

NO, WAIT.

YEP.

DEFINITELY STILL

HATE MYSELF.

No Wait, Yep. Definitely Still Hate Myself

I'll just start: no matter what I do I never
 seem to be satisfied,
The world spins around me and I feel like
 I'm looking in from outside.
I go get a donut, I sit in my favorite part
 of the park, but that's not
The point: the point is that I feel socially
 awkward and seem to have
Trouble making friends, which makes me very
 sad and lonely indeed.
I am way too sensitive and always feel like
 no one likes me.
I don't know what to do—I'm just super tired
 of feeling this way.
I used to really like people—I wasn't always
 imagining the Coney Island
Roller-coaster ride as, you know, a metaphor
 for my life!

 I don't feel like wasting
My energy on all of the paint-less day-to-day bullshit
 of life. I keep reaching for something big,
But every time, all I find is a great void and an empty
 feeling of the impossible—
It's the saddest and loneliest feeling in the world,
 and if it isn't then maybe
You can tell me what is? You're ugly, you're dumb,
 you're not talented, you're suck,
And you dress like shit! Ok, you got it, that's me.
 No, wait. Yep. definitely still hate myself.

I'm on the sad and lonely cruise, and I don't feel like
 I'm getting off anytime soon.
It is scary to feel this alone, but I'm even more

scared of the prospect that this
Is just the opening act. Life is so unfair. I wonder
why people like me exist;
I wish I weren't here. Yet, there are others
who are really sick and
They would give anything to keep it going, but that
is not in their cards.
I don't get it. I am lonely, lonely, lonely. I was born
to be lonely, I am best so!

As a child I was unusually close to my mother,
and since childhood she confided
In me about her hatred for my father, and told me about
her serious health problems.
As a boy this worried me constantly: I was powerless
to help her with her illnesses but
I tried listening to her and protecting her from
any additional problems.
When I was about 9 years old, I was helping her
put away the laundry and when
I put some towels away in the closet, I found a gun.
Being 9, I didn't know
What this was for but I knew something was
wrong and scary and I made
Sure to stay and hang around her after that.
This is a big part of my story—
It's not an excuse but maybe it gives some
insight into my sadness, which is
Very sad indeed. In addition, I'm pretty sure that a lot
of loneliness today is a result of
Modern technology. I feel that is what I am dealing with.
Society has taught me to hate myself.

It's not about forcing happiness—it's about letting sadness
win. The saddest kind of sad
Is when the tears can't even drop and you feel nothing.

It's like the world has just ended:
You don't cry, you don't hear, you don't see, you stay.
For a second, the heart dies.
Most days, I wish I were a cat. I know I need help and
I know I need support. No job,
No club memberships, no community of friends,
no religious affiliation... do I even
Recognize this sad and pathetic life anymore? No.
Do I talk to people? No!
Do I go out with people? No! Do I cuddle with anyone special?
What do you think? What you have
To understand about me is that I'm a deeply unhappy person.
Why do people have to be this lonely?
What's the point of it all? Billions of people in this world,
all of them yearning, looking to others
To satisfy them, yet isolating themselves. Why? Was the Earth
Put here just to nourish human loneliness?

I am a genius of sadness, immersing myself in it,
separating its numerous strands,
Appreciating its subtle nuances. I am a prism
through which sadness could be
Divided into its infinite spectrums. Here's a thought:
I remember the friends I've lost,
I'm aware of the friends I'm losing right now, and I
can even imagine friends
I will lose in the future! I'm talking about people
I haven't even met yet!
How do I know this? Look at my track record.
I know exactly how this goes;
I know just how long I'll be friends with someone
before everything starts crumbling,
I can almost predict the day, the hour. I know how
to read those signs like a scent hound
That's why I say that I'm a freak of loneliness... I know
the blueprint: past, present and future.

I heard about this experiment that was conducted
in Germany. They took a bunch of
Orphaned babies and split them into two groups:
to the first group, they gave
The normal amount of nurturing, affection and love;
to the other, they had only limited
Contact with, just when necessary to physically maintain
their lives. The second group
Suffered from a condition called: “failure to thrive”.
This second group of babies
Didn't gain weight like they were supposed to
and suffered all manner of
Developmental disabilities! Well, that's how I feel
sometimes. I've spent years
In virtual isolation—some of it self-imposed because
I enjoy being alone.
But, I can't remember the last time someone in my
real life said or did something
Genuinely kind to or for me, or the last time I had
any real physical contact
With someone over an extended period of time and
it makes me so sad and,
Honestly, I feel like one of those German babies.
My mother will call me and she'll ask
How I'm doing, or, her favorite, what I had done
that day (the implication there
That I've done very little, if anything at all, especially
compared to her) and before
I've answered, she's cut me off and proceeded to tell me
about how she did this litany of jobs,
And how this one or that one pissed her off. I try to
cut in with a word or two,
But without fail, she interrupts or turns the subject
matter to herself in something
Completely irrelevant to what I have just said, and

when she's done... poof... she's hung up.
That's every day. I understand that lots of people are
sad and lonely, but today
I read that a young woman said *bless you* to some random
stranger who sneezed on the subway,
And this guy followed her home and stood outside
her apartment complex for two hours,
Claiming to be her soul-mate! So I guess this
loneliness stuff is all relative.

I now have no job and because of that I don't have
any money, but I have been
Looking for jobs, but it's so hard to find anything!
I do have some so-called friends,
But my social life sucks. No one calls me, or texts me,
to arrange to do stuff and it just
Feels like no one cares about me and they have forgotten
that I exist. Things have spiraled
Out of control. I just feel so horrible and
I don't know what I've done
To deserve this life. I wish I could change who I am
and be someone different, someone
Who has loads of friends, someone who is popular,
has a job, and all that. Actually,
If I had one wish, I wish I could have a *reset* button
and just start all over.

I'm going to rip my eyes out and shave my head and individually
pluck each eyebrow off of my face and cut
My heart out and eat it and pull my brain out via my nose
and then I'll cut all of my toes off one by one,
Before cutting off my feet and eventually my legs, I'm going to
rip open my stomach as well as my lungs
And intestines and just throw the contents at everyone! I hate people,
especially dumb assholes on the Internet,

And I am going to piss on everything and just murder everyone seriously!
Loneliness is a God-shaped void and vacuum
Within myself that I try to fill with anything and everything and nothing
fits. *Radiohead* was wrong; meeting people isn't easy.
I have turned to going to the bars—do you think this is what I want
to be doing? That's not who I am but I'm desperate.

The lonesome star has faded far into the grave of cosmic storms,
the dying rays of silver light, all form the sign of Satan's
Rise, falling dead star, crushing God's throne, spinning heavens,
death reigns as King. Fire burning, cosmos freezing,
Portal opens, glooming altars, night of the black sorrowful moaning
winds blowing through these melancholic woods—
How I feel so dead here, sad and cold, as I hear crypt sounds of moan,
only thoughts of sorrow bring me down to the pits of
Bottomless black. In this endless extreme tomb of weeping sadness,
I am embraced by the cosmic force of night: pain dooming,
Death coming, shadows of misery are cast'd on the full moon,
light and stars of hellfire shine like a blinding bolt of lightning.
Dying alone in the woodlands isolated in my empire of solitary death.
Total sadness, total darkness, total coldness, total pain.

Robert Fitterman
No Wait, Yep. Definitely Still Hate Myself
Ugly Duckling Presse, 2014