade, but let me tell you, I've never felt a mere competition to the feelings I felt on the days I met those babies.

That same year, my father became very sick with pneumonia and was hospitalized in Charlotte and had to undergo surgery on his lung. My father rarely got sick, and when he did, it was typically a small cold, but this scared me. I had to live with my grandparents for a couple of weeks and I only saw my parents once in those two weeks. I think this is when I began to become less of a pessimist and found myself hoping for everything to be okay. I began to appreciate what I had, which was two parents, and a family that supported me a lot. Once my father got out of the hospital and began to get well again, I fell back into my anti-optimistic habits of depreciation.

Middle school went by faster than it seemed at the time. One semester of high school has felt like all three years of middle school, minus all the "Deez nuts" jokes and

harlem shaking. I didn't make friends until 8th grade and the way I did that was by being odd. I was a kid with a wide knowledge of music, and who on a limb auditioned for the school play and got the lead role as "Shrek". I thought I was hitting my peak, but oh was I wrong. I thought I had something with a girl, but she turned out to never really feel for me, and I took that more personal than I should've.

Over the summer, I began to experience this peculiar sense of solitude. I had lots of friends still, and I say this in the least conceited fashion I can, I was kinda like the it-boy for a good bit. I began to emotionally tear people apart, from my closest friends all the way to girls that started their judgement of me off by thinking I had nice music taste. I tore through the barrier between popularity and lameness. I was an actor, but I had lots of friends and females in my life hahaha.

In August, I met the person that would inevitably change my life. She was a friend of a friend, and I cannot possibly explain in words how attractive she seemed. I can't quite formulate my feelings into words yet but I sure do try. It turned out that she was into me, and I was into her, so to refrain from being corny...

[Listen to Shadows x Childish Gambino to symbolize the falling in love part of this]

I always was one to believe love was cliché. I never liked saying the words, "I love you" to anybody because I considered that too simple. Typically, when I said that, I never felt like it meant much. Because of the girl, all of that changed.

I had to tell her I love her. That I was sorry I always wanted to be so extra with everything I do but I had to. I loved her because of the sweat that dropped from the hair that had fallen in my face onto my palm, I loved her because she made that feel beautiful. I loved her because her words seem to fill the massive hole in my heart, the one that was put there by my past. I have courted death for the longest time so maybe I should tell her that I love her, no matter how simple that phrase seemed to me. I wanted to tell her that the only thing stopping me from taking my own life is her. And I wouldn't compare her to anything material such as the sun or the stars, but perhaps the force that makes the sun rise and the sky illuminate for me at night. The force that makes the grass grow and the rain fall on a dry suburban california town. Tell her you love her. Tell her that she makes the deforestation that is destroying this world stop and that she creates what feels like the ever-expanding forest of these words that sit quietly in your heart. Explain to her in great detail how she makes your blood pulse like fireworks being blasted into the air and that she's the one rest stop in the marathon you're calling your life. Tell her how grateful you are for her. How she acts as a bed for you to fall down on after the long days you seem to have more often now. How she makes you feel good enough even though nobody is good enough for that girl, she's too perfect. Tell her how scared you are of her leaving because everyone seems to leave. Tell her how scared you are of her leaving because you know you carry too much baggage. Tell her how important she is to you and how she made every part of you feel like a whole. Because if you don't, I promise somebody else will, because she is that perfect.

Maybe, "I love you" isn't as simple as I thought.

I am not very old, I just turned 15 as a matter of fact. I have learned more in the past few months about loving than I could've ever imagined. I learned that you don't have to like everything about someone to love them, I learned you don't have to be

matching soulmates. Everything that came before the girl feels like a single bullet point in my life, and every day since the Sunday I got the chance to talk to her has been a new one. I learned new things about loving my family, my friends, about regular people who I'll never get the chance to speak to but will always admire. I learned that family matters, and that people don't have to be blood related to be family. So, if I was to give you any type of insight to this, I'd tell you to find what you love, and let it consume you.

- Stephen. Revenge.

"THAT'S THE KID THAT NEVER FIT IN WITH THE REST OF US. EVER SINCE HE WENT TO NEW YORK THAT ONE SUMMER, HE CAME BACK DIFFERENT. HE CAME BACK TALKING OUT HIS ASS ABOUT SHIT LIKE CULTURE AND MUSIC. HE'S NOT LIKE US. HE DOESN'T THINK LIKE US. HE ISN'T US. DO YOU GUYS REMEMBER CONNOR BEFORE SUMMER 2013? HE USED TO WEAR SPERRYS AND VINEYARD VINES. HE USED TO BE LIKE US. MAN, HE WAS SO FUCKING COOL BACK THEN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. NOW ALL HE DOES IS TALK ABOUT KANYE WEST AND HOW TERRIBLE THE RADIO IS TODAY. HE TALKS SHIT ABOUT OUR FAVORITE ARTISTS, FUCK THAT KID."

CONNOR BARKHOUSE IS A KID THAT NEVER FIT IN. HE WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIS MUSIC FRIENDS AND WAS TOO MUSICAL FOR HIS HIGH-SCHOOL FRIENDS. HE USED TO BE ONE OF THOSE COOKIE-CUTTER AMERICAN KIDS. HE PLAYED SPORTS. HE SOCIALIZED. HE DID THE WHOLE FUCKING 9 YARDS. EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT HE HATED ALL OF IT. HE ALWAYS FELT HE WANTED TO DO SOMETHING BIGGER THAN TO JUST BE A NORMAL STUDENT. MUSIC WAS HIS ESCAPE FROM THE FUCKED UP REALITY OF A BORKEN RELATIONSHIP, A BROKEN FAMILY, AND INFINITE BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS THAT STARED HIM IN THE FACE EVERYDAY.

WHEN PEOPLE DIE, THEY LIVE FOREVER. THE CONCEPT OF VIRTUAL GHOSTS IS KIND OF FUCKED. IT'S LIKE THERE'S A MEMORIAL FOR YOU ONLINE WHEN YOU DIE. PEOPLE TWEETING AT AN ACCOUNT OR SENDING A FRIEND REQUEST WILL NEVER HEAR A RESPONSE BACK. FACEBOOK WITHIN THE NEXT 40 YEARS WILL BE A VIRTUAL GRAVEYARD. THERE WILL BE SO MANY DECEASED PEOPLE ONLINE BECAUSE THE INTERNET IS NEW AND INTERNET-USING GENERATIONS HAVEN'T PASSED AWAY YET. CONNOR BARKHOUSE DOESN'T WANT TO BE A VIRTUAL GHOST.

TO KILL YOURSELF IS TO KILL YOUR INTERNET PRESENCE
FACELESS SOULS SCROLL THROUGH PEOPLE'S LIVES WITH NO IDENTITY
TO KILL YOURSELF IS TO KILL YOUR INTERNET PRESENCE
TO KILL YOURSELF IS TO KILL YOUR INTERNET PRESENCE
I TELL MYSELF THAT WHEN I LAY MY HEAD DOWN TO SLEEP
AND THE GLOW OF MY PHONE FADES AWAY INTO THE ENGULFING

THIS IS CONNOR BARKHOUSE

THIS IS CONNOR BARKHOUSE

I'm seventeen years old, in my senior year, still pursuing music. I don't know what I'm going to do with my life. Does anyone my age? If so I'd like to meet them. My parents obviously want me to go to college and I probably will for at least a while, hopefully music takes off and I don't need to. I don't usually take time to reflect. I thought I would for a minute. I've done a lot in my life. Not as much as I'd like to or plan to, but I've done a lot. I started writing songs at 10 (they were really bad) got involved with theater at around 12 for a couple years (that originally stopped when I switched schools). I was always known as a super good kid. Somewhere along the way I guess things changed. I became upset all the time, I really couldn't tell you the point of life other than to do whatever you want. I struggle with my self all the time. Started doing some shit I don't think my parents would appreciate. The only thing I enjoy is creating new things. I hope to create music people relate too, maybe shoot a movie some day. When I'm not creating new stuff, I feel guilty, unproductive, and stressed. This is probably all over the place. In 2015 I leveled up from "That high school shitty rapper" too " Damn this kid kinda got it" I haven't stopped, Im constantly planning new things. I've worked with some of my favorite artists, landed a few gigs, got myself a manager, traveled a bit to work on music as well. In 2015 I finally got confident in my abilities and its paying off. You may hate me, You may not like my music, but if you hear my music you can't say its god awful. I'm broke, all my money goes to music related things, My parents help me out a lot and I couldn't be more thankful. I feel bad about that, I hope to make enough money to buy them a ton of stuff. My thoughts are all over the place.

From – Achill

These suburbs are an interesting area. We're in south Texas so there's a lot of weight on that kind of cowboy/working man culture, the one where it's respectable to wear boots and ratty jeans and constantly look like you just got off an eight hour day working on a ranch, but in reality the high school I went to was very much upper middle class. Most kid's parents work office jobs in San Antonio or they own businesses in the area. Nobody actually has to work. They go to school, they play sports, and they do drugs. A group of kids actually OD'd on bath salts at a party after a football game last year. I think one of them died, the other four were just in the hospital for a while, not entirely sure. The point is this is an area where when that drug got a lot of news coverage because it compelled a man to attempt to eat someone's face off, the local response was "let's try it".

Currently I work 40-50 hour weeks in a warehouse in Comfort, I've been there for close to two years now. Wiring electrical control systems and welding skids and other things I in no way loathe doing day in and day out with a bunch of sweaty men who only talk about performing profane acts on various women and getting drunk. I left high school my junior year because that shit was stupid and went and got my diploma online. Outside of my job, I work on clothes and music and write stories and all that trendy creative tumblr shit. It's a little annoying because I honestly pour myself into all these things, but it's really the popular thing to do right now so I look like just another byproduct of the internet. So I avoid the internet. My twitter, Instagram, soundcloud, and tumblr are all the same, deadhearttheory. They are all also more or less empty. I want to release things in a more honest way than these facades of social media but I am not sure if that exists. I'll figure it out. For now I just make things to make me happy and that's cool.

