

Angst Heart

# Angst Heart

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I would have been so much better without you.

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# Angst Heart : Chapter 1

I could have lived so much longer had I never known you. If not for you I would have lived to a ripened, entirely too old age before I died of natural causes. But you walked into my life like a tornado and went out like a hurricane. Before you I was focused and had a plan, now im lucky to figure out something to do after I pry myself out of bed every day. Without you I don't know what to do. I cant even think for myself properly anymore. How am I supposed to go about my life without you? I can't; I have no intention of doing so either. Already my heart has ballooned in size and is struggling just to push blood through my body. I wont last longer. The doctor I went to when I first began having chest pains said it's broken heart syndrome, caused by extreme depression and emotional pain. My only hope is a transplant (which he said would be useless as my emotional state would ruin the new heart as well). I do have another option. You. If I could have you I could live.

I wont go bothering you for that though. I cant get so much as a response on Facebook from you. I think I'd have been better off if this had been gradual as opposed to the sudden total shut off you erected betwixt us. I hadn't even thought that we had any problems, let alone that you hated me. That one stung, even now after that scene replaying in my skull so many times. But it's okay. You seem happy now. I wouldn't want to ruin that for you with my imminent death. I still want good things for you; not drama and negativity. Far be it from me to make your sleep uneasy.

Bitter? Yes, I guess so. But who left who? I would have never left you.

So tonight I'll curl up in the middle of my oversized bed (the one you picked out that was super soft and comfortable) and get as tightly into a ball as I can around a pillow. That's the only way I can sleep anymore (not to mention the seven sleeping pills with a hearty cold-medicine chaser). The ache in my body cavity can only be releived enough to sleep if I have pressure on it, and squeezing a pillow tight to it is the best I can do. The pills and cough syrup do the rest.

Tomarrow will be different. Mainly because I don't plan to experience it. I don't want to wake up anymore to a barren life. I have no intention of climbing out of this bed tomorrow morning to find myself alone in the apartment, where I'm always going to be alone. Where you wont come back for me.

All I wanted was you. Now all I want is to stay asleep.

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