*‘You may miss me. But I will miss you’, he said and jumped into the jet-streaming river. All the slides and rocks from among the spot he fell onto were spattered with the remains of his brain. Soon, they were washed away by the rising stream. Not a speck of his face was as I remember it. He survived yet he is dead. I thrived only to die every day.*

“Why did you do it?” I asked the ethereal space of air.

“Why did you jump?” I enquired with no response in return. I just stood with awe not owning the loss I feel, not feeling anything, just analyzing the situation yet I think there is something in me that woke up in that moment.

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Good thing about the mornings after waking up is the steaming coffee. Doing the daily chores, I brewed some of the leftover beans and made a mental note to buy some new. The overlord shouts at the creepy neighbor waking up, as usual. That is my regular alarm clock these days. Honestly I hope for something soothing and calm. Yet all I have is this. The busy neighborhood, the early to bed-early to rise folklore make my night life much easier for no one cares about others after the sunset.

Mostly this is an elderly setting I have around me. My past life no longer bothers me except for the nightmares I have every night. Mostly they are dreams now. I dream of that same day yet it bothers me lesser as the actual event gets farther in my life. My mom called me last night after I came back from my shift at the work. She is still mad at me for not moving on. Her definition of moving on is settling down, marrying someone and have a couple of kids to show the society of how strong and willful I am. And that gives her a satisfaction to not show worry about me socially for her.

Hi, this is so not good.

I don't know what to comprehend to the events that are unfoiling through the course of the day.

Every day it adds on something that is not equalizing and it further deprecates the willing nature to fornicate certain resolves.

This is more than what one can observe and understand in a moment's experience.

The exponential factor of existence that self-defines the factual nature of the Universe and what is within and what is without.

Boundless possibilities of everything and infinitesimal nothing provide perspectives out of fervor to something that is yearned for.

Miserable lives we live….Melodrama is embedded into our veins. Nothing is as it seems. Killing is so tempting yet there are repercussions for that in this system. System doesn’t promote what is needed but it is followed. Because it creates a sense of security that helps or rather better sad that it makes people think they are safe with something to look forward, to something to hope for. Can’t accept for what the world is…..yes, and that’s why there have been many changes, technological advancements for making lives easier….and yet it is not easier. There is only something that you see. So the further you see, the farther you can comprehend. And many, I say many, the major part who believe they have the means to guide others see only that which provides for the moment and leave it at that for the good of the society, for venturing beyond that would cause catastrophic repercussions to the systemized lives and an aperture for their power that they think they are imbued with.

The urge to destroy grows, only growing to the point where it feels like a daily breathing pattern necessary for getting through the day. Yet again, there is nothing to get through that isn’t superficial. We get hurt and we hurt only to satiate something that is not asked for, that is not precedent to imagine. What is this? Why is this like this? What has to be done or rather why should something be done to this? Avoid this? Face this? Mold this into something that suits the circumstantial needs?