I actually just opened up a song I've been working on to share a link to and it's corrupted. Fucking fantastic. It was honestly one of my favorite songs now all I have of it is a shitty .mp3 preview I sent to one of my friends.

Confessions, random thoughts, whatever:

I have only been in one relationship, only lasted like 3 months, ended poorly. I kinda decided I don't fuck with that so I avoid it. I have friends, nothing more than platonic, nothing physical. Not out pulling all kinds of one night stands and shit I'm just alone.

I got really really drunk at a party a few weeks ago and blacked out and when I came back to it was because this girl gave me coke. I didn't want that to happen.

My mother wants me out of the house but I'm scared I don't know where to go or how to pay for rent and I hate talking to human people.

My best friend cares so much about me but he doesn't really do anything and can't actually help me with anything. I love him but I'm sick of cheerleaders.

I don't think I'm good enough. For anything. I know I'm good at things but not enough to be important to anyone.

I look down on people who use mental disorders as an out for things and I hate myself for it. I feel like I'm working so hard on myself alone and I hate them for grasping for help.

Even though honestly that's what I want to do.

I really really wish I could sing, fuck man.

I cried when I watched "Dior and I".

My mom got me a drywall repair kit for Christmas because I got really upset one day and punched a hole in the bathroom wall.

I don't make friends I just watch and read interviews to make myself feel really close to people I have never met.

I had a dream that I was drowning a really close friend and that shit bothers me.

A few years ago I was really into politics and technology and would have really in depth debates with teachers and parents, but for some reason I don't care about that stuff anymore; I feel as though I am far less intelligent and interesting than I was back then.

I don't like young thug as much as I act like I do.

I was gonna link some of my work here but I talked myself out of it.

I honestly believe there isn't anybody else who feels things the way I do. I know I mean something by that but it probably isn't what either of us thinks.

I was gonna write a story about how my mom works for the illuminati or the time I got so drunk I met Amy Winehouse but I got bored with this email.

My whole life feels false and I am afraid of suicide. <3

This is @deadhearttheory.

I'm 19 years old and i feel like I'm not moving fast enough. spending too much time on the internet can really fuck you up. i see so many people doing big things and i want to join them. im scared i'll never be a peer to my idols. I'm scared the content i make isn't good enough. i dropped out of school to make art but i have done so little since then . I'm gonna get out of this town and make an example of myself. i have really big goals for 2016 but i need to get off my ass and work harder to achieve them.

This is Brian Kinnes.

Don't let me drown. I'm begging you. I know I say that none of this matters but I'm lying. It all matters. It all matters way too much. College, jobs, everything. I act like it doesn't worry me but it does. I pissed away my formative years chasing a high that would never bring happiness, with people who would never bring prosperity. Those people are gone now. They left along with all of my failed tests and empty dime sacks. I can't say I blame them, and I can't say I care.

I've lost countless people. Everyone leaves. Even if you stay with someone forever, one of you has to die. Maybe I'm just a pessimist. Maybe I shouldn't look at it that way, but maybe it doesn't matter how I look at it, because maybe that's the truth. Maybe none of this matters. Maybe I'll never find the answers that I've spent countless hours looking for within this abyss that stares back at me every day.

To put it simply, this is me. This is me spilling my head open onto a page for you all to read and admire but never truly understand. This is me opening my heart to the world hoping that nobody will spit in it. This is me finally giving up all of my reservations and pouring my heart out at 1:56 in the morning because I'm kind of drunk and Christmas is over. My youth is over.

My best art comes from places of unbearable anxiety. What if I can never create without some sort of eternal conflict? Every great artist has their demons. Bukowski had liquor, Kurt had heroin, and Ian Curtis had lost control. These guys are my idols but I can't be like them. I can't die at 27 full of potential and pain the way Kurt did. I can't allow the uncontrollable to control me. Yet here I sit, at 2:01 AM, staring into the void, praying that you don't let me drown.

This is Kyle Mantha.

I'm not sure who I am, I thought I did. When I do find out temporarily, I find myself lost again trying to connect pieces in my life that I think make sense. In a humble opinion, I feel as if art is the only pure form left of expressing emotions. Everything else is tainted with consumerism and greed or some other worldly problem that I also share with the rest. That's why I feel the NEED to make my way through this life with art. Love has let me down, life-plans have let me down, even school has misguided me in certain ways. I'm so lost in finding myself that I only have a limited sense of direction about where I'm going and not a clue about my destination. But along the way I'm trying to learn that I can't avoid the bad in life. Instead, I can only take it in moderation and learn from it. As long as I'm being true to myself always, no matter the amount of lack of support I have, I'll make it to that destination or die trying from the distractions.

This is Tyler L.

I was Buzz Lightyear for 7 years in a row for Halloween. It's obviously been a couple years since I dressed up as a space ranger but I still feel like one every single day of my life. Nothing is impossible and I have the entire world in the palm of my hands, just like I did the first time I decided to put that green costume on. The most important year of my life so far is coming to a close this week and the most important year of my life is going to start simultaneously. Strange things are happening to me. My best friend lives in a different country and I miss a lot of people who don't miss me back. My bedroom feels really small right now. I'm uncertain about where my life is going to go next year or even within the next couple days. The only thing I am certain of is that you've got a friend in me.

I'm a space ranger in a state full of cowboys and I'm going to infinity and beyond.

This is Luke Shippey.

WE GO AGAINST THE GRAIN EVERY SINGLE DAY. WE ARE FIGHTING TO KEEP OUR DREAMS ALIVE. THE DREAMS AND IDEAS WE CAME UP WITH IN CLASS, DAYDREAMING WHILE THE TEACHER WAS TALKING. THE IDEAS WE CAME UP WITH AND KEPT CLOSE TO OUR SOULS AND INSIDE OF OUR HEAD BECAUSE WE WERE SCARED OF JUDGEMENT. DEATH TO THE SUPERMODEL. DEATH TO THE LIFE 'MODEL'. DEATH TO WHATEVER SOMEONE OLDER THAN YOU TELLS YOU IS THE RIGHT THING AND DEEP DOWN YOU KNOW IT'S NOT. DEATH TO THE IDEA OF SOMEONE YOUR AGE LAUGHING AT YOU BECAUSE YOU DECIDED TO RUNAWAY FROM HOME WITH \$100 DOLLARS IN YOUR WALLET AND A MACBOOK IN YOUR BACKPACK TO CHASE A DREAM. WHEN I SAY WE I SPEAK FOR MY FRIENDS AND I. I SPEAK FOR ANYONE OUT THERE LIKE ME WHO IS GOING THROUGH WHAT I AM GOING THROUGH RIGHT NOW. DEATH OF A SUPERMODEL

THIS IS KEVIN ABSTRACT

THIS IS KEVIN ABSTRACT

i dont know why im typing this a friend convinced me to. its 2:55 am im talking to a girl who is keeping my mind off a lot of things. im scared for the future but im not doing anything proactive to help better myself. its like im a deer standing frozen in the headlights of an oncoming car. i dont know if im depressed or like just super lazy but i cant seem to find motivation in things that i love to do like i used to. i have an immense desire to be someone great someday and i guess that in turn puts a lot of pressure on me. i dont work well under pressure. and that scares me. it scares me that i cant find the motivation to do the things i want to do. it scares me that i might have to go to college in two years. it scares me that i might not acheive what i want to acheive. life seems so fucking simple until its not and it just turns into a confusing ball of mixed emotions and feelings towards other people that i cant seem to process or comprehend by myself. i dont know who to trust anymore i cant even go off of what I think bc i always second guess things. im not happy with my music anymore. and i dont do shit about it. i just procrastinate and avoid bc thats all im good at at this point in life and i dont know if that will ever change and that scares me too. im living in a constant crippling fear of the future. this is me on december 28th, 2015 3:08AM

This is Jimmy.

i'm afraid i'll get stuck. i'm afraid i'll get stuck in this town. i'm afraid i'll get stuck creatively. i'm afraid i'll get stuck with the same people. i'm afraid i'll get stuck doing the same things everyday. i'm afraid.

stuck

This is Forrest Puryear.

im overly passionate about everything.

i have wanted to marry the girl im w/ since i met her. if she doesn't see me as the best at everything then im no good. im not ok with being the runner up. i have to push. her opinion matters most. my chest is on fire.

my dad died July 19th of 2015 suddenly and i cant remember what he sounds like anymore. each day goes by and i try my hardest not to think about it. some ppl are hypersensitive about it and some ppl are insensitive about it. there is no HAPPY medium. i wonder if he can hear me. and if he can does he like it? his opinion matter most.

2015 was fucking weird, man. i exchanged angels. im finishing up my last year of high school. i went from 0 ppl taking me seriously to ppl telling me i got them thru hard times. hopefully 2016 i can get some momentum goin my way, who knows. i only want it all. ppl tell me thats too much to ask for.

This is Jules Henley.

I love fortune cookies. I think it's because when I was a kid, my whole extended family would go to this Chinese restaurant on special occasions. I was a really picky eater when I was younger, so I only had the fortune cookies to look forward to. Sometimes you get one of those bullshit fortunes, that just tell you to like "keep your mind open to new possibilities". Those ones are super lame! The ones that you want are the ones that tell you your future in a kind of spooky exciting way. I know it's silly, but my cheeks always heat up and my heart beats a little faster when I get something even a tiny bit relevant in my life.

