

echos du silence

1a

When one lives with others, a life seems shared; every moment is imbued with meaning. When one is alone, the passing days seem instead to hurtle toward death. We must inscribe in another that time without measure which constitutes our lives.

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Baring writes that October is the most beautiful of months — *le voici*; it has arrived. The first touch of autumn shows it self in the blanching leaves of riverside poplars, the changing colors passionate and burning in their final throes of life.

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To surmount, to descend to the center of one's very self. The astonishment of discovering there a previously unknown strength, fraternal to despair.

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What is learned will too be lost; what one prays will never come to pass will, upon arrival, enrich and ameliorate. All the more reason to cultivate doubt, to give oneself over to the unexpected.

A family is joined by a new member, and each must add new nuance to belief, must reconfigure existing values to accommodate.

&

Youth is chaotic, too many conflicting forces giving battle and arousing, if needed, a sense of tragic and senseless heroism. It is a time at once slow-burning and explosive. Freedom comes only later, when one has decanted, has become more oneself over the years, nearer to essence.

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Never despair at loss; the disappeared itself concealed, and upon disappearance unveils, something new and beautiful, inaccessible before.

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The tolling of the bells sounds softened as if muted by felt. One hardly notices the barges in the mist as they pass; the landscape itself appears illusory, dissociated, so that one feels a little less than alive.

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The white cat is my keeper and witness, following my every move. She shares fifteen years worth of memories with me, succeeding a ghostly cat before her now daily missed. She too would like to be loved. Like all scorned creatures, her loyalty is absolute.

&

So many echoes still resounding throughout this house... and an impetuous heart, equally prone to tears and joy at the drop of a hat. And after too long living unloved... this heart becomes embarrassed, begins to feel shame at the mere fact of its existence.

1b

I've been isolated for a good eight years now and I think the loneliness and isolation is taking its toll on my mind. I have severe depersonalization and derealization and now get bizarre thoughts every so often.

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I talk to myself, pretend I'm a different person with a completely different name (sometimes I start to believe it), cry almost everyday, and have horrible mood swings.

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You never realize how lonely you are until it's the end of the day and you've got a bunch of things to talk about and no one to talk to.

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Loneliness gnaws at your inside and makes you hollow, it is a growing kind of

pain that just becomes too much to handle weeks or months of being constantly lonely. I had cycles of 5-6 weeks of being in my room without any human contact where I would break down and cry for hours and hours every 5- 6 weeks. This went on for 3 years. During the off periods I would just go shopping at night, avoiding as much human contact as possible and would stay at home all day and night playing video games and sleeping.

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I get love dreams here and there. My last memory of one was being spooned. When I woke up, that feeling was heavily there. I still felt like I was being held by someone. It was one of the happier ones I had. I can recall hair that was like a burnt gold under sunlight. We had a whole thing together.

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I really enjoy going to small airport cafes, it's the one place it's normal to eat alone.

2a

A golden mist. All is bathed in blonde light. The elderly gardener whistles like a spry thrush, corroborating the weather's unexpected verve. It is the 15th of October.

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Four butterflies, the color of daffodils, are wrapped like mummies in a spiderweb stretched over a savory plant, sarriette. Just months earlier, they had been flying gaily about the garden, coupled up in the first sunny days of spring.

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These mists and changing clouds; these running colors, soft and dazzling lights; these games of the sky are what scientists call la vase atmosphérique, atmospheric dust.

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Pain turns on the lights.

&

Probing human inadequacy makes one feel lonelier, stronger, helpless.

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All this unexpended/unemployed love, will we take it to the tomb?

&

Yes, why the heart's vast, unbounded love? Do events not transpire as if a loveless world? One says, "Whatever, I will live sans love," but love loiters deep. And if, suddenly, love was no more, then what would our lives be?

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Solitude desolates the heart but calms the mind.

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Acceptance is not a question of will; she is a gift. The charge and courage to wear her at given at the same time.

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Love for another is at once all of life, and deafens us to life. Nous ne pouvons tout

posséder à la foi. Similarly, we are a succession of beings abandoned to memories, new selves and recreations despite a unifying soul. Lasting love is perhaps the most central part of our eternities.

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There is one thing that wounds the soul, nearly mortally: it is to not be respected in one's own self-image, to be forcibly held at its lowest state without the possibility of fulfillment. And yet we inevitably endure all manner of impediments: impediment, the lack of money that suppresses real choice; impediment, the lack of time to accomplish essential tasks our innermost requires. One must accept and overcome; it is a sort of victory.

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I did not know a November sky could hold such beauty: the sun, though veiled and overcast, still casts onto the hillside its patent blaze; gray and moving clouds impede and clear the sumptuous blue; fluttering snow, a silent sorcery; nervous fowl posting up in bushes, and the poplars red as spring.

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Is there not in all a disenchantment? The expectation of more from man? But

where does it go covering this disenchantment as secret? Man knows it is not God's doing.

