Twitter Thread by Thom, Anti-Seditionist & the People Who Love Them

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Going to write this out, knowing full well that what I am about will make me sound insane, or something I should be sharing with a personal diary or a therapist or something but if I don't get this outside of my body and put it back in the atmosphere, not confined to a page 1/

where it is locked away safe inside ink and a cover of cardboard. I cannot step away, unless I can teleport like Dr Manhattan to Mars, where I am breathing another air, where the world through which I must navigate is not charged with rage and anger 2/

I have long thought but always denied that I am a weird sort of absorber, and today I am just overwhelmed and not coping. I took a long long break, I tried to work through this. It did not help, because it is in the air that I breathe. 3/

This feels like what insanity must feel like, what having insane thoughts feel like, like madness, like paralysis, like one of those people who don aluminum hats to prevent whatever the fuck they're trying to stop from getting in. Am I fucking losing my mind? 4/

I tell myself this cannot be, that this is not real, that I am only imagining it, yet I cannot explain how I know what I know because I should not know or feel these things. What is wrong with me? /

I cant sleep for more than a few hours. I wake and it feels like there is an electric charge running through my body and I can't ground it to dissipate it. I tell myself it is a lie, that it isn't really happening, that it's imagination, not real. And today it wouldnt stay in. /

It was an ancient anger. It was my father's anger, every I saw his eyes. It was the eyes of the man who attacked me as a boy, the same eyes, wild blue circles ringed in white. It was the anger that caused him to put a bullet in his own brain. /

It was rage and fear that had no wear else to go and he sent it into me. I must be insane

You see, I went on a walk, to cope, to get outside of myself, and it was there, on my walk, waiting for me, just under the surface, and it broke loose, I could no longer keep it in. /