I think they also give you hope. The most important person in my life lives in Austin, Texas, while I live thousands of miles away in a place that drops to -40 degrees in the winter. Sometimes I need a fortune cookie to tell me that I'm going to see him again. I have an older brother who I like to get into really profound conversations with while we drink tea. One day, we were talking about this smart dude who had been analyzing the split second change a person can make between total fear and overwhelming relief (when you think you lose your phone, only to realize you were sitting on it). The point made was that if an emotional change that severe can be made so instantly, then it should be possible to work on making that quick of a switch from any negative feeling to a positive one. When I feel alone and it's frozen outside for as far as I can see, it seems impossible that I'll ever get to spend my time with the people I love the most, because they're all so far away. But then a piece of paper from inside a cookie tells me I'll be taking a vacation soon, and if something as simple as that can give me hope, I know I can find a way to be hopeful on my own.

I am a 16 year old longing for liberation from my parents, waiting for the day that I am an adult carrying out my dream of being an artist. The adults in my life are my only hindrances to being happy and expressive. All I wanna do all day and everyday is just make art; take pictures and make music, make people feel something. I'm not like anyone else, simply because I'm always alone. Everyone needs more time to think, because I promise you'll stop being a product of your surrounding if you learn who you really are.

This is Mendota.

Hello. It's me. the seventeen year old with no sense of direction and bitten up fingernails. The seventeen year old who doesn't know what to do with his life. The seventeen year old. All the important parts of my story come after i move to texas, so ill start then. It actually starts at the beginning of high school. High school sucks by the way. Freshman year wasn't too bad, got distracted from school of course. Played too many video games, and didn't care enough about school. Sophomore year was a trainwreck. I hated everything about sophomore year. My teachers, my friends, everything. i was in heavy depression. i felt like a tiger in an aquarium. i felt out of place everywhere i went. everyone was happy around me and i tried my hardest but it just wouldn't work. eventually i started popping pills to ease the pain, to make me numb. it worked, but made everything so much worse. My parents were always wondering why i was failing classes that year, its because i didnt do anything but lay in bed all day, thinking about suicide. i even met up with a dude to buy a gun, but i realized suicide scared me. i couldnt do it to my family. it was selfish if i did it. Junior year came. Junior year was bad, but nowhere close to sophomore year. sophomore year was like an undercover cop. Junior year was just a normal cop, still sucks, but not as bad. undercover cops aren't fair, anyways back to the story. the beginning of junior year doesn't matter. Everything changed on april 8 though. i met my first love. she was beautiful, harmless, captivating. we started to hang out every day after school, so again my grades slipped but who cares i was in love for the first time. i was so passionate about her guys, she was my everything. we did so much together. 6 months later, we broke up. still don't know why it happened, but im pretty much over her now. but i want to be in love again, with a better girl. With a girl who won't take advantage of me, who will treat me right. all i did was show her love, but i guess she didnt see it anymore. So here i am now, senior year, and counting down the days i get to leave. I wanna be in austin already, living it up, taking pictures, making movies. Anything besides this. the people here suck, and i want to meet new people. i am inspired by many people. tyler mitchell is a huge inspiration of mine, i wish he knew. i hope to inspire lots of people one day, and i want to make a movie that will inspire people. Thanks.

PS love is a beautiful thing dont run away from it. Dont lock away your feelings people. it is awesome. its worth the hurt. its worth the drunk texts, and the restless nights, its worth all of the pain My heart overrides logic.

Love, Carter Freas

somewhere in the mix of everything i must have gotten lost. im not sad or mad, just lost. i wasn't told I'd ever have to pay for my own laundry or have to go make new friends. it's intimidating out here in the real world, in the big city. photoshop and internet fashion forums are the only places i recognize now. im not scared to be in these new places with these new people but i do get a little lost sometimes. and that's a feeling ive never really had to worry about before. its comforting to know that all the people around me are feeling the exact same way. and that's kind of beautiful, we're all just a big lost youth.

-anonymous

I am more than just my name, and where I from. These things are like newspaper headlines. Everyone gets the paper, but few read all the stories. Everyone knows my name, but few get to know me. I am more than my name and the town that I grew up in. I go by my name day by day, it's what people call me. But I'm much more. There are times where I think I'm less than me, but often times I feel that I have grown far greater than my old self expected. I want to go places, travel great lengths, write beautiful things, and be everything but useless while I'm here. I hope that I can do these things, but right now things are moving so fast. I want things to slow down, because I am terrified of losing the good things in my life. I want things to eternally grow, and good things to never die out. I want the good forever, but I feel the bad too. I think that I have a lot of things I need to take care of, but I don't know how to take care of them. I keep things to myself, I draw by myself, I write by myself. I am a person wandering about aimlessly, doing things alone, or that's how I feel deep down some days. I don't mind it, but I secretly wish I was invited to the lame gatherings my friends go to. But I like being in my own space, I like the quiet, but I like to have a good time. I just want things to be simple, and good. I just want to never let anyone down. I just want to walk around forever with my headphones in listening to my favorite songs. I like the simple things, nothing elaborate. I like the sky, and how it looks at different times of the time. I like to look at it on my deck and think about various things. I'm proud of myself for getting better, even though some days it doesn't feel like I have. I love everyone around me, even myself at times.

-anonymous

so like i was born in kenya and i never really was expected to happen my mom had me like at 19 and whatever so like right after i turned 1 she left to america and like i was raised by my grandma and my dad on the weekends cause my grandma didnt like him i visited my mom once in 2004 in nj and she was pregnant with my half brother but i had to go back to kenya, i moved here officially 2008 and like my grams and uncle in kenya didnt want me to go cause they knew my mom was going to take advantage of me but i really wanted to b with my mom so i came and she never wanted me here cause she missed me but to take care of my brother and sister, shed like leave for like weekends with them and like i had to take care of them until i had to start school so on i was really treated like a maid or whatever but she got abusive and crap and cps took me and my siblings away from her so i stayed with my aunt but thats when i started to self harm cause it went on my moms record and stuff i ended up going to rehab and living with her for a while until cps gave her a restraining order on me and i couldn't see her so the depression came back because i felt at fault since then the restraining order was lifted and my moms side of the family like disowned me and now its just like me trying to be me without them

right now im just living life im working on my photography and trying to learn how to make music and all that crazy stuff i live with my aunt im a junior in high school and i hate everything thing about myself but im slowly learning to love myself again

this was so long and tedious sorry

This is Tanya.

I'm not always on my phone. I'm always at home. The internet is not just merely a tool, it's a place. An actual fucking place. These kids sitting around me in desks don't care about art. They don't care about culture. They think its weird that I cried during Kanye West's VMAs speech. That speech was for me. That speech was for US. The internet is where my closest friends are. The internet is the only place where I can find kids just like me who are into the same shit I'm into.

I know what the fuck I'm going to do and I'm going to take all of you, all of the fucking people reading this, all of the fucking kids who daydream in class and make doodles of their clothing brand, or work out melodies for their new tracks, or meticulously plan out their next photo shoot, or are writing out the lyrics for the album that they'll record on their macbooks at 2 AM because that's when your producer in Norway is awake - I'm going to take all of you with me to redefine culture and take over this fucking world.

This is End of an Era.

I feel like I'm going to die. I blinked my eyes twice and 19 years went by. I'm scared to blink more times. I'm scared if I blink, I'll die.

This is Ben Work.

I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA LOSE. I'M AFRAID I'M NOT PROGRESSING ENOUGH. I'M AFRAID I'M WASTING MY TIME. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER BE PROUD OF MYSELF. I'M AFRAID MY PARENTS WILL NEVER BE PROUD OF ME. I'M AFRAID MEY PEERS WILL ALWAYS LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M A LOSER. I'M AFRAID I'LL END UP LIKE MY PEERS. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER BE AS TALENTED AS MY FRIENDS. I'M AFRAID I'LL END UP WITHOUT ANY REAL FRIENDS. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF MY HOMETOWN. I'M AFRAID OF COMPLACENCY. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER GET ALL OF THESE IDEAS OUT OF MY HEAD. I'M AFRAID I'LL BE STUCK INSIDE MY HEAD FOREVER. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN. I'M AFRAID SHE DOESEN'T EXIST. I'M AFRAID I'LL DIE ALONE. I'M AFRAID I'LL DIE UNHAPPY. I'M AFRAID MY FEARS AND PESSIMISTIC ATTITUDE WILL FOREVER PREVENT ME FROM LIVING MY LIFE.

THIS IS DAVID KEAV.

THE DAYS ARE GETTING DARKER AND THE NIGHTS ARE GETTING BRIGHTER. WE BREATHE AND WE SUFFER. WHAT'S HAUNTING US IS THE IDEA THAT WE WON'T PLEASE OUR LOVED ONES AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, WE'RE TERRIFIED THAT WE WON'T PLEASE OURSELVES. WE'RE SCARED TO DEATH. OR AT LEAST I AM.

THE IDEAS ARE GETTING DARKER AND THE PRODUCTS ARE GETTING BRIGHTER. WE BREATHE AND WE SUFFER. I AM UP TO NO GOOD AND I AM UP TO KNOW GOOD. DAY IN AND DAY OUT. I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE GOOD ENOUGH, I'M AFRAID I WON'T STAND OUT ENOUGH. I AM AFRAID.

I	POLISH	SILVERWARE	AND	I	ARRANGE	TABLE	SETTINGS		
TO	<i>FIT</i>	<i>THE</i>	<i>LIKING</i>	OF	A	<i>MAN</i>	<i>I'LL NEVER</i>	<i>KNOW.</i>	
I	BRAINSTORM		IDEAS	AND		CREATE	GRAPHICS		
TO	<i>FIT</i>	<i>THE</i>	<i>LIKING</i>	OF	A	<i>MAN</i>	<i>I'LL NEVER</i>	<i>KNOW.</i>	
I	LIVE	EVERYDAY	AS	IT'S	MY	LAST	AND	FOR	WHAT?
TO	<i>FIT</i>	<i>THE</i>	<i>LIKING</i>	OF	A	<i>MAN</i>	<i>I'LL NEVER</i>	<i>KNOW.</i>	
GOD,	THE	GREATEST	ARTIST	OF	ALL	TIME			
OUR	LORD	&	OUR	SAVIOR					

THIS IS CLAYBORNE BUJORIAN

THIS IS CLAYBORNE BUJORIAN

MY FAMILY PROBABLY MISSES ME, SOMEHOW I'VE CONVINCED MYSELF
ITS FOR THEM. I EXPERIMENT TOO MUCH. I SHOULD SLEEP MORE. I'M
AFRAID OF COMMITMENT. I'VE GOTTEN USED TO BEING ALONE. I'M
OBSESSED WITH THE WORLD OF CREATION. MY BODY'S BECOME SORE.
IDEAS SHAPE THE WORLD BUT ITS UP TO US TO EXECUTE THEM, NO
MATTER HOW CHALLENGING. SOUND AND SIGHT GUIDE ME. I'VE FOUND
THE BRIDGE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH BUT I'M NOT READY TO CROSS IT.

