Racing

When we clicked on our link - there was electricity - but inevitably there was also the matter of the dark-matter

You'd sink into this mood - it wasn't out of the blue - there were *good reasons* for throwing the switch to auto-pilot - which - according to your twisted logic - meant enacting this collapsing universe pattern of existence - a fight+flight version of an escape plan - but no discernible plan thereafter. Babe - it was a recipe for disaster

Don't take this as a criticism - ok yes - maybe do - you had this *beautiful essence* - only problem - it was careering through this messed up prism brain of yours.

We know what it was about - *the rock/ the hard place* - but - it *was*.

Don't get me wrong - self-destruction - if that's your thing - knock yourself out - but as a reductionist you'd know - the people in your socio-emotional vicinity didn't necessarily sign up for that shit. Not judging you - wondering - how'd you sit with it?

For some things there's no 'undo' button babe - no pop-up: *Are you sure you wanna make that idiot fuck up?*

But ya know what - i don't give a fuck about your fuck ups - no that's not entirely true - i do - hurts me - hurts you - but i see where you're coming from at least. Or is it like the wind? - where it's more about where you're rushing to? - that space - thoughts racing - you don't know if you're runnin' away or chasing do you babe? - both maybe

Lost when i met you you said

I saw you - we already knew

Whatever will happen has happened

I take care of you

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