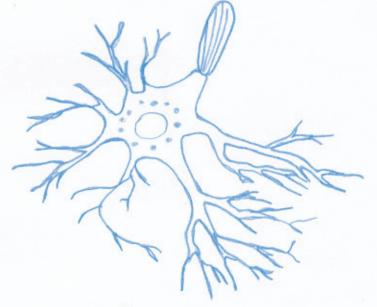


WHY DOES
THIS
GRIEF
FEEL SO
DIFFERENT?

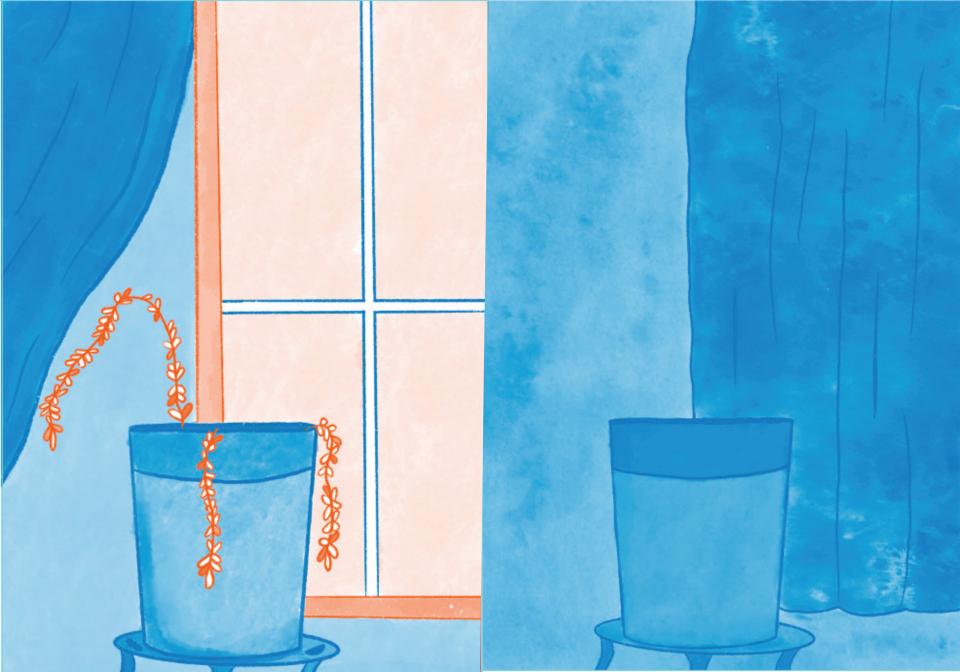
EVERYTHING

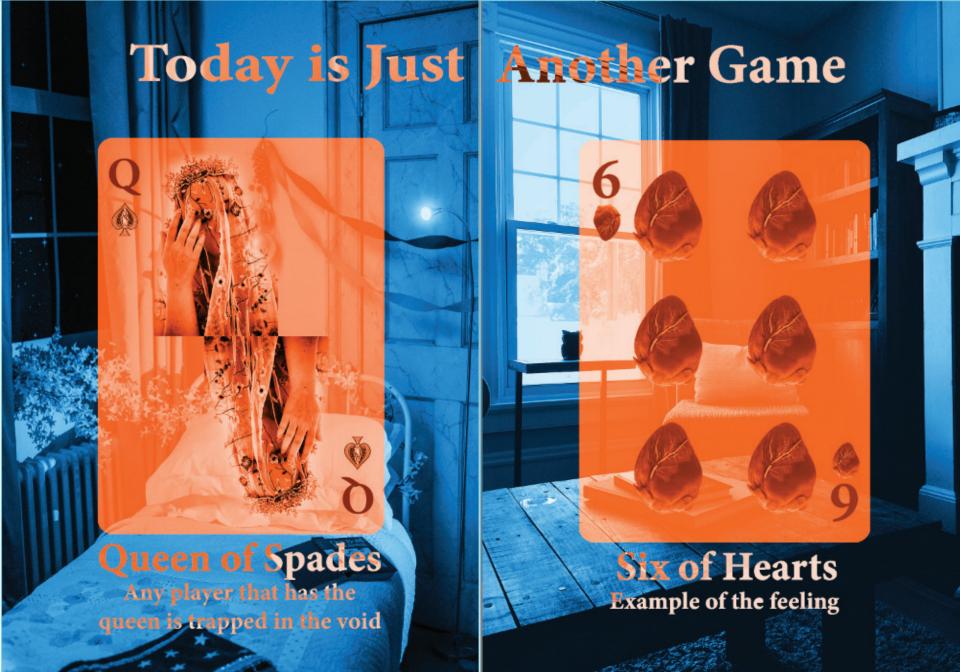
UPSIDE W

PANXIETY

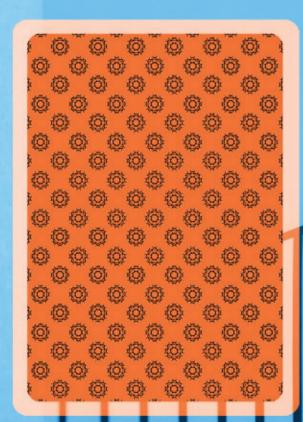




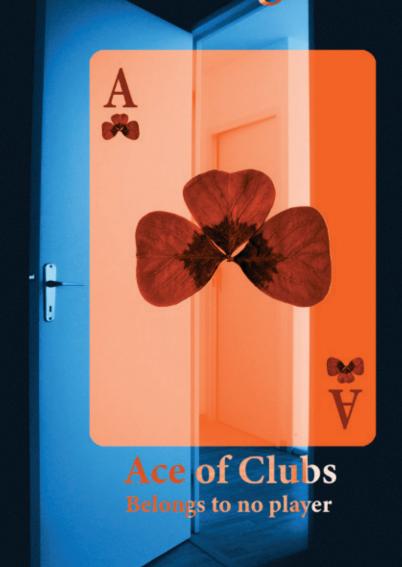


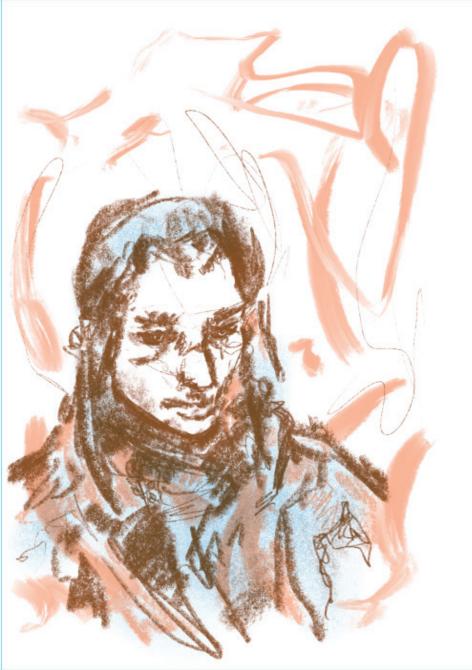