THIS IS RAMSAY ALMIGHTY.

this isn't the real me. this is the me that everyone on the internet wants to see. i try to stay as real as i can on twitter. but every time i tweet about loving my girlfriend or how much i like kevin abstract or tyler, the creator i lose four followers. i'm beginning to believe that twitter (and all social media sites in general) belong only to the unfunny parody accounts and the horny relationship goals freaks. i don't care about followers. i care about who i follow. social media should be for appreciating people you care for's content. not a fucking contest to see who can get the most likes and followers. this is what i think. you don't have to agree. but this is me. so the next time you second guess posting something about your favorite director, singer, or anything your interested in, because your afraid of not getting shares, retweets, likes, or losing followers, just remember this, kid: this is you.

This is Alex Bishop (@alexthecracker)

He says I have a god complex but I don't believe in God. I snack my bubblegum and cross my legs and admire my perfect freshly chewed nails. Tuning out his pleas for me to stay comfortably in his bed. I'm writing this on a napkin in his living room now. I stopped smoking and my hands are bored. I don't watch television. I forget to eat. I shower three times a day. I rarely listen to music. I draw shapes, seduce men, and write poetry and then throw it all away. With much remorse. I cry about it after. I don't do drugs. I stare at the intersecting point in my ceiling for hours. I'm never lonely or bored. I'm disconnected. I'm not an artist I'm a woman trapped in a body I don't fucking recognize. I feel very uncomfortable. Writing illegible words and touching my ribs in the mirror.

I don't know what I was supposed to write here.
In high school I loved a man who loved heroin. It must have loved him back.
His clothes are still hung up in my old closet.
I stare at my veins and I think about him.

And then I loved a man who wanted to die. I kissed the corners of his mouth and left love notes in drawers for him to find. I think this is another one of those. (If you're reading this I miss you)

We have a death pact. We thought it was romantic. Sometimes I stare at my neck in the mirror and wonder if we really meant it.

I don't know if I ever loved anyone.
I tried to understand what it would be like though.
I hate to be touched.
I love to sleep alone.
I love dining alone.
I love my life in the city.
I don't know the day of the week.

Could you tell me when I start to feel more human? Or the cure to my writers block? Could you tell me I look thinner? Or less sad?

If I walked into traffic where would my clothes go? Would they wear my silk the right way? Would they find better use for my things? Do you wonder these things too? Could you satisfy me? Could you please fix me? Who has all the answers? Could you read these things and still find a way to love me?

I hope when they bury me they conclude I was a myth.
I just want to feel human.
I think I just want to be alone.

This is Kayla Boe.

I woke up this morning at around 12, it's an off day, so I did some chores, ate then went straight to my computer to start working hard on my passion: music. Recorded a song or two, finished some beats, edited a video a little more, but I wont stop until I am living the dream I dream about every night. You wake up every morning to go to work and live the same mediocre lives as everyone around you. You are force fed backup plans so that you will never fail and always be safe. Life isn't about being safe. When you wake up from your sleep continue your dream. Live in the clouds a little bit, but do not fall short of reality. Work as I do; every chance I get.

This is Shawn Of The Dead (@shawnotd).

I spend most nights scrolling or watching movies and sometimes i read books. When im able to get myself together o can create and once i start im gone. I lost myself in everything i make. My mind and body are completely lost in the mess of my creations. My creations define who i am and i am what I make. My emotions are translated through every pixel every word every line every second of anything i create and that displays who i am. im still lost buy im finding my way.

This is Patrick Covers.

I'm at a precarious stage in my life. I can only try or settle. The prospects of both scenarios fuck me up. But I know I am going to try. This is my hyperreal knock on the door of my abstract abode of dreams. Funny how it's starting to feel real -- a symptom of living in our time.

This is Jag Nathan.

It's the end of a year. This end and this prompt have found me in a strange place. I am alive, for the first time in a long time. I used to be aimless. Afraid of doing anything outside of what I was told, afraid of making my own mistakes. My family and my environment kept trying to tell me I was only as good as I was at following their vision for me. Soon I believed it. I died that day. I breathed and moved and spoke, but I know I was dead already. I don't know what it was that told me I needed to come back, but when I finally did, I realized I was hurtling toward a life as one more mindless drone, the last thing America still manufactures. I had to break out. So I did. Getting myself untangled from all the negativity really felt like hopping out of a car doing 85 on the highway in west Texas. The landing was ugly and ungraceful. My own doubts tried to drain me. College tried to ruin me. The streets tried to kill me. I learned how to fight back, and now I own every breath and every step I take.

I set my own path now. I have a dream I want to accomplish. I wake up every day for that dream. Every day is another day that brings me closer to making it a reality. My friends don't understand. Distant observers think I'm crazy. Everybody has their piece to say about what I do with my time now but I forgot how to care. This goal gives me something to live for, a reason to get up in the morning, a reason to smile at all the bullshit that comes up in my way. And even if it doesn't work out as planned, I've learned how to be happy that I even have the chance to try.

This is Darius Kazoko.

My life is like a movie only I can watch. Sometimes I feel like it's just starting, and everything before was just preparing me for the world. I remember just last year I was the only one who believed we could even take it this far, now it's people who have more faith in me than I do myself. I feel the same way I did at the end of senior year, when all I had to do was get through my senior play and pass my theatre final so I could finally focus on music full time. this only the beginning, I will achieve everything I set out to do and more.

This is Alexander X.

IT'S 9:32AM ON DECEMBER 28, 2015. LAST NIGHT, I CRIED SILENTLY FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES ALONE IN THE DOWNTOWN LA APARTMENT WHERE ONE OF MY FRIENDS IS LETTING ME STAY FOR NOW. I ONLY HAVE \$1.96 IN MY BANK ACCOUNT, BUT I CONSIDER MYSELF TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN WHAT I ENJOY DOING FOR A LIVING. I HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO MY FATHER SINCE HE KICKED ME OUT OF HIS HOUSE BECAUSE I CHOOSE NOT TO ALLOW ANYONE, FAMILY OR NOT, TO IMPOSE NEGATIVE ENERGY ONTO THE LIGHT WHICH IS MY LIFE AND THE LIGHT THAT OTHERS BRING INTO MY LIFE.

I WANT WHOEVER'S READING THIS TO UNDERSTAND THAT I AM PLAGUED WITH AS MANY THIRD-DIMENSIONAL TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS AS ANYONE ELSE ON THIS PLANET, BUT I CHOOSE NOT TO ALLOW THOSE THINGS TO DEFINE WHO I AM OR DISTRACT ME FROM BRINGING MY DREAMS INTO THIS REALITY. IN LESS THAN A YEAR'S TIME, 1234CREATIONS (A TWENTY-PERSON TEAM THAT I HAD THE HONOR OF HELPING ASSEMBLE) HAS BECOME A LIVING, BREATHING TESTAMENT OF HOW FAR LOVE AND HONESTY CAN TAKE YOU. AFTER FORMING OFFICIALLY ON FEBRUARY 20, 2015, TEN MONTHS LATER WE ARE NOW PREPARING TO LAUNCH AND MANAGE OUR VERY OWN RADIO STATION THAT WILL BE STREAMING IN OVER 99 COUNTRIES ACROSS THE WORLD.

I'VE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO LEADING BY EXAMPLE, THE ONLY WAY I BELIEVE ONE CAN LEAD EFFECTIVELY WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF EGO. I HAVE LEARNED THAT FOLLOWING THE (SOMETIMES IRRATIONAL) FEELINGS FROM MY HEART, RATHER THAN THE (MOSTLY EGO-DRIVEN) THOUGHTS THAT OCCUPY MY MIND, ALMOST ALWAYS LEAVES ME FEELING FULL AND FULFILLED (EVEN WHEN MY BANK ACCOUNT IS EMPTY).

IN HIS BOOK "THE MEASURE OF A MAN" SYDNEY POITIER SAYS, "I AM THE ME I CHOOSE TO BE." I READ THIS BOOK WHEN I WAS 13 YEARS OLD AND TEN YEARS LATER, I FIND MYSELF REFLECTING ON HIS WORDS AND UNDERSTANDING THAT I CAN CHOOSE TO CHANGE ANYTHING IN MYSELF AND ANYTHING IN MY LIFE AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT.

I UNDERSTAND THAT I'VE ATTRACTED EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE, WHETHER CONSCIOUSLY OR SUBCONSCIOUSLY, BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY I HAVE COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT I CAN SPEND MY ENERGY DECIDING ON WHETHER SOMETHING IS "BAD" OR "GOOD" OR I CAN ACCEPT AND ALLOW THE UNIVERSE TO SHOW ME WHAT IS TRUE OR UNTRUE.



