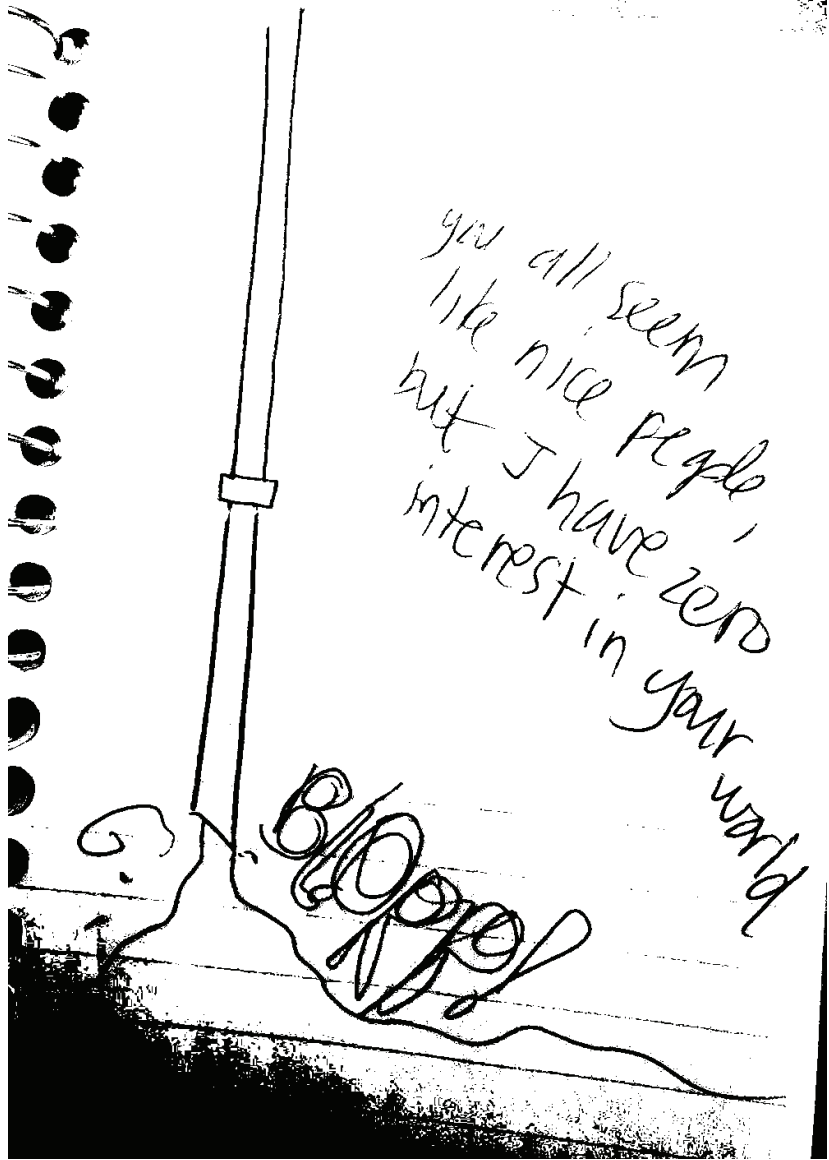
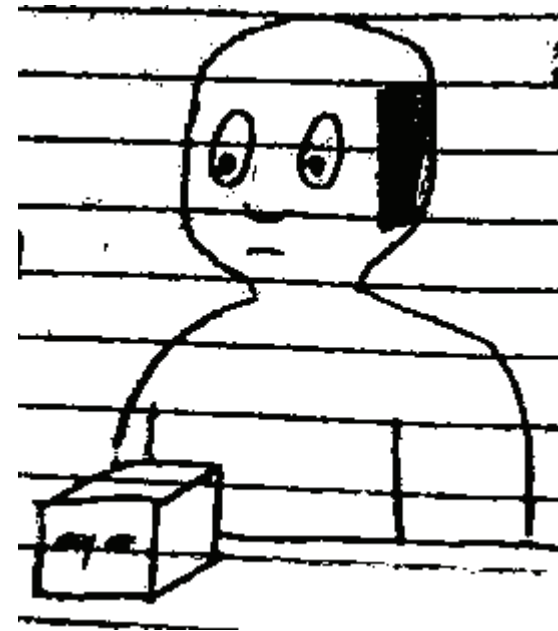


