

LIVING ABOVE THE ILLUSION

Ever had the feeling that life at the present is a big set-up, especially made to work against your will and anything good happening in your life? What if that was correct and not just a feeling? Welcome.

I could tell about my life and the different shades of negativity and darkness, the strangeness and bitterness that life brings me here. Nobody outside those who know would believe it, so... Later.

I think daily about a multitude of things that I should do. I have to start making some goals here in this worthless life that surrounds me, right now. Or later.

I have been around the block a few times. Travelling is what you do when you have no life and wish to imagine that you are doing something with your life. I guess it is all pretty much the same everywhere in this present and temporary mono-cultural world, which of course calls itself multi-cultural... This upside-down-world breeds the most dumb animals, and if you think that "things just happen", then you are a real victim. I pity you. Let me define what culture is. Later.

I hate travelling. Carrying around stuff you need. The strain of being forced into meeting people you would prefer to see dead. The waiting for planes or buses and then the smelly and boring rides. Travelling is like eating a huge cake that tastes like crap and it is full of fat that you have to work the rest of your life to get rid of. Was the sunset in that vacation spot worth it?

To have everything and not be able or permitted to use it. Can anyone imagine that frustration? Ah well, beauty is all our eyes need to survive another day. I tried this for a longer period: Avoiding everything that was not strikingly beautiful. Almond trees in bloom and a stunning landscape helped me with that. Not a good idea. Still, I have done a few things that I knew were less than good ideas; like trying to live like a homeless for a few months. Playing with a small Swedish village for a year to see the reactions. Arranging and partaking in street fighting. Breaking into houses in order to be caught for my own protection. My life has been dull most of the time and I have lived secluded and alone doing my thinking. The list is small for those private tests on life and reality, and it does not feed any real need for knowledge and insight. Not at all, to be truthful. Anyway, the wages are not enough. Still, I had some time to burn in between being as important as I truthfully am. And... Everyone would hate me if I did not try to be more human, so there you go. Love me tender. And later.

Things have been so slow these last years. To think about being creative and producing is a start, but when it halts there...

I love this world, but this present illusion around us is not this world. I LIVE ABOVE THE ILLUSION.

That is why you hate me. Love me. Later.

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