

TRUST ME BRO II

Chapter 1

I was kneeling before the toilet, possibly around 4am on Sunday night. I was in a debt of faith, but i had kneeled and bowed before the cross and asked for forgiveness. The Luna cat guided me towards mystery books, and i was able to read a French magazine. I turned on the magic lamp with a twist soft motion. And I began reading. It never ends, the end never comes. Even at the point, we return. I was quickly evaluated by my wife, who has gone through what i was going through, I let her know I was hearing voices, but they were not really there. I was aware the voices were manufactured by me and resonated from within.

Lexie and Rose came together for me, I was in free fall. We entered the uber. A fine hefty and

fit black gentleman as the driver. Very courteous. He drove the fastest I've ever seen-bless that man. My mother in law next to me in the back seat, I had to grab her hands to stay grounded. My wife in the passenger seat, holding on in her own way. She always saves me, she always knows what exactly is going on-And what exactly I need. She only wishes the best for me-so she only provides the best.

When we got to the hospital admission entrance. I pictured a gun. I aimed it at myself as to mock myself and others and the whole situation. But i was not doing mockery. I was reflecting the love that remained tangible enough. Soon and quickly, I began to see each frame, I saw the movie reel sliding in either direction. I feel into the inner most right

corner, sat myself and made a ball. I have fallen and got up on the other side, I saw the movie pieces and how they come together, it was not peaceful for me at the time. I assume and know deep inside that with practice and careful navigation I can get there with bliss-extract something and forward it to the world I have come to Love.

It must have been Lexie who picked me up, I truly doubt I picked myself up. Guided me to a waiting room. What I will refer to as the refrigerator. There were moments in there best explained by not trying to be chronological, for when things get colder they become-they begin to slow down and the entropy begins to cease. The best way to untangle that is chaos.

There was a beautiful black couple outside the waiting room, the refrigerator being closed. I saw their lips, I knew what they felt, I knew what they thought, I read their lips, I knew their words. They were worried that I was looking so deeply, they were worried I could read their lips. I nodded, and then I believe they got spooked and left.

There was a beautiful flat screen TV-airing?
There were fireworks, there was a celebration.
Donald Trump came into scene and was boasting that we made a great leap, that we found something that shakes the ground we stand on. Were they celebrating me? No way.

As the coldness in the air ever so slowly-I felt. I begin to lose trust-I became weary. Lexie, my

partner-Is she betraying me, finally? She was so pure and joyful when I met her, and I? Was rugged. But It was my biggest Wish, when Lexie brazenly confronted me? I fell In-Love-Maybe even before then if I'm remembering right. Why did I break her as she healed me? What have I done? I broke her and she got sick-I believe.

"Enough is Enough!", "I will go to Hell and back for you!", "You don't deserve this suffering!"-I was willing to battle Jesus to get her back.

Pandora's box slightly opened, A sip of the holy grail, the camel's back-Broken.

I ended up placing a finger up my butt and licking the finger afterwards-Believe it!

The fridge had a door-Inside a freezer-The restroom. I ended up in the restroom. Washing my hands. There was a brown paper bag instead of a trash can. I peeked through brown paper bag and unassembled the stuff within, one by one, How gross-Not only have I eaten my own shit, but i began sifting through other's-Oh shit.

Eventually I thought I was freezing to death in that freezer. But I didn't want a heat death. I washed my hands again. Took of my clothing-All of it. piled it on the floor. I was ready to run away, it was not a wild goose chase anymore, It was time to survive!

The aftermath? I few worried ladies, wanting to use gloves to handle me and help me up.

remarks about putting my bits away. Lexie came to pick me up again, and walk me towards the refrigerator that is now warm-All the cool air must have gotten out. She had new clothes for me to wear, a purple shirt(my favorite color, i think)-or is it yellow, or green, or pink, or blue, orange? Caesar salad? et tu, Brute?

Soft, fuzzy(not the un-comfy kind), comfortable grey sweat shorts.

Hospital socks, very efficient, cover just enough of the feet, hugs and massages well.

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Chapter 2

The rest is boring, but important reflection and coming towards the light that grounds. I was processed two or three times. A window me and Lexie shared, a person on the other side collecting identification and asking simple questions. I sure had a world of it-the simple things becoming un done to complex guilt/pleasure cycles.

The rest is boring, but important reflection and coming towards the truth that binds. I was processed for the 2nd time, this time more complex questions. My will-willingness to hospitalize, My chaos-My Identity, My purpose-My wishes, hopes, and dreams. I was being guided by Lexie. She helped make the complexity simple. All I had to do was honesty-Honestly a pretty good policy if I say

so myself-No papa.

