

Confusion

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I am a healthy individual.

I work out on the regular, at least once every two days for an hour. On the week-ends I go rucking.

I eat healthily: vegetables, meat and carbohydrates to keep going.

I sleep soundly, go to bed early and rise early. 6 to 8 hours of sleep a day.

I keep up socially, although this might be a weak link: Most now is through the internet. Always has been... Except, not really. For a few months I was in the military, and my brothers-in-arms were just that: brothers.

And yet, through all of this... And until today, the core doesn't change. My vision is still based on the same things. I try to understand my own core and to expend on it, to water the tree that will bring me what I seek. What I should seek. But is it what I seek truly? To find peace? To be content? Or are these illusions I made to myself to keep going? What is it that I seek, truly? I wonder.

But through all of this controlled despair that transformed into something more potent and true, with justifications and a foundation to stay high atop of worlds; through all of this I still am the same. I still believe the same things. Now, more... I believe more. I believe less of them, of what others have to say. More of what I make... What I may imagine, what I consider to be true. Maybe this is where I live; this place I transformed, unbeknownst to me even, into a temple to Ruin. For the things that make it look like a home... The looks above from Asbeel, the human element of this place through the hand, inside it being the start of a nuclear explosion... And above me is art created for a world of corruption. And behind me is a creation of mine, a collage of cigar bands. Celebrating things that are strange to celebrate. And my screen next to this one I am typing on at the moment, half a forest, green in the sunlight, and half in front of it, cut down and decaying, wood let there seemingly forever. Leaves red like blood with less and less oxygen as time goes by. And yet the sky is blue and the sun shines upon them too.

Furnitures from a mundane individual, until I look at the books I purchased, and music I listen to and the more materialistic hobbies I may have had or seldom delve in. Who am I, I know but where am I going with all of myself is another question, and the one I am wondering about. And even then... Who is living here? Is it an idea or myself?

After all, I do have to force myself to do anything. The most natural experience, my inclination is... Nothingness. I caught myself starting at a wall often, figuratively or literally, thinking and sometimes not.

Perhaps I really am made for seeking what it is that I seek. Truth to Time and truth to Ruin. Maybe they're the same? I don't know. It's been a few days now... Over a week, that I've been ambivalent, fearful and confused about all of this. Moments of clarity should bring reflection to my past and the mistakes I may have made... But I do not see mistakes in my actions on a macro scale. Sometimes the micro was handled wrongfully on my part, and this I can rectify, and will. As I still live within the world of Men, as I am a man as well. Always until I die. Then I don't know. But these moments of clarity do not bring me peace. I do not see below or above or on the sides, or behind. I see forward, but maybe I went too far ahead. Or was it on purpose? Did I choose to do so? I don't remember wanting to go so far... Was I pushed by something else? Or was it in my nature to be so curious as to bring illness to myself? Yet I healed from this time. Still bear the scars from it, physically anyway... But the most present are the mental ones. Maybe I wasn't wrong, maybe I was right. I don't see it as wrong. Otherwise why would I keep bringing all of this up and build upon my identity around these concepts? Now this concept of Ruin? Overarching all of the small thoughts and making it my own?

I am confused. I would want an embrace but I know the only one I will appreciate and understand is the last I'll get. Whenever it happens. Forever I'll remember. We knew each other and we'll meet each other again and again and again until we're done talking and you'll be the last one I'll part ways with. Maybe you're the one who will bring me to this destination I don't know of. Maybe. Maybe I'll go there myself first and you'll come see me?

Perhaps I should keep a record of all of this. Of this philosophy in the making. Of what shouldn't be in such a world of people who want to experience life. And yet, somehow, through all of what I believe... My actions speak louder. And it seems that the sky comes down to help me in my actions to go... Wherever? Where am I going? All of what I do felt right. What I DID felt right. But now I don't know but still things go as if this is right. I do not know anymore and it seems the world has crumbled. Worldviews and people crumbling around. An end to a new beginning that didn't last long.

Should I... Try one last time to experience with other people? This feels wrong inside. But do I crave this? I think I do. What's right for me... What is right? I'll know, hopefully before never. My ideals and my body are fighting against each other and most of the time the body and mind win. The soul sometimes though claims grand victory. And little by little... My core sips into the whole of my being, and I change. And I reject what I once accepted. And I block what I couldn't before. At one point does one loses its natural humanity? Can you even lose your humanity? Or always will I be as such?