ROSES ARE RED

You understand? You understand? No, you *don't*understand.

You think just because you have a Ph.D. and a framed certificate on the wall, that you magically know what I'm feeling?

What a load of crap. You're just doing your job -- making your money. You probably never cared about anyone in your life.

Well I do. I care too much. That's why I'm going crazy. I feel like I'm losing my mind.

Every time I see a woman who even slightly resembles my mom, I swear she's gonna turn around and it will be her. Alive, here, now, smiling at me.

But it never is. I keep waking up in the middle of the night, screaming, all drenched in sweat.

Yesterday, I put my fist through the window and shattered it into pieces. My mom is dead. She's dead, and I can't even cry. Cause if I do, it'll mean I accept, really accept, that she's gone forever. I don't want to do that. I *can't* do it. Can you understand that? I can't let my mom be gone.