

heaven and hell. Life should be a balance of ups and downs, but is never really in tune with itself. things are udders of bullshit. everything a bad pun, but still a little funny viewed from somewhere.

(yet sex seems to clear the slate, forget with euphoria and break the waters of time—what if physical love is the gateway to passion harnessed, a wild mare that flies, a hair-blessed Samson, a stoneless Sisyphus? Despite a mind infused both within and without passion, could my love still destroy with equal force? Is passion innately masterless? Every single thing we do, person to person, second to second, we do in different ways)(And what of the eternal deceit of the self? I hide away like an addict to my pretty lego façade, fear toppling the energy I've invested in it, my percept of time itself ticking away, fear turning back on my heels, forsaking trophies for hunger, fame for solitary brilliance)

Example #3:

My friend and I (both 27 years of age) bought separate ant farms and released them upon each other at the pinnacle of their development. They unleashed "hell" upon one another without a known reason besides the fact that they were released upon one another. What they had each believed was their own since birth was threatened. The war of a thousand ants with lint and splinters was hilarious. Then after thirty minutes of this we grew bored and distracted by the television. A Seinfeld episode about the Soup Nazi. The ants ended their affair in some fashion or another, then all died out the next day for we had forgotten to put them back up in their farms.

The examined life will become all too much. You will live full and overflow. You will go crazy in the near future. don't be afraid. hold onto what you can (there are still simple things to look to that will outlast all of us, mountains, rivers, stars, love, laughter hands embers wheels color and toes in sand sun after rain land after sea running after sitting, moving moving, staying staying, and being free of the pressure of inhibitions. live continually, as if death was no option. For all you know, it was never your option anyway.

Realize you may say things you entirely disagree with. You grow, you crease, you fall. You are working towards something. you are swimming in a sea of the lost eons, the invisible nothing, the ghost of pre-existence (a full, out of body being), but to feel around is to realize that it is easy enough to link arms with all the bodies next to you. the buoyancy of a thousand million billion breathing men and women is untold and untested.

(idea #1 is idea ∞) Perhaps we could have taken to the skies years ago had we known or embraced the idea of holding hands and raising ourselves on our shoulders rather than everyone busy using their hands to excavate their own pants.

