

FELINE

I was a feline. I lived in darkness. I scavenged in alleyways. I had no fixed address. I lived in the night. I would go with anyone who would take me home. She would feed me. She would wash me. She would bless me. Then she would release me into the night. I could hide in the darkness. I owed nothing to anyone. I was searching for more lasting sympathy. I wanted some thing that would elevate me from my confusion. I understood a more lasting connection to the universe. I was blessed with 1 million lives. Some of them I live now. Some of them I have lived in the past. And others I would live in the future. The cosmos spoke through me. It offered a message. I embraced this understanding. I surrendered myself to the moment. I would follow others like me. I would share in the spoils. I would dance in the light the moon. And then we would all lose ourselves in the shadows. That was how we all fortified ourselves. We lived, we grew, and we reveled in this constancy. Everything else was fickle. People would make promises. The world would give up his bounty. But there was nothing else there. There were times that this was brutal. I could barely find anything to sustain me. No one was offering me rescue. I remained in an endless darkness. Those are the conditions of my existence. That was what drove me on. That was what gave me sanctity. All of this was real. I couldn't wake up one day and go back to a comfortable life. I need to accept these terms. That was all that I wanted. That was all that I ever wanted. What did I see in others who shared my nature? Sometimes we would rally together. We would walk arm in arm thinking that we had conquered our demons. These compatriots wpi;d steal from me. They beat me to get my things. They would betray me for a greater reward. I couldn't trust any of them. I didn't want to think that I was this way. But we were no different. We're all drinking from the same well. For a while, it could be so potent. It would remind us of our true nature. And other moments, we would be starving. We would be searching for answers, and nothing would be there to satisfy us. I recognized this give-and-take.

If you're my gross. But it also friendly. I wanted to find others who I could trust. I want it I want to people who can understand the same quest that I was on. It was never like this. I was deep in the night. And no one could hear my cries. It's with the terms of my existence. I didn't shy away from them. I didn't deny this experience. This is my nature. It offered me sanctity. Nevertheless, I could feel it pushing down on me. I was scrappy. I would push back. I wouldn't let any of this affect me. Where is my reward? Where was my denial? Who could accord with this search. I wanted to think that I was different. Sure I haunted the same locations. My search had more meaning. It was based in a deeper understanding of nature. Who wanted to hear the same calling? Who else felt that endless excitement. When I was one with the moment, there is nothing like it. I couldn't get in. I wouldn't surrender. But I knew what my opposition was like. I knew that there was a world that felt none of the things that I felt. They would look down on me and others like me. They would mock my efforts. They would be skeptical about my discoveries. Ultimately, they will question my science. Everything came down to the same realization.

Quite simply, they were not on board. I could suffer. But they did not suffer. They did not see the suffering in the same way. They claim that it was a necessary part of human existence. It stood in the way of everything that we were. But the universe seem to give them the tools to overcome these threats. I was watching these rewards from the outside. I believed

that there was a knowledge I would hold all of this together into a single understanding. If I followed along, I could discover freedom from my destiny. I would create myself a new. For them all of us was abstractions. I was obsessed with a knowledge that would never manifest itself. It was simply my internal dialogue monologue. I felt as if I was creating. My life was my heart. I gave to this magic. But no one else felt things as intensely as I did. How could I offer up evidence for what I experienced? I didn't want to think that I was so different from everyone else. I recognized that there was this very conditions for accepting my nature. But I wanted to triumph through this knowledge.

I did not want to remain exiled in my darkness. It was a stage. It was a launching pad. It was the opportunity to find greatness. Could I take solace in my rewards find freedom in this experience? What remained out of reach? I felt forever silenced. My existence closed in on me. I couldn't dance away my sorrow. And all this hardship was emblematic of our lifestyle. We didn't see ourselves as ill faded. We embraced what we were given. We felt that we could piece together these bits, and we would be able to create some thing immense. We had been unleashed onto the world. There was no primal home. There is no final resting place. Instead, we excepted with zeal or restlessness. We were ready to hunt. We were willing to give them to her fear. There was still an ability in our adventure. We are not going to drag ourselves along the ground and we let our faith. We were different. We were built to last. We were made to prosper.

