

Out of all the things I go on and do or create, I try to carve my own path through learning from others and their systems. From institutions and works. From ways foreign to me. I attempt to collect informations to see if I would like it. But after years of seeking I still am not finding anything in this part of the world. I have met wonderful people, as well as terrible people. I did a lot of things within this short yet long span of time. Many for me... Most for me. Still some for others, for their sake. Never for mine: I left. Always. Because I learned what I wanted, because I have to move on; I know I wouldn't find peace if I were to stay. To be content... I'm not even sure this is what I desire.

Or perhaps it really is. Maybe it really is that, in the end. Keep going. Keep walking and keep trying things? Even if I know where this will lead? Back to isolation, looking at a painting of Asbeel looking over his world. A reflection of myself today: perhaps that is why I like this picture so much. Perhaps I only try to make sense of this reflection of mine. But also, maybe it is too late. Maybe I have ran around for so long without anyone that I cannot connect deeply and cannot stay in one place others have made. Unless I find someone like me? But who would be. I ask then: Who has done something akin to flaying themselves? To make their own whip and lacerate their own skin in the name of nothing? Of penance for deeds long forgotten and forgiven? Unless they weren't... Maybe we were supposed to redeem our childhood. I believe I did that, then. But who cuts themselves over and brandish their arms towards an abstract, looking around to see not even ghosts looking at an attempt at... At what exactly? Why did you cut your arms like this? People tend to do that and bear the scars for some time, but eventually they go away. Yours though... Why did you decide to cut your flesh so deep and bleed with great joy for no one but yourself? I ask my past, did you ever find the answer to even this? I can't even find the answer today to many things. I know many things without knowing anything at all. Everything for nothing. Which is... What will happen. But what I know and what I don't is of no matter then. And it is good this way.

I am afraid however, again, that being alone for so long – *willingly just as well* – That as much as I may crave it, connecting with other beings will be impossible deep within me. I can... Appreciate people, deeply so. But I forget. Time makes me forget... So quickly. Who they were what they did and how we were. Is it because I wished to understand Time? Or is it the same for everyone? That we all forget, quicker and quicker? That time passes by faster and faster? I'm a bit afraid I must say. I just sometimes want to keep living amongst my peers and being happy with them. I understand the times when being alone is painful. When forcing yourself to keep to your ideals bring more harm than good. That you think the long run will be worth it: that removing all of what could be so that you can attain an illusion that may very well never be... And still I ask: Why do you torment you so? Why do I keep on this spiritual torture. The expiation of what? Of sins I committed? Against who against what and for what exactly? For whom?

I have been living here. Alone. For years now. Wanting sometimes to be with others. Many times forgetting time even. To lose myself within a fog I tried to decipher, to look beyond. But now I sit here evermore confused, after all these years of doing ALL OF THIS! For myself. For others sometimes... Again I repeat myself. But I do not understand. And I don't see the next step... I cannot even see shining lights. I can imagine them though... But I never seem to grasp them.

Even when you, old friend, when you told me that you would guide me on this lake, that you would act as my light. And I hoped that in return I could be a light for you as well. I miss our relationship.

And you, old lover, of a short time: That we did nothing but contemplate our bodies for the pleasure of one another. And I loved this time we passed, but it is indeed good that it ended. And that we still went out pure... That I went out pure. As you lost yours already; yet you taught me things I may never use again. But, learning is good, and learning of carnal pleasure was interesting in and of itself, I suppose.

And now you, my brothers-in-arms... We did so much together, without never really knowing each other. But I place you in my heart with love. I put you on a pedestal and will for all my life. I weep when I think of you being gone from my life, but it is with joy and love that I do so. We knew each others without knowing ourselves. And we learned about ourselves... But even now it is over. Again. And I chose to leave. As I always do.

Something inside me asks me to come back and to ponder about things I may not even have the questions of. What do I answer to? I caught myself, right there, while reminiscing about my past, feeling these memories I made. We made. All of you I loved you, in one way or another. Some I cannot love anymore, as per agreement, as it is logical and as it is right. We never wronged each other without forgiving ourselves. And who could ask for a better way to be with you all? All of you, one last time, I am grateful.

