

Matter Matter 1

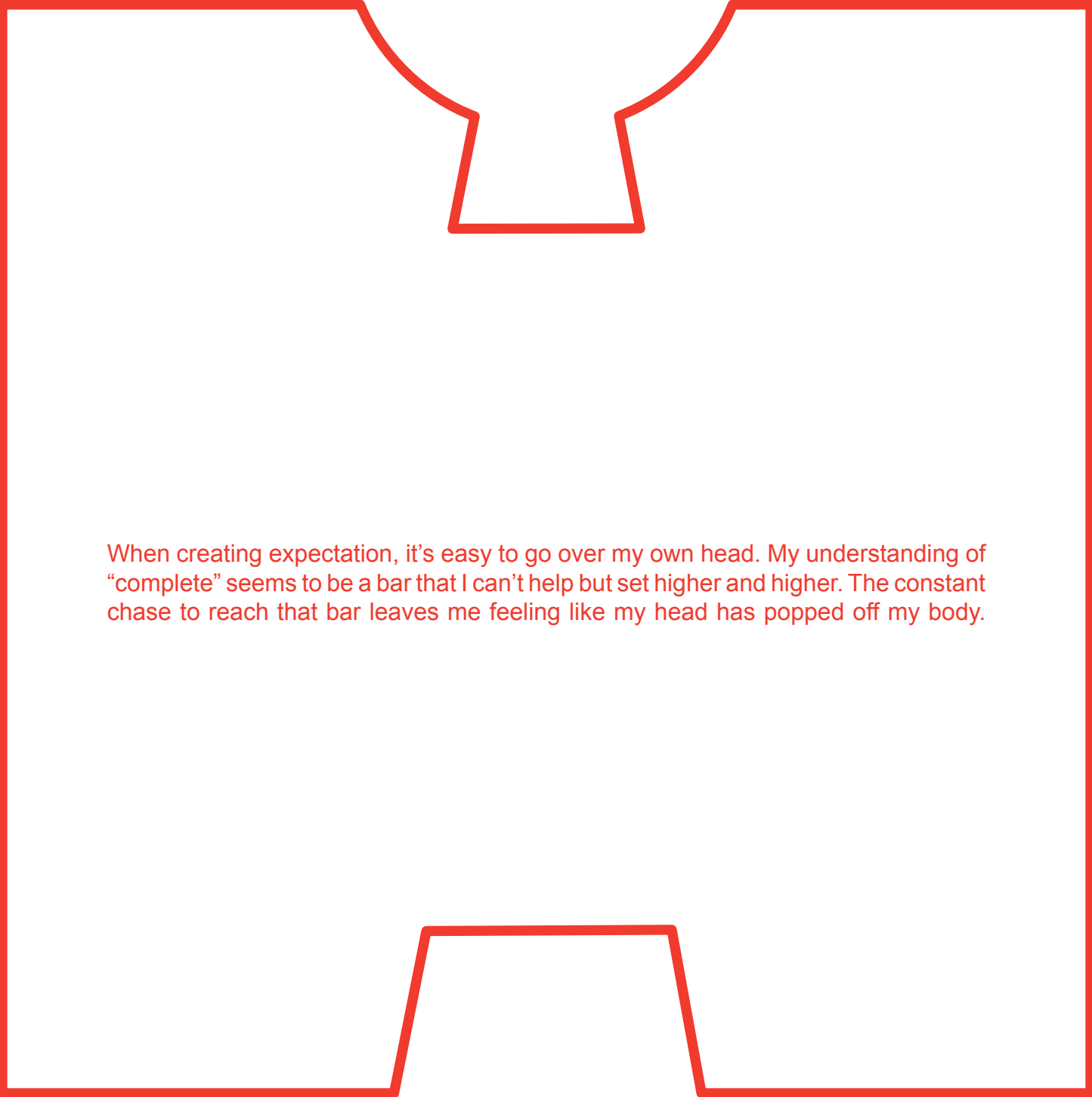




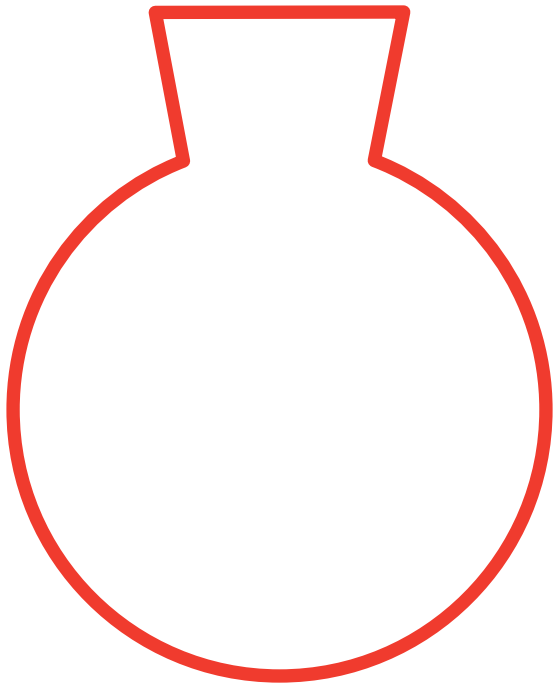
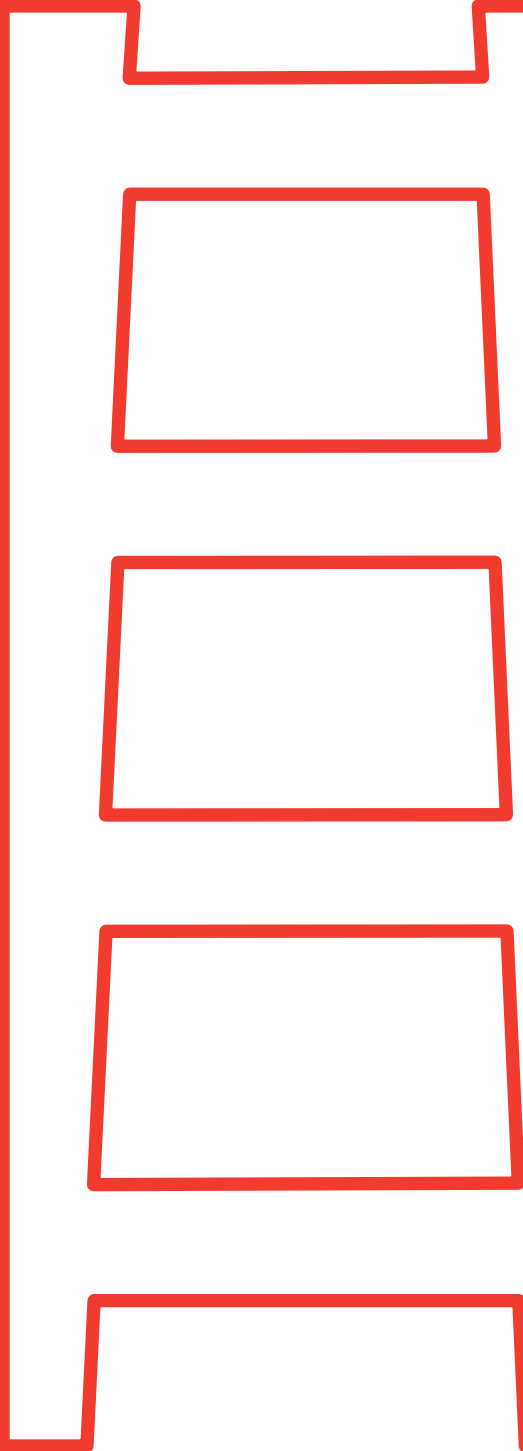
Flounce



I thrive on a job well down. I must move onwards and upwards. I swear it starts as a place of optimism: "reaching for the stars, keeping my head held high. But I don't think I was meant to be an astronaut. And maybe space is too vast too limitless to land on.

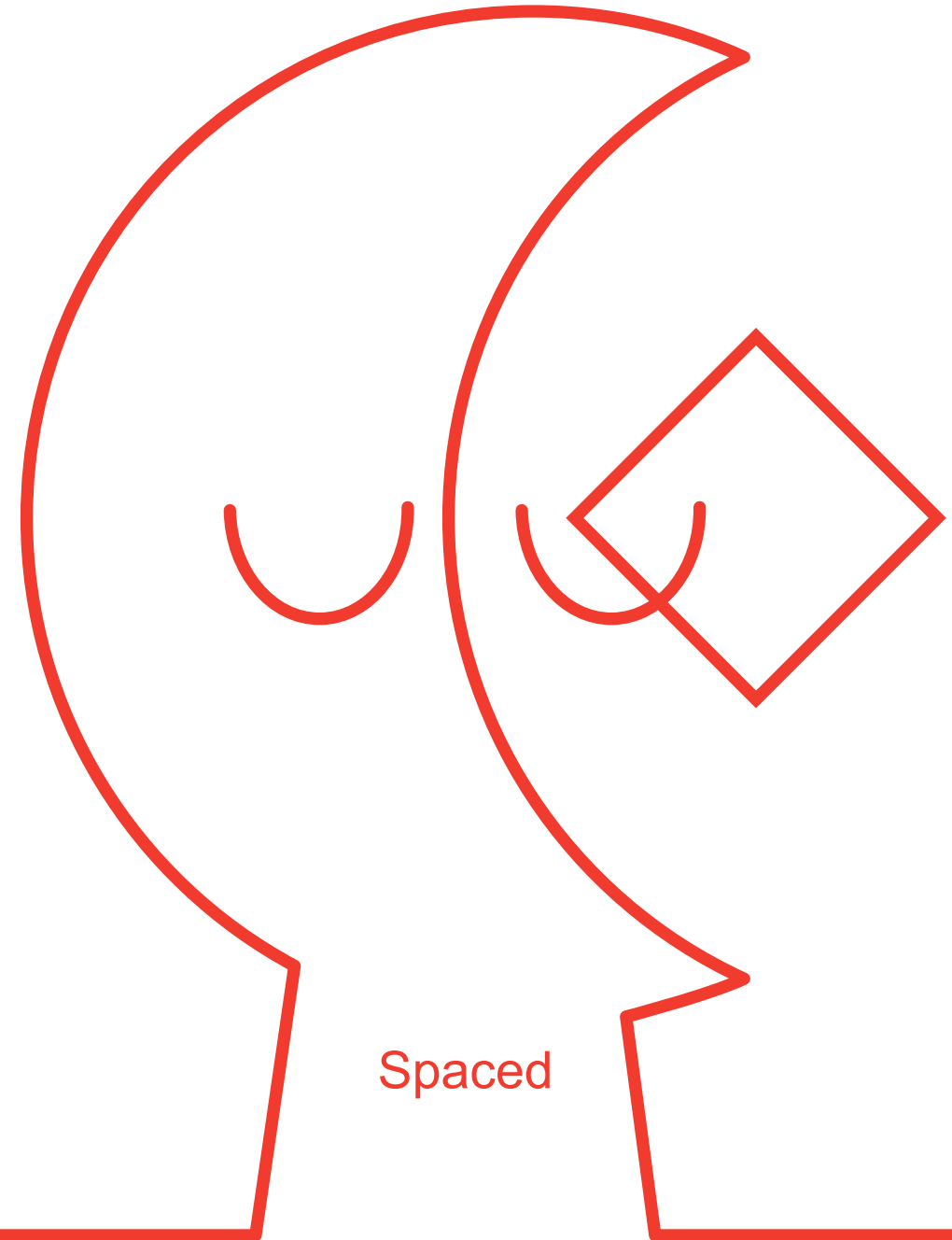
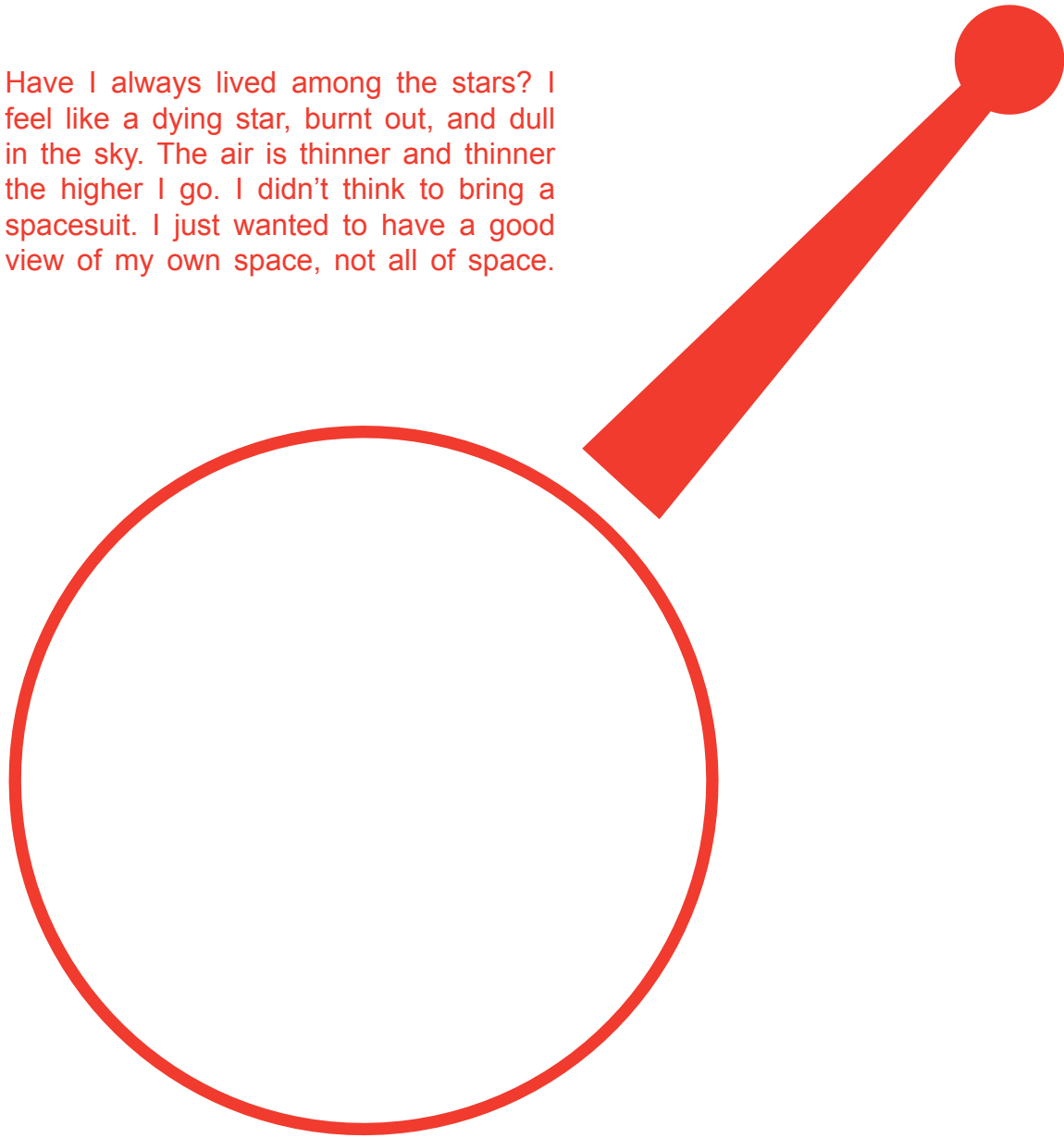


