

The background is a complex, layered composition. It features a central, dark purple, textured shape that resembles a stylized human figure or a large letter 'H'. This shape is set against a background of dark, mottled colors in shades of brown, black, and olive green, which have a marbled or stone-like texture. The overall aesthetic is abstract and artistic.

Katie Olney

Welcome to My Mind II: *The Conclusion

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Katie Olney

Welcome to *My Mind II*:
*The Conclusion

Dedicated to the parents who never gave up on me even though i gave them every reason to... It was because of you both that I finally got the help that I so desperately needed. Now I am finally living a life that you are proud of. I promise to never put you through that hell ever again. Thank you for all you are and all you do and all the love you so freely give. I'll love you forever and a day <3

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Who Is Katie Olney?

“Hi. I’m Katie Olney and I’m a grateful, recovering heroin addict.”
While at my last rehab (~3 weeks ago) I had to introduce myself as that a lot. Like a lot a lot. So this isn’t really about that right now. Been there, done that, and will probably go there again soon, but not right now. This is about what I think of when someone asks me who I am and how I’d like to answer. —>

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~I’m an extra hot (tempered) Aries, and I’ve always had a longing for things like deeper... and more... deeper understanding of things. More... well who doesn’t love more? Very few however know just how deeply I love “more...” Or how hard I fight for it. Which is like a literal drug addict during a full on binge. Except that I didn’t just feel that way when I was getting high but also whenever I did anything that interested me like my writings or a really good book or music or whatever have you. I have never known how to simplify “use” things... I’ve only ever known how to utterly consume them...

~I’ve spent the majority of my life relentlessly chasing any and all things that invoke passion—> from foods and the endorphins that they release to the clothes and makeup that I wear first, when first found and bought and then second, with each compliment given and every eye caught lingering all the way down to the people... —> the people that have used me and in doing so, helped form me into the resilient woman that I am today every

bit in spite of them.-> and then there's the people that I had used... <- which was equally as crucial to developing the core of my psyche as well as damaging it...

Psychiatrists refer to people without consciences as sociopaths, but they don't tell you how it's possible to lose your conscience... How with each action chosen out of hate and with every whisper your conscience would plead to deaf ears... It got a little quieter and a little bit easier to do. The first time that you did something you considered "wrong," your conscience protested so loudly that it made goosebumps reverberate all over your skin. But if you're just dumb and selfish enough to, you absolutely can make it stop. You can literally become such a shitty human being that after a while of being ignored, your conscience, what makes you you, will even give up on you. I guess that's how I managed to do drugs enough times to become a full blown junkie, because I promise you it wasn't an overnight change for me or my loved ones.

~I love art with a capitol L. Part of me thinks that Art and Love are intertwined; Art is love that we can see or hear and love is Art that we can't see or touch but can only feel. Art, as with words, has this special ability to transform itself from something ugly to beautiful to sad and full of despair to happy and full of hope ->etc etc.<- all depending on how the components are arranged.

My absolute favorite compliment that I have received on my writings are that they are generally emotion-producing, making you feel something