So we would continue along the journey. We would check the maps. We would observe our progress. We would wonder if we are given too much of ourselves to our vanity. We wouldn't think less of ourselves. Often we were teetering at the edge. We weren't ready to give up. But our resources it seem exhausted. We played into this assessment. There seem to be no other choice. They gave us our identities. And it was our profession. I have taught us how to fashion our personalities. We could be whoever we wanted to be. But we needed to be something. Sometimes we would exchange these identities. Our secrets would come to light. We would lose ourselves in this desire to towel. However, some thing remains unspoken. Our dreams were are always one step away. I can sense that challenge. I would get lost in the crowd. We try to find the rhythm. I would make it my own. I might be at a loss for words. But the feeling was all there. It was constant and forever. And that's just too much to consider. I didn't wanna expose myself to more ridicule. If I needed to separate myself from everyone else, that was all part of my ritual. That was who I was. This was who I wanted to be. I left it at that. I needed to burrow deeper into the night. I need to find a place or that would accommodate my fire. How could I survive under these terms? Who is assisting me to overcome these challenges.

I had a clear inspiration. I was working with others who felt the same way. And I was willing to pay my own way. What resources did I really have. What could I offer to help liberate me in this moment of need.? Who else shared that same commitment? I threw myself into the waves. I felt them batter me. The water held me down. I try to breathe. I try to shake off these influencers. None of this mattered. None of this offered me when I truly needed. I wouldn't stop my quest. I gave myself to a greater appeal. I went down, and then I resurfaced. I was more powerful than ever. I was facing a real threats to my growth. And I could tell stories. I could relate my own challenges. But it would be a long time before I could ever put it all together. But that time with all be done.

I would be out of resources. All the energy would've been drained for me. I couldn't let this happen. I need to embrace my vision. It wasn't for nothing I had become part of this experience. I needed to do for me whatever I would need it to overcome the dangers. And it was all part of the suffering. I was not doing what was necessary to respond to the moment. I was taking whatever I could scrounge. I was under siege. I had no idea whatsoever that this would happen. I had prepared myself for this moment. I had given myself everything that I needed. And none of it was sufficient. I felt as if I was waiting in this hell.

"There is nothing that would take me out of this place. If those are the conditions of my existence, I need to accept them. If everyone else felt the same thing, who could ever stand up and assert the self. We're all caught under the same conditions. This was why I had thrown myself into the night. I had given myself to the screed. There seem to be no other choice. I couldn't expect I couldn't expect to be gratified for going his way. Nevertheless, some thing was absent. I needed to see this in others. I need to see were obstinacy and lead to poor judgment. I couldn't give myself yes assessment. However all the factors were there. I recognized how I had become and trapped my own desires. I feel cheated. It was never supposed to be like this. Here, it was facing these endless challenges. And nothing was going to yield. I needed to further exercise my analytical powers."

"What did I say in the experience of others? No wonder I had checked out. They all made claims how they were going to overcome their resistance to change. But none of them had that power. I could see it. Even the noble souls were the same. They were all dropping like flies. Period I didn't want to give any credibility to this perspective. What else could I do? It wasn't simply that I was judging myself harshly. The reward was not giving them what they needed. And I have been exiled along with him it was a temporary promise. It was the same for everyone. There was that moment whenever things seemed to come in to view. And they would love this inside. I would grace it. It would give him extra power. But none of that was going to work for me."

"We were creatures of the night. We had destroyed ourselves. But we loved that distraction. And I wanted to play it both ways. I wanted transcendence. Out of the fire, I wanted to create. I wouldn't let loose the new signs. How could I accommodate for all this lost time. They gave me my manifesto. I was hopeless. But it gave me hope in my enactment. Even if I had a little left, I would still play to the end. I would play it as if I was a champion. I would ride that wave until it shook me. It could knock all the wind out of me. And I would still be along for the ride. It was brilliant. How is this happened? We are all lost her way. That was just part of the knowledge. I was repeating myself. Everything that I was doing is going in the same way. I no longer had any signs they could guide me."

"I was way beyond help. What dif that ever mean? Who understood? Where was any of this headed? It wouldn't of taken much to make it come to life. I had those tools. I have that knowledge. It was sustaining me in a lasting form. I was almost there. Where was I?. I was bewildered. I had been given a promise. And the promise had been broken again and again. And I felt broken by this eventuality. I wasn't naïve to the world. I still needed to hear my tune. I could evaporate in the speech. This rhythm would offer me everything that I was looking for I wanted the crowd to offer me that sense of elevation. I looked around. It was in my doing.

