

Cinders

14/08/2020

I live on the cinders of a world that never will be.
I live off the cinders of a world that never was.

Sat atop the world, overseeing mountains of a darkened fog. Below must be burning. Here I can't even see the sky. Where is the sky? Maybe that's just the fog I thought was below me. Yet I see it below now, and up, but not left nor right. And in front of me always... Air. Burning air that I can't breath. The heat makes me sweat dreams, and the cold breeze make me forget them. Perhaps I should climb a bit more.

What's over there now? No more sky. Pitch black, no light. Below: the fog, even more darkened. At my feet, sands of the entire world I reside in. Mixed in with the cinders of all that was once and all that may be... But nothing will be. Time has stopped for life. But time always goes forward – it is still going now. For nightmares only; for this present and this future. But none... None of it is a nightmare. Reality isn't a dream or a nightmare. Beyond all what we thought and all that we planned before anything and everything; as well as their end... A breaking of light and a lighting of dark! I see without seeing and hear without hearing. I smell without smelling and touch without touching. No illusion, it is only right. Rightful truth and the rightful emperor of it all: No more. No concepts, no metaphysical other than the forces going through the motions as they happen. For however long they happen. Eternally... Perhaps. To Ruin.

To truth I rise and to Ruin I drink, for I am fearful and hopeful, as I am loving and hopeless. This life could be cherished as it could be torn asunder just by what I seek. Is this what I seek however? I am fearful of what is. Not what could be, but what is. What will be. What could be is what brings joy. I could be content in what could be... But I need to be content in what will be. We see it... it is, In all that isn't.

I live on the cinders of a world that never will be,
A world, and spirits that couldn't be,
A dream, an illusion that could be,
I live off the cinders of a world that never was.

Joy! Oh joy I have found in times and days that passed by. And never have I felt despair again in the ways that we bring to ourselves from and to humans, in such systems we shackle ourselves to. But neither have I felt happiness again in the same ways. My reality... Truth in reach, in the horizon. I am hesitant still to go. But I must. Why must I go seek it? I could live in these joyful moments that are proposed by my fellows. And yet, as I dug and as I learned, beyond it perhaps I can understand what is. What will be and what can't be, eventually. Perhaps I live in the future. Maybe it's easy for me to give myself to Ruin, maybe this is just a way to correlate my being to this reality of my fellows. Theirs is their own truth and I believed for a long time.

But as I think and wonder and create... And from my own despair, in its insides; beyond it even: a light, not flickering. Not existing. Not colouring the darkness. Because there is no darkness; and because there is no light. A point of no return, to go inside this lightless light. On the other side of this light, the opposite of this darkness I came from, I see another light. One would consider, that I would even consider to this day, out of a knee-jerk reaction: the "true" light. But no, truth is this pale dot that is only a formless form. Not a dot and not anything. Something that can grow to engulf... Or is it these opposites going towards the centre? To be forgotten?

Curiosity would take me to places no sane being would want to go. But my dreams... my experiences, showed me through illusions of exaltation, that beyond all of this! Again, I know, knew and this is part of my core now: Ruin. The lack of lacking. The forgiveness of forgetfulness: as even it was forgotten. Is it entropy? Or is it beyond entropy itself? A concept to reign atop realities of this universe. Perhaps the only one. Hopefully? This... What I should feel deep inside is dread. But inside now I am confused. Between hope and fear.

Today I still am anchored to the world we live in, and I still want to be part of it. I do fear Ruin today. But I cannot hate it. Never will. I know loss, I understand disappearance of life, the culling of beings, without being murder; They have to happen. Will happen. Always. At one point. I do fear something, even: my own existence to end. For how much I speak of death and how I try to appreciate it: Still I fear the end. Is it because I know this truth? Is it my own truth or is it really truth? It would be convenient for this to be the former. But (always), there is something... Somewhere that tells me that this is no mere illusion to be had. And I don't really like it. I know my suicidal tendencies and thoughts from my past: they were not like this: They offered relief and compassion; they did not offer confused turmoil and weariness.

And yet... In all of this... I can see a certain peace. The possibility of accepting eternity through Ruin. Perhaps that is what I seek. Perhaps this is how I will achieve my goal: to be content, until and beyond death; if such a thing is even possible. But this would... Maybe... Require to not be human at all. To disapprove of anything that makes us human, whatever it is. To refuse humanity; whatever it means.

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A world, and spirits that couldn't be,
A dream, an illusion that could be,
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Casting off woes, and so I rise
Above clouds dissipating;

No more of life
Not anything at all.

Ruin.