Of How the Day Will End Again

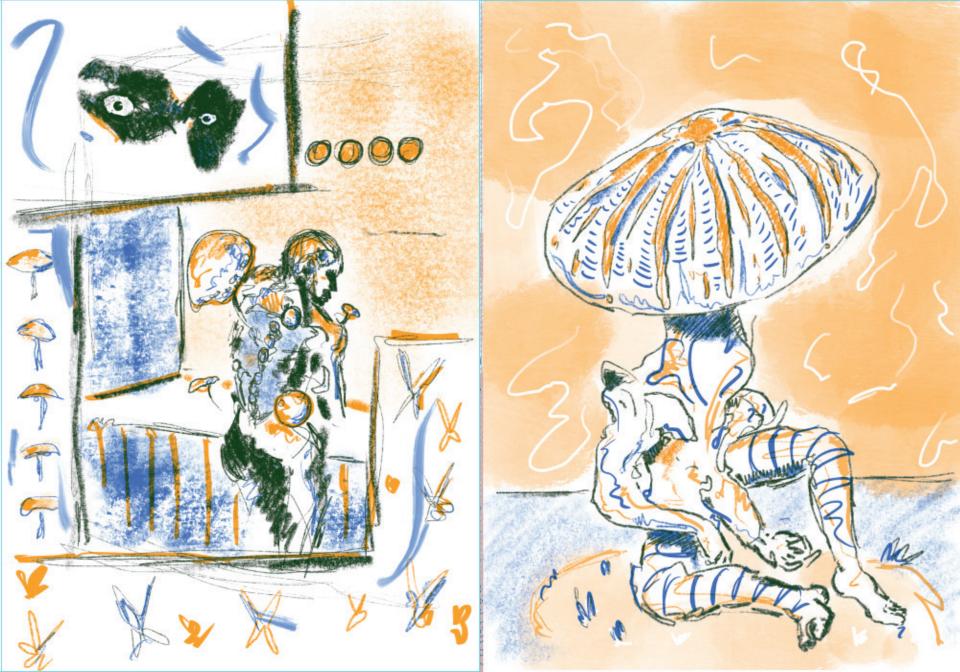


Bitter truth













look, i'll be honest

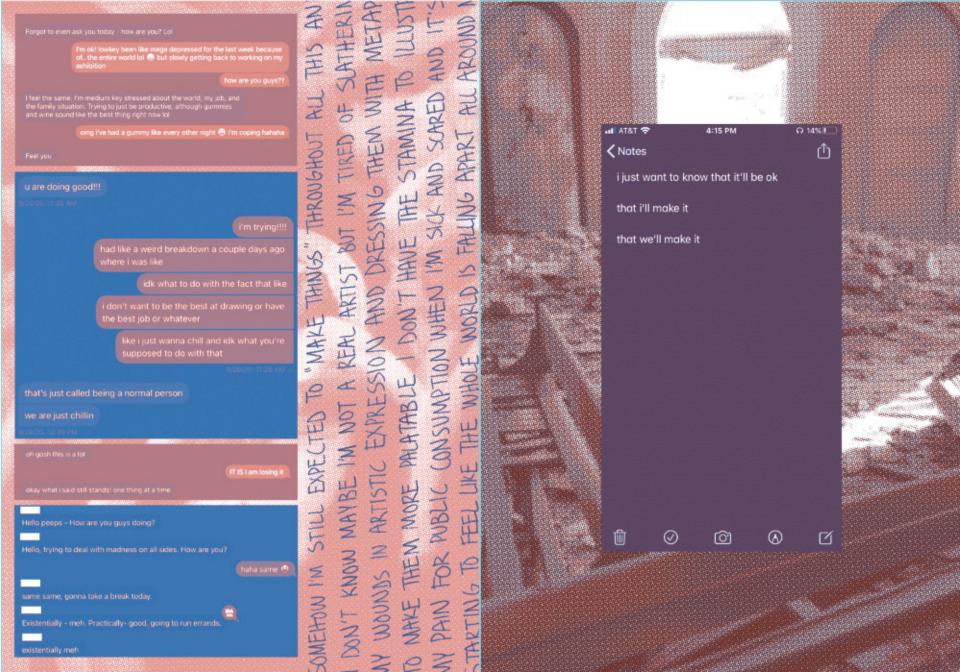
i don't have the energy to be profound or relatable

there's the many so and the whole alobal pandemic thing and the crushing weight of the fact that have to move back to our hometown without the person I love most when this is all over because we can't afford to live there together

i've always been pretty solitary and pretty depressed so it was kind of a relief when all of a sudden the whole world had start operating on my terms the and lawer to the chart of the law to the state of the law to the chart of the c