THIS IS DANIEL D'ARTISTE

stuck in this small texas town that doesn't like change..i fight everyday to keep myself inspired but its hard in a place thats so dead. sometimes i start to think i'm dead myself but these dreams...thats what keeps me alive, thats what i wake up for. nothing else but my dreams, as selfish as that may sound...i know where i want to be and i know its going to take alot to get there.

i went to LA with my friends recently and that was the best time of my life. i felt like thats where i belong. we are all going to move there really soon.

i cant let my friends down and i know they don't want to let me down...let alone just let ourselves down.

as an artist i tend to put a lot of pressure on myself but i'm realizing now that its not really good for me. one step at a time. thats how it works.

i'm just working on developing myself to achieve all that i can with the time im given. peace. love. happiness. health. wealth. success.

This is Khalil Hall (@artiskhalil).

It's midnight. I am currently working on new music for my album 'Lavender Hills' dropping in February.. And I feel really good about this project. I started working on the first track off of the album a year and a half ago, with my good friend Cavan Brady, and I've been putting in lots more work ever since. When my label announced the release date for the project, I got really scared. I spent the whole rest of that night sending my friends some of the music off the album, so they could give me their input. They all said it was good, but I was still beyond worried. I had that thought in the back of my mind of "What if it's not good enough". But then I realized that it's just music. It's music I want to make. It's my style. It's how I want it to sound. If you don't like it, I'm not going to let that bother me. And if you don't like it, don't let it bother you. Because I'm going to make the music I want to make. I will not adapt my sound to what today's society likes to hear.

2016 is approaching. I am alone and broken. I've lost everything this past year, and with New Years approaching, all I'm thinking about is what I'll lose this next year.

"In the world through which I travel, I am endlessly creating myself."

This is Voltrexx.

3days tillthe newyear. But i still feel little will change when its comes to emotions. Seems the more i think the more i get lost but the more i get lost the more i find myself. You cant find yourself if you never lost youself. I stay in my thoughts. Its where im comfortable and i know no one can hurt me. Forget the daddy issues, id still be misguided. Still be dissapointed in humanity. I would of been where i am now no matter what. I forgot most of my childhood, maybe cause of things i didnt want to hold on to or maybe i wasnt in grasp with reality. What i can remember seems like it was a dream. Idk. The whole life thing just kinda seems invalid to me. Like im sitting on a dirt road waiting for a car to pass just to look forward to the next one passing. I love the life i live but its pointless. I mean we all end up under 6 feet of earth. Forget it, im talking out my inner voice agian.

This is Stoneyyy.

I am me. messed up & screwed up; it is what it is, and I'm okay with that. I don't pretend to be anybody else. I don't want to be anyone else other than who I was meant to be; me. I'm not striving to be better than the next person; only better than who I was yesterday. My goal is not to get approval from anyone; my goal is simply to prove myself right. I don't want to achieve perfection. I'm okay with being the best imperfect reflection of myself. Love me or hate me; I am who I am, and I don't pretend to be someone else. I'm 19. I'm lonely and lost. I create art day and night. I sit at my shitty desktop computer I've had since 7th grade creating things that are true to me. My inspiration to create comes from the need to express myself. I don't put a label on myself and neither should you. I make what is true to me, and that's all that should matter.

This is Ryuketsuu.

my name is david, i'm 19, lost, and searching. a product of everything i hate, inspired by everything i love. a victim of bullying, a victim of depression, a mess looking for his next fix, all behind me. i have pipe dreams, the kind that make people laugh when i tell them. i'm at a pivoting point in my life, soon to make a move to los angeles, broke, \$10,000 dollars in debt, failure is not an option. I'm determined to follow in the steps of those who inspire me, while making my own story. i will be successful, no matter the obstacles.

i am amongst the most lonely months of my entire life. all of my friends are at home. the only friends i have here are my cigarettes. i resurrected my imaginary friend from 12 years ago to pass the time. i only wear one earbud when i listen to music so he can wear the other. i guess that way i'm never alone.

i'm on five different medications now. 5 months ago it was just one. i feel like i'm seventy years old. i'm scared of the pills that calm my nerves. i'm tired of the pills that keep me awake. i'm stressed about the pills for my headaches. my appetite is always absent. yet i've gained 18 pounds in the past two months.

the breakup with my ex a few years ago threw me into a deep depression. today we have a 68 day snap streak and text almost every day. my friends call me soft for keeping in touch with her. truth is, i don't have many people who listen to me these days.

tonight i laid on the floor and cried to a song by fog lake while typing out text messages to people that i would never send.

all i've ever done is sit around and wait. for the balls to flush my pills down the drain. for the love i didn't get from my parents. for that text that says "its not your fault". for my emotions to be taken seriously.

now i'm trying to do instead of wait. i'm trying to help myself instead of depending on everyone else. i'm trying to reach out to everyone i love and let them know they're loved. i'm trying to take myself seriously hoping that someone else might do the same for themselves. i'm trying to give people the acceptance that i wish i got. the thing that keeps me going is the thought that someone might notice and understand.

This is LPCDMP3.

I've been typing and retyping "my story," over the last few days, but before I send anything- I'm curious as to what you'd like to receive. Would your preference be to receive a "finished product" to be published more or less as is (as in: send something that has some sense of narrative cohesion, artistic voice, and grace) or would you want to receive information for your contextualizing and presenting (a marble block for you to whittle into a sculpture, so to speak- facts and details and commentary you would turn into your own artistic statement)

I sound like an asshole. I think the project is really cool though.

Good luck, Brendan

It's strange to be so young but close to being old. Everyone almost expects you to be smarter, taller, stronger handsomer. I believe them so much that it's become hard for me to enjoy my youth. 17 is weird because now I am a kid being exposed to adult things. My friends drink, and do drugs and have sex These kids drive wherever they want and do what they want. Then there's me. I don't do much. I stay at home, and watch tv. My friends tell me I'm a great guy, and that I'm handsome, but I'm always ignored until I speak first. I am an outsider watching everyone else. Hoping they let me into their lives, so that I have a little bit of fun. Sometimes they do, but only ever once. After that, I'm not fun. I am not wanted after that.

This is Michael Christian.

I've spent another night drinking until I threw up on my bathroom floor and inhaling nameless pills up my nostrils.

I think to myself when did I get like until I realize I was always like this.

I lost the one thing that meant the world to me and ever since then I've been floating along meaningless.

I'm 16, I've dropped out of high school and I'm traveling the world.

I have no job.

I rely on my parents for everything.

Life should be easy, maybe I'm just ungrateful.

The people around me think I'm faking this, or its just an excuse for my behavior.

I can't help it.

I've been arrested, been put into mental hospitals, and slept in hotel rooms across the world.

Best of both worlds I guess.

I smoke almost 2 packs a day now.

I've stopped trying to kill myself every single night.

Maybe I'm making progress,

Maybe I'm still drowning.

Smh, Arbaaz.

growing up in a bum fuck town with nothing to do has become an excuse for drugs and breaking the law and I've fell victim to it. Anything that's outside my room is outside of my comfort zone .

the only way i can get anything out is to create. art is the only thing i can stand and if i can't make a life out of it , i rather be dead. i can't remember the last time i learned something in school and I'm constantly ruining relationships with people because they're not thinking the way i am . all i know is I am who I am and I'm going to get where i need to go or I'm going to die trying. – Jackson Rhodes

I turned 17 almost two months ago

Around that same time I noticed I felt more lost than usual. Everyone around me was talking about their college plans, how fun the party they went to was, and how drunk they got. They still are. The difference between us became more apparent and I felt like an outsider. I also began to feel like I was wasting my time. I've been sitting in my room, creating for hours on end for the past few years, but have nothing to show for it. I'm making an album now. I hope it's not just an album to some kid out there, but a whole world to get lost in. And hopefully I'm not just some kid who makes music after it.

To achieve a goal you must first find out exactly what it is you want to do, and then the reason behind it. I'm making this so I can finally have something of my own. Something no one can ever take away from me. No matter what stage I'm at in my life, something that I can look back on I can say I did. Just with the help of a few of my friends. I want it to be great for the same reasons. This is my introduction to the world, and i'm nervous as hell. No one's anticipating this, no one really cares. Sometimes I think that's my advantage over others because I have no expectations to live up to.

I don't want to be in the same place I am now at the end of 2016. I know I won't be. I can't sit around for another year and just think of all the cool things I want to do. I won't be content seeing everyone go off and start new chapters of their lives while i'm stuck in the same place; wishing I was somewhere else.

I can't sit in my room anymore.

This is Pariswifi.

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THIS IS THE END

In the future, all of these things I am doing to succeed will end up being a waste of time, energy, money and talent. I'm a teenage boy from Utah who wants to create for a living. Music, Clothing, Photography, things famous people end up doing. It's a waste because in reality, everybody wants to rap and get big, it's a dream every kid has. A small amount of the kids who dream that dream tend to pursue that goal, like me. Another very small amount of kids will make it. Nobody makes it out of Utah though. That scares me. I'll try no matter what. It's a goal I've had since I was six. It's a goal me and my friend have. I'll read this again, and again, and again... What changed by the end of this paragraph. You decide. . . Read it again until moving on... Now I'll tell you what changed. Maybe this goal is not a waste . . .

This is Devin Summer.

give me something to die for
even if nothing worth it really exists
give me something believable
at least for a little while
remind me that it's too late and that my suffering is inevitable now and the only
redemption I've got is a generosity and love that leaves me feeling empty and taken
advantage of
remind me that that's as good as it gets
remind me to savor every moment of unadulterated happiness I find, to lick up every last
drop like spilled wine in the streets of Paris
remind to live for the sake of living
remind me to forget about death
remind me that fucking everyone won't seal up the cracks somebody else made
remind me that isolation won't do it either
don't remind me that I'll keep falling in love with the wrong people
the selfish, far away, forgetful, don't deserve it, broken but beautiful people
don't remind me because I will not listen

This is Lauren McFather.

