Chapter 2 – what even is there?

We only build dreams, so it would seem, to destroy them; Or have them destroyed. And reality is the Sandpaper that brushes accross our skin to rub away the crust. The crust a bleeding wound leaves behind … like the Dreams that we still hold. We have it backward it would seem. These reminders of our Mortality, reminders of Death, they don't signifiy the end of some wonderful thing – but seem more like the cries from a beyond we blind ourselves from seeing. To hold on to this thing we call life is as holding on to Misery; And it seems to be once we start inflicting it on others, that we start to rise to the top.

Certainly it makes sense. Friends co-exist; It is the fiend that demands respect. Everyone who aspires peace eventually allows themselves the luxury of being at ease – the fiend however knows nothing but to consume and to demand.

It is a kind of Gnosis I assume. Some form of Salvation from some form of Knowledge. For most of my life I didn't want to see it. I didn't want to believe it. But in my age I start to feel the tendrils slung around my neck and bones – and see only glints of fantasy to hold against it.

And so this work would vanish; Until some „Guru" found a way to capitalize on it, feeding it back to You in some perverted Form; And You'd be cherishing, feeling as though You partook in some kind of Salvation or Greater Good although it literally just is the dung coming from some Asshole.

And is that why I am doing this? I can't believe it! Or can I?

I was safe throughout my life. Protected as by some kind of Plot Armor. But now I'm not so sure anymore as to why and my only reason to live is to not give some false prophet the gratification of capitalizing on my work just yet. Maybe I'm wrong. Who knows? Who cares?

Maybe this is depression talking. I should know better! Or should I?

Or worry that there might be some people who think that I should.

Not for the reasons that are true; But for some abstract fantasy of how my life came together.

I have no reasons; To believe anything. I always belived, somehow, implicitly, that God exists – but the whats and whys … who knows?

And so is the mind then lost to its own vices. It cannot produce what isn't there – at least if it wants to be real about it. „The weight of Depression" – we might call it, or call it then – weighs down upon us; But really it's just the inertia of a seemingly unchanging reality.

I'm a child of the 80s. I've seen the world change. Like my grandfather before me. Things that used to be normal back then are nowadays already ancient relics; And yet we can look at history and find that nothing has really changed throughout the anges. What fills our lives when we have peace may differ – but the bottom line?

Might I see the world change one more time? Or was the last time I did … that time where they Crucified our Lord?

The Light of the World

Supposedly we are to be each other's Light. We grow as we do and give each other reasons to be joyous. Or optimistic. Or hey, maybe even both – and more! But I have none of that. My world is filled with skorpions and snakes. So don't act like I should behave as though it weren't so.

„Ye are the Salt of the Earth! If it no longer Salts, what good is it for but to be cast upon the streets and be trampled upon?"