To the others still present in my life today... Mainly all of you away from where I live, that I may never meet. We may never be able to have the strong relations reality can give us when we put ourselves out in the world... But some of you I hope to meet. And to those I have not... My friends, to this day you still are there and I am happy about all of it.

However... It has been some time. A few years, since I had a deep and true relationship with someone, that I could communicate truly with. Perhaps... It never had been the case. I recall now that I was fearful of what one might think of me if I truly said all of what I thought. But by choice I decided to work on this honesty; And if with strangers and acquaintances I can be honest... Then I was able to be honest with friends. Maybe I'll be able to be truly honest with myself, to be truly honest to someone else. Today I must be honest with myself...

This little project of mine that I have started, to give my thoughts to the world, was mainly for my sake. And it wouldn't make sense otherwise; this is a real attempt at understanding this path I take, and the roads I took.

After walking for such a long time, resting for longer and sometimes shorter times... This should be one final rest before making my biggest choice to date; as I wanted to when deciding to join the army last year. The army was a step to this decision to take. I knew and I forgot, but now I remember and will take it in the coming days or weeks.

The only problem there is... Is a reoccurring one: This decision, this question to answer, is abstract today.

Will I accept Humanity in its entirety? Give myself to it and forget who I am today? Construct a new self? Or expend what already exists? Likely the latter; my core is made and I cannot lie to myself for very long no matter what happens.

Try something then... Me, try something. Give your being written in texts and see what happens. See if you can still connect and if you can finally achieve this strange hope of yours deep within that you never talked about. Were you ashamed of bringing it up? It's only natural... Ah, perhaps that is why. You never really liked the natural as it was. But see it as something to be built from then. A seed to plant and a tree to water and grow. As you did for many things already: an idea, formed. Make something out of it, create something not for yourself this time... Maybe create something for others as well. Just one other maybe? You've always been quite the romantic I recall. After all what you end up finding in yourself that resonate is a naïve vision of this world. But it's fine, even today I love it as well. I can't help it. I'm afraid this will end, I admit. I know it will, and it must... But I won't resist it. I mustn't. So perhaps you should just live, try something with others, give them your all. Ponder still but ponder less of Ruin; you know it and you always will. It is in your core now. Never will go. But you know as well how to be content. So now, be content around others and be this shining light you implicitly want to be. Do not succumb to your past, do not look at your present and wonder if this is right. It is. Where you are now, you may be poor and you may even have less than before... But this is only in the material. And this isn't important.

I never felt as happy... or rather content as I am today when I talk about all of this. Change now. But do not change. Grow a new branch. This one you were always afraid of growing because you were afraid of forgetting who you were when you started to understand this world. But despair and the void will welcome you back whenever it is time to say your final goodbye to this world. Now that you have learned of it, now that you know of your weakness for it, as much as you wanted to make it a strength... You forgot you were human. So I have the answer: I am human. You know the darkest of Humanity, and you can control it. Now give yourself to the good of it. Open your arms in a balanced act, always; never forget. Never forget who you are. Now perish in harmony with your past. And get out from the cinders of this world you never had in your palms, that you'll never have until it opens its doors for you when all of it ends. I'll never forget, and I may have my moments of deepened sadness because of it... But I know as well, life that can make itself known to me if I choose to look for it.

I embraced death, now I must embrace life. For however hard it is. For how difficult it might be. Step out one more time into this world, and this time, truly step out. From this country. Go to the places you wanted to live in. You wanted to see... There weren't many anyway.

Your death will come, do not hasten it; there is no need. I will die one day and I will be both fearful and happy it happens. And this is fine. I won't ask for more.

And so until death, I'll drink to my ideals; may you all rest well. I will take you with me, and share you around. Even when Ruin comes, these ideals are not for it; these ideals, ideas and hopes are for today. Even if there won't be a today tomorrow. See it, beautifully... As it is beautiful. Always.

Be at peace.  
For us.