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A marvelous quality of solitude: this purity. Every human touch debases.

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In the middle of the night, the longing cock of the crow, the entire countryside seeming in distress...

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Love is first an expenditure of self desiring an object.

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Why, when excessive fatigue throws the body into bed rest, do limbs take on appearance of death, hands crossed and quiet?

Death, I think about her often. She scares me; I recognize her; it surprises me now that in the past I've wished her presence. I saw a young man who did not wish to die cry out, hang from the hours, and his mother knew nothing. Impossible afterward to be the same.

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The little hooded girls, frigid roses, enter school while bells ring for this youth killed on the road. I imagine his face, the face of the dead.

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We need hardly any witnesses, but require at least one. Writing gives a witness, or at minimum a mirror...

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They do not like those who pretend death cannot take away everything cherished at a moment's notice. The fault is in unconsciousness; and it is consciousness which atones.

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The ever-receding time that accompanies our thoughts, our gestures, is sometimes fixed by hot showers of life and color. There is an instant sensation; we retain the memory, no more than a droplet of water, iridescent with sky and morning, throbbing at the edge of the shore and soon lost in the greater river.

&

Love is a word which gives life a thousand faces. To death we pay it back in full, as she peers into our cradles; contrary to ap-

pearances, she is not of the earth.

&

All is false, dirty; no promises are kept.
Only, a few moments shine through with
love's light.

&

*I'm not upset you lied to me. I'm upset that I
can never again believe you. (Nietzsche)*

Moreover it's an evil stretching beyond
those who suffer it.

&

There are some so troubled they feel the
need to exculpate themselves in advance
by tarnishing their victims.

&

All that is surmounted becomes joy.

2b

Seven nights a week keeping it to six pints a night. I also eat only one meal a day at 11 a.m. so that my stomach is empty by the time I'm off work, and I stay at a reasonable weight.

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I pissed myself in my sleep literally 3 days in a row and figured out where the name "piss drunk" came from.

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B—I heard you admitted to loving me when you were drunk. I haven't seen you in many months; my life is very different now.

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I made my dog a stocking and wrapped presents for her the night before, then carried her down on Christmas morning and opened them for her. She was the

only living thing I talked to all weekend. I cried and felt so lucky to have her.

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My problem with shyness (or social phobia, or whatever it's called) comes basically from my childhood, when I had asthma. It was genetic, but this is not the point. The problem was not the illness itself, because I went to the hospital and some acupuncture stuff and it really helped me; actually, I got rid of it in 4-5 years. The problem was that this illness kicked my health, and made me really prone to catch colds and flus. Plus, until 16 yo I was living in a quite cold place, so you can imagine how my mom overprotected me for this. My life was simple: home-school-home-school... I was just allowed to get out with some hood mates when I was 14, and just the couple of warm months. And obviously just during the day.

3a

In solitude, one comes know an incommunicable beauty — an essence of beauty in each thing and in all.

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In solitude one discovers one's spiritual climate, one's voice: nothing lends calm plenitude like the meeting of oneself with what was.

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When a memory loses its power of emotion, its reminder comes with melancholy. Something has disappeared; we too drop our dead branches.

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What changing nuances to what moves us, how we judge! It is because we are always changing, and astonished to be so.

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It is also dangerous to come head-to-head with oneself. Deepening requires seeing the limits of our freedom. The spirit alone can launch from its prison.

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What each woman calls her destiny is in fact the destiny of her heart: how might he belong to her, how might she be multiplied by love? But there is also an external destiny of chance...

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The thousand hassles of a common life makes sleeping hard; in a great distresses though that penetrates the very source of life, a defensive instinct allows sleep.

&

We sense only that which distances us from life; we hardly feel that which keeps us alive. We know not our cause of death: fatigue or grief; often it is both, and it is in the waking sleep we approach our end.

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Half awakened by the bell call of midnight mass, I heard a distinct voice say to me, "God, it is the power of good."

Yes, God is the power of the good in every man, but every man also holds the power of evil; he is irresponsible of one and the other; we stand at the center of this silent struggle and its mystery.

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First Noël of my solitude, as sweet as sprint mornings and my heart, through grace, is slightly drowsy. I have surrounded myself with objects dedicated to those I love; all day I pretend to wait, knowing none will come; the hope is extinguished by evening with tears.

&

In front of this landscape which enchants me, I tell myself foolishly: "I will not see this anymore when I am dead." But it remains merely abstract. If I think of the tragic material of death, of the misery of the body, then it frightens me. It should be no mere death but an extinguishing.

&

These few days of physical suffering have left me strangely indifferent to death. Perhaps she carries only an empty vase. What remains at the end of this perpetual fluid state that is a life? Everything is given to us, nothing belong.

&

As health and strength return, the joy of efficacy, of acting!

3b

To have the waist wrapped up in legs, the white landscape behind outside away from.

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I will try to stop eating sugar and I have started walking the dog every morning.

