MISS THE KNOWING

a zine by a.C.d

when i was a kid, i was notoriously indecisive. choices meant consequences and consequences meant the world could spiral out of control at any moment and i could do nothing to stop it. And then i had a psychotic break, and the thing that no one tells you about having a psychotic break as a teenager with too much existential dread to be contained in her small body is: it explains everything.

i'd always lacked confidence until the universe thrust confidence into me like it belonged in the cavern of my skull, like the echo it let loose across my body had enough substance to sustain me.

when the whims of reality are the plaything of a higher power channeling the world through your eyes, you don't have to worry about the spiraling possibilities of every choice. you can clearly see the cascades of dominoes falling into place as if forming a portrait of your own personal universe. there were things i now knew to be true and what i knew to be true was always true and what i believed to be true was always true and what i saw and felt and heard was **ALWAYS TRUE.**

maybe i used to be scared of the galaxy of stars i saw in the sky. maybe i used to be confused by my purpose, but now? now i had a new purpose and i saw new stars.

now the fact that my body was full of sand made sense. how else to explain the lethargy? the heaviness of my limbs? the way my face dragged lazily like it couldn't hold an expression?

what do you do when reality is different in your head? you see the blue veins inside your pale wrist and decide that your sand must be blue.

every sight confirmed my world. any attempt to poke holes left a new gap for my blue sand to fill. i was dead (but i wasn't), i was a criminal (but i wasn't), i could fall through the earth (but i never did). my mind knew what was ALWAYS TRUE when the people around me didn't.



thank you to my fellow schizos may we all keep our knowing

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find my work online at **acd.works**