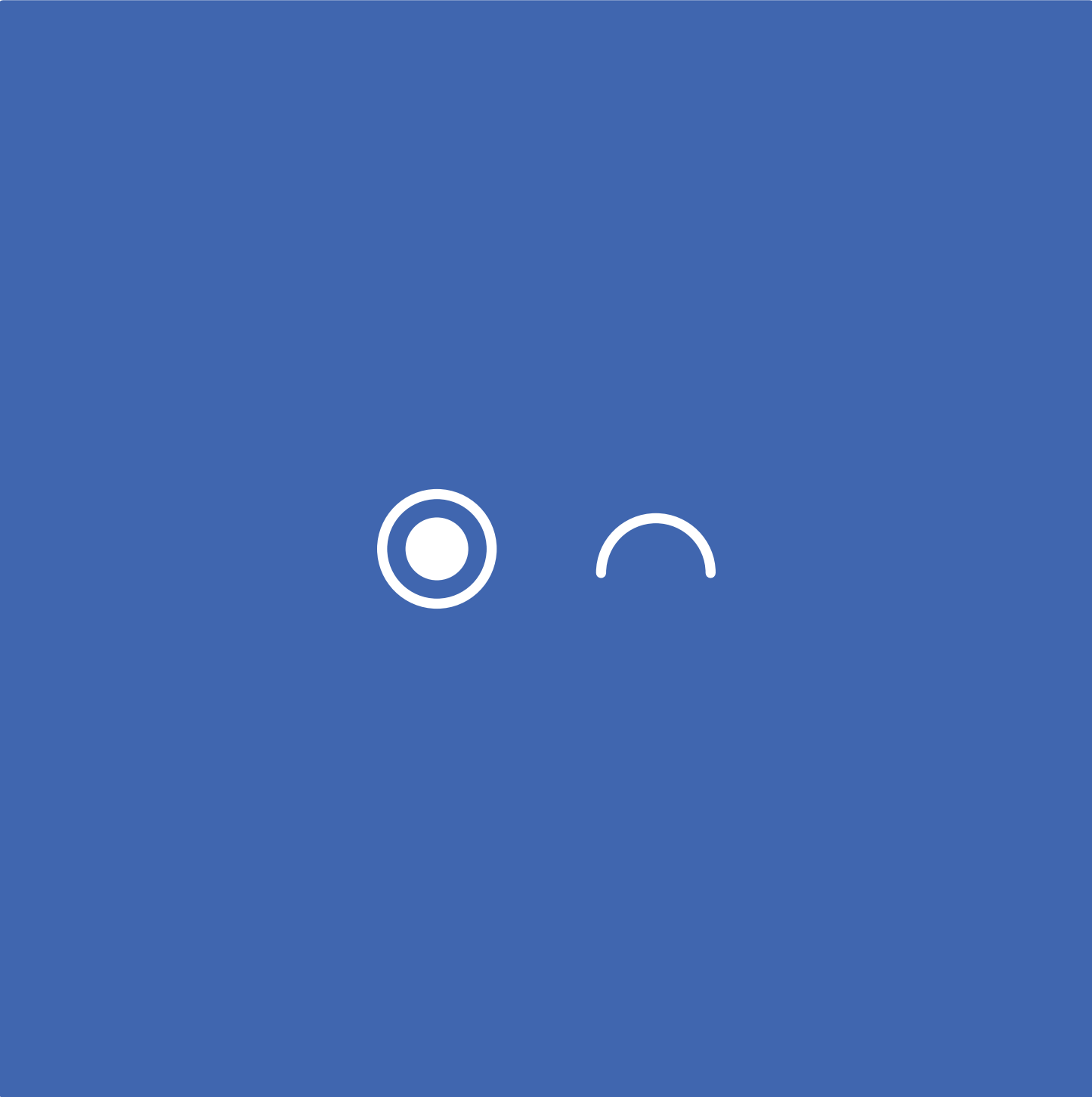
When creating expectation, it's easy to go over my own head. My understanding of "complete" seems to be a bar that I can't help but set higher and higher. The constant chase to reach that bar leaves me feeling like my head has popped off my body.



Each step to my goal feels like a steeper and steeper climb. By the end, the effort it took to reach my goal drains me to a point where I can feel no relief. It's funny how high I go just to end up feeling down.

Have I always lived among the stars? I feel like a dying star, burnt out, and dull in the sky. The air is thinner and thinner the higher I go. I didn't think to bring a spacesuit. I just wanted to have a good view of my own space, not all of space.





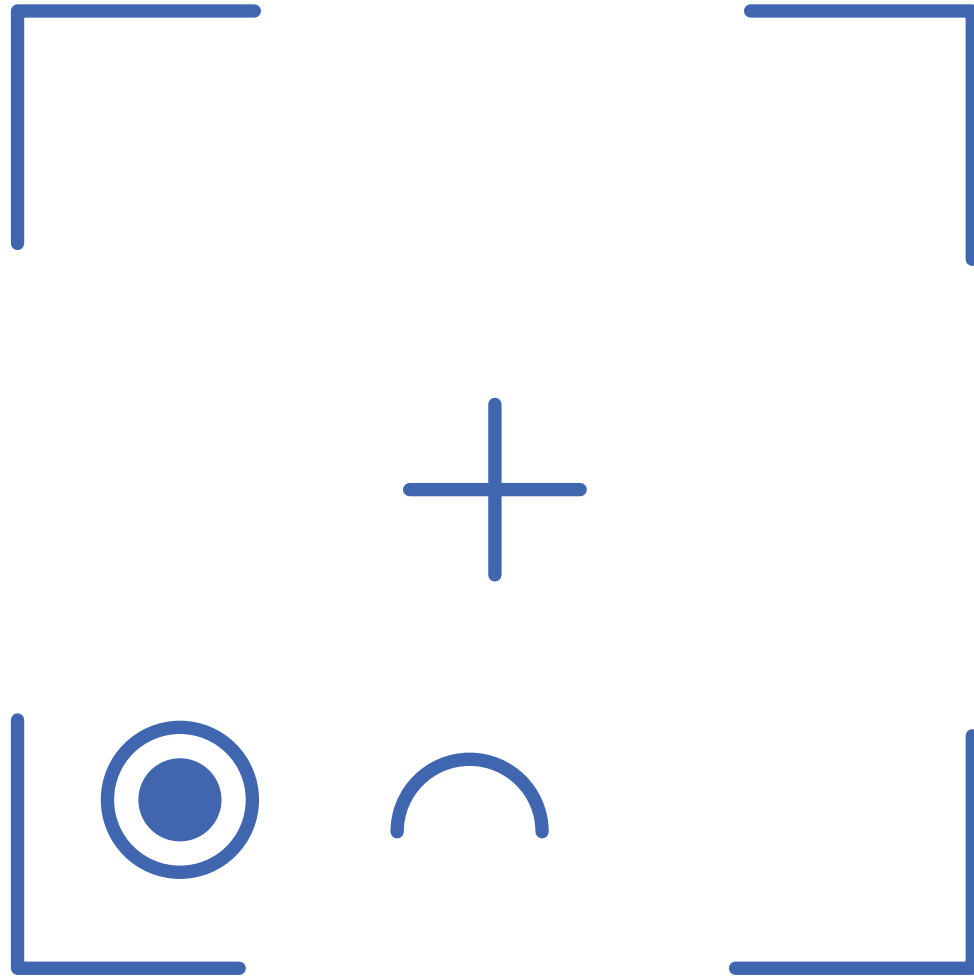


Dio

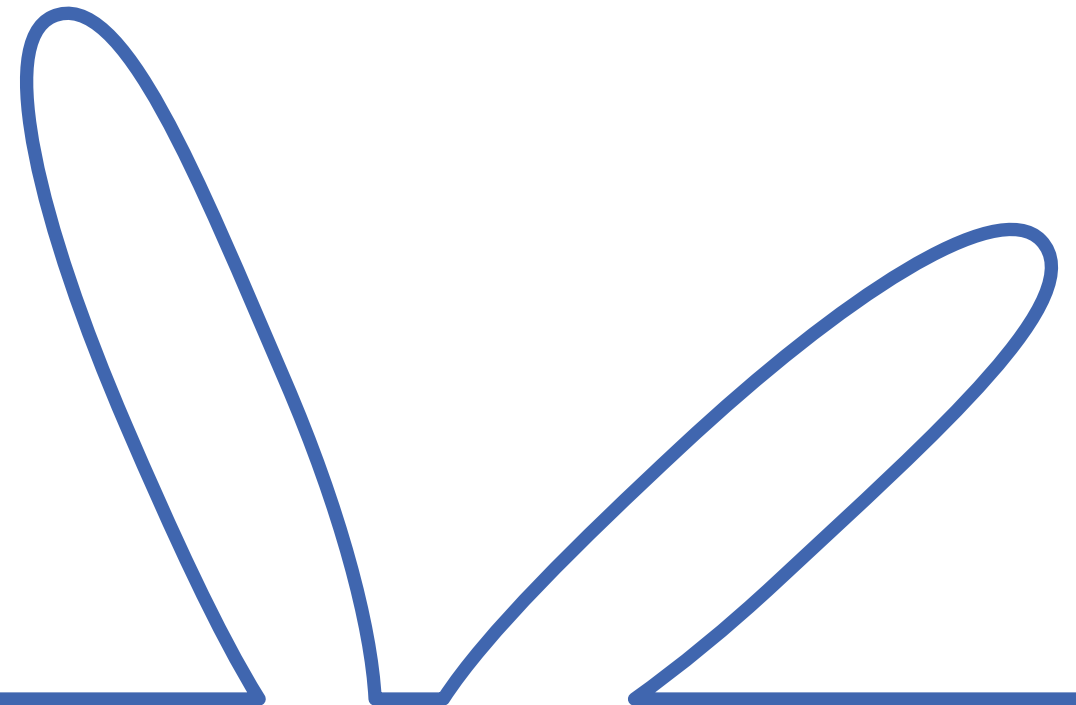


What do I present today? What is the right personality for this moment in time? Who am I to impress today? Not even impress, but at least someone who will not end up hating me. How far can I go? Am I cool today, am I stoic today, and I exciting today, what am I today?

