

Again the mist. Life cannot be just this: to overcome. How could anyone live a life of clarity? What goes within the mind of those who know, at each point, what the next step is supposed to be? Is that true knowledge? Or a beautiful illusion? Are they blind or am I blind?

A root extends beneath my feet to the unfathomable depths. But nothing in me grows in outward direction. The movement of my soul follows the direction of gravity, my mind is never lifted but moves downward to a deep and solitary underground where it longs to find a self. But it finds nothing unique. Plethoras. Myriads. A thousand faces staring, some mocking, others blind with star-like eyelids. Something calls me there which is suspended, floating in a place which I sense to be a center. But then I recall: Plethoras. Myriads. There is a plethora of centers. There are a thousand selves. And then again the mist.