GROWING UP IN A BUM FUCK TOWN WITH NOTHING TO DO HAS BECOME AN EXCUSE FOR DRUGS AND BREAKING THE LAW AND I'VE FALLEN VICTIM TO IT. ANYTHING THAT'S OUTSIDE MY ROOM IS OUTSIDE OF MY COMOFRT ZONE. THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET ANYTHING OUT IS TO CREATE. ART IS THE ONLY THING I CAN STAND AND IF I CAN'T MAKE A LIFE OUT OF IT, I'D RATHER BE DEAD. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I LEARNED SOMETHING IN SCHOOL AND I'M CONSTANTLY RUINING RELATIONSHIPS WITH PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT THINKING THE WAY I AM. ALL I KNOW IS I AM WHO I AM AND I'M GOING TO GET WHERE I NEED TO GO OR I'M GOING TO DIE TRYING.

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THIS IS JACKSON RHODES

Isn't it crazy how we can forget things so easily and it'll sit on another persons mind forever. Isn't crazy how people say it gets worse but we can't relate nor know what that feels like because we haven't experienced it.

Isn't it crazy how people have hundreds and thousands of followers on social media and every single "account" is actually a real person with a full life and personality and out of the millions of accounts there are on social media they decided to follow ours. I don't know I think about this shit a lot.

Perpective is everything.

This is Rue Xul.

i was scrolling through r/hiphopheads one shitty morning when i came across bold text written plain on the screen "I was at a show last night where pusha t had a dj set"

as fucking tired as I was that morning I clicked the text link in hopes of getting an improvised piece of entertainment for the day. the next 15 minutes surprisingly changed my life.

I read a paragraph on how much pusha t fucking sucked. he was bad. he didn't know what he was doing. he tanked on his set. it was apparently so bad that people started leaving.

rap's drug lord fucked up in something as simple as a dj set.

//////////

ive had dreams ever since i was a kid. fame? naw.

i wanted to change the world. i knew from a very young age that the world is fucked up. in all kinds of ways.

i dont think there is a point to human existence. we aimlessly meander through the endlessness of the universe with absolutely no purpose searching for meaning behind every fucking thing we do. when there is none.

if there is anything you can do to add any ounce of meaning to who and what you are, its to influence. us as creatives, or humans for that matter dont understand the capability we have to influence.

make people hear things they otherwise wouldnt. make people see things they otherwise wouldnt. make people feel..

I have six and half months to influence the world through art before I begin a whole different chapter of my life.

so im gonna do it. while i hide behind rap's king pin.

pusha t dj set. 2016.

She loves me and only me, i think, i dont know, thats what she tells me.
But she'll never leave, im the best thing thats happened to her and she loves to fuck/get
lost in drugs.

She loves playing with death and death loves playing with her.

This is Tyler Weisser.

I pray to a god that has yet to believe in himself. I wish people would understand that they can conquer anything they put their mind to. I think that's my purpose. Despite me having my personal goals I would much rather have a hand in helping someone up and cheering them on towards the finish line. I never understood why I was so deeply in love with my first girlfriend. Almost three years it finally hit and to this day I still cheer her on. We don't talk anymore but I see her in my dreams sometimes. We need to learn and accept that pain can help us grow and that love can spark the fire towards a million unseen worlds. I wish I could say thank you to her. All the dreams I aspire to live to see. All the art I've created up to this moment and that I will create until I die has something to do with her. All the friends I've met have underlining met her within me. We're all one. And I want to thank you for being you. I want you to be the best you can be. Because you deserve it. And so do I. Don't give up. I love you.

This is @chaunceylaborde.

Last year was the hardest year of my life. I went from knowing exactly who I was and where I was headed to now just trying to recapture a piece of that person. When you give one hundred percent of yourself to someone else, there isn't any leftover for you. I've seen qualities in the people I cared about most that make me not want to look at them. I'm not bitter, I'm not hateful; I'm apathetic. And that is a feeling worse than hate. And as of now, I don't see a way out.

This is Ethan Bence.

It's 4:00 pm and I'm preparing for a party tonight. It'll be just about the first thing I've done this break since I spent the majority of it wasting away in my room avoiding family members. I wanted to do things. I wanted to see friends but every time they'd call me and ask to hang out I'd find some BS excuse for why I couldn't. I wanted to write, to create, to make something but I couldn't find the motivation to even do that. It's been like this for a few months now. I've done nothing memorable and even if I had I wouldn't be able to remember it really. I've been in a fog. I have lots of ideas. A lot of things that I want to do. But I haven't even began to chase my dreams yet. I've began to give up. I just let them be dreams and nothing else.

This is a Dreamer

My family threw a New Year's Eve Party and everyone here talks about themselves and asks the same questions so I decided to leave for a bit and write this. I contradict myself all the time, so I'll probably have a different opinion and hate this in a couple weeks, but that's OK. This year I realized even though I'm constantly changing that it'll always still be me. Even though I hate measuring myself using the years I that's how I wrote this.

2015.

Graduated high school and went to University because everyone else was.

Understanding it's OK to not know what I want to do for a career yet.

Realized all my friends are hell-bent on careers they hate and will kill them. I hate most of them now.

Stopped trying to fit in by drinking and talking about girls all the time. Having no ambitions isn't cool.

Had my first relationship and first kiss with a girl that helped me grow more than anyone else this year.

Had my first breakup because I was too attached and took who she was for granted.

Stopped copying Kanye and the internet.

Started learning and exploring more on topics that interest me.

Discovered and became inspired by the bedroom artists.

Stopped caring about exclusivity. Didn't stop liking or doing things just because they got popular.

Started buying only designer clothes because it made me think I was better than everyone else.

Stopped buying only designer clothes. No one is really better than anyone else.

Stopped judging everything automatically. Perspective is everything.

Stopped talking about myself all the time.

2016

Keep growing. The rest will follow.

This is Taylor Kan

I'm smirking at myself a little bit. For as long as I can remember, definition has always been one of my weaknesses. I still don't recognize myself in the mirror. I struggle filling out questionnaires or surveys about who I am and how I feel. Disdainfully, I find myself relating more and more to that one person I follow on twitter that's always depressed. Not that I am depressed, I'm very much so happy, or so I think...

We all wear masks to hide certain aspects of ourselves from others, and in that sense, they are useful and serve their purpose. But what would happen if someone wore a mask so long it became internalized? Would they think they had mental health problems, because there was no other way to explain where the inescapable sadness that swallows all happiness comes from? That makes them contemplate suicide for hours on end in their college dorm room? That throws them into a pit of self-hate and worthlessness that not even their HAPPY BOY! Twitter handle can rescue them from? Who knows...

You've decided to stop staring at the mirrors, and unfollowed that depressing person on twitter. You've internalized mottos that encourage positive attitudes and work ethic. You even read up and purchased a few crystals. Couldn't hurt, right? You feel better. Internalizing your success and learning from your mistakes. In one word, you've improved. So keep on keeping on. One day, you'll recognize yourself. And if not, who needs mirrors, right?

This is Esper Beats.

The third or fourth time that I got head was terrible. I mean, it was fantastic, for the first thirty seconds. During that time in my life I was masturbating a lot and that night specifically I had three or so beers so I came really fast and couldn't get up afterwards. It was really embarrassing, I gave her really shitty head before that and we were supposed to have sex but we just stopped. I felt terrible, I'm surprised she stayed in my bed that night, or even that she talks to me still.

That probably has been the most embarrassing thing to happen to me. Some things come close, like losing my balance on my bike and falling on a girl, or unintentionally making a fisting joke to my English teacher. But it seemed the most private exchange between me and one other person was the most embarrassing of my life. All the perception about sex being euphoric and perfect shattered. Sex wasn't like porn portrayed it. It wasn't 45 minutes long, people didn't always cum, and people didn't always get up. Sex was fucking stressful. I mean, it still felt good, it was still fun if you trusted your partner and you feel like having it at the time, but you never know when you'll embarrass yourself.

Life is full of ideal disappointment. Ideal because feeling disappointed by your perception of sex or of any other private matter makes for one of the few times that you're content being mediocre at something. You're content with the fact that the realm that everyone speaks of where something is completely perfect is non-existent, even for the biggest Adonis on the planet.

This is the boy that talks about the few times he's had sex as if they're the most euphoric experiences he's had, but when he finally gets in bed with a partner he prefers making out 90% of the time. This is the boy who will dye his hair back to his natural color when he goes home and take out the piercing and put away his millennial bullshit to listen to what his loving parents are saying for once. This is the dream chaser who is comfortable with occasionally pausing and wasting his time if it means not being depressed all the time.

This is everyone. This is me.

- The faceless enemy with a landlord ring.

1

1

THIS IS 16 YR OLD

the same four walls every morning. this place is not real. ignore your
parents. worship your idols. burst out the cage. emerge from limbo. leave
the wreckage. find your ghost.

This is @dionsgh0st.

I've always known from the beginning that I was different. The first time I fell in love with music was when I was a toddler. I had found the beauty in the elephant tusk keys of my great grandfather's upright Steinway. Our house was heated from a wood stove in the room next to it. The sound that came out when I pressed down on the white ivory felt like God. I had found my religion. And my religion would just as easily break my heart.

I was teased all throughout school for numerous reasons, the biggest being my confidence. I sang the loudest in the choir when my mom sent me to her sister's in Richmond for bible camp for a few weeks one summer. "She's really got something" the director told my mother, as she stared down at me, not knowing what to do with the little redhead girl beside her. Later on, my brother would break her heart. I would hear her sorrow at night, a sound like no other coming from her chest as if in the most remorseful pain in existence. I learned then how people hurt.

Once I learned that I could put words and music together on the piano, I started focusing less in school and on friends and more on the elephant tusk keys. The piano knew me. It didn't tease or mock me. "Play me," it said. And so I did.

As I grew older, I began to learn of my sensitivity to the world. Being thrown about like an apple, bruising in numerous places - but still consumable.

Coming into my 20s, I learned about self loathing. I basqued in it, yet a part of me knew that I was better than that. I knew that I was actually better than most people.

Because after all - what else would I have to hold onto?

