12/04/2016

The aurora of golden mystery and inspiration fills my void and motivates my life beyond any infinite power has ever done to me before. I think, “fuck”. As if why has my life ever dropped to a point where I question my actions at every intersection. I wish I had the words to describe how I feel but im a pot head who smokes a copious amount of tabacco and marijuana that could turn aprotest into a festival and yet I feel an empty void in my life that has yet to be filled. The motivation inside is hiding in the shadows and only sees the sun when she is around. It’s pathetic really. How a man can not encourage oneself to better his life. I think every day about her and how to better my life and yet nothing changes. I dream to daydream. I ponder existence and act as if I am special. Im just another piece of shit who has everything handed to him, sure I do my work and do as im told. But I take everything for granted. I tell myself sure ill make something good out of it, but how can I do that if I don’t have the fucking motivation to make a change in my life. I am sick of myself and the way I treat myself. Maybe that’s why I feel the way I do towards her. When im with her I’m not sick. I’m encouraged, excited, ready to tackle the world and conquer anything in my way. As long as she’s by my side. But then again, this could all be bullshit. I could just throw it away. Not make a change. Be stuck in the cynical world I created for myself. That won’t happen. Sure im stuck here now, but ill find my ticket out. Is she my ticket? Talk of Hawaii and Montana. Two different places, doesn’t matter where I end up as long as she is there. Then do something about it. I have the power to manifest everything I desire. Or I fucking hope so. So I need to make a change in my life. I need to better myself and take more action. Do what makes you happy and follow your dreams. I don’t know where to fucking start and its scary. But I guess we all just got to dive in at some point.

8/15/18

The aurora of golden mystery and inspiration is dead. Not literally but it was killed by the doing of the maker. I’m now lost, not hopeless but lost, turned around, and confused. I want something new, nothing old will do. I find myself alone most of the time, no true friends have been found yet. Just those who masquerade themselves from the truth will take my hand and not even willingly. Its because they are old, from the past and clinging on to the feelings that were held before when life seemed so simple and full. “Shit happens” is something I’ve heard and said hundreds of times in the past months, and yes shit does happen but its not always for the best and there ain’t shit to be done about it. So keep on keeping on, go with the flow, just let it happen, Hell No. Something can be done so just fucking do it, get out there and make thoughts into reality, it might not happen, but if enough effort, time, patience, and good moral is present then something good will happen. Just hold on to that feeling but make sure you can confide it somewhere safe that won’t hurt you. Yes you love her but she isn’t the one for you. You are always there for her but where is she? Where the fuck is she? Doesn’t matter one fucking bit because if someone doesn’t show you the love you show them they aren’t fucking worth it. You need someone to love you back. It needs to be a two-lane highway with traffic going both ways. Don’t send shit through if nothing will come back.