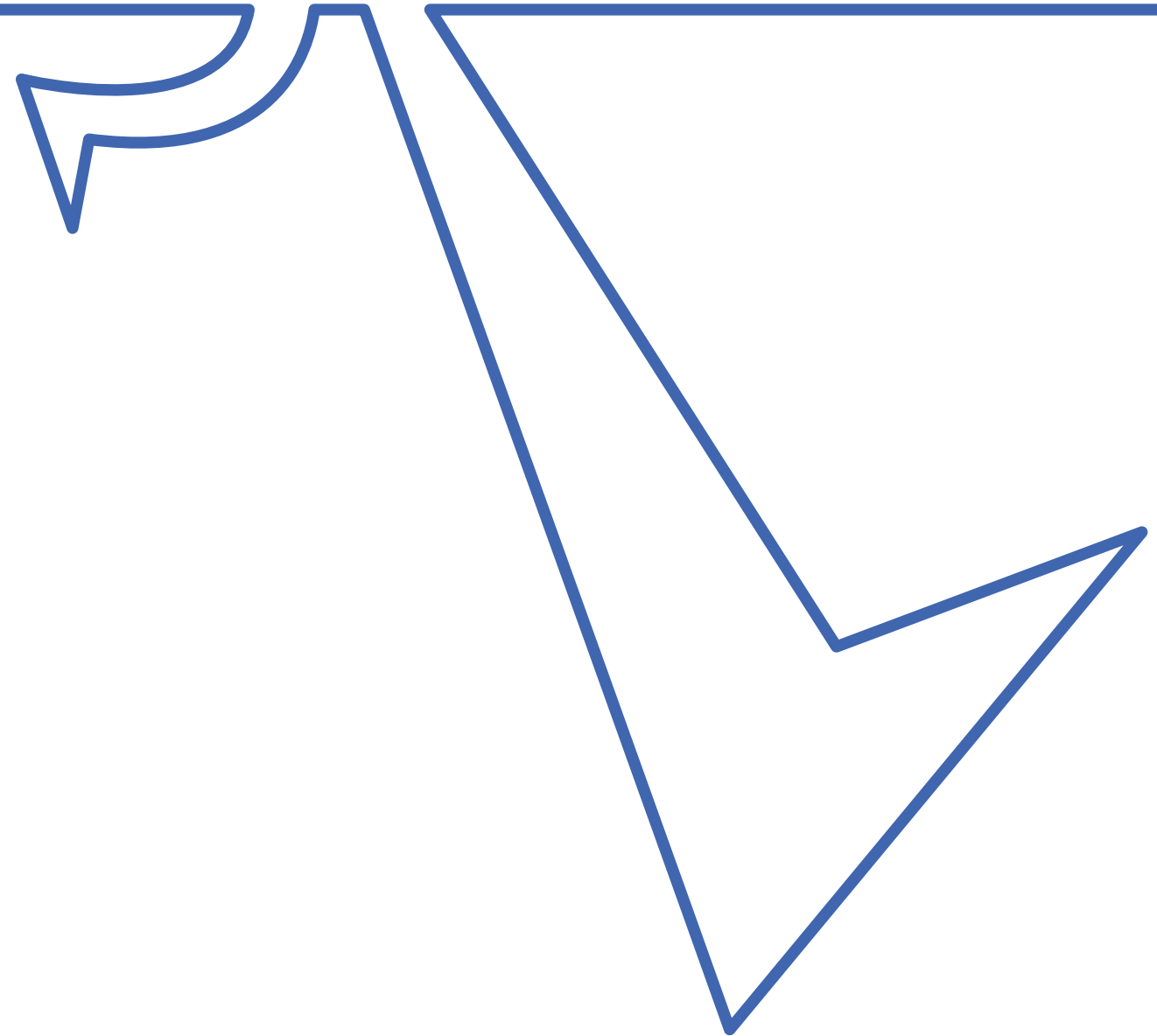
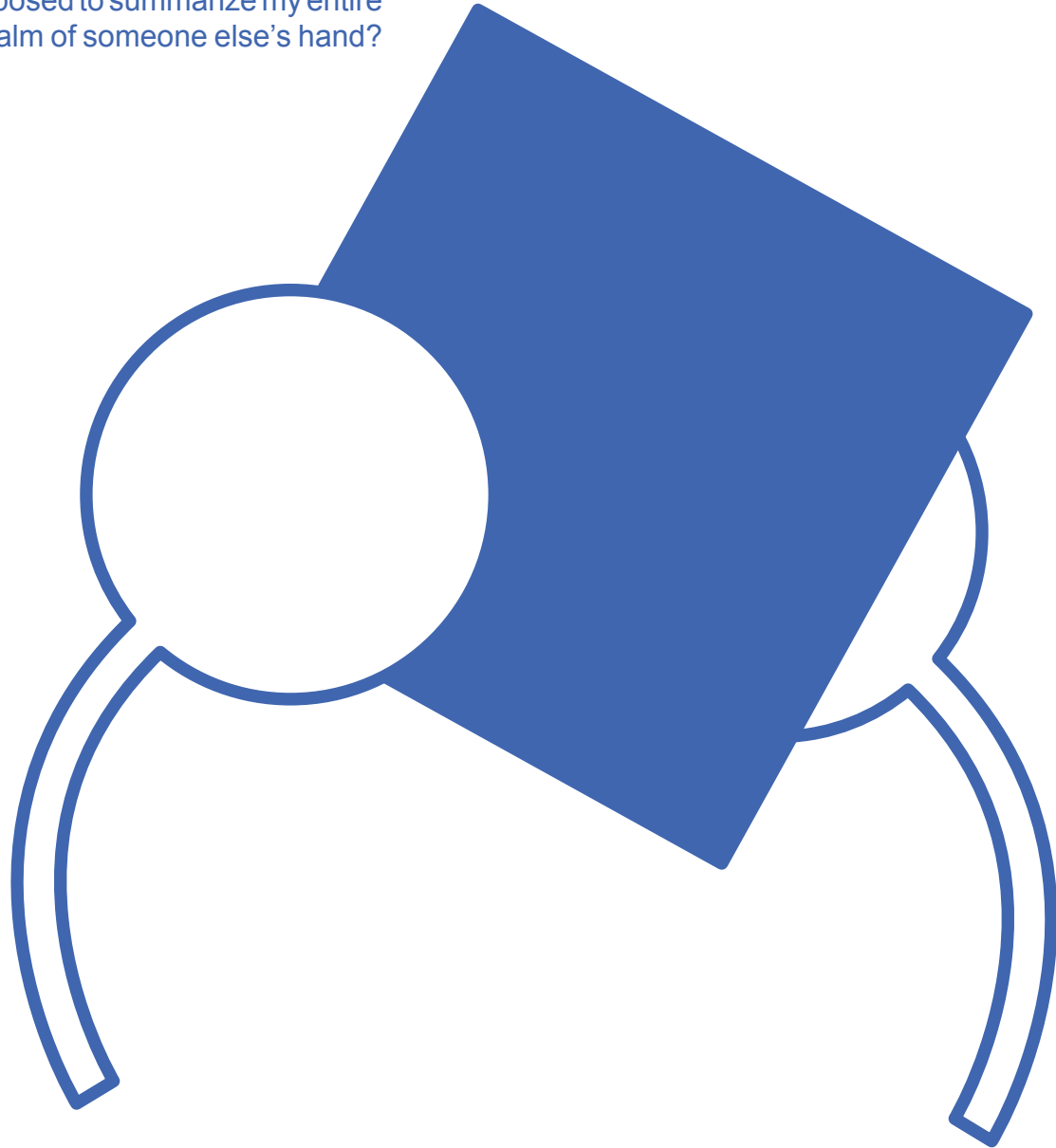
I want attention, so, so badly. But I do not want to be seen. I want to be adored by numbers, but I do not want to be one of the numbers who see me. What do I do with my hands? Is this right for the algorithm? This is what I want, but I don't want to do it.



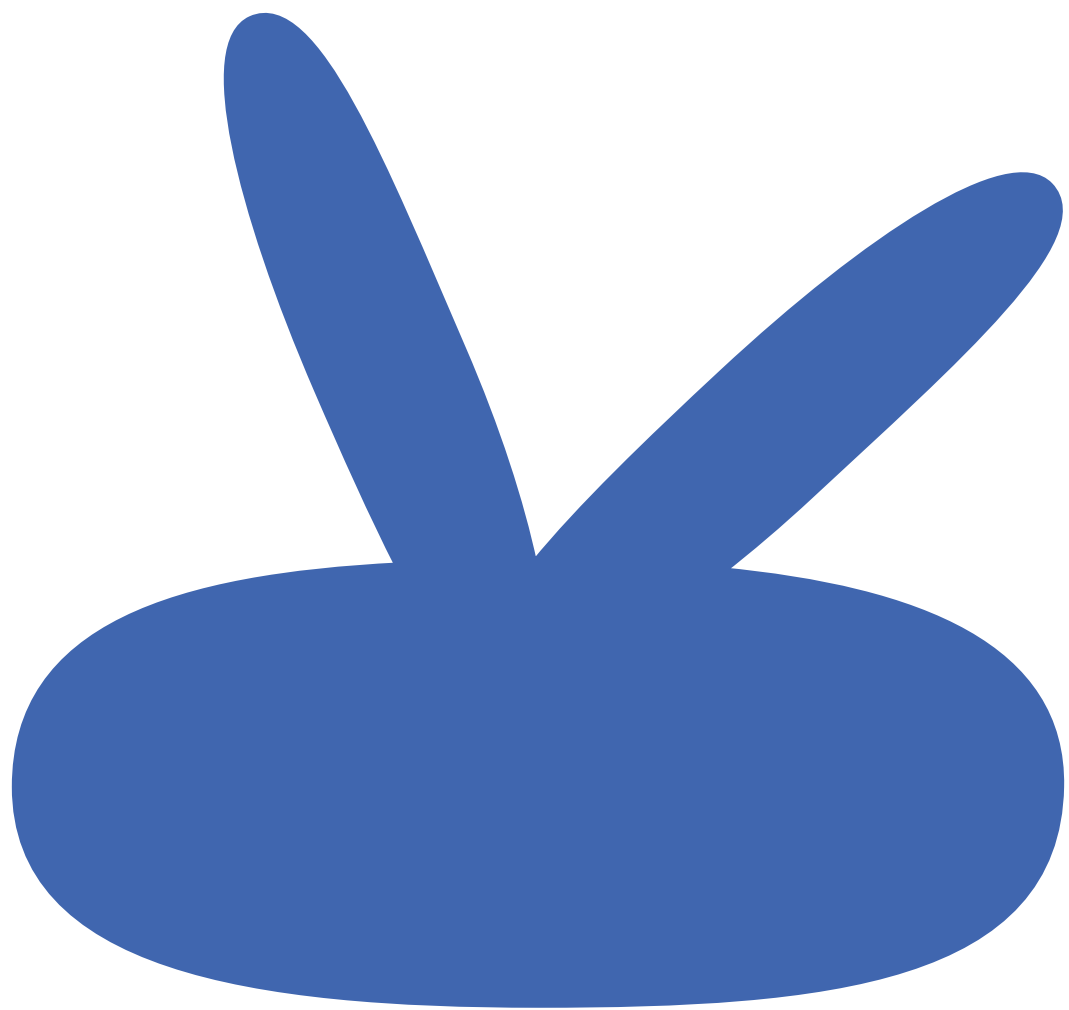
The world I long to thrive in lives on a palm sized screen. Documentation of my own success and failure. Of course I can manipulate what is seen, choosing what I deem as success, but what about the others' prerequisites? Am I presenting the best of me? Am I appreciated? Maybe I deserve to be deserted, I really care about the numbers.



How am I supposed to summarize my entire
being in the palm of someone else's hand?