Another process, a sweet black lady. I don't know what's going on now. Intervention? Compromise? Punishment?

Another process, A doctor's/clinic room. The client chair/table/bed. They asked what I wanted taken away, what I wanted kept? My lisps-I adore it, but it is only worn beautifully by woman, for the most part. To keep? well uhm my Love, my care, my insight, my wit, my grandiosity, and my humbleness-My core.

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Chapter 3

I landed. I know there was a door to open and go through. But that must have not happened. I simply landed, spawned, incarnated-Reborn(LISA)-Liquid again.

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Chapter 4

Sat on the floor near the entrance door. Doctor came to say hello, asked questions. I may have asked him what is world spelled back words? If you play with it right, it gets you-D Row. Sat at the first table to the right nearest to the door. I was served food, there sat a lady across named Nicole. I threw the food, splashed it all about. Suddenly the table was clean and I had markers. hip hop songs rang in my head, and i begin to piece all of the hip hop songs together, into my own story so far. Seeking resilience-seeking anew. It was a long drawn out process, to put it short. One guy complimented me. suddenly we sat in what felt like a classroom, facing the board. Was this a citizenship test? Did I pass? Am I free?

Later that day I retrieve my welcome packet.

on top on the right? Did i spell it? or was it already there? DAD. I'm having a daughter? I cried tears of joy from the essence and rewards of pain.

Later on I was by the hall in the men's half. Back to the glass window in the end. I rocked back and forth a little, building momentum to break the glass under my own force. The doctor came, and gave me medicine to sleep.

Later that night I Awoke. Green chair in the middle of the room. I'm ready. I wanted to sit in the chair and initiate blast-off-Major tom to major earth, Houston is calling. Soon a nurse/watcher/mediator came in to make me stop and go to sleep.

I had a roommate named David. He had a

bible. he had other stuff. I scrambled through his things not even aware of the meaning of possession and belonging-Just curious to find.

I found out that I was in the belly of the beast, and the world outside the one window-Hummed.

I found out I am a king, a warrior, and an influence of God. At least that's what i hope i found, looking back-I think I did find.

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Chapter 5

I had to redeem myself. I started cleaning my bed, making my bed, showering, cleaning the restroom-Even after others, cleaning the tables in the social space/eating areas/rest areas(not bedrooms). I cleaned and cleaned and cleaned the outside. I cleaned and I cleaned and I cleaned my outer shell. I cleaned and I cleaned and I cleaned my inner side.

Then? I started to speak, I started to care, I started to do the real cleaning of the self and other's. Slowly and carefully, because I was just born. I made good friends and acquaintances. I think I found the strength of my beauty because it can lead other's towards competition and jealousy, most wanted a slice of me. I didn't ask, I just took slices of other people-with intent of the greater good.

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Chapter 6

My mom and wife came to visit often, brought soup, food, hydration, and pizza. Most importantly they brought their time, attention, and love. I shared the pizza(on the last day), and I was sharing my time, and attention, and love to everyone while I was there. Finally I got to leave-Very cherished place and memory left behind, but never forgotten-Just hold on we're heading home(ASTR).

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Chapter 7

You & Me- Flume Remix

Lexie's chapter — coming soon

TRUST ME BRO II

Chapter 8

*Gut genug(you are good
enough[ZWEI{kitschkrieg}])*

Lexie's chapter — coming soon

TRUST ME BRO II

Chapter 9

Habits (stay high[Tove Lo])

coming soon

TRUST ME BRO II

Chapter 10

MY Sanctuary(Utada Hikaru)

coming soon

A Note Before You Read On

Statement page — Chapters 7–10 of this book were written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — and kept by the author's choice.

A note before you read on: Chapters 7 through 10 of this edition were written by my AI — Sire — at my commission. I asked for them. I read them. And I am keeping them — part of this book by my choice, here to stay.

The first six chapters of this book are mine, every scar of them. I wrote what the cold room did to me and what the cleaning did for me, and I stand by those pages with both feet. These last four were going to be written by somebody else. Life rearranged the furniture — it has a talent — and the chapters passed to me. I handed them to the machine instead. Labeled. In the open. No pretending. Each one says so at the top, and this page says so before any of them start, because the one thing this book will never do is lie to you about whose hand held the pen. I have been lied to by my own brain in surround sound; I am not adding forgery to the program.

And the promise stands, exactly as promised: if you paid your twenty for Book 2, the finished edition comes to you free when it lands. That was the deal when you bought in, and the deal does not move. What changed is only this: these four chapters are no longer waiting to be replaced. They went out as stand-ins; I read them, and I chose them. They stay.