# Depression @ Work



you all seem  
like nice people,  
but I have zero  
interest in your world

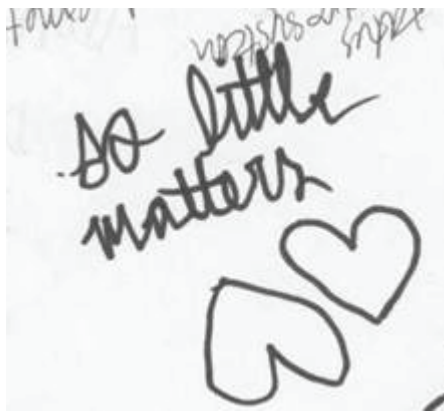


Shit from old notebooks  
kept while doing  
soul-crushing jobs,  
as anarchism started to make sense

by ienc



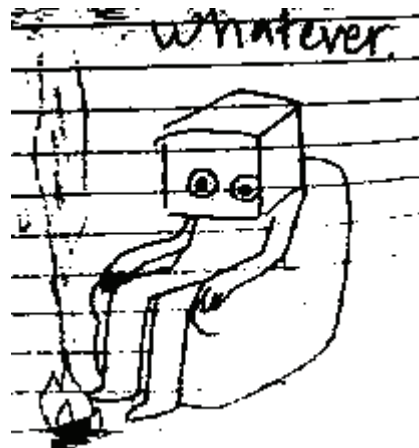
<https://distro.black>



-obviously just displacing blame onto wider society when all you should be doing is hating yourself

-I don't want to come home to me.  
Worst way to end a long work day.  
What's on the internet?

I a nothing  
am not a word  
[I AM] a singular



The Everything and what is familiar

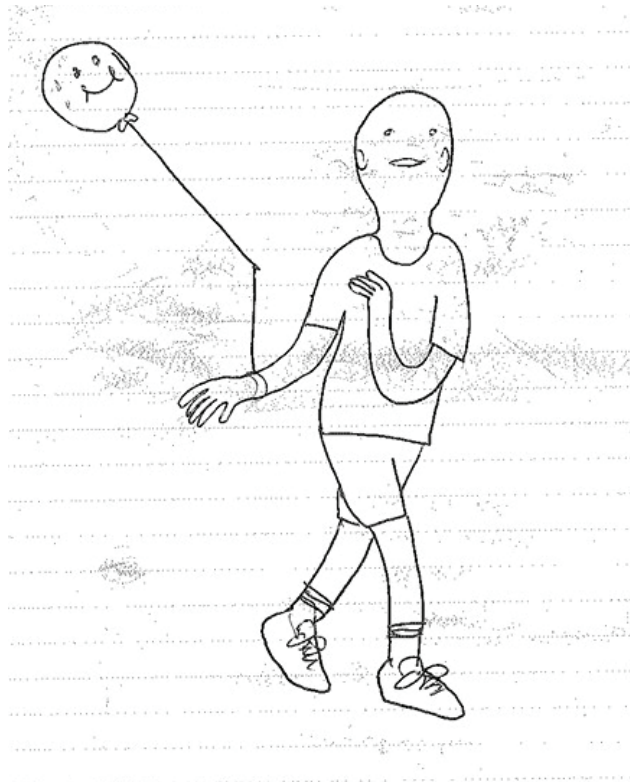
confines and kills

Routine amputates

slivers at a time

until I've adapted to the

shape of the vessel/device



-I'm lost and all you fucks who think you've gotten it figured out don't have shit to recommend that means fuck all to me. There is no formula, guidebook NO GUARANTEES. NO FUTURE. ROOTLESS and TRUSTING NO ONE FOR LONG. -- tell [manager] bout it

-Depression

your mind is a

chemical plaything, body whims

isolated parcel possession

separate thing to sever or subdue

control like all other things

no reason no cause

inevitable genetic deficiency

return to normal and function please

you mean well; you are innocent

don't wanna be wrong but you are

need a hand to get back to normal

abnormal reaction to conditions

that don't sicken and debilitate

anyone else

"everyone feels down sometimes"

cyclical crashes corresponding to

peaks and troughs of yet to be

identified chemical levels

a physical basis surely exists

cut out depression

at this source

either or bullshit

WELL FUCK YOU I'M A GODDAMN MONSTER, A WILD ANIMAL SO

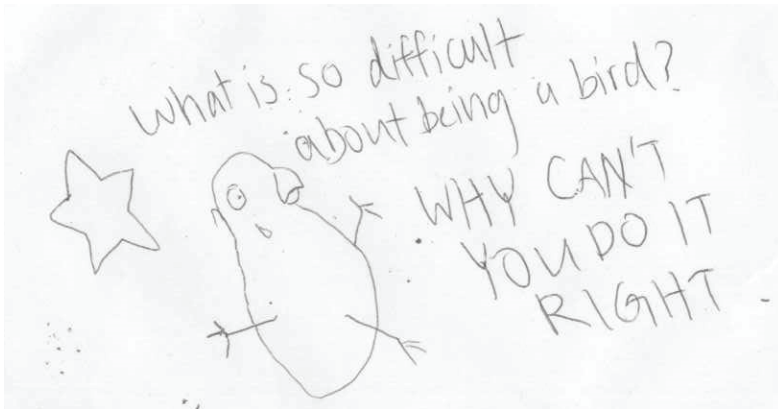
I can't be among the beautiful people all day...



