

Keeping on

24/08/2020

As everything goes by, and as another sunrise comes to fall asleep under new moons, everything around changes and does not. And all stays the same, no matter what; in a way, all is fixed in time towards Time to never move away from its anchor point.

And as such, the individual cannot go to the places he might have dreamed of; only those he has chosen to go, but without seeing its colours past the first similar places. Whatever they may be, it has been seen in some manner or another; and so, if the person has gone to places he has only partly returned to, or never at all, then the colours do not appear. Everything as the same shade of grey, yet while still recognizing shapes, sizes, distances and names of what colours are registered in actuality. But the reality of the individual is the one processing within the soul as much as it is the one processing within the brain.

There is nothing, eventually, that will bring a semblance of permanence to a being of cinders and dust. Nothing from Nature itself. Nothing from Time, the universe or anything. Only truth understood becomes that of Ruin, and the delays between breaths of a time passed by become longer; while the moments become shorter, and less and less impactful.

And yet such a being can keep on living, but never knowing why exactly. Is it hope, is it because it is seeking a truth he knows he could not attain? But if it's "could", then is it hope as well? Is there a semblance of desire to live a certain live deep within?

But if you saw everything that was to be offered, and you know everything that will be offered in the same manner as a new landscape has been seen without ever being seen. Then why stay here today looking at dust flowing by and accumulating over time within your own eyes? Do you wait for them to drown you through the sands of Time itself? That you decay out because you forgot time passed by? Is there any reason, in all of this, that would make for a justification to keep going? It's been years now and it's always been the same. I do not understand this as much as you don't understand why you didn't pull the plug as you wanted to. Gave an age so far away and you've never been sure you'll reach it for this reason here today.

Humanity has lost itself; and is losing its remaining remnants. What places one will live in in the coming decades are not the ones you were born in and discovered. None will have to see all in grey within Nature to distinguish between colours; they would be born this way with neons going through their eyes. Is it more saddening to see the destruction of what was just for the sake of what shouldn't have been?

I ask you then, friend: Do you wish to keep going?

Whatever happens, the end result, after any road you take, is always going to be the same. As peaceful or as horrid as one might take it as.

If you do not wish to keep going, know that the living may not appreciate this action. However, the living will not be one to judge, eventually.

If you do wish to keep going, perhaps it would be better if you freed yourself from perceptions and shackles you may have revetted as you were brought up into this world.

And I see it within you, as much as you would like to go on this next path alongside someone else hand in hand, know that this will end, too. And it may never begin, just as well.

This choice is yours and always will be. That is one true choice you will always have, regardless of who you were before becoming of cinders and dust, regardless of who you are now.

You see life and this world much different than most may: with honesty and the cruelty that awaits it. And its own as it is now. And it's burning within, I can see; that it hurts in some ways even though you weren't supposed to feel again. And melancholy even has turned to dust; you just are. And by simply being, an observable entity to see sunrises and sunsets go through... To give meaning is not an answer anymore.

I have no answer to give you. No path to propose you. I know which one you will take tomorrow and the next week, perhaps the next month. But now that you're here... You're at a crossroad again, and you're hoping this one's final. And yet somewhere within you know this isn't the last one. In one part because this would mean death within the next weeks or months, and in another part because choices happen here and there over time and again until they cannot be taken anymore. But any choice to take should be the right one. They mark the story of a destiny that may have been; at least, they mark the story of someone who was and will be forgotten. As everything will.

That this... experience of life we do not know how to be without, and never will... To end it on our terms is good enough. But always ask if it's maybe too soon? Or is it too soon? What else is there to see? Any of Humanity you know of... And this inner peace you desire... Isn't desiring such a thing the opposite of what should be done to attain it? But no matter. Your choice is yours and yours only. You can ask someone if you want to be accompanied with you if you desire. You will see the result as you ask the question before even getting an answer; provided you are near anticipation.

Then, if this is truly the right choice to make, and the right person to walk with, I can only hope your next path will be long and pleasurable as much as life may allow it. And when it ends, please do have only great memories of what was. Of this path, of this life perhaps... And of this person as well. As much as it may be insignificant; you became two for a time in a way; as it happened you saw the waves, and they roared: but never against you both, or one. Only because they had to. Do you have to do this? Do you have to walk in strides with another being who was willing? A truth such as this, temporary as it would be, is only here to determine a singularity within a framework of thought for a single individual. Do you believe it to be necessary for attaining any truth you might seek? Do you think it would change anything? Of course it won't. You and I, we know it. But do you crave meaning to the temporality of the place you live in? Do you not want to think about what will be? Or rather, will not be? I don't blame you.

I can't blame you. But choose carefully. You are not who you were and you are not who you hoped to be. As you never hoped really in the first place, I suppose. You're someone else, besides a being of cinders and dust. Within this world, when you do not feel as if you were having wine within the ruins of a world engulfed in everlasting flames, there is still something of you. Who you appear as; to all, or to many.

I understand that you never spoke your soul to a being in its entirety. Would it be selfishness by itself? Are you willing to listen to someone else speaking their soul? Do you not just want to be like someone else? Some sort of validation for not being too different? Or being so different that someone resembling you in most ways, in essential ways as you determine them to be; that being like someone brings validation to both of your existences? And that selfishness becomes shared, therefore imploding within itself, reverting not to selfishness, but rather to not existing? Life is as you see it, as you decided to see the honesty of this world. As horrible it might be, and as you human as you may still be; tears drawn will not change it. For all you can change is the path you take. But perhaps, and remember this: That path could abruptly end, and be changed into the last one you will take here. Without warning.

And so, to mourn one owns choices cannot bring much else but the position of dying within and decaying without spirit left.

Any choice that is to be taken, is to be without any regrets. As it is the right one; and always will be. For there will be no more alternatives once the horizon settles to be endless for a time.

Choice has come again, and opened its arms. Where do you wish to go?