

"It's been a rough few months, and I'm so exhausted I can barely keep my head up. I've been spilling onto floors, like clumsy bottles from sweaty palms as useless as my own. So I stay in bed crying. I'd rather cry to lifeless heirlooms than assume somebody cares. But I'm getting tired in hopes that sleep could hit me sooner than a pillow to this dying breath. And I'm cold. And I'm getting so cold."