

## 29 - Journal I [BJ]

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sex—masturbation in general has always been there to comfort me.

it has filled the gaping hole in my heart, the one that is desperate for love and attention. it has held on tightly to my sadness, keeping me sane enough to fall asleep. i am happy doing it and unhappy feeling it. some days, when i am done i feel more energized. more enthusiastic. more "i feel good and this feels good and we feel good".

but other days, like today, i am nothing but empty. once the action is finished and the overwhelming unbearable high is gone, once i have set down the plastic comforter, once i am surrounded by the darkness of my room and thoughts—i feel the tears prick my eyes and the heaviness in my heart grow wider. the cracks tear and the pleasure breaks and i am dropping down a hill where dopamine took me and has left me high and dry. the ache in my heart grows and the shame is crowded and i am going insane with grasping onto reality while also satisfying my needs.

i am so fucking tired and i am so fucking gone because this is a problem and i keep reaching back to it, reaching out for it, with desperate hands and gasping pleads for "just once more" and "after this im

done". im sick to my stomach doing it over and over just to feel something that i can never fully grasp, because my heart is certain that if i do it one more time, if i feel it one more time, someone will be there on the other side holding me close and stroking my hair and kissing my face showering me with praises telling me i am everything they want and need and that i am enough.

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