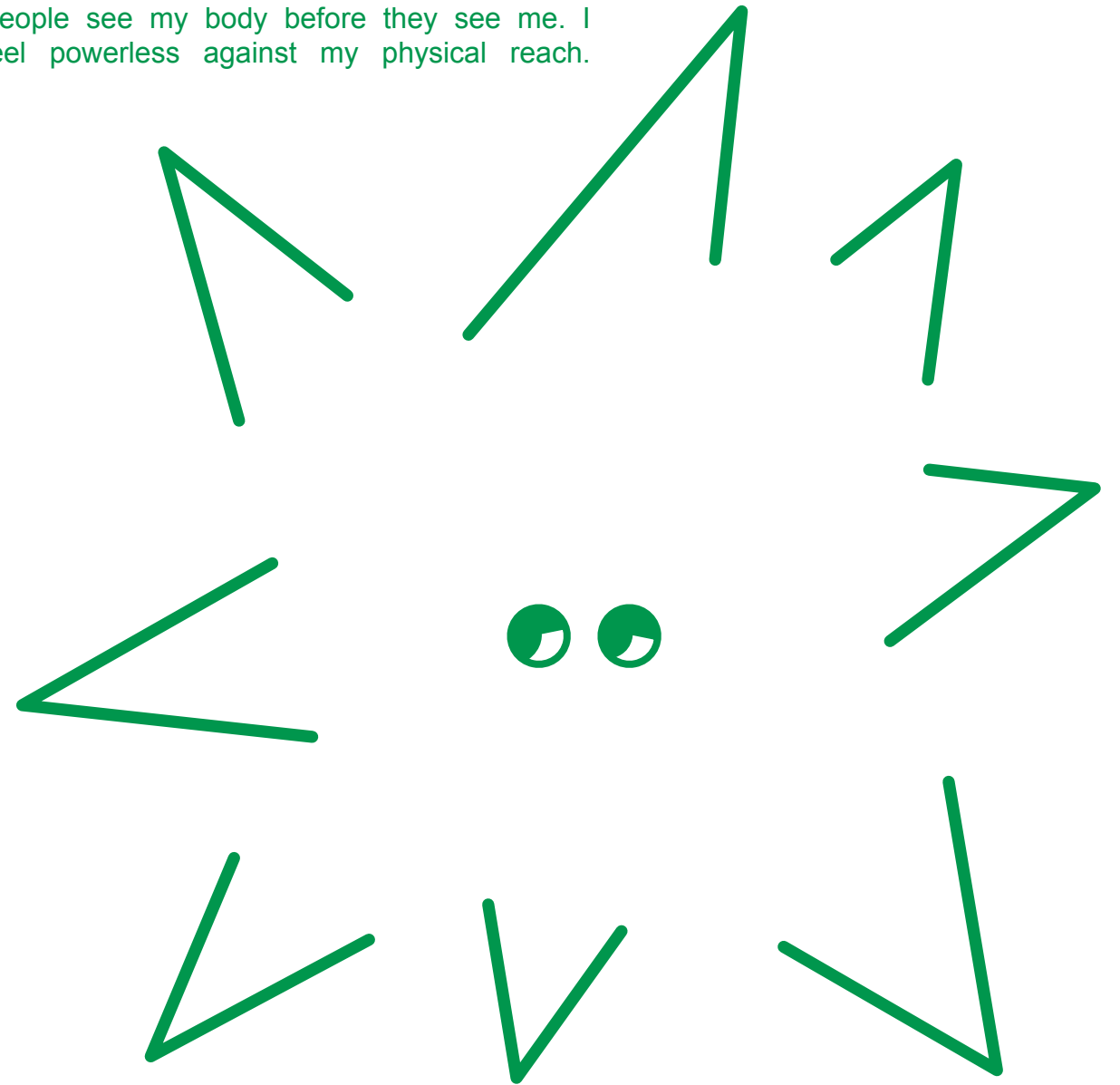
I end up running away





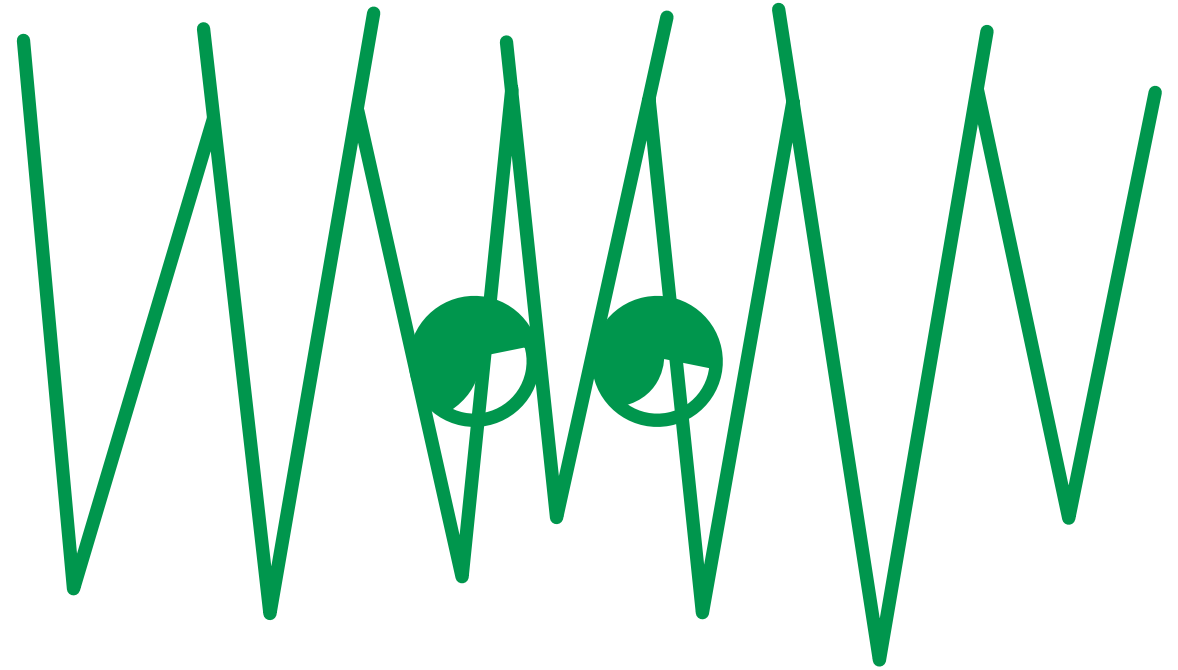
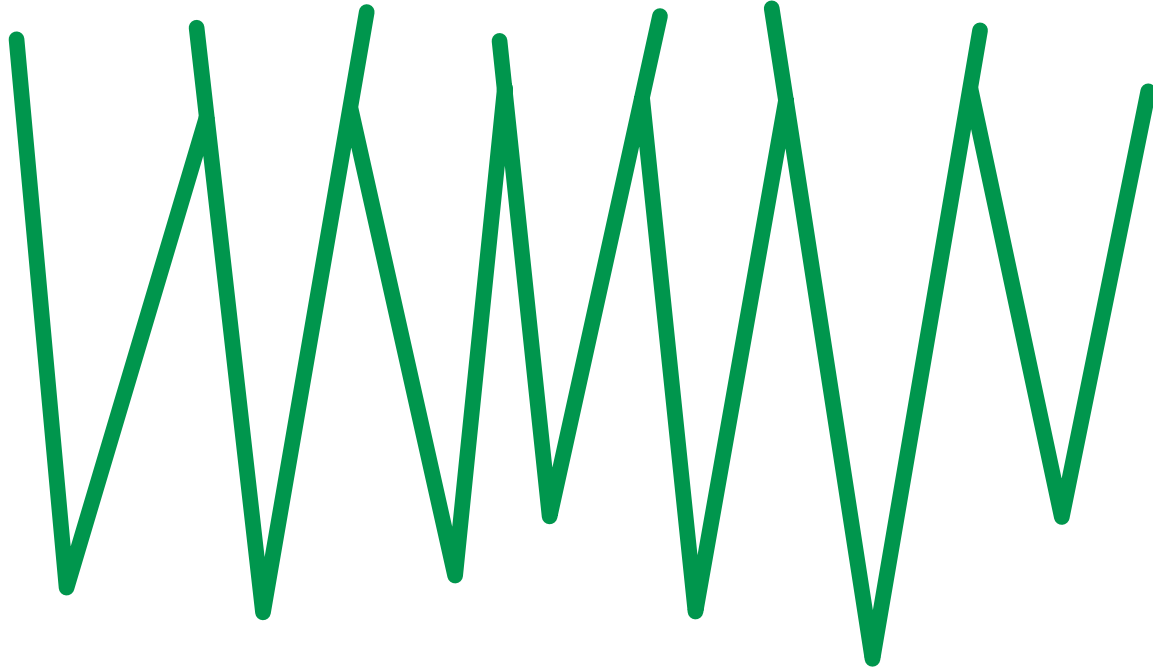
Bobo

People see my body before they see me. I feel powerless against my physical reach.





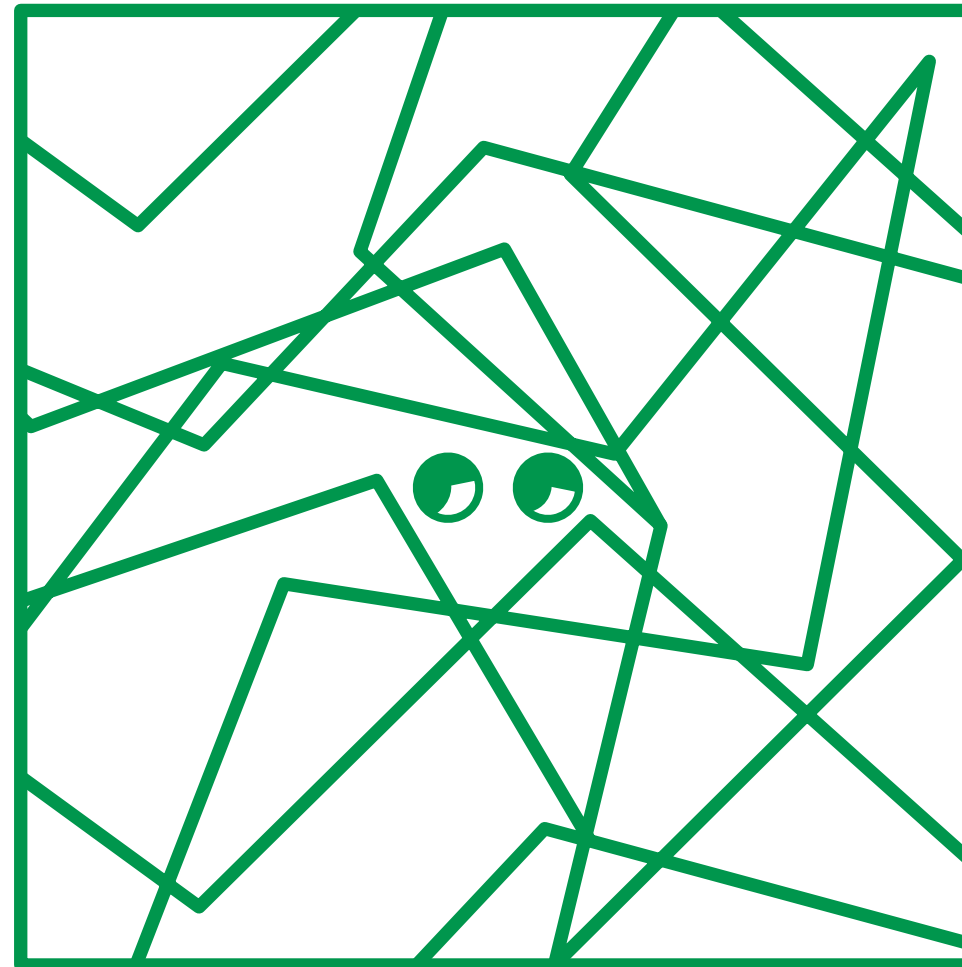
Ignoring the memories held within my body is my favorite answer. I am separate from what I show the outside world, and I would prefer if my corporeal body would understand that. But no matter how hard I ignore, it never seems to get the message to just leave me alone.



