

The strangeness of a day that comes to a slow close in the late afternoon, for an already forgotten morning and for a future already past.

I hunch a bit here and there, as if I took a decade in the face of dreams, waking, walking, quickly in a resting place, buzzing with a life unwelcomed; was it me or was it them? And Nature looks at me and may wonder “what is this man doing here?” As if I forsake it at some point and come here to mock it? But I do not. I came for a purpose, clouded certainly, but still one. Not for its sake either, and perhaps that is why I must have been a bother. As I was a bother before, to simply come with others for our sake, burning and firing brass, letting it sip into a soil that only wanted to be. Maybe these memories sip through my pores as I sweat into the forest, blood trying to be taken from me, only thing spilled was liquid from insects welcoming a feast; one they never had. And they rest somewhere, taken now as what they were looking for.

I question, still... always. Question matters that do not matter to a mortal soul, or should it? Perhaps it does, I am forgetful of what it was I was doing even a month ago. The heat of summer, blue sky; yet colourless in its grey sun. Painting with my feet, dragging in tall grass a body I ignore pleas of stopping for my will is to rest in peace somewhere in this forest, for a bit. And I did, and I ended it. And I came back and my body asks for rest in a bed of a warmth unwelcoming to comfort itself! Yet I will sleep. And tired, will I wake. And tired will I walk. And tired will I end the next day. To find fog in what I seek. Seek what I ought to find somewhere in this fog, maybe someone will? Tomorrow... Myself from days after today.

I am... Removing myself from the touch of sensations... Any kind. Physical mostly. Of all soon? Supposedly... Supposedly, I would find, eventually, what I seek. These answers, an answer, and perhaps I already have it. Do I simply need to accept it? Is my body; rather my mind, morphing into abstract shapes that would allow me to decipher this answer that I have within me. And accept it, more than mortality? Is it dust, is it snow, is it ice, is it sand, amongst shores of obsidian, sea of void and lakes of what was in the future, from the past?

Dreams, I lost them. Nightmares, none of them. This waking existence of mine seem to be an unfulfilling void of removed memories. Woe be this present, accursed of my death and blessed in this suffering will I ever be walking towards a new path? No! Running will I be. I am! Trashing around in sleepless waking moments, writhing in hurried sleep without even knowing.

To be simply, live simply I KNOW yet truth there, in there, theirs! Their lie is mine as long as I am willing and will I ever be forever and ever in eternity until my death will end all illusions of time itself! I seek it yet I do not. Sense I make and sense is lost for my mind speak the language of a confused spirit and soul. Soul and spirit, same thing? I can't remember. My body observing and finding satisfaction within this mind of mine, the rhymes I make and this abstract I create.

Love will ever be found in the superfluous sense: Of those I loved and those I may love.

To truth to time and of truth of reality, it is real. Things move as if nothing, because nothing: I am here and there will I be as the next sun sets and a moon, full of the ire of a neighbouring star, will be shown and explicitly forbid fawns of sleeping.

In somewhere this life and beings from this universe are drawn to play games with words they made out to explain things they found out. But words for the sake of wording they play with, and they lose themselves trying to explain with complexity what wasn't supposed to be? Strange men, these. Only remembered for their folly.

Seeking out... Seek out truth beyond what we seek as human beings. What we think we have to think, to be good and to be great: to be divine mortal beings. To achieve immortality in memories or creativity, vanity and glorious vanity, temporary in its intemporality. Performance of beings told through memories of words and worlds and stories and else... And everything else and they lost

themselves in the pursuit of what could never be. They forgot, or never knew? Did they ever try to look after everything? To not believe in death, to not see beyond death itself. The true state of all things.

How come, us, humans, gifted with gifts from places never to be understood, are so willing to ignore all that is beneath all existing? The abstract itself, a lot of times we talk about it. But beneath it itself and all of the material and all of what could be, what was, what is, there there over here... Beautiful in its colourless hues, of existences that once used to stand tall in an indifferent universe... Or was it different to us? Time isn't however. Nature desires the same as us perhaps. But again my heart and soul take me to different places as I experience more and more and HERE now I lost myself to this day and I say that I cannot seek help. Lost soul or found soul, this path I take and walk is penance for things I already repented for. This is penance for someone else? Is this penance for everyone else? For them? I would not. I will not. This isn't penance. I seek truth, always, as it plagues me and as I suffer from these waking dreams of a permanent forest of life and death extinguished from the former and already without a concept of the latter.

I exist within this realm and within this life as an entity here to experience what we made for ourselves, what Nature has made for us and for others, what this universe contain free of being taken. Maybe free... But I wish to know Ruin itself. Is it an ego that pushes forward? Is it a decaying mind that shines with shadows unending against what could have been? But this is where I will go and this I won't stop until I find it. Or, death stops me... Whenever it pleases it. I must be ready to welcome it with open arms; perhaps then will my search end. But until I give it way or take it by the hand and ask; will I search. Take on what sought Asbeel; what he found. What He found? What he found... sometime somewhere, knowledge hidden or never written. I'll join you. Perhaps we knew each other, perhaps I know this already. And I knew a part of what would have put me in this place today, but with weights so great I would have been crushed beneath all of it. Today I can carry more, but I shed concepts of what makes a human, human. Unable to be whole as one; yet able to keep on the memories and make memories as one, to experience without truly experiencing; I feel nothing. Felt nothing. Will never feel again. I died years ago and daily I mourn my own existence for a little bit.

A forest, half of it, cut and left to rot in a comforting sun. The other half, alive and protecting other lives and objects, by giving blinding shade to them.

Whom to live and to live I will but none will I be except for myself and themselves will be left by, idling towards an ending they wish to ignore; and I will not and let myself burn within the brightest of suffering they would be willing to experience. Pain so potent I forgot it exists and smile with the most honest of humbling eyes against my vision of a lost past. Future unknown and never existing as we only exist for the sake of it and to what but why and to what extent? Here and now I live and see and hear and taste and feel, for however little it might be. Lost it lose it and I lost it somewhere and it's decaying away... Floating above murky waters... Clear water, clear conscience and clear none of it.

Still I am human, and I will forget this day. Carry on through life, sometimes, most times perhaps, as if this didn't happen. But as I walk down the path I chose... A rare one to take, beyond humanity and against existence... I do fear to be mad. But if it makes sense... If all of this makes sense in abstract even; would I ever be? Perhaps these things will not be explained with materialistic words.

This life is a lone life; as I chose to see it. I am not alone though, for now. Maybe never will be until I die. But this is superficial. The end of the path I know already and I just want to know if I will get to walk the rest of the way with him... Him?. For however long is needed, desired and given.