

Epilogue: Backstage

When a spotlight upon a stage has exposed itself to an audience,
the world of wonders has yet to unfold—
An infinitum of pleasures and utmost captivance.
A hedonist's playground within a boundful world.

It is beautiful to breathe the drug of glutton;
it's really something to compensate for the emptiness of your lungs.
Narcotics and hallucinogens are a quintessential human consumption;
everyone has their share but I have guilty overindulged in filling an emptiness.

Before my sanguinary struggle, I remembered a time when I used to perform;
a time not too different from the one I spent with you...

I enjoyed performance but I realized that performance was best done with an
audience:

When I could feel the delightful notes manifest—
singing melodies fit for a stage.
And, entertaining an audience that must be satiated as my lusting lungs were to be.

However, what no one told me is how indiscernible
an audience's feelings would be when focused on performance.
The fundamental idea of performance is that of Plato's flattery.
And to enjoy a performance, one must suspend disbelief of their audience.

Sadly, this can only go on for so long...

Now that I have walked away from the stage,
I am supposed to be another as the performance has concluded
but I always have enjoyed the thrill of performance.
For that reason, this character is still a part of me—a selfish thing perhaps.

Being away from the stage, however, is quite burdensome.
Breathing this lacking air sometimes isn't enough to get by
but maybe my promises to a kindred are...
And so I am relearning performance once again.

It may all be a selfish, silly performance, however,
Performance is what allows Plato's orator to be heard.
Performance is what allows the fictional to materialize.
Performance is what allows me to feel alive.

- Tayseer