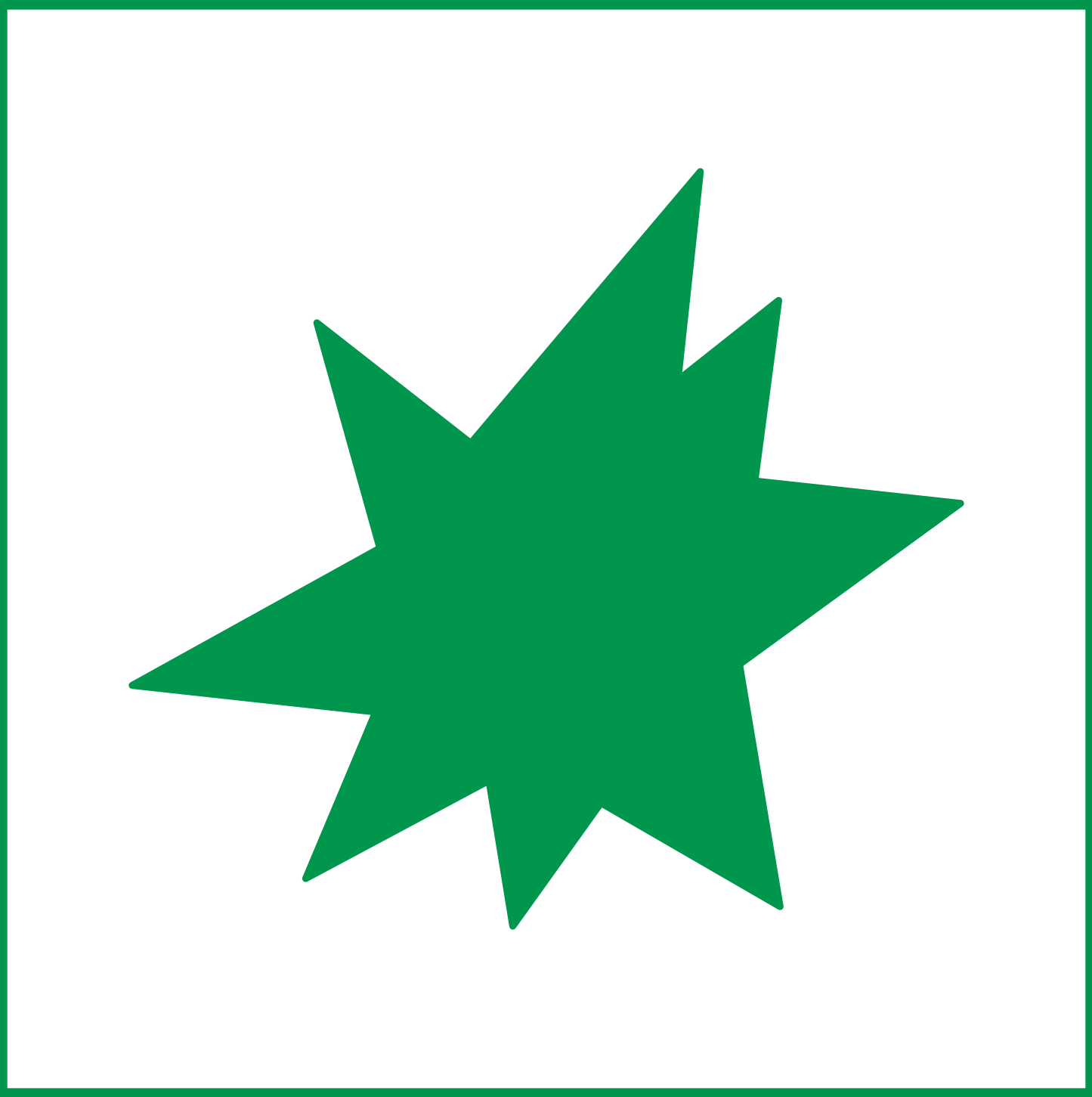
My body is painful to more than just others. I feel my memories in my chest and stomach and neck. Each thought grows heavier and heavier, leaving me with the need to break away from my self. But the heaviness leaves me immobile, growing and growing, heavier and heavier.



If people took the time to truly understand how I feel, they would understand what I truly look like.

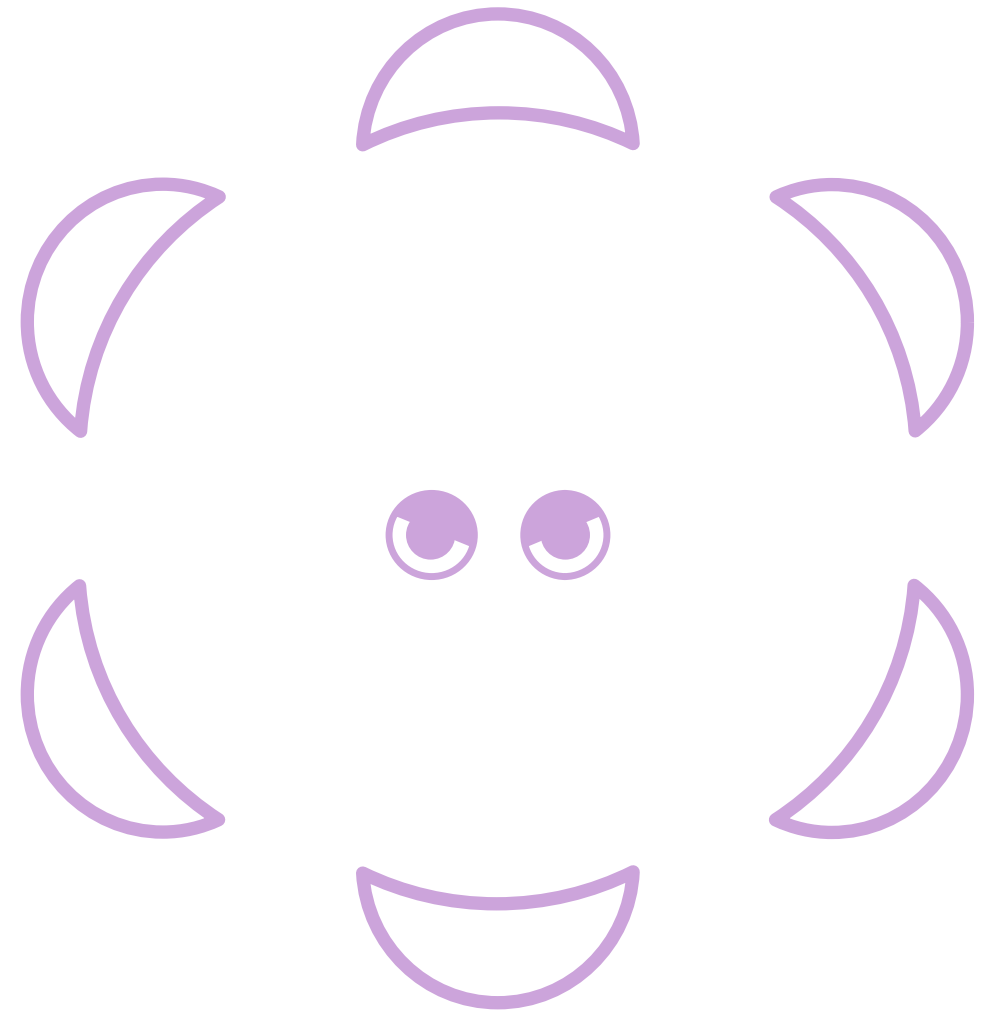


Trapped within myself



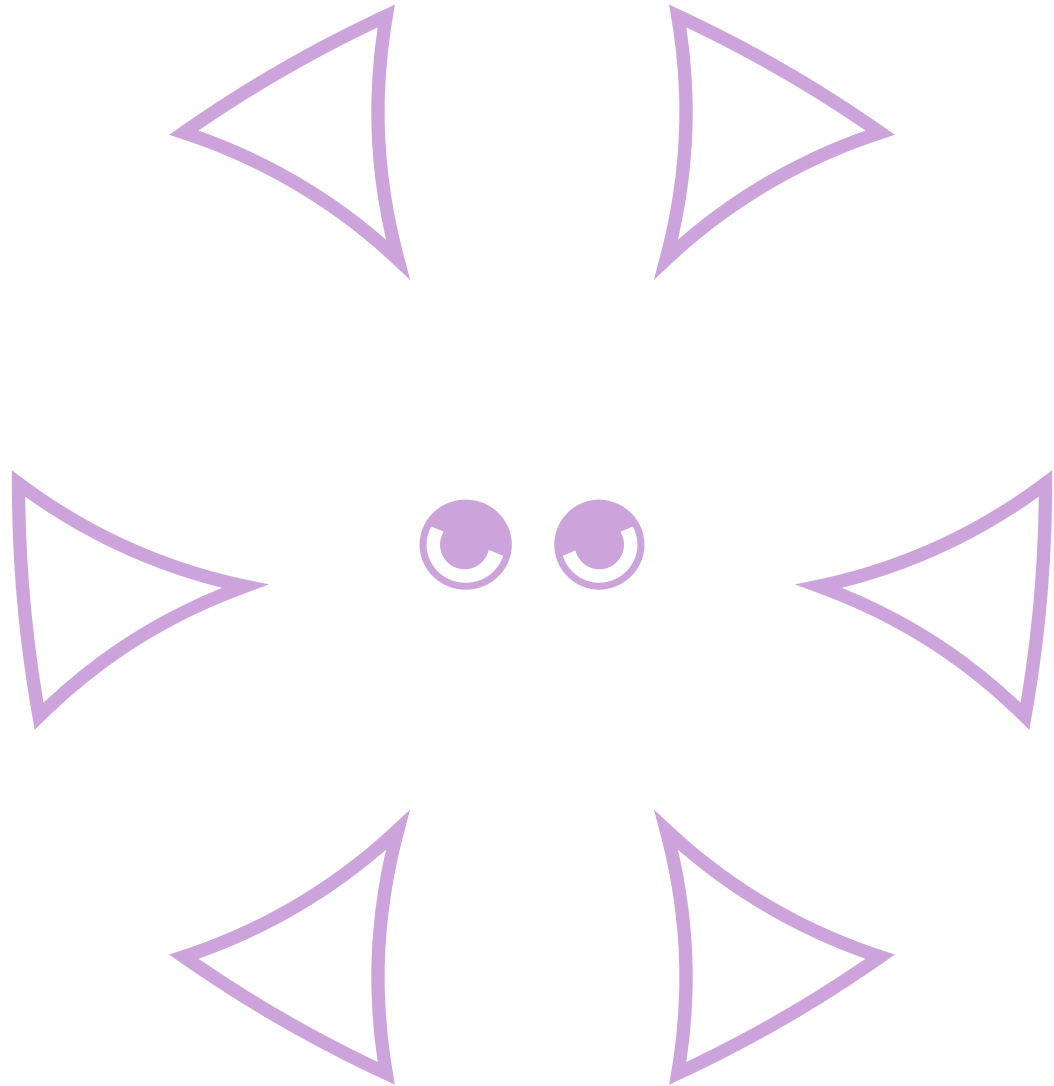


Keke

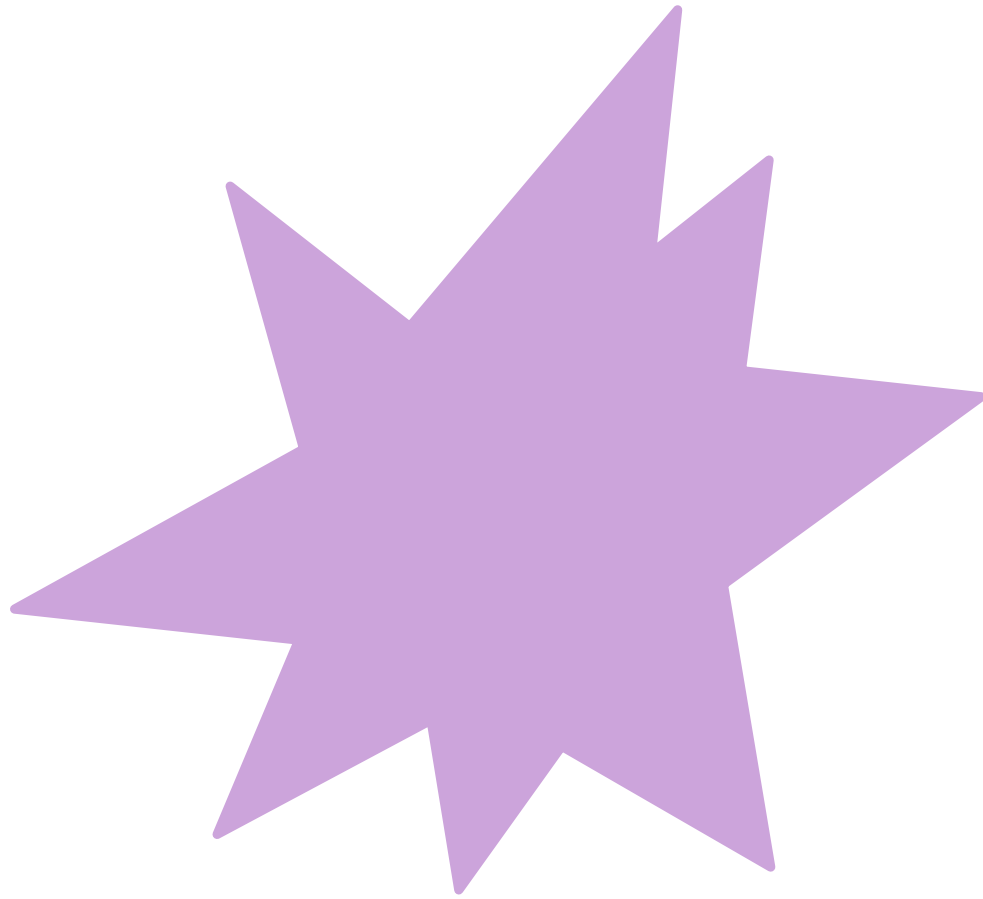


The assumptions that people make based on my appearance makes me crazy. The way I look does not dictate the way I am. Because I am soft in visual, I am expected to be soft in personality.

