

Ravings Towards and Against

Unidentified

Can I even be trusted to make sense if I am unable to recognize myself?

The intangibility of my own memories sets in a sobering surreality that is beyond me.

That is, I simply cannot be trusted with that which is beyond myself.

However, outside of the reach of my own recognition, I am beyond me.

It is all too impersonal after all,

It could be anything.

Experience

Love and pain,

Judgment and blissful calm.

Ecstasy is unknown to those untouched by torment

The ebbs and flows of a life worth living,

A life that cannot be extinguished until it is experienced fully

Contained within those boundaries of endless capacity are the requisites of absolution

All that will happen, must happen through you in order to achieve boundlessness

Flow through that night and allow eternity to flow through you

Forever, all at once

Thus, release

Ego

The bridge of a nose

And a furrowed brow.

The sensation of light penetrating that pupil

This hand is an extension of something

These boundaries are a facade recruited to separate something

...prevent something.

What thin, fragile boundaries.

An eye, a hand, a nose, a life

Are they of such deathly importance because they exist through ownership?

Are they me or am I they?

Supposedly since we know not what exists beyond that line,

Identification with those things that contain is a sanctuary.

Then again,

Do you know what you are now?