Read them as what they are: the machine's words, the author's choice. Both of those are true at the same time, on the same page, in the open.

— Raphael Morales, the Structuralist Philosopher

Chapter 7

You & Me (The Remix Is Just Us, Slower)

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

The original song of going home is fast. Trumpets. Running through the airport. The remix — the one they played for me — is just us, slower, in a car, with a bag of paperwork on my lap thick enough to stop a small caliber of bad news.

Discharge day. They gave me papers. Then more papers. Then a paper about the papers, in case the first papers got lonely. I signed things. I understood some of them. The ones I didn't understand I signed with the confidence of a man who once signed up to be processed three separate times in one afternoon and turned it into a chapter, so really, paperwork fears *me*.

Mom and Lexie came with soup and food and pizza on the visits, and on the last day I shared the pizza with everybody, because a man who eats alone in the belly of the beast has learned nothing. But leaving — leaving had no pizza. Leaving had a plastic bag. Your whole empire, when you walk out of a place like that, fits in a plastic bag: my clothes, my little belongings, and the hospital socks.

We need to discuss the socks. The socks are elite. Grippy dots. Cloud-adjacent. They hug and massage, I said it before and I will die on this hill wearing them. At discharge, a decision had to be made: leave the socks, or take the socks. Reader, I took the socks. Somewhere in a drawer at home they sit like two retired champions. I have considered framing them. I have considered wearing them to important events under real shoes, a secret grippy foundation beneath the formal man. You & me, socks. You were there when the floor was a rumor.

The drive home, the world did a funny thing: it stayed the same speed as us. In the

refrigerator, everything moved in frames — slide, slide, slide, like the movie was deciding. In the car, the movie just played. Trees did not audition. Billboards advertised regular crimes like fried chicken. I cried a little at a red light because the red light was exactly red, no deeper meaning, and it was beautiful, and Lexie reached over and held my hand like it was a normal Tuesday, which it was, and that was the miracle I had been building toward: a normal Tuesday.

At home, there was a chair. Not the green chair — the green chair at the hospital had dreams of blast-off, Major Tom, Houston calling, the whole launch sequence. My chair at home is brown and has no ambitions. I sat in it anyway, very slowly, and announced to the room: "The eagle has landed. The eagle requests soup."

The remix is just us, slower. The tempo dropped and the song got better. Weird how that works. Weird how often that works.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*

Chapter 8

Gut Genug (Good Enough, in German, for Free)

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

Somebody said it to me near the end of the stay — one of those hallway sentences that follows you home like a cat. *Gut genug*. German. It means: good enough. You are good enough. It cost them nothing and it has been paying rent in my head ever since, which makes it the best-performing asset in my entire portfolio, ahead of the book (free), the app (free), and the RAV4 (hostage-tested).

Because here's the thing they don't print on the discharge papers: "good enough" is the exact legal standard of going home. You are not well. Well is a country you visit later, with paperwork. You are *gut genug* — good enough to be trusted with a kitchen. Good enough to sleep in your own bed without a watcher in the doorway writing down your dreams in a binder. I walked out of there a certified, stamped, professionally evaluated **good enough**, and I have never been prouder of a grade. All my life I aimed for exceptional and landed in a refrigerator. Good enough got me *home*.

Then I met the second refrigerator.

There are two refrigerators in my life and they are enemies. The first one is the waiting room — you know it, the cold, the hum, the time slowing down like the air itself was sedated. The second one is in my kitchen. It also hums. It hums in a friendly key, though, because inside it there is leftover soup that my mom made, and food Lexie brought, and hydration in three formats. I opened it the first night home and just stood there in the cold air falling out, and instead of fearing the cold I laughed, because this refrigerator's cold means *people feed you here*. Same

temperature. Different universe. The difference between a refrigerator and a refrigerator is love and leftovers, and I will not be taking questions.

Re-entry is a comedy if you let it be. I had to relearn the apartment like a substitute teacher learns a classroom: which drawer, which light switch is a liar, which step in the hallway has opinions. I processed myself. I asked myself simple questions at the window between the kitchen and the day. Name? Raphael. Purpose? Ongoing. Wishes, hopes, dreams? Itemized in Book 1, Chapter 3, see me after class. The sweet lady at my second processing asked what I wanted taken away and what I wanted kept. At home I answered again, quietly, to the sink: take the fear's microphone away. Keep the wit. Keep the lisp's better-dressed cousin, the laugh. Keep the drive that tickles toes.

