



## YJBTIMIBEO

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## When's My Next Thing That I Get? June 2025

He never once felt any real pain but was generally uncomfortable.

He sat very still, afraid to make the wrong moves.

He was given so much, he took and took, he tended not to give back.

He always assumed that the neighbors were watching him and judging him when he stepped outside of his house.

He didn't mean to cause any harm but he fucked it all up.

He had an excess of flappy floopy flesh about his midsection and this was his biggest source of shame and only real problem.

He was afraid that if he ever said what he was really thinking or did what he really wanted, everything would fall apart.

He was always scared that everyone he loved would die.

As soon as he woke up he shoved his phone into his face and this is how he spent his thirties and forties.

He didn't know how to do anything really but he did a decent job of pretending. He knew that he didn't really deserve any of the good things which had befallen him.

He was generally terrified of the horrible thing that was going to happen to him eventually.











