

AARON WHITE

At an age of Instagram

There's no time for mental health at 27, 28. All these Ritalin kids have grown up, coked up, with an urge to pull fire alarms. Dingbats will dance in apothecary lines and I can work, work, seek refuge in relationships or memes that

Embrace my ADHD.

I'll pick wrong until I pick right and feel surprised when things are up and the world's not fucked. Despair started after 18, 19, and I'm sure if we look at ourselves twenty times a day we'll never

Just see something new.

Let's confront the dreams of anxious death taken root in our hearts like hard knots. My grandma said her brother said their father died of encephalitis. His brain became vapor. I shouldn't fear typos.

There are no drugs for vulnerability.

Let's put food in our mouths and light a viral fire. When the filters fall to our feet and reveal foibles, dramatic inclinations, if the shirts on our backs are real and smell like our childhood dressers, there will be time to change.

We won't lose followers.

AARON WHITE holds an MA in Literary Studies from Eastern Illinois University and contributes to *Bluestem Magazine* as an assistant nonfiction editor. His work has appeared in *Mothers Always Write*, *Parent Co*, *13th Dimension*, *Prong & Posy*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, and other publications. He spends his days raising a toddler, navigating academia, trying to sell a novel, and wallowing in obscurity. Connect with him on Twitter @amwhite90 and Tumblr at amwhite90.tumblr.com.