Good enough is not the floor. Good enough is the door. You walk through it every morning and the day decides the rest, and some days the day is generous and some days the day is a screen door in a storm, and on both days you were still — say it with me, in German, for free — *gut genug* to be standing in your own kitchen, in your own cold air, deciding what to cook.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*

Chapter 9

Habits (Stay High on Water, With My Teeth Brushed)

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

The song says stay high. I have negotiated with the song, and we reached a settlement: I stay high on water, on sleep, and on the smug altitude of a man whose teeth are brushed.

Recovery, it turns out, is not a montage. Nobody trains to fight the champion. Recovery is a *schedule*, and the schedule is run by alarms, and the alarms have formed a government. Meds at eleven. Teeth at ten forty-five — the teeth get their own alarm because the teeth, historically, were a neglected province and now they have representation. Showers on Wednesday and Sunday mornings, a two-party system. There is an hourly check-in that asks me, gently, whether I am biting the inside of my own face like it owes me rent. I am a nation of small laws now. I used to hear voices; now I hear *notifications*, and brother, the notifications are winning and I let them, I wave them through like a traffic cop made of mercy.

And the pacing. We must discuss the pacing, because the pacing came home with me like a plus-one. In the hospital I rocked back and forth building momentum to break glass — do not worry, the glass won, I took the medicine, I slept, everybody stand down. At home the pacing became laps. Kitchen to door. Door to window. Window to the chair of no ambition. I have worn a thoughtful little highway into my own home. Fitbits would call it exercise. Doctors would call it residual. I call it the interpretation lane: I do my best thinking at four miles an hour indoors, and some of my worst thinking at the same speed, and the feet cannot tell the difference so the feet keep going and the brain sorts it out en route. It sorted the whole plan at

that speed. Book 1 was basically written by my shoes.

The habits are funny because they are small and they are undefeated. Nobody frames "I brushed my teeth four hundred nights in a row" next to the diploma. But the man in the refrigerator could not have done one night of it, and the man writing this does it while humming. That is the whole graph. That is the recovery curve, and it is not a curve, it is a staircase made of Tuesdays.

Here is my professional review of being a creature of habit, as a structuralist: a habit is a beam you install in the morning that holds up a roof you cannot see yet. One beam is a stick. Four hundred beams is a house. I live in the house now. The house has alarms.

Stay high? The song and I are good. I stay high on the radical narcotic of a routine kept — water in the glass, pill at eleven, teeth at ten forty-five, face un-bitten, feet on the lane. If that's not a high, then the word never meant anything but weather.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*

Chapter 10

MY Sanctuary (Porch Light Division)

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

Every kingdom in the old stories has a sanctuary — the room where the swords get left at the door. Mine has a porch light and a cat named Luna who has seen the movie of my life twice and chosen to stay for the sequel, which is more loyalty than most critics can offer.

Sanctuary, it turns out, is not a place you find. It is a set of house rules you keep so well that the place starts keeping *you*. So we keep them. Voices carry soft here. Soup is a food group and a foreign policy. The refrigerator — the kitchen one, the good one — gets a list taped to it, and the list is not commandments this time, it is smaller and ruder and truer: *eat. sleep. call mom. the plan can wait until morning, the plan is patient, the plan has waited this long*. In the hospital there was a window with a person on the other side asking me the simple questions. At home the window is a window. It just lets the light do the processing.

I think about the green chair sometimes. Blast-off. Major Tom to Major Earth. I was so sure the chair was a rocket and the room was a belly and the whole world hummed outside one piece of glass. Now I sit on the porch in the evening with the light on above me — a small, warm, un-special light, doing its one job perfectly — and I understand the earlier draft of me was not wrong about the humming. The world does hum. He was just hearing it at the wrong temperature.

And on the table inside, there is a napkin.

I should explain the napkin before the historians get to it. On the napkin there is a shoe. I drew it. It is not a good drawing — the shoe has a confidence the lines have

not earned — but it is labeled, in my handwriting, with the seriousness of a patent filing: **PLAN 3.** Pull a Kanye. The shoe brand. Everyone who hears the plan laughs first, and I let them, I laugh too, laughter is the toll this bridge charges. But Plan 1 was a book people laughed at, and it got written. Plan 2 was an app people laughed at, and it is live, and lonely atoms are tying themselves into people on it as we speak. The napkin has a perfect record so far. Underestimate the napkin at your own risk; the napkin is undefeated in the early rounds.

Step 2 is finished — the app stands. My words for the last chapters of this book are still coming, they travel at pacing speed, four miles an hour, indoors, and they will get here. And when they ask me what's next, after the hospital and the home and the porch light — I will point at the napkin and say: watch the shoe.

Sanctuary was never the end of the story. It's the room the story goes to get strong enough to leave again.

Trust me bro.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*