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*How to Properly use a Semicolon*

He who leads with inquiry instead of insisting with certainty is authentically wise. But trying to guide others down your traversal of logic does this further trail-blaze the desire path to the conclusion. This also gives the inquisitor the opportunity to be exposed to alternative conclusions, or tangents he passed by, and learn something more. This allows the follower to arrive to the conclusion of their own volition, and ultimately feels more authentic when they arrive to it. To insist a supposition upon others does justice for no one—you revolt them from considering your reasoning as well as further entrancing yourself in stubborn self-affirmation rather than reifying.

We can’t see God anymore because we don’t look low enough.

If you carry your childhood with you, you never become older

He was the kind of guy who was satisfied with the picture on his driver’s license.

She was the kind of girl that spent her free time watching YouTube videos about the reactions of people born with sensory disabilities the moment after they were fixed with surgeries. I guess you could say she sought reminders of not taking anything for granted.

The Pedestrian

Even in the worst of winter, amidst the slickest of ice, is the only tread that carries him the bottom of his soles. Many often reinvent the wheel, but I believe he has uninvented it. Perhaps a fear of circumference, maybe shellshock from awry locomotion, he seems to despise any assistance in translocation that is not from his own legs. I wonder if he pities a paraplegic—I wonder if he even perceives them. What of drivers, pilots? Is his office chair merely a stool, or does he not even own chairs? I wonder if he has considered roller blades.

I just want to wear nice clothes, write good stories, draw good art, and prevent as many people as possible from becoming me.

The surface of water is truly never still. The funny thing (maybe it’s not that funny) about ripples is that you don’t know if they’re caused by wind, hungry fish, tides, some kids skipping rocks. You can only be certain of the source of the ripples that you make yourself. What’s the analogy here? I couldn’t tell you, I’m just talking out of my ass.

Maybe the ocean is analogous for my ex. She had a very turquoise aura I’d say, loved turtles and exotic tropical fishies, loved bathing. Maybe in this way, I can argue that the ripples I made in her permanently changed the tides of her entire being.

Everything kids do is mysterious.

Which is more mature, making peace with the status quo or questioning everything?

"I walked in on my sister masturbating once."

"...and that's the most interesting thing about you?"

"You know the ittle animation you see when someone's typing a response in a messaging app? That's an illusion. It's to trick you into think things are in motion. But really it just got one signal that indicated they put a single letter. The animation stops after a certain amount of time."

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Well, have you ever been texting someone when something bad happened?"

"I'm sure I have I some point."

"...While they got in an accident?"

"Well...no..."

"That little dots--just like someone's heart--will come to halt."