-Who on this planet can you be 100% honest with? Everyone I know gets bits and pieces of different versions of the truth different monstrosities arise and fall out of existence sometimes too painful to contain sometimes too faint to n drowned out by noise and externally imposed priorities



-When things are too still i want to squirm shake it, run dash strike with a fist to feel resistance When people talk about achievements - kids getting good jobs and finding nice girls I wanna scream so fuckin' what? what is pride who the



self? it is dependent it has origins + is fed with materials sourced from outside the boundaries of your skin

-escape  
act reckless  
burn ideas  
set free chains and fetters  
be enamoured with nothing  
no gods  
fuck borders  
no prisoners  
fuck concepts  
no time



fuck theories  
cover with paint and flaunt the rotting waste everyone tries to hide  
I AM MAD  
NO PLAN  
DIE HERE

-I am listening but not living my disingenuousness will be my downfall  
what states are being transitioned between  
--why not let loose the monster-  
-  
better do something else

To approach others with an agenda  
To want that which is not freely given  
To grasp and wish for suspended animation  
I am still contorting my desires and expressions  
I don't need a fucking process  
I want to take dance lessons  
I want to sign up for capoeira

I want to transform and gift all the things I don't use  
I have nothing to report  
All your worlds are so vast and never make you feel trapped

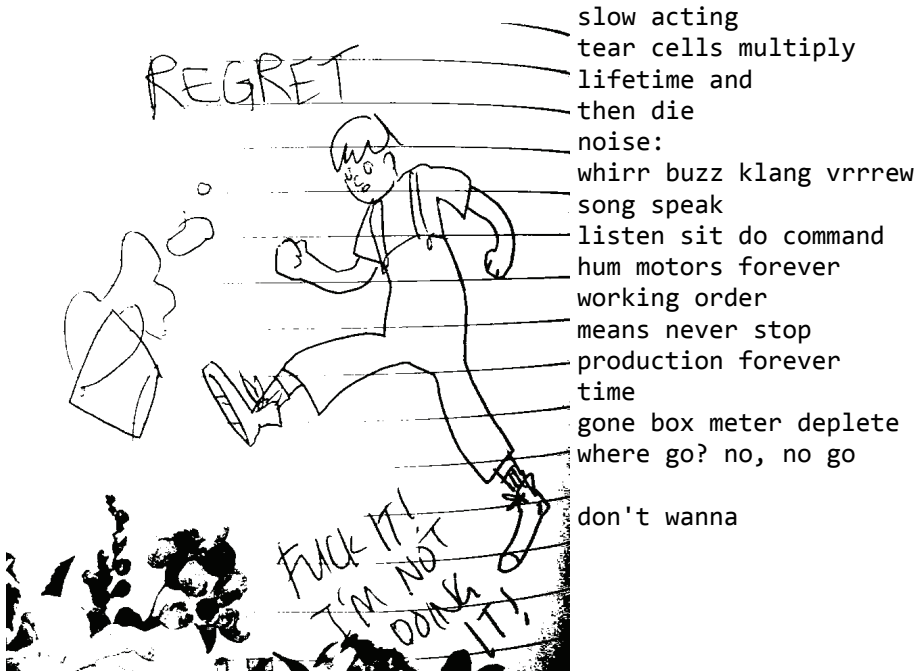
**-THIS AINT A CONSENSUAL SOCIAL ARRANGEMENT  
Work or be homeless? Work or don't eat?**

-TOO MUCH FUZZ AND NOISE  
TOO MANY PEOPLE  
TOO MUCH INFORMATION I DIDN'T ASK FOR  
TOO MANY SIGNS, SUGGESTIONS, COMMANDS  
I DON'T WANNA DO OR BUY  
ANY OF THAT CRAP

-FUMES  
wood cut  
go to work and die  
Jobsmack  
prayer to job  
job blow  
job off

-FUCK, I SPILLED IT EVERYWHERE  
it's on my hands  
wipe clean eat good  
wash rinse in water  
drink water

fumes make stupid  
sit stupid wall stare eye hand  
job aches default pain  
price of living economy law  
instant contact poison penetration



