

Here is the list of all the drugs he has ever taken:

Guanfacine
LSD
Ketamine
MXE (Methoxy)
Adderall
Ritalin
Vyvanse
Teramadol
Heroin
Oxycodone
Vicodin
Ambien
Xanax
Wellbutrin
Stratera
Zoloft
Mushrooms
DMT
4ACO-DMT
MDMA
Amphetamines
Methamphetamines
Marijuana
Caffeine
Melatonin
Mescaline
Peyote
Salvia
2C-E
2C-I
2C-B
25-E
25-I
PCP
Changa
Krokodil
Opium
Poppy seeds

He was a good kid, really. He cared about other people. In fact, often times he felt very lonely. He longed for company. He missed people. He fell in love easily, and rapidly, and terribly. It was never reciprocated, not really. Not as deeply as he felt it.

But he never had to make a choice like this one before. Previously, it was always obvious and clear what had to be done. What the right thing was. Where he had to go. And now, well,

“I just don’t know,” he said. “It doesn’t sound right. I’m not sure if that’s what we should do.”

She laughed at this. She was terrifying, actually. Her hair was too fluffy; it was suspicious; she couldn’t be trusted. She smelled nice.

“How bad could it be?”

They were sitting in the middle of a huge dance studio. All the lights were out, but the curtains were drawn back from every one of the large windows, and lamps outside seemed like dim and distant yellow stars.

“Please,” she added.

He was not the type of person who ever said no, actually. At this he had to fold.

“Well, ok.”

She laughed again. He hated when she did that. It was unhuman. He had a book of poetry and the poet asserted: “Ein jeder Engel ist schrecklich.”

He wanted to disappear into her scent. He thought he could feel her aura. He was going quite crazy it turned out, quietly, and amicably, so everyone sort of encouraged him into it a bit.

Everybody loved him. That was the problem, he thought. Love is a little like a desert. It’s like a cage. You can’t change, you never get anywhere different. It is completely devoid of life. I don’t know – eventually you realize there’s just as much life.

“Breathing is very important,” he said, leaning his elbows into her back. “It brings you back into the moment.” The ceilings were very high. They’re always very high, in my stories.

It felt like the world was talking to him. Telling him what to do. How to think about things. He thought about all the things he had ever read, the phrases and words of caution on road signs, the feathers that fell on him during long walks home, numbers on the keypads of telephones. People spoke in metaphors to him, and they knew he understood. No one would tell him what he already knew.

Sometimes he listened to the music his father played for him as a child. Music he hated growing up. And his father told him stories from distances and across time. He was always thinking about dying and he wondered if he could die before his father.

“Well do you want to come?” She asks.

I'm quite weak with you

Telepathy.

So I will

This feeling that you know what's there, with purest fidelity.

I do not believe in any religions or so, I'm not sure if there are other lives or we are just, as humans, the hardware for a software from upper dimensions.

Religion is weird.

But with you I got that feeling that I know you already you know

I know.

?

I'm glad you're here.

Very harmonic

“I really want to,” he breathes out, emotionally.

He lifts himself up like a jack-in-the-box, slowly, springily but languorously, unfolds his long thin limbs (he doesn't eat very much, it's all the drugs) and unrolls upwards into a tall wraith, dressed in black.

It's not just about company. It's about arms around you in the night. It's the feeling of an embrace. It's a chin where your neck meets your shoulder. Somebody's breath on your ear. The scent of her hair. The scent of her scarf.

“I have to go.” It's the oxycodone. It makes him an asshole. It's the first time he's ever tried it. He had to fish around inside the padding of her bra for it. He was alone, he humored it a little. She was a joker when she hid it in there in the first place.

“I'll be sad,” she said. The worst part was that he knew she meant it.

“I should go home.”

“It hurts me when you say that.”

“We can't spend all night in a dance studio.”

She knew he was right. He hated when her eyes got wet like that. Nobody could be that helpless and be fucking 23. How had she even lived this long? Still, she said shit like: “I'll stay here then.”

She would, too. She always meant the things she said. It was unnerving: people didn't usually behave with such sincerity. He drew his coat up from the ground with infinite irony, even though he was a deeply kind person; sometimes he also felt the desire to cause someone else pain. He understood violence. He had witnessed it personally. He had to accept it, to make peace with what had happened to him.

“I wish I could hurt you,” he said; then, quickly, followed up with: “I don't want to hurt you.”

I know. She didn't have to say it.

He left without touching her. It was cold outside, but he didn't feel it very much. In fact, the world was warm and inviting. He felt like he was walking through a thick blanket, a dream world. Everything was fuzzy and kind. He was cruel, though. That was the nice thing about everything sweet and docile around you. You never had to feel empathy. You didn't understand suffering any more. It wasn't necessary. It didn't need to happen to you.

She was a lovely creature and she was going to go home to her husband. He knew this, the way he knew everything, even though nothing needed to be said. And he would lie into his mattress while it dispersed into the eternity, the timelessness, the pure love and bliss that is possible within all of us, even when we're alone. Especially when we're alone. This is what he thought, like a radiant angel, if he could think anything at all, as he walked home.

They say that you meet
the same souls in all the
life's in different bodies

They all will teach you
something

And when they have
done it

They will disappear

You will have as many
lives as you need for
learning to be pure love

That is why we are living

They said

And it's ok this way too. It's ok to submit into the indifferent embrace of the universe, too. It's ok to let it overpower you.