Seasons and cities and songs and so much heartbreak led me here. And yet now, I find that I am stronger than ever. There is nothing that can tear me down, because I've already been stripped in every way possible.

I've made bad and good choices. And I have learned that in the end, none of it actually matters - unless I can create. And so I will. Because what's the point if I don't hold my power with pride? It deserves to be held the right way.

This is Barleaux.

I feel like sometimes I think too deeply about music. when I was sitting in my room at 4 am I realized that music is about feelings and how you feel.

This is Blvc Svnd.

I want this to work out but we are from two different worlds and i will never be able to see eye to eye with you. we are people and we will change but our backgrounds and experiences will always remain the same. and thats why we cant connect. i want to understand you but i was born a rockstar and you were born a groupie and thats that.

This is Good Intent.

LIVE TO DIE LOVE TO LIVE I HOPE TO LIVE THE REST OF MY SORROWFUL
LIFE. IM TIRED OF BEING SOMETHING IM NOT.

THIS IS PLUS.

I woke up at 7:12 a.m. My morning wood raged. I let it lose. I almost fell over when I was pissing. I have a date today and a pimple that's telling me "don't go" on my cheek. Everytime I'm about to be around girls, a pimple emerges out of no where. I've been trying with this girl for a year. She's finally seeing something in me, I guess. Man, I really hate some of you. Stealing ideas, never coming up with any new ones on your own. That shows me you can't bring nothing new to the table and that's exactly why you're the ones bringing the coffee to the table in meetings instead of sipping on it. A lot of people are claiming they're artists but I don't see any art? Sometimes I feel like Donald Draper in season 6 of Mad Men when he's creatively unstoppable and all the women love him and he has this nice apartment and hes just so unstoppable. Then other times I feel like Woody from Toy Story when Andy gets Buzz for his birthday and plays with Buzz more. Sometimes I want to change my name to Jack because Hunter Clark sounds pretty fucking stupid, and because my dad named me. I don't know, I'll figure it all out one day, but for now, I'll just keep on writing.

This is Hunter Clark.

On Christmas Day I went for a walk by myself in a park near my house. The sky was white and the ground was grey. I sat on a fallen tree by a river and considered jumping in. I thought about Emma Watson to disact myself. I realized that at some point in the next few years I'm going to have to let go of certainty and let dreams ruin my life. Every important moment of this year has happened while I'm alone.

This is DRMRL.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

Roy Lichtenstein was 40 years old when he finally figured out how to properly express himself in manner he enjoyed. Keith Haring was 32 years old when he was no longer able to express himself through his art. Kadeem Fletcher put it best, "The internet has made the idea of being successful very urgent". Being an artist in The Internet Era means you need to be ready for urgency, elitist, critics, supporters, and more. Not that there wasn't any of those things before the internet, but it feels as if the ability to get lost in these attributes have become heightened. I'm scared for the future but I know my trains running on schedule. All I know at this point, the main focus is self expression by any means possible. We're not concerned with your internet politics. Just keep growing.

This is Tokyo Trashed.

I feel like I'm going to die. I blinked my eyes twice and 19 years went by. I'm scared to blink more times. I'm scared if I blink, I'll die.

This is Ben Tan.

I live in a sus town with a bunch of ashy people. I'm currently on a bus with my friend ky to Toronto. I'm about to spend a lot of money on overpriced shoes because consumerism. I have a strange obsession with making jokes that reference my nuts. Everyone I know thinks I'm a lot more fucked in the head then I really am. I like art and nature. I want to go see the northern lights soon. I hate the word aesthetics. I like clothes. I buy and sell clothes from Japan yet I still would rather wear clothes ky makes or I customize. I'm the most jaded 17 year old I know. I try to have fun and stay positive but it's hard when you hate most things in your society. All is mediocre currently.

This is was Arias.

It's the sound of music that gives me life. I don't know what I would do if I didn't have music in my life. There are so many feelings that I can feel when I'm create a beat. I describe my feelings in the sound of the song. You can hear my pain or happiness in the sound.

This is Grant.

i'm alone in my car, it's 4 am at an empty park
rain slowly dropping on the cheap plastic frame
trying to figure out my life for what it is
i see a hopeful change
i see a hopeful dream
i think i'm always waiting for something
i think i'm waiting for the sake of waiting
my mind bounces back and forth
just as slowly as the rain pours
just as slowly as the sun rises
i know i'm stuck in this monotonous loop
but what's coming is bright
it's brand new
it's change
it's life

This is @brandoncampa0sphoto.

i'm not sure if i'm even moving in any sort of way; progressing, becoming worse. i feel as if in a state of stagnancy with any sort of creativity because a fear of failure if i actually try hard on something. i am well versed with a camera in my hand, but i fear of myself not being different enough with it so i try to emulate my friends in the work they do. it sucks, i know it does. i put on a facade to joke and act like things don't bother me, when they do a lot. i yearn for recognition from my peers and associated in doing something i'm actually proud of, when i'm not even sure if i'm proud of it.

This is Sebastian Rodriguez.

WE

CONTRIBUTE

&

THEN

WE

DIE

THIS IS NOK

THIS IS NOK

Before I went to the marble mansion I was flying high racing around NY wading through cocaine fields writing gorgeous songs I never showed nobody sticking flashlights in my eyes laughing till I puked and crashed and scraped my palms on concrete cause the heels were too high and my heart was skipping beats when I blacked out at that music video shoot fainting in nowhere Brooklyn and I couldn't ever remember where I was, not even sober.

I am home now though. And fuck I'm so afraid of mirrors and please don't invite anyone over because I'm shaking from fear. I hate having my phone again. I'm trying my best to be free but I just can't recognize this version they made of me.

This is @rhettrowan.

I make music because I always wanted to be great. since I knew who my mom and dad were. since I was aware. I'm almost 19 and I've never had a personal conversation with either of my parents. only thing I've heard out of their mouths was them bitching back and forth or telling me all the ways I fucked up. I grew up privileged as shit. I'm not complaining about my upbringing. I'm talking bout how it feels to me to love someone so much and have them continuously shit on you. no love. they probably loved me but to this day I've had no reason to believe it. I fucked up, I did bad shit, but I never fucked up really bad. they're both so caught up in their own shit pitying themselves for their marriage that they're too selfish to take the hints their kids are throwing at them. I have 9 older siblings. every single one of them very successful. living "perfect" and "acceptable" lives. almost all of them are married with many kids. I'm an uncle 19 times over with 4 that died in the womb. I'm not like any one of them. I love them to death they're my homies, but not one of them doesn't tell me how much I'm fucking my life up. everything from sarcastically saying something ignorant to desperately telling my parents what they're doing to me. I haven't done a single thing right in my entire life. according to them, I'm always ignorant. and I don't want to look up to people who treat me like that but I don't have a choice. they've been with me since day one and they never left. I'm surrounded always by people I love who constantly shit on me and critique every cell of my being. I'm not allowed to be original. I'm not allowed to express myself. I'm only allowed to jump into the cookie cutter and get cooked with the rest of them, all in a row.

I'm not a fucking cookie.

now I don't have a relationship with my parents. I don't have a relationship with my siblings. I don't speak anymore. I'm there but I'm idle. I realized at 14 that it's useless.

I make music and write because it's the only way that I can see myself matter. I am useless. I am shit. I am worthless. when I make something that makes me feel anything, I know I finally did something right. it's the only shit I've ever done right

This is Ardy Fergan.

I'm in the woods. I'm alone up here, but I feel a lot less lonely than I did back in the suburbs. I moved up here to my dad's this month, day after my album came out. My dad's depressed. He's getting divorced for the second time and is afraid of how that'll affect my little brother and sister. We were driving home from my grandparents on Christmas Eve, and he was just looking out the passenger window silently crying, that shit's not fun to watch. I tried telling him that it's going to be alright, and he shouldn't be so hard on himself. He was quiet after that for about five minutes then stuttered out "I just want someone to hold".

My album's doing alright though, I'm excited to get better. That's all I care about right now is getting better. Getting better at writing getting better at taking care of myself, getting better at telling people how I feel and what I want to do with my life. There's a few people that care about me right now and it means so much to me.

I met a girl this December. Lost my virginity to "Houstatlantavegas" by Drake. I'm still not sure what I'm doing exactly but, a little bit of hope was gained this month. I was in the terminal at Long Beach Airport last week thinking about how much has changed since being there last. I remember sitting there in December of 2014 waiting for my flight, desperately scared of all the things I had to figure out and all the shit I needed to do. I think I've gotten a little more sure of myself this year.

We're all on our way.

This is Liam Radecke.

A BOY ALL ALONE. NEW YEARS EVE, IM IN MY ROOM WATCHING 'DONNIE DARKO' FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, IT ISN'T, MAYBE A WEEK, WHATEVER. MOM WANTS TO KNOW WHY I DIDNT LEAVE MY ROOM FOR THE NIGHT, TOLD HER THAT ALL I EVER NEEDED WAS ON MY LAP, MY MACBOOK. THE INTERNET IS MY HOME AND WHERE I WANT TO BE 24/7, ITS FUCKED UP, WHEN I HAVE MY MACBOOK I FEEL SO CONNECTED TO EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE ALL AROUND, WHEN IN REALITY THAT COULDN'T BE LESS TRUE. I LOVE TO CODE, EVER SINCE I HEARD/EXPERIENCED 'BECAUSE THE INTERNET' BY CHILDISH GAMBINO, I HAVE WANTED TO CODE, IM TRYING TO LEARN HTML, THE PROGRAMMERS WILL BE THE PIONEERS OF THE FUTURE. SCHOOL IS STRESSING ME OUT BAD, I JUST WANT TO BE CREATING, AND THERE I FEEL LIKE SUCH A FAILURE, AND HELD BACK, NOBODY IS LETTING ME BUILD, THEY'RE KEEPING ME IN THE LINES. THIS IS SO UNORGANIZED, BUT THATS HOW I AM.

YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD IF YOU PLAY BY THEIR RULES

THIS IS @GAVRILNIKOLAS.

so here i am, 4:24am attempting to describe a human and a life that i will never understand. im thinking about how love changed my life, if i didnt have this love, i'd be dead. my whole life ive been told nothing but lies. both of my parents are fucked up, i have no idea how i turned out to be decent. the only escape in my life was skateboarding, photography, music, and every art form. art is the only thing i appreciate. passion has driven me insane but yet so calm. the way i view life not a lot of people would comprehend. this world is crumbling around me, i feel like im nothing but another soul trying to save it all by being one who stands out. but whats the point of living in a dying world? whats the point of being in a world where art is frowned upon, yet its the one thing that has real passion. the world doesnt make sense and it never will, how sad is that.

This is Cynthia.

Stupid, dumb, weird, dark, depressing, awkward, funny are terms i get called on a daily basis. I mean everyone does right? Like what makes me so special, when people compliment me or my work i don't feel special. I feel sick and stressed. If i never become successful i would rather be dead than be stuck in the position of being broke, lonely, and a head full of "what if i did this?" and "what if i did that". I always want to top compliments. I'm a jealous person, I don't want to show someone something i made and have them say "great", I want it to completely blow their minds. Maybe i ask for too much maybe i am stupid. My entire life I've been self taught and i feel thats why i do things differently. I never liked rap music growing up, i was also into loud, hard music. Complete noise and confusion turns me on. If i could have sex with a female who moans like an into slipknot song i would never stop fucking her. I tell myself everyday that i'm not afraid of death. I feel everyone fakes being sad or depressed just because it seems cool or fun, It's pathetic. I had no dad. My mother is my father. I despise my biological father. He wants nothing to do with me and i know it. I'm a womanizer and im loud and aggressive, all of these traits mostly remind myself of my father and i hate it. I hate how everyone thinks music is just drums and bass. Music is so personal for me. Music is my father figure. I want to inspire people, I want to be my fans father figure, ill treat my fans like my children. I care about people too much and that will be the Death Of Me.

This is Eric North.

it's been so long for me. I've forgotten what it's like to make and publish music. a masterpiece in my mind may have intentional flaws that I work so hard to make sound the way they do. A masterpiece in my mind may sound like a shit ton of noise to another person. I love noise. I hate the quiet. i find art in noise. I hate that I can't do as I wish and have people applaud me for it, instead people ask "what is this" and pass it on to their friends referring to it as a joke. we all tell each other to be original and do whatever the fuck you want, but in reality we're all influenced by something. and some of us are influenced by how people react to what we do.

I don't want to fail.

don't question me please.

everyone wants to be someone else.

music was originated as an expression of emotion through sound. now music is used as a gate way to acceptance. people are original to the wave they're in, but outside of that wave, they all sound the same, right?

I believe I'm too sensitive. you think you'd change your way of thinking after all of your friends tell you that. but nothing changes. I'm the same. I have the same vision as I did as an 11 year old when I snuck onto my brothers drums when no one was home and played. the same Vision when I was 8 years old and always plugged headphones into my amp when I played guitar.

I knew I wasn't good.

but the sound was mine.

the imperfection was mine.

people accept their imperfections but not others.

they only accept others' imperfections if they notice that the people around them accept it.

I don't talk for this reason.

I only speak what I want to now.

I'll only do what I want to now.

that is my vision.

This is Kellbender.

I write for

The father who just wanted what was best for his young son
The old determined aged man still searching for his loved one
The mother who never asked the tough questions
The infant who could teach the middle aged man a lesson
The tentative and shy kid who never spoke a word
The powerful and confident who had it all together
The folks who disagree with everything and then concur
The kid who keeps the forecast bright despite inclement weather
The people with potential who never gave the effort
The boy who's always nervous cuz he's facing so much pressure
The chick at every outing who tells herself she's popular
Her so called friends that are oddly never stoppin' her
The typical the strange the polite and the rude
The couple who bases their day to day on the nightly news
The kid who has it figured out but hasn't got a clue
The scholar deep in love with life that never makes a move
The kid who followed every step and did as he was told
Turned into a man of great success and well regarded
Finally was forced to face the truth when he was old
His life was nearly done and he just wanted to restart it

This is Brad Ellis.

Our paradox.

Life is death.

I am you.

We are them.

Lies are truth.

All is none.

Black is white.

Up is down.

Left is right.

Right is left.

Real is fake.

Lost is found.

Love is hate.

Sad is happy.

Gay is straight.

God is satan.

Man is woman.

This is me, master wanderer.

Not too long ago, I broke down crying trying to figure out who exactly I was, where exactly I was going, and what it was exactly that kept keeping me up at night. New Year's Eve isn't exactly the best time to break down, but it happens, and it got me thinking about some things I needed to come to terms with.

I'm 17 years old and already forgetting who I am.

Some days I'm comfortable with who I'm growing into — other days I'm beating myself up for buying a moleskin book because I don't write anymore.

Why don't I write like I used to?

Some days I'm comfortable spending lunch by myself, reading Vice articles and telling myself that next time I'm gonna pack a lunch the way my mom always told me instead of sleeping an extra ten minutes — some day's I'm so mad at myself for chasing girls and dreams instead of going to parties every Friday and developing a group of friends whose lunch plans I'd have been fine to jump in on today.

Are all geniuses lame in high school?

Some days I'm completely satisfied playing video games like other normal teenagers, and satisfied yelling at my mom that I'll do the dishes once my game ends — some days I'm mad at myself that I'm not doing the homework I need to do to get the marks I need to get into university.

Will I feel like I'm learning someday?

The problem is, there's supposed to be a balance to all of these thoughts. Being a teenager is a balancing act but being an adult is even worse, and if you spend your whole life balancing the weight of your fears, the weight of your dreams and the weight of your responsibilities on your shoulders they will break you. I don't want to even be an adult if I'm not sure whether I'll lose my passion for the things I love, whatever they're supposed to be by the time I get there.

How are you supposed to live without dying?

What will make me feel like I'm living for me and not for other people?

How do I know when I find what I'm looking for?

This balancing act is the most confusing thing I'll ever be a part of, and with every year that passes I become closer to finding out both who I really am and how close I am to breaking.

This is Joel, I guess.

I AM ME. LOST. UMMMMMM I'M ABOUT TO TURN 23 AND STILL DONT KNOW WHAT THE FUCK I'M DOING. A LOT HAS HAPPENED IN A YEAR.

PSYCHEDELICS TAUGHT ME A LOT. WEEDS HELPS ME SLEEP. I KNOW
I'M CAPABLE OF A LOT. AND WILL BE A FIGURE WHO INFLUENCES MANY.
BUT I STILL STRUGGLE EVERY DAY WITH MY OWN THOUGHTS. IT'S A GIFT
AND A CURSE. (I THINK ABOUT DEATH A LOT) I WANT TO MAKE
THE PUREST SHIT THAT YOU EXPERIENCE EVER. AND THEN DISAPPEAR
INTO A CABIN IN THE WOODS. WITH A PRIVATE LAKE OF COURSE. I
BELIEVE IN ALIENS. I KNOW I AM AN ALIEN. MY MOM WORRIES THE
MOST ABOUT ME. I DROPPED OUT OF COLLEGE AFTER FOUR YEARS
BECAUSE I FELT LIKE I WAS TURNING INTO AN INDUSTRIAL ROBOT. AND
THEY REALLY DIDN'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT ME ANY WAY. I DON'T KNOW
IF THIS IS ENOUGH BUT PERHAPS I GET EXHAUSTED FROM
BEING AROUND PEOPLE. AND FEEL AWKWARD ALONE AND AROUND
PEOPLE. BUT WHEN I GET ON STAGE. I REALLY FEEL AT PEACE.
:) MAMA UNIVERSE GOT ME.

THIS IS SHIVA GOLD.

I CAN'T EVEN DECIPHER WHERE TO START... I CAN'T PAINT PICTURES WITH MY WORDS LIKE I CAN WITH A BRUSH. I CAN'T ILLUSTRATE MY FEELINGS WITH MY ACTIONS LIKE I CAN WITH A PENCIL. I CAN'T DENY ART IS MY TRUE PASSION. I CAN'T SAVE MYSELF LET ALONE EVERYONE I LOVE. I CAN'T LET YOU DOWN. I CAN'T LIVE IN THIS TOWN MUCH LONGER. I CAN'T ACT FAKE TO THOSE I HATE. I CAN'T PRETEND LIKE MY IDOLS AREN'T A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES. I CAN'T IGNORE MY VISION. I CAN'T COMPREHEND WHY I'M HERE. I CAN'T COMPREHEND WHY ANY OF US ARE HERE. HOWEVER, I CAN CONTINUE TO CREATE WHAT COMES TO MY HEART AND MIND. THIS IS MY GREATEST WEAPON. IN MY QUEST TO BE A LITTLE LESS CONFUSED. BECAUSE TODAY MAY BE HELL BUT TOMORROW COULD BE PARADISE.

THIS IS ZACHARY MICHAEL THOMPSON

THIS IS ZACHARY MICHAEL THOMPSON

my mom was the one who supported everything. a clothing designer, she understood the
beauty of creating

growing up my best friends were my piano guitar and camera

moved to nyu to learn everything

now i make my universe

sun god

I suggest stepping out of your comfort zone

Who knows what opportunities await

I hate “what ifs”

I want whats next

This is Luka Mihas

2015 almost killed me. I almost killed me. Almost. As I was about to do it I saw my mother's face, and I thought about how she would feel knowing she lost her only child to suicide just like she lost her dad. And In that moment I hated her. Hated her for loving me so much. How fucked up is that? How can you hate someone for loving you? Mental illness makes no sense. I need to find Something to focus my energy on. Keep my.mind out of the darkness. I'm still trying to find out what that something is. Maybe it's this.

This is @stuck_inside_a_bell_jar.