it's not like I don't miss home but it was never really HOME

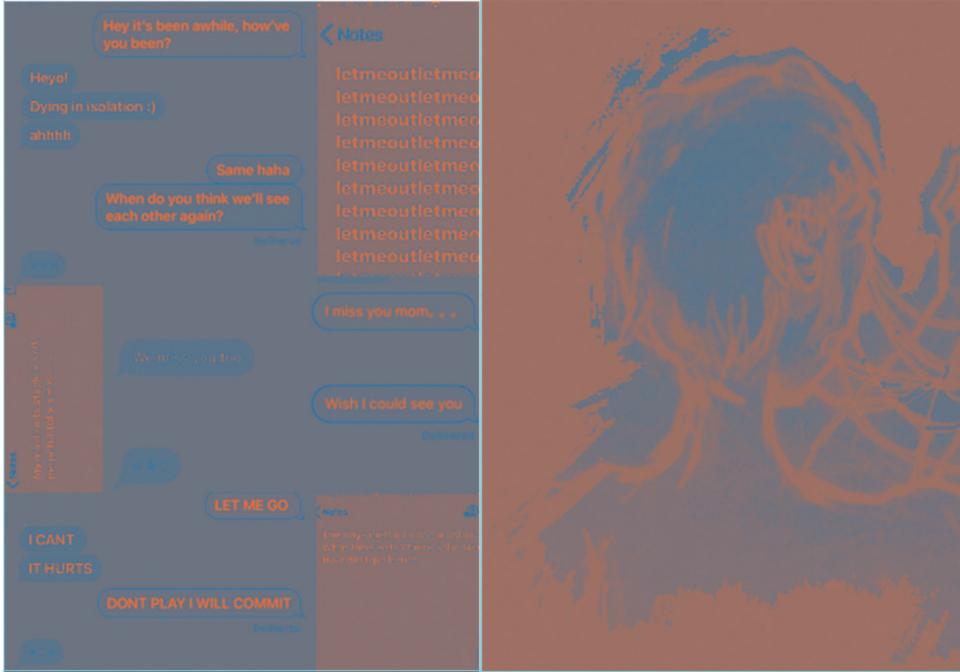
the joy of creation it's hard going back to the place that choked the life out of you







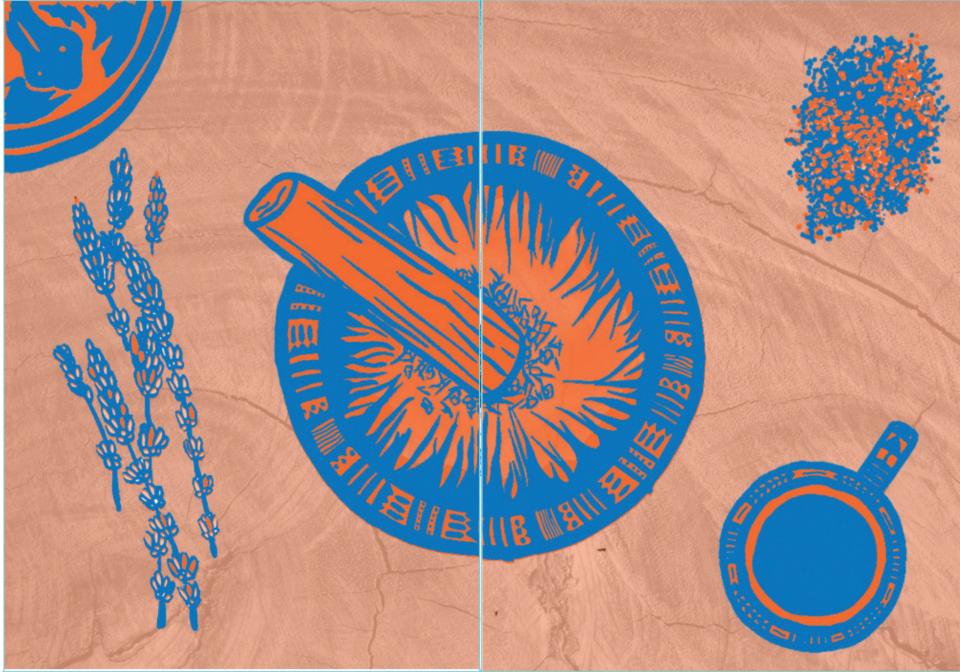












In February, before the pandemic got really bad, I was in the hospital for bipolar disorder. It took months to bounce back from my depressive epsiode, but here are a few things that helped.



I purchased a sewing machine and it has been a great creative outlet for me. I'm currently making overalls!



I satrted drining flavored coffee with vanilla and half and half.



I've always been a black coffee drinker. so this was a big step! To me it signifies self-respect.



