

An Untitled Document

I think I've spent an hour or so
~~writing~~ *click clack*
~~revising~~ **click clack.**
~~transcribing~~ *click clack.*

I think I've spent an hour or so
sjsjdjdbdejcisojqiap
RAAAAAHHHHHHH...
CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK!
There's so many things I can mess with...

okay. focus. I just need to finish.

I'm bored dd dddd d.
I can't think of anything.
But there's dozens of untitled documents
littering the page before this.

Granted, it's easy to ignore them
and pretend like they never exist.
They never did.
(jeez, is this even about my writing anymore?)

Yet, it's the guilt of leaving my ideas to rot away
as if they were children I raised
just to neglect
as soon as they could barely walk.

My trash is still empty.
I can't let go of these drafts,
however nameless they be.
They are *mine*.
They are what I once had hope in.
~~whatever~~. dot dot dot

It pains me that it's hard for me to depart.
They're ideas that I bore
and now,
they bore me.

Surely it's a motif by now.

Some sort of strange and
cruel joke I play on myself.

The all too familiar feeling
of knowing that my works
are for my eyes only
because I know my efforts disappoint me.
I think I've spent an hour or so
...

It's been four hours now.

forget it.