All the places where I found solace were now gone. I was the first to find my comfort in the street. And what did it offer. What did any of this matter? If I was still sad, there was a way that I could find rescue.

Everyone was caught in this myth. They thought that it was only time before everything would equal out. I knew about the disappointment. That did not diminish my concern. I was apart.

I didn't want to be recognized by those who were like me. This was how consumers lived. They were in a world of constant hospitality. The more they paid, the more that they felt loved. I couldn't abide in this world. I lived apart. This was one of my challenges. I took it for what it was. I need to get deeper and deeper into this underground. I want to no connections. I wanted to be the hitman. It was strange, the shadows were not what they seemed. Sometimes they would offer me protection. Nevertheless, I would often be immersed in another world. I did not have the same appeal. And I saw these dangers. I was holding too long in place. I was a sitting duck. I needed a better strategy. What was available? How could I gather up all my things. I was pulled back-and-forth by these attractions. I want to things to be different. I didn't want to be caught in the world. I knew the dangers if I went along with the wrong program. That was all part of my challenge. That was the foundation for my growth.

Where was any of this headed? I could do this simpler than I had before. What was my inspiration? I want to none of this. If I could describe my situation, and others could describe it for me. Therefore, I could be tracked. That would result in my eventual entrapment. I didn't want to go that way. I needed to figure some things out. But that was not going to be enough. I needed more clarity. Where would that originate? Everyone else was a spectator in a lonely life. I couldn't view myself in the same way. I wasn't in a hurry to get somewhere. I wasn't trying to escape some thing. I wasn't hiding myself from someone. I only wanted to be invisible for my own sake. That would be as efficient for award. I wouldn't look for anything else. I could be happy in the moment. I didn't want these moments accumulating to describe some thing more enduring. I loved this experience for what it was. I loved the great nothing. Everyone was trying to adorn these moments. What was it? The closer that you got, the less explanation there was.

How could you protect the self? I watched. I wanted to join in. I need to stay apart. I excepted my fate as it was. That was all that mattered. I know other concerns. I didn't want anyone to change me. I wasn't looking to grow. I wasn't looking for someone to assist me. I needed to stay where I was. I need to stay in this half place That way no one could detect me. No one could interrupt my efforts. All this was perfect for what it was. I only wanted to be left alone. I became afraid of others who are just like me. I know that the observers or wanted an explanation. The audience awaited it. I had nothing to give. I was living for the now. And that was that.

Most people could find satisfaction in the little consumer decisions that they made. They would buy something. They would bring it home. And it would provide all the satisfaction that was promised. If this relationship was successful, it would be ongoing person would become a faithful client. This was a wonderful basis for human interaction. It seem to go on forever. And I could give myself to that excitement. I could offer myself up for this promise. When will it end? Who is there an object that would provide ultimate satisfaction?

This was the foundation of our creativity. We were seeking this eventual liberation and things. I couldn't play along anymore. I embraced objects that were self-destructive. I didn't want to see myself as an anarchist. But I didn't want to go along with this absurd game. What were my options? I had something to get done. I need to make sure that it happened. All that meant was that I had nothing to accomplish, and I embraced the situation. Dark night, I could forget about all that. I was immune to the roar of the crowd. I was not seeking any form of salvation. That's all that it was, and nothing more.

I need to prime my creativity. Even if I produce nothing here, will give me a better understanding of my place in the world. That was how we all thought. I could see how that was only prolonging the illusion. Dismissed was based upon over exaggerating our talents. In the end, that meant giving our life special significance. But it had none of that. We existed in this moment. That was all there was. If we found a place for the night that would be a victory in his self. We need to understand what we were celebrating. It was the simplicity of our lives. We wanted for nothing more. This idea of investing so much energy was defeatist. We could survive if we ignored those demands.

They would never take us anywhere. They would only exaggerate misery. From our vantage point, all that mattered was be able to score a place for the night. After all that was over, none of it matters anymore. And it was better reducing everything to simple needs. We didn't worry about anything else. That gave us strength. That was all that we needed. There were still people who wanted more. They would remain locked in their beliefs. That in itself could be destructive. If we believed so fervently in the moment, that would be enough. We would expand all this energy. We could build upon that sensation. And we could move on. Nothing else would matter. I would've taken care of our basic commitment to ourselves.

