

## **This Week**

This morning feels longer than usual.  
Snoozing for an hour felt like two.  
I love that...

I'm never looking forward to talking to people for 6 hours.  
I wonder what I look like when I say, "what can I get for you?"  
I feel myself saying the same words over and over again...

Coming to the lake always feels different.  
There's either too many people or no one at all.  
I never expected to live here...

I'm not really sure if I should open up.  
Does it matter?  
Sometimes it feels better to wait and see.  
I remember moments when I've done that and it helped me figure things out...

Is it psychotic to enjoy crime scene cleaning videos?  
I've always wondered what it was like to be the person having to clean up a bloody scene.  
Wow, they find people dead in their beds a lot.  
I think that's odd, dying in the place where you sleep.  
I can't lay in this bed without thinking about myself dying in my bed.  
I'm getting paranoid.  
I need to focus on my breath...

-Stephanie Hall