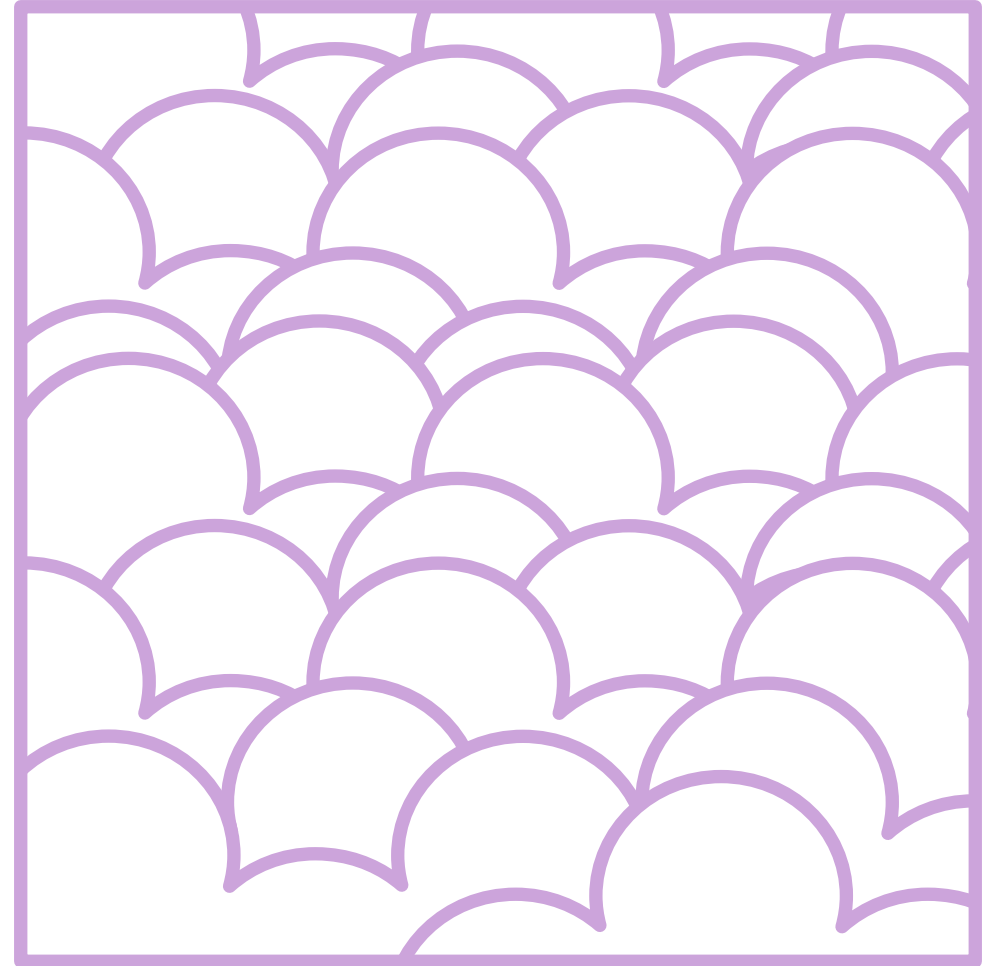
I get angrier and angrier and every assumption pointed at me. My body turn against me in those moments, poking and prodding, fueling the pain to myself and the pain i inflict on others.



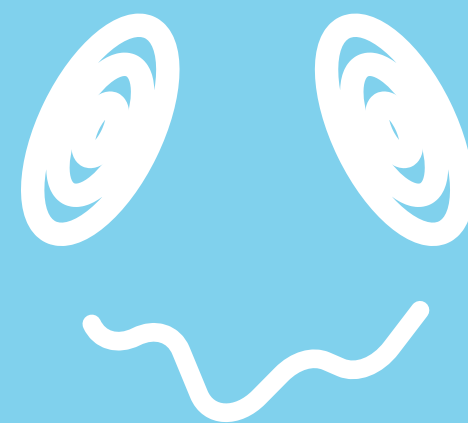
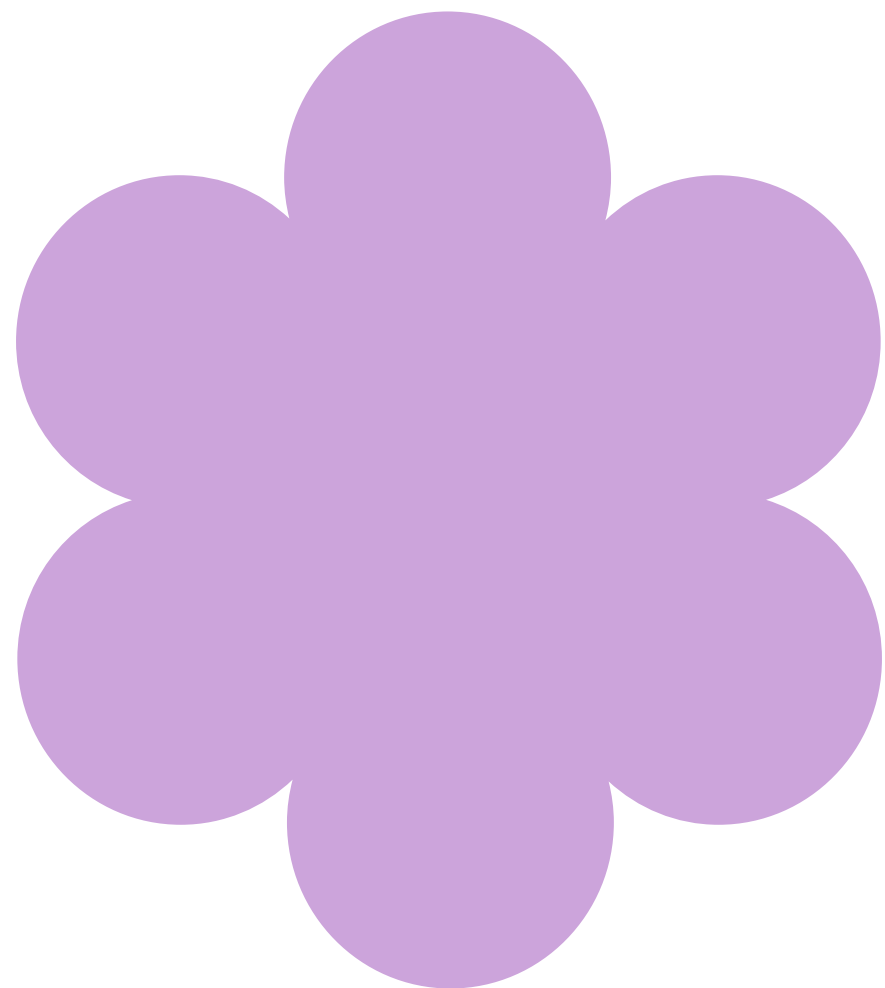
I lash out to protect myself. If all people do is hurt me, then I want to keep them away. The process ends up hurting me. I choose anger out of necessity, not actual choice.

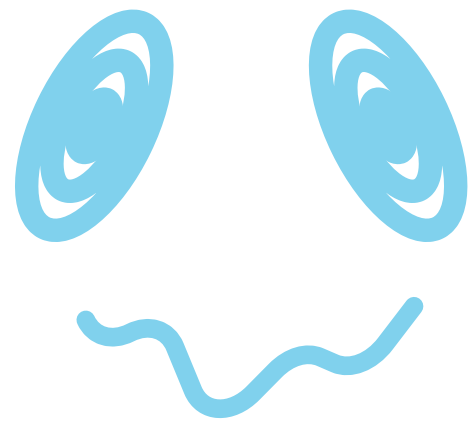


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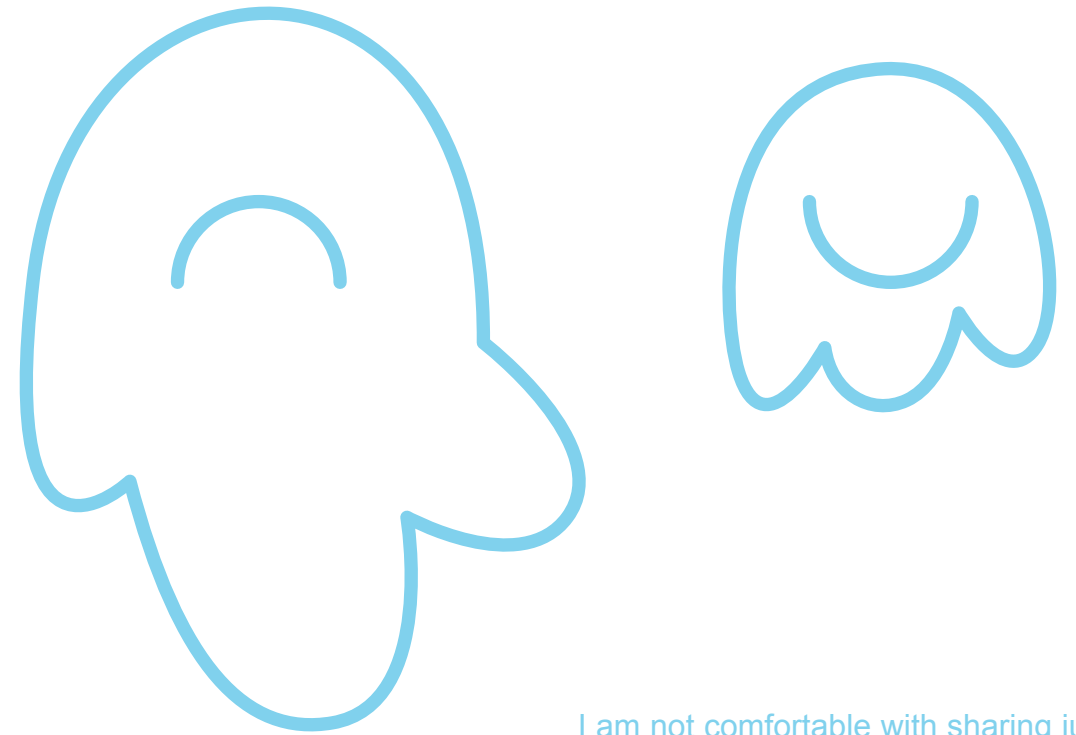