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I'd like someone that I could get to know well and wouldn't be afraid to tell me how they feel and their problems. Someone who wouldn't judge me and who was understanding and patient. Just someone I could tell my secrets to.

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One time I had liquid courage and asked a bartender of mine if I could walk with her home as she was leaving. We walked about 40 minutes, me mostly listening to her talk about her life and what she likes

to do. Those 40 minutes put me over the moon. Then I saw her again during her shift. She seemed a lot more reserved, less attentive. I was starting to get the picture, but I thought that I would have nothing to lose if I just had a Hail Mary attempt as she was leaving, asking her to the cinema or something later that week. I waited outside for 10 or 15 minutes smoking a couple cigarettes before I came back in and asked about her. I was told she already left, presumably through the back exit, almost unheard of for any employee of that place. Not only did I hear the rope screaming my name for the next week or so, but I lost someone very kind and friendly who was never quite as never again. And yet those 40 minutes are still the happiest I've been in months.

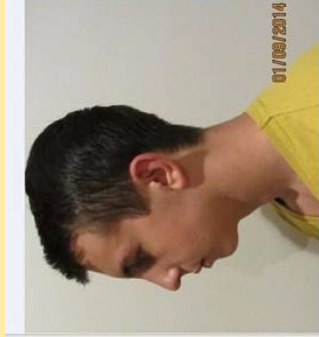
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At this age, I have to accept that I am missing something to make anyone like me in any way.

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A permanent lack of essential resources leads, unavoidably, to death. Foregoing physical necessities, society imposes additional mental and emotional necessities. I believe a mind raised outside of oedipal communities wouldn't require such ethe-

real sustenance, but one as our own perishes when permanently separated from safety, erotic release and perceived super-human value.



>chad-prime since about 12 years old

>when I was 13 my 16 year old cousin sucked my dick. we would later fuck when I was 17

>when I was 15 my sister went through a period where every day for about a month she would steal my towel while I was in the shower so I had to run naked into her room to get it. this eventually culminated in a fuck-buddy relationship by the time I was 16


>my own mother has fondled my dick through my pants

>my aunts have, surprise surprise, blown me on multiple occasions

Towards the blue horizon.

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 **Anonymous** 09/08/18(Sat)23:04:04 No.48019201 ▶ [»48019219](#)
[»48019246](#) [»48019357](#) [»48019711](#)

All I want is someone to watch anime, enjoy nature and cuddle with. I'm 25 and have a 6-figure salary. I live in a 2000 sq ft house and it's so empty and lonely. All of the people I know just want to go to bars and drink, that's it and it's miserable. Like drinking is the activity, not something to make the activity more enjoyable. Everything is about drinking, not the experience itself. Outdoorsy stuff? Better bring a flask. Kickball? Better have a beer in your hand the whole time. I can't take it anymore. I'm done acting like I enjoy doing it with them.

I am accepting ANYONE. I male or female, straight or gay, mentally unstable or whatever. Just SOMEONE to share my interests with. Come to my city and hang out with me, please

Yes, it is addiction, part fantasy, part mis-directed emotional energy, etc.

But for all summer and long before in interacting with Chaturbate camgirls mostly in Colombia, I feel I was genuinely in touch with my inner capacity and passion for romantic love inspired by visual beauty and attraction, and fueled by those who may in part have enjoyed it beyond just money. (Even if mainly money.) Some seemed to value what I said, and shared private replies even when I could not spend.

It may be total BS, but my soul truly felt it was giving genuine love by writing poetry, compliments, jokes, and affection. It made me feel so happy and alive to share this loving energy.

I like small spaces so I can hide and cry on my own,,,,,,,,,I put so many fake faces on ,sometimes daily.....I dont want people involved in me having a hard core crying session,,,,,,,,,i feel like people just really do not care, i get tired of hearing how we all have issues, how life is not fair,,,,,,,,,i just get tired of feeling so lonely, and so scared, and not knowing where to turn, and then some days my mind tells me there is no escape,,,,,,,,,there is no answer, there is no peace, no rest....not on this earth anyway....

I do have faith, I do pray,,,,,,,,,I do try,,,,,,,,,what I had in mind for life, and what life or reality really is are so different,,,,,,,,,i dont like to sit around and seem like I am on the pity pot,,,,,,,,,I have really had a weird journey, nothing has been easy or handed to me,,,,,,,,,mental illness at 17, shock therapy 2 x, , a sick child i had to put away,,,,,,,,,my twin died, i raised her daughter, now i have chronic pain in back, neck pelvis, hips, knees, elbows and shoulders, i have a horrible digestive disorder,,,,,,,,,talk about unfair,,,,,,,,,that makes it seem superficial for real,,and i feel like a huge attention whore and drama queen,,,,,,,,,so i just stuff it down, deep deep down, and try to keep going,,,some days i am way more successful than other days,,,,,

Sources

1b.

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