

Mourning of a dream

It is while listening to Phil that I reflect on a dream I had last night and compare it to this world I chose to live in; and question:

Below all the illusions we tell ourselves, the experiences that change our ways, and the desires that will be forgotten within a week, why is there one that comes back under a different yet similar face every now and then?

To be comfortable in solitude, and content in living as an absentee from the lives of all, that is a goal I attained. But the memories made in the past surge with the violence of diving eagles, and pierce the conscious to cut their prey in their dream. I woke up in a dazed state, bleeding somewhere - I don't know where - but I'm not too unfamiliar with this.

Everytime I am in this state, I question whether or not the choices I have made have been the right ones. Nature has seemingly stopped answering, as if leaving all that was worked for was the wrong thing to do, even when I disliked most of it. Begin again and again, just to find something I would enjoy doing, but even then, I seem to remember when I look at anything that my vision has greyed out and all the colours washed out on a shore of obsidian and cold sand.

For all the talks we make and hear about life and how to live it better, I tend to forget the things I willingly went through that showed me the opposite of what I wanted to understand; illusions shattered and perhaps a little bit closer to understanding truth, and I know where this leads, I wonder how come we went so far jumping from one centre of interest to the other, and a feebling core to anchor us to this reality we tried to make sense of.

To go back on dreaming, this one I had, always disorienting, just proposes questions to live with again, some tried answering; perhaps I divorced from actually taking care of them.

But to be cold is all I know and no trust can be given to any human being for anything related to the deeper spirit of the self and the desires of a world of cinders waiting to sprout again, without a sun to give way. It just drowned in an ocean.