

I need to stop chasing the same sensations.
Like a drug, I want another fix.
Desperate for the dopamine, grasping at–
Fuck. It's gone.

I'll remember it with fondness.
It's a great story to tell, but I know it won't come back.
But then again...
My fix... oh my fix! It's different now, but it's my fix!
I chase it.
Running and screaming and begging and yelping
For the same sensation I had the first time around.

But it doesn't come.
It never does.
I sucked all the flavor out too quickly.
It'll never be the same as the first time.
A bland gum.
I spit it out and walk away.

I think the moral is supposed to be that there's no "one" answer to happiness.
I should have hobbies and try new things.
Whatever, that's for healthy people.
I'm an addict.
I'll sit here and sulk in the kind company of my withdrawal
Just waiting for my next fix.

Meds won't take away my addiction.
They feed it – in the only socially acceptable way.
We're all addicts, I've learned.
We're all addicts of ourselves.
But some of us don't make enough of our own damn selves to feed our addictions.
When homemade happiness doesn't abound, store-bought is prescribed.

If you really wanted to cure me,
You'd help me live without the dopamine.
Don't pacify me
Don't try to fix my fix.
Live and let live, you fuckers.

Let me live without the fix.

I think a life of misery and solitude can be quite fulfilling.

It's an acquired taste

Like whiskey, or licorice

You'll learn to love it as strongly as it loves you.

I love my life of misery.

I miss my life of misery.

Let me fucking live it.