Stuck under myself

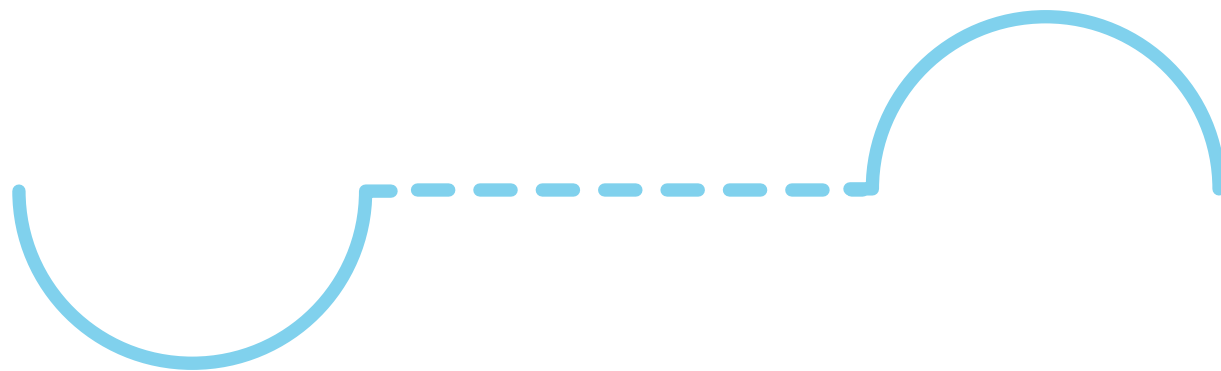




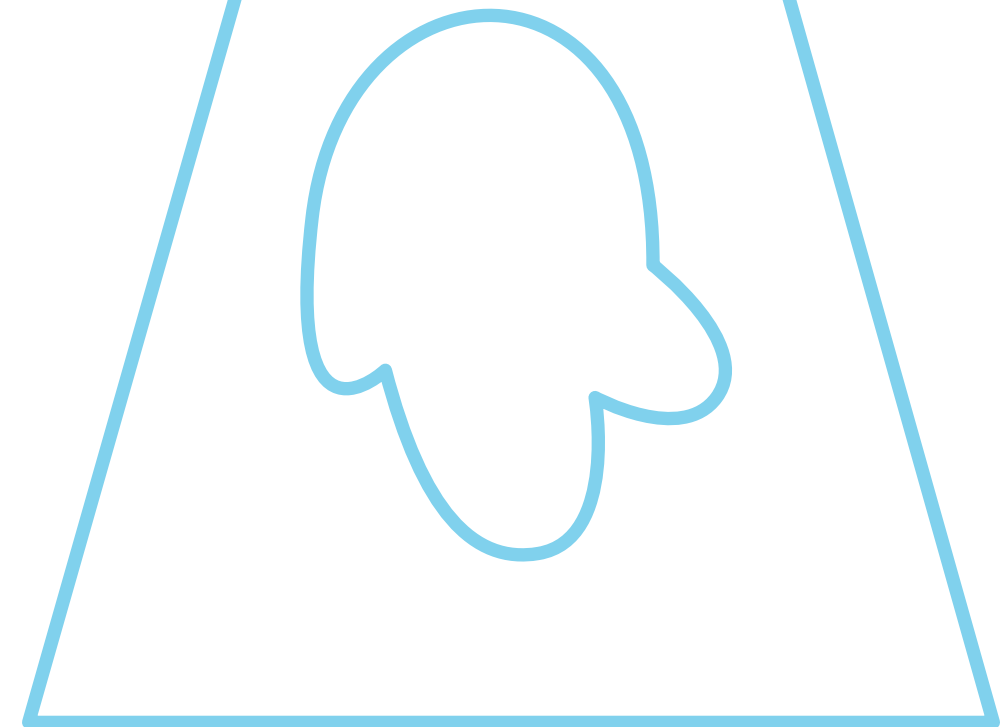
Gus



I am not comfortable with sharing just yet.
I care for other's happiness too much to
become a source of sadness. Others
struggle too, so why should I add to that?
I would rather push aside my own pain.



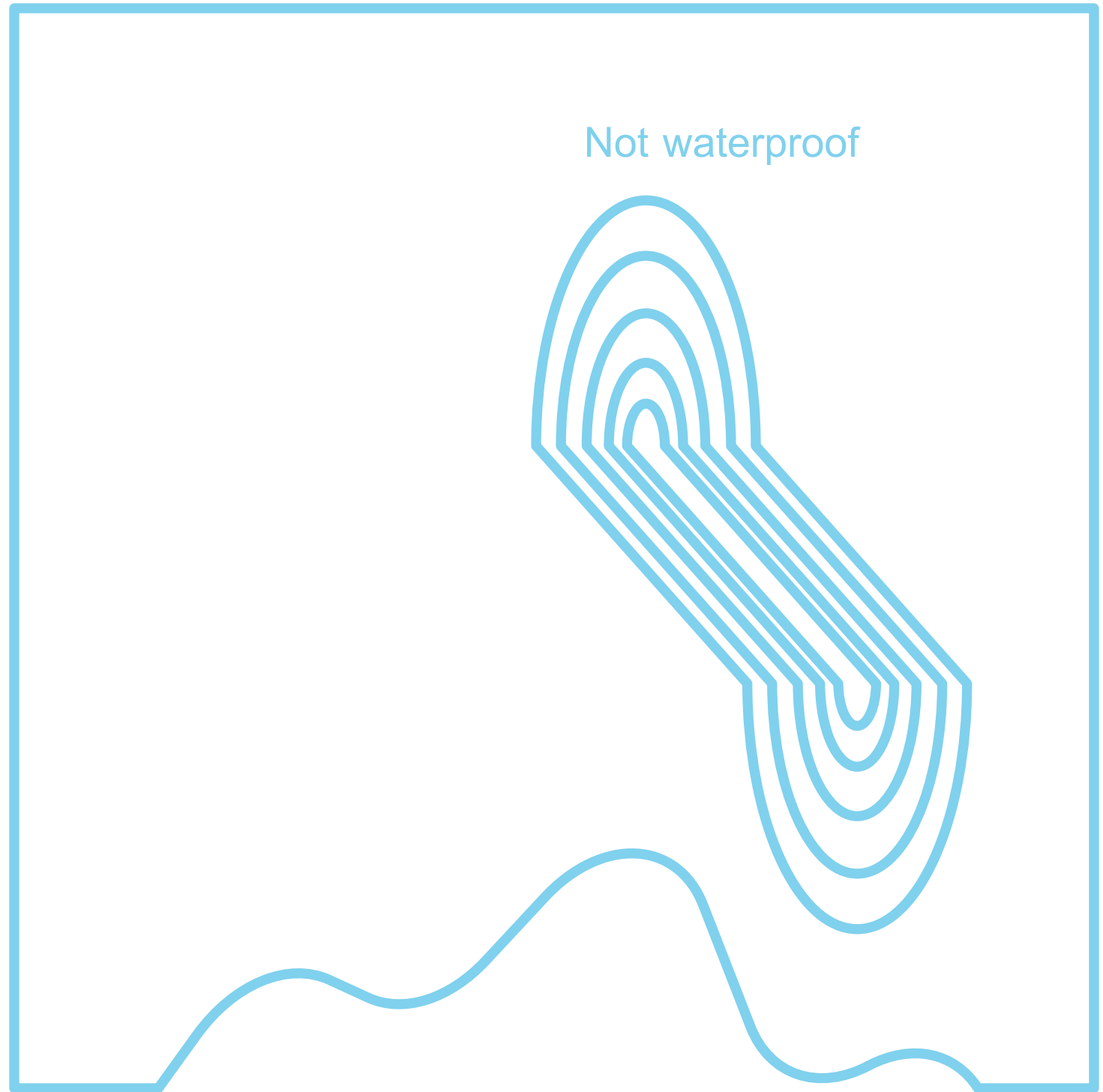
The change between corporeal and non can be so exhausting. I start to disconnect from my surroundings when the act becomes too much and the fear of breaking character is eminent.



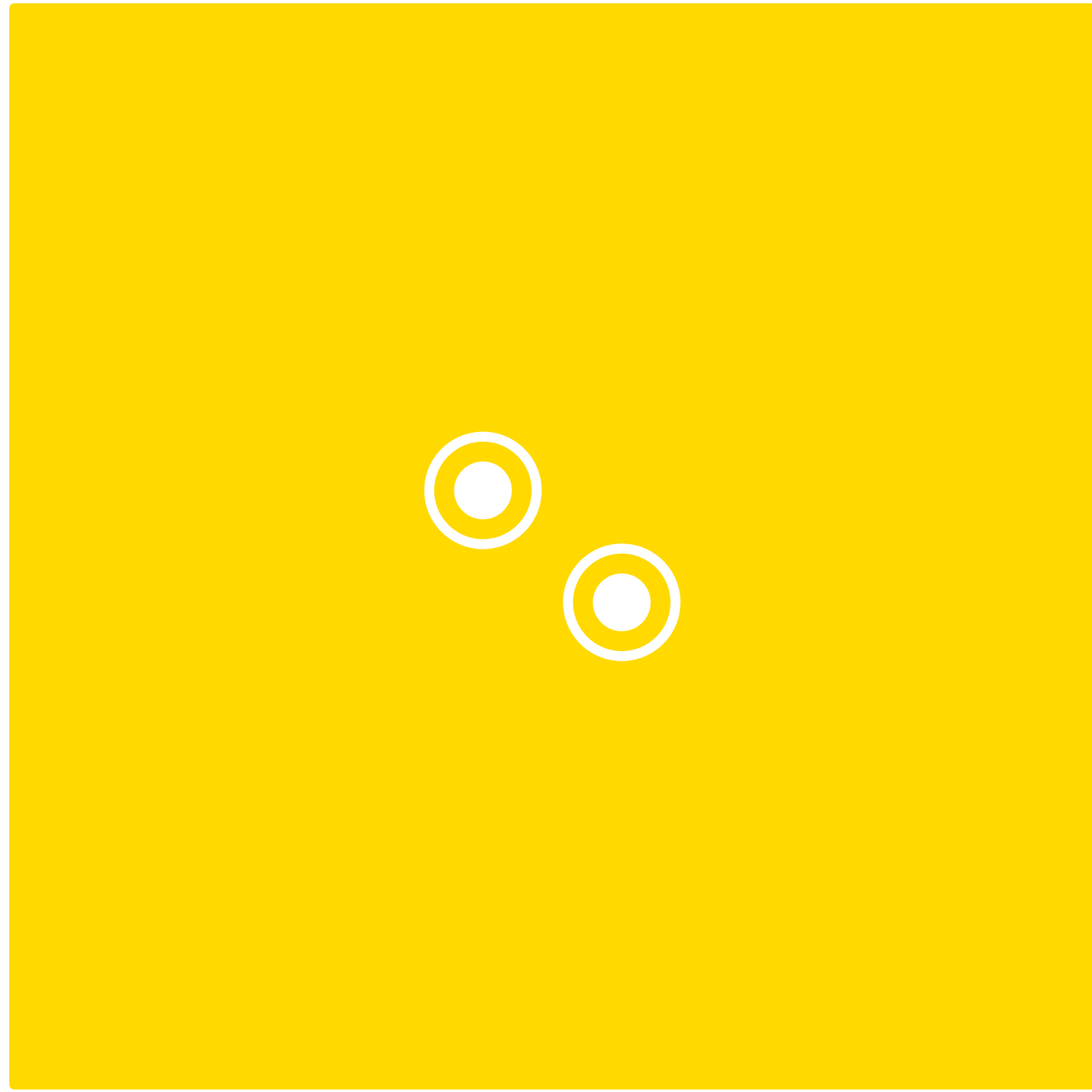
I am forced to be a leading player, lacking preparation and without a script. I am told to appreciate my 15 minutes, but I don't enjoy the spotlight. It ends up going through me anyways.

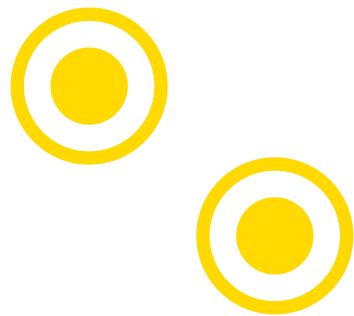


I lose my cool, and the true emotions begin to rise. So much so that I feel like I'm drowning, until I am forced to burst the damn and make everyone else flood with me.