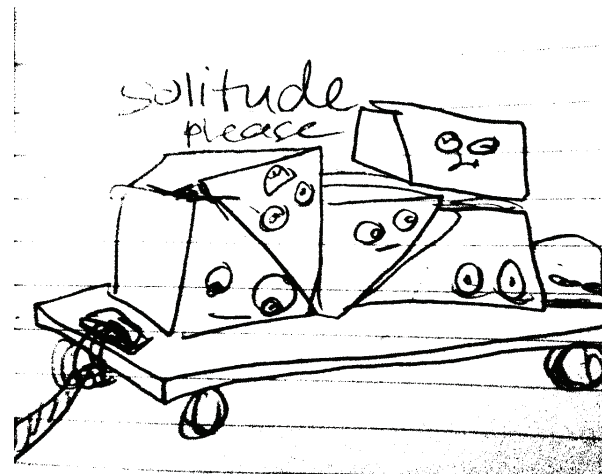
-Nothin!  
is alright  
alienated  
Just top feeling alienated  
SURE  
Communities are precarious  
relationships can wither and die instantly  
And what good is physical safety  
bored and alive indefinitely

-4 wall hell  
the boundaries of hell are the borders of one's skin  
ghosts  
Reincorporation kills

-This is not healthy  
This is not good  
Aw man  
I'm not feelin' it  
It's getting worse  
I'm I'm not getting into it  
Oh no  
I'm not into this scene  
I don't wanna go there  
no

-a constellation of mythologies  
regular people becoming folk legends through doing exactly  
as they pleased  
no more no less nothing else

**-GOD NOTHING FUCKING TASTES GOOD ANYMORE  
bread is easy fucking food and you eat it**



just to not  
feel hungry  
but if you  
stop and  
think for a  
moment, you  
stop being  
hungry and  
everything  
you could eat  
feels gross

-IT ALL WORKS FOR EVERYONE ELSE SO IT SHOULD WORK FOR YOU

**-BODIES AND BYPRODUCTS**

**DISARTICULATED**

**SORTED**

**FILTERED ACCUMULATED ADULTERATED INSPECTED**

**HEAT AND PRESSURE TREATED**

**GROUND INTO A FINE PASTE/POWDER**

**STORED IN A JAR**

**EAT IT ALL AT ONCE WITH YOUR HANDS**

**Plants and animals**

**How did this get here and why aren't you even curious**

-the opinions of the majority dictate what is good, useful, moral, worthwhile, beautiful, true, beneficial, tolerable, usual, normal, acceptable, sensible. You want to criticize the process behind bringing frivolous consumer goods to stores and they tell you to have sympathy for the business owners just trying to make a living and be a good parent of the customer who wants to give his mom a gift that'll make her smile. or they'll tell you that in the 3rd world a sweatshop is better than no employers at all. or they'll tell you that the economy needs this production in order to function, and if we stopped making goods of this kind and only bought things once and repaired them indefinitely or kept reusing things the world just wouldn't survive as it is and there are no alternatives. humans need industrial products and competitive markets that keep prices down because we are so exceptional among the animals that our environment as it is cannot support our ever-growing populations, so we must make it produce food on demand and constantly, and people without jobs are idle perhaps to the point of being either dangerous or self-destructive, and we all need to specialize in one task and get good at it to the exclusion of learning, being, doing anything else so that we are really good at it and people have to pay us money for it and money is necessary as a universally desirably currency for which we can obtain anything, and as long as you work for it and make lots of money you should be able to do whatever you want

-Dear diarrhea,  
I feel no pain...

Everything that makes the world run is bullshit but I am a distant observer and passive consumer. I cannot judge because I have no opinions

This is what isolation does.

Love is a motivational state.

Egotism and desire propel you forward and make you fight. I am complacent and copacetic

OH WAIT NO I AM NOT OKAY FUCK

-find abandoned buildings

-If I died now I will have lived a pointless life where I never fully truly uninhibitedly enjoyed myself

There's always bullshit in the way

-aw shit fuck this tired of this crap no not that again please this is stupid how pointless i'm just gonna kill myself

Goddammit just why that's wrong waste of time i dunno seriously why don't i just curl up and die

i don't wanna remember that what garbage hell no i refuse damnit i'd rather die why don't i just die

-insanity frenetic  
too many sounds smells colours things  
air like a fist morning breath  
screens lights

-like when a chicken lays an egg and there's nothing in it. there's just a fart in an eggshell. it's nothing. and that egg hatched and grew up into me

