

Dust

06/09/2020

I have lost myself somewhere, or maybe I never was found in the first place. I can't remember exactly where last months went, what have I done so memorable that my own memories fade away? Years pass and they lose themselves to the present and replaced by possibilities of the future, learned from the past.

I don't exactly know, how it feels to change. All I know is that there's a lack of feeling appearing one week and then another much later. It's gradual until it feels like it is sudden, and that's when I notice it. That things aren't as they were. No amount of daily improvement will make this fade away. No amount of lies I tell and say to myself will change truth.

I could sit and look at emptiness for hours on end.

I could do something for hours on end.

I can't remember... I can remember that some things I can feel. Things I felt recently, still in memories.

As perhaps I am simply afraid of the road I am taking alone. This truly becomes a place devoid of any companionship. A complete barren land, where truth would hide in plain sight; or rather it would be the world itself. Down or up or drown in the suffocating oxygen of Ruin. I don't really want it much anymore, I think. But... It tugs and wants to keep being on my leg. Because I can't get it off anymore; it's part of me now. Has been for a long time, rather. I can't remember when it was still a thing on me and not within. Why do I speak sometimes the tongues of those not being heard. I am not a vessel to convey this truth; I simply learned it by my own volition. To give this to others is cruelty and I cannot do this. But I will not sacrifice myself either to this.

If it is true, that there are possibilities beyond simply my own life and death, then these should be taken and experienced with the framework of mind devoid of Ruin. I wish to give myself entirely to a possibility in particular; but at the same time I understand that there must be something to remember what is to come. Ruin sadly, while it is truth, can't exactly be the choice. As it grips and eats and spends a few nights alongside you, trying to comfort you after murdering your past selves without you even feeling it happening. That's what you wanted in a way, after all. Truth will extinguish life so that you can see it. And yet you don't want it anymore.

Life has changed, for now, and you wish to see it bloom. The reverse of what was. What happened to you is nothing short of an intervention from whomever wherever or whatever wherever. If truly that is the call you must heed, clear your reservations and go sign this last contract of life. And, whatever happens...

I know where this ends, and always will, and will never forget it. All I have behind my eyes is a fearful soul disintegrating bit by bit, day after day into cinders. Before I become dust my fire gives itself away to feed off the flames of an ever-growing desert of cold sand. And I already inhabit, in part, this place. As I chose somehow to live there. Whenever it happened... To leave I must offer a gift of departure. A work for a moment of respite, however long; it seems to never be determined. These last days have been a deterioration of the spiritual self; but not in rotting. I crumble. And I can only hold my cinders in a jar near me, ready to break it whenever it is time to engulf myself and be blown by the winds of an end waiting simply to happen. And it doesn't care, and doesn't matter even to itself. It is, it just is. All of it, and I don't want it. But it will. Perhaps, because I do not want it, I don't understand it? Or do I understand it, and that is why I do not want it?

No sane individual would agree upon understanding it and accepting it at the same time. Even when I truly was wondering if I should go down the last path, I still was not exactly accepting of this.

Still.

These distractions I give up myself in are here to soothe my beliefs from hurting what cannot be hurt anymore in these ways. I have started to finally not register temperatures. Yet when I think of myself in this state I am in now, all I see is a shivering person, from afar, kneeling down, looking up at a sky full of dust, then bowing his head down, while lifting his arms up with sand within his hands, forming a cup, as an offering to... No, not an offering. Something to give to the illusion of what was imagined. But cruelty only exists within this person kneeling down there. The hospice it gives is only for himself.

I chose truth for a time and I want to depart from its understanding, at least for a time, **if** another path of my wishes can be taken; and would be taken. If there is none, then truth may engulf me. Perhaps this sounds only like a suicide pact to myself, an excuse to not attempt more. But for how much I wished to experience and now as I have done as such, through and because of this duality of life and Ruin I gave in, I processed this life unknowingly quicker than I should have, than any should have. I am sorry to Mother, but I have to ask why is this pull towards Ruin so strong? I thought it was over but I knew it wasn't. I could give everything to you but I know you can't exactly help me. As I know, we both know what is beyond. And I'm sorry I cannot help you then.

And yet this life, after everything, has something still, that I could never understand. Maybe that is why I am living like this, why things have been done as such, and why the next path seems to be an end in itself; one literal, the other figurative. I'd rather take, again, the latter. Is it right to give so much importance to a lifeline of sorts? Selfishly I speak, in great hopes that in actuality, it would not be selfish.

And so I look at the infinite horizon. It's colourless and grey. And I weep. And I wonder. I knew the amount of pain to be endured and yet I gave in anyway simply because of curiosity and the pursuit of what is truly. I have lost myself in formless woes of a far-down future. And I drown.

Still.