

I haven't felt quite right these days. These days when scarcely I smile or laugh. No longer do I lose myself in the drunken enthusiasm of life's unknown pleasures. All those things that I once took such pride and joy in are now reduced to ashes. I find myself walking amidst the ruins of this once-dazzling cathedral, and hear the echoes of a distant voice telling me: *Art is of no help here, ornament in halls of ruin*. It seems I have so exhausted myself in that feverish servitude to intellectualism that the mere thought of it now bores and sickens me. I have always known that there was nothing to all this, but how easy it is to find emancipation through nihilism when one still has plenty of youthful energy. But one day, that wellspring of motivation inexplicably dries up, what then do you do? There is nowhere to run, there are no distractions, all avenues of escape have been exhausted, in fact, it is just those escapes that have led you here. You've no choice then but to surrender, but to what? How does one surrender without pointlessly philosophizing over it? Oh for fuck's sake, it's precisely all this philosophizing that I can't stand anymore. All this bickering over nothing at all, all this cleverness, all this elegance, all this righteousness, all this everything. And no, I can't stand to listen to it not because it's pointless, I'm far past wanting there to be a point to everything, I can't stand it because I don't know what the fuck happened; I used to be able to stand it but now I can't, and the inexplicability of this change, the helplessness of not being able to reverse it, the inability of anybody around me to even know what I mean when I tell them how I used to care and now I just can't for the life of me give a damn.

I don't really even want to write all these words anymore, they infuriate me more than anything. At times like this, writing feels like trying to paint with a brush that's been strapped to a ten-foot pole. But this music I am hearing, oh how soothing it is, and better enjoyed with an empty mind not so busied with trying to accomplish the impossible task of expressing itself. Tonight I will go to sleep to troubling and confusing dreams, tomorrow I will wake up and make no attempt at interpreting them. The sun will rise and then it will fall, the ocean swells and then recedes, some day I will be happy and then sad again. One day a flower blooms. Another, a tree falls over the creek. Today, I stop writing and get some rest.