

WHO AM I-WHAT AM I [DOING]?

Emotion: Lost

As I write this to you, I feel the consistent wave of confusion rush into my temple of fortitude once again (the temple that is my body and the temple that is also the slang for side skull membrane). The mental state has been allegedly accepted by my unconscious and offers its clueless/unforgiving gifts of terror to put me in a haze that my life is filled with actions of no focal point or genuine substance. As if there really is nothing on the other side that we're trying to make it to, like another "there" that always seems like it would be more appealing in the eyes of woman/man, your parents, yourself ultimately.

Satisfaction for the wicked pace of this life comes at a price of temporary; for nothing is forever and I'm cemented in the core of a half completed construction site on I-25. The tug & mud are variables of assault like a wound imprinted in the code of my cuticles and these thoughts are relinquished with a sack of coal to a white cave as a trade for sweet release from its weight of burden that I carried. Oddly it also carried me upon its shoulders. A fragment of space in negative light frames cannot exist without the recognition and possibility that it will cease to exist all together.

There's juxtapositions constantly being held in this realm. The natural reoccurrence isn't what makes them flawed, it's the flaws themselves that simply make them a necessity outside of their void of confusion. A centerpiece on my cedarwood table is off by a fraction of its regular circumference & in comparison the pillars of my inner society that I've been barricaded into have conditioned me briefly to be molded by the physical materials with stability made of fragile glass. A small fall of snow debris on top of the carousel called life causes panic and fear, extended with weeping willow branches of disbelief of what is real and if the reality is forthcoming in real truth because...this shouldn't be able to happen.

In the eternity of each lifespan there will be mysteries outside our grasp of reconcile to what the fuck is actually happening sometimes but after true acknowledgement of the corruptions that haunt the minds of the vulnerable no one can help but question every sentiment within the grains. The moods have many facets; paranoia, skeptical, naive, uncaring, etc. There is also an unfortunate circumstance happening from the result of “too much” information being brought to the light. The creatures of personality within the people who desperately reach for the cup of salvation and justice have lost way or lost the point of its passionate grasp. People outwardly speak of no longer taking action, [even if there was blatant corruption] to try to cast out the demon because they genuinely feel they have already lost and their weapons are now imaginary ghosts of stories.

Mold a pot of sturdy values for the universe within the physical materials and your human being compounds that consist of kindness, love, compassion for those around you and yourself. The purpose will find itself in the mist & the fog.