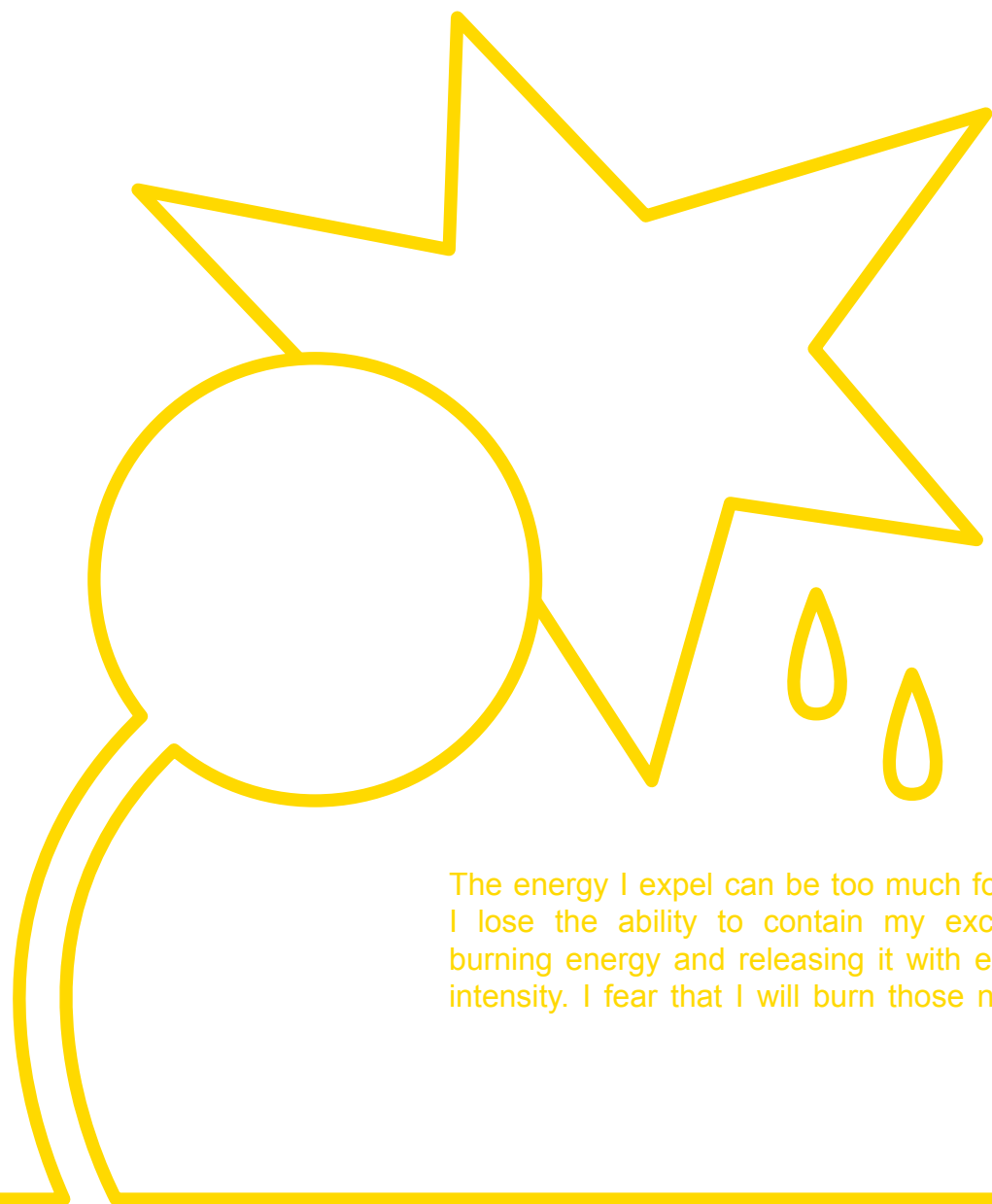
Not waterproof



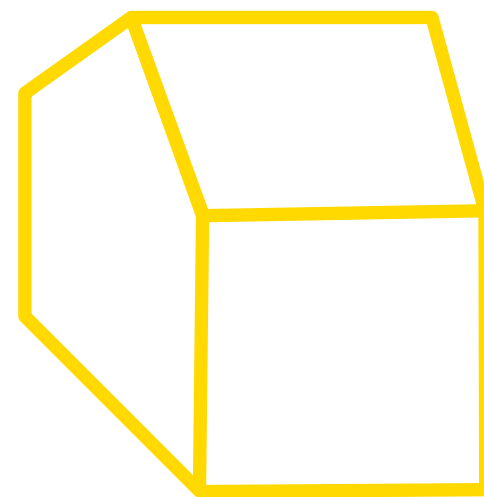


Oli

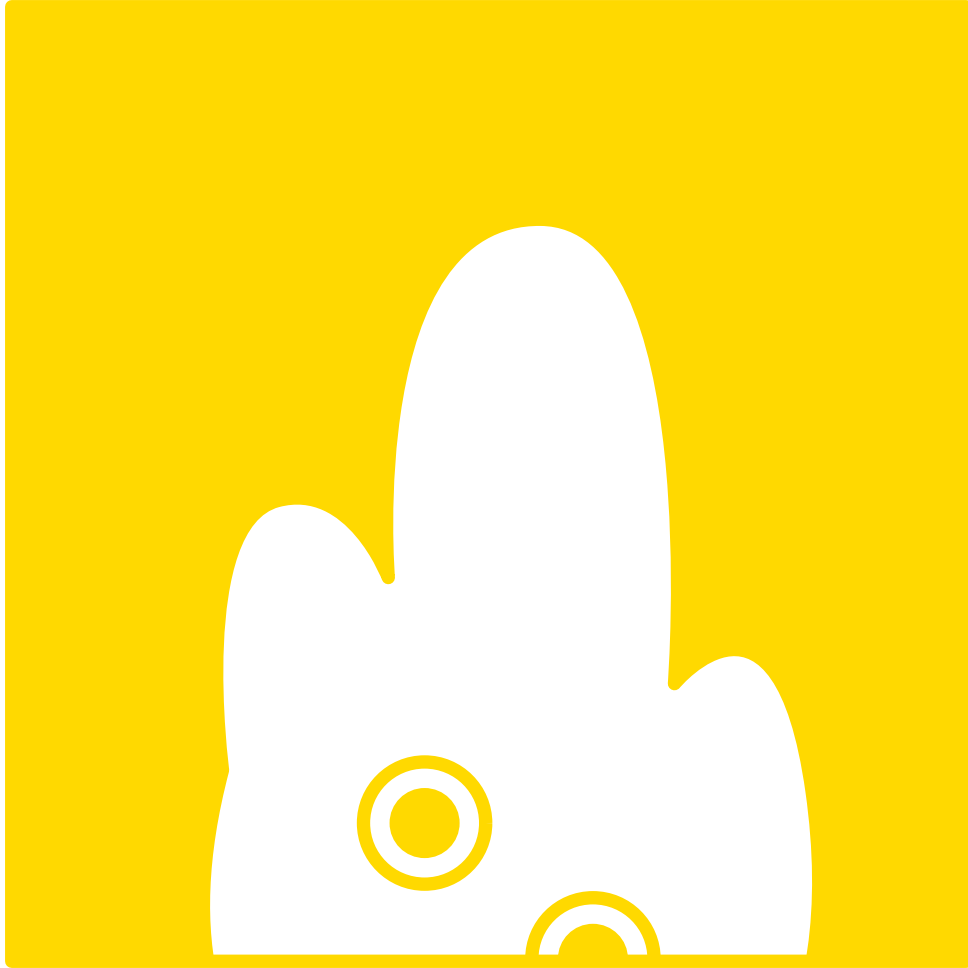
The problem with being so small is that I don't have enough room to contain my personality. I take up so little room, that people force me to be even smaller.



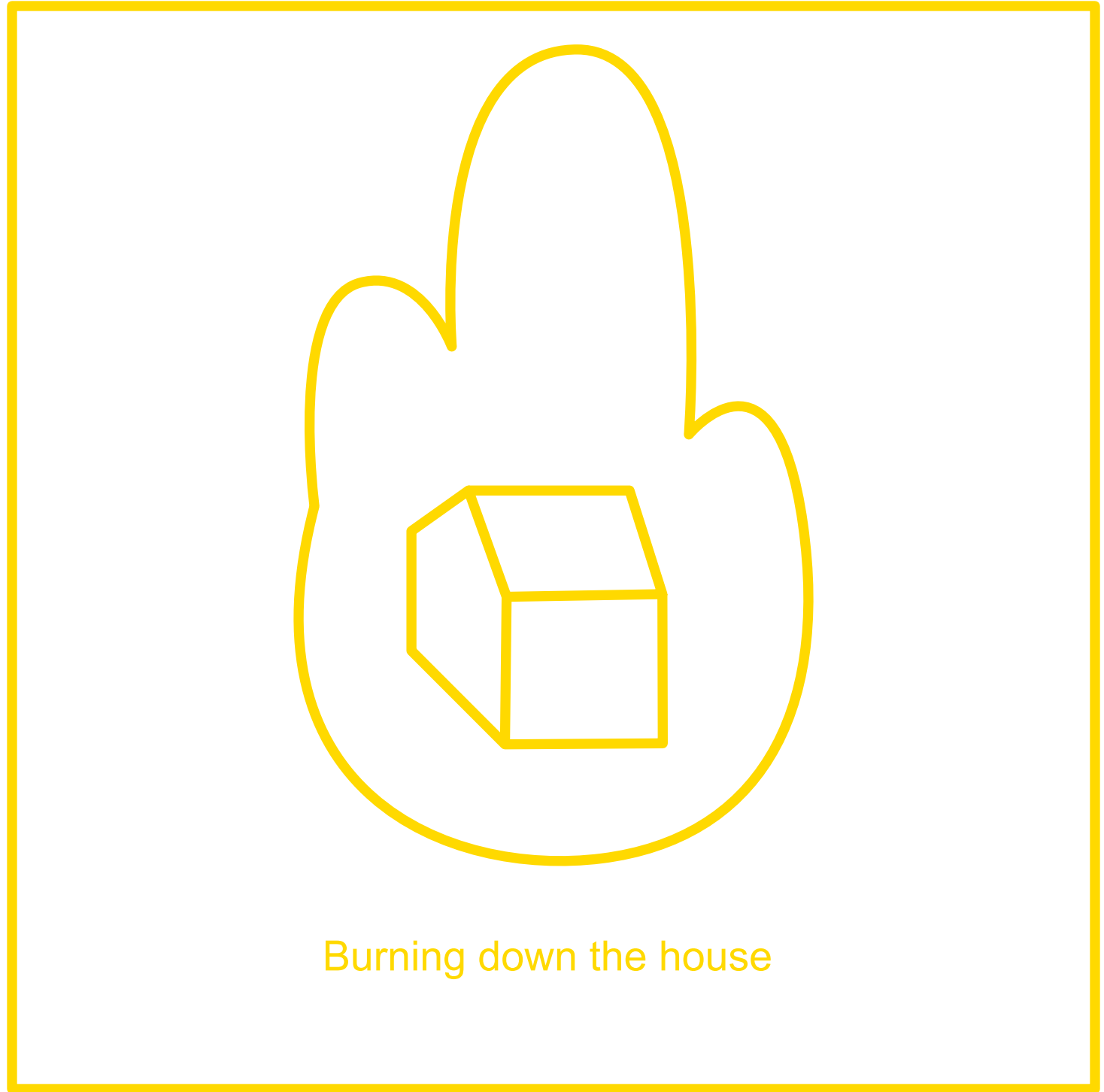
The energy I expel can be too much for some. I lose the ability to contain my excitement, burning energy and releasing it with explosive intensity. I fear that I will burn those near me.



I am forced to trap myself within myself. My body has become a house where I am in isolation. It can get very warm in here.

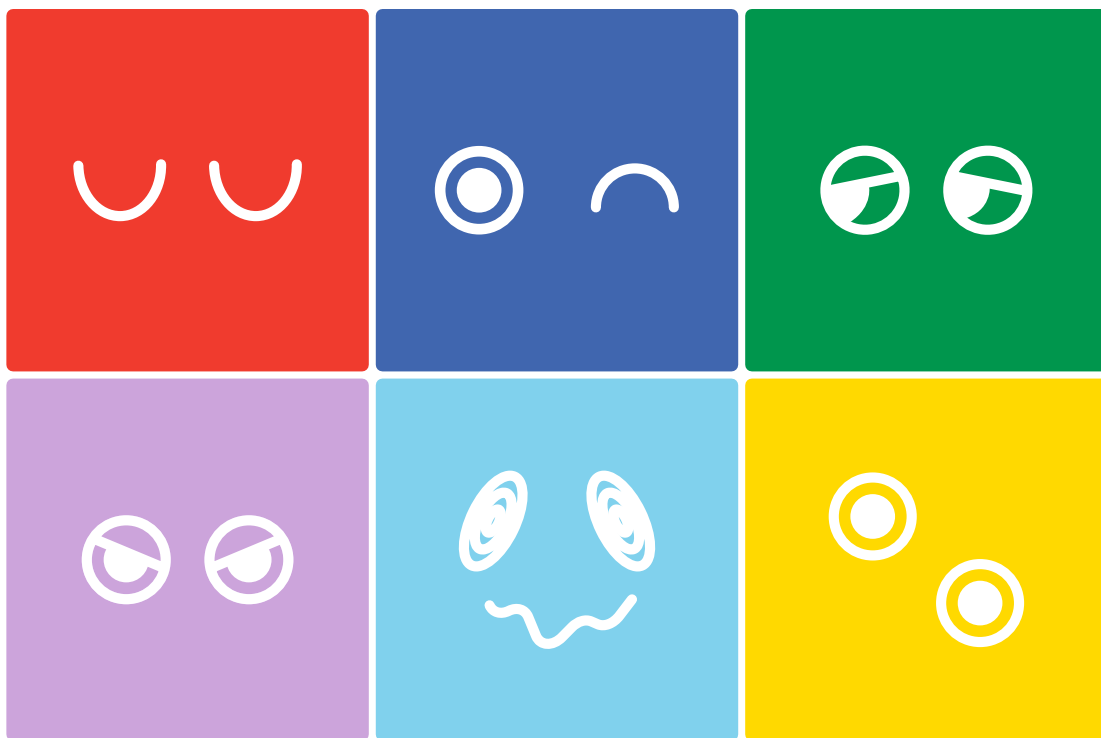


In an effort to stay calm, I pull the walls closer. The heat begins to radiate faster. Eventually the fire alarm will go off. But I don't allow myself to leave.



Burning down the house





Matter Matter 2020