Everything else, everything else was extra. We might hope for more. That would be enough. We weren't striving for something greater. If we weren't lost in some thing abstract. So we can let ourselves become distracted and he recognized our limitations. And that was that. What does that mean to ruin the opportunity? Would be a mistake to expect anything more. Some of us would take on absurd challenges. We would realize the opportunity to find treasure. And that would be the end. It might mean breaking into a place. We would take what was available. They would leave their valuables out for us.

We too this as gifts. It wasn't really stealing. These were places that were already abandoned. They left things for people like us. So we accepted that availability. We wanted to concentrate on other things. Often, there was a time for anything else. We made our lives real by discovering a something outrageous. This was what everyone wanted. We could demonstrate our expertise. We could embrace the note.

We were close enough to a lasting awareness. Beyond that there is nothing more. We could hear these bird calls. People would be signaling each other. We understood the dangers. But we needed to carry on. It didn't take much. There was a point when you had nothing. And he would give everything just to survive every day. At that point, you would established a pattern. That pattern could be hell. So you wanted a little more. Then things got really scary. Wanting more men taking risks.

Under the circumstances we were taking risks, and receiving little one return. We threw ourselves into the moment. And that hardly explained the actual problem. It was much more complex than that and did we want to be loved? The only thing that mattered is finding a

place to stay in finding enough to eat. There are no extravagances. We might've pretended that we had more to say. This was hideous. A few of my friends went down. They gave too much I'm selves for these minor awards. What would follow? What is their way out of this place? There was that moment when you made an alliance with someone questionable, it would seem to provide the access to something greater he took a chance.

He recognized the risks. And you were so close. But you had to trade your integrity for so much less. You didn't slow down your progress. There was nothing available. There was no sense of growth. Time seemed to stop. Things could get so much worse. The individual believed that he had the skills.

I assumed we're down. What else was available? Or else could provide necessary support? Better to stay uninvolved. It was important not to give in. And you start to believe this would result in some thing lasting. And you're treating your integrity for so much less. And when will this progression stop? When will it lead to a greater understanding? Or who is interrupting the presentation? Remained unknown? We weren't meant to understand anything more.

We only got a small glimpse of the picture and we could wait for a greater elevation and it was unlikely that it would ever come. We would remain locked in a solution. What would we have to do to find a greater power what was the source of revelation perhaps, we didn't wanna get involved. The same thing ending over and over again the same players seem to be involved. You might even collect a team. But there was nothing cohesive about this group. In fact, they all seem to share the same risks. And this resulted in a person on the face. How could this overall experience be thought of as some thing that was shared.? There is more to this observation we all saw some thing to mean so much more. Each image seem to bring a revelation. Each revelation combined to create an overall vision. His vision invited us to some thing everlasting. That was part of our nature. We believed in our own shortcomings. I felt that they would offer a passage to transcendence.

If we felt gutted, it would eventually lead to some thing transformational. And we will gained new power. Could we remain with that belief? No eloquence could glasses. Ultimately, we were condemned. It was so much of ourselves; it was unreal that we had this much energy. That was all that remained. We need to make it back to the origin. We pushed pushed and pushed. We need to find some thing physical. Did we get in this place? We could hear the alarms go off. I could hear the sirens in the distance. How long would we have to wait? Or is this going to be forever? I need some kind of resolve. Everything seem to come to a standstill. We feel responsible for what was happening. Where was the beginning, where was the end of this challenge? The light shone in our faces. They asked us why we were still here. This is not supposed to continue forever. It was supposed to be a starting point point. It existed? Like this forever. The noise seemed everlasting.

"The body continued the motion forward. But not at all the faces were hidden. There was no way to get past this disaster. It affected everyone. And create a lasting danger for their health. It made them want some thing more. Where was the end? What was the way to escape? There was none. I took off their faces. And store their identities. It's insidious in nature. It should never of happened. Why are you doing this to me? He wanted it. He wanted more of it. You lived for it. You saw it as a form of rescue. I gave you everything that you needed. It offered you the final blessing. That was all that could matter."

“He heard the noises. What was happening? Who was responsible? Each person contributed a little more. The feeling became more intense. You had an assignment. You needed to be mad. He would fill it in. He would give it more meaning. I seem to attack you. And overwhelmed here. I took away anything that mattered. It shook you to your core. Whatever could you say?”

“Do you want to remain? I hope that there would be additional challenges. He made good. And that was that. That was all that would ever be. Do you understand any of this? Does anyone understand? Are they meant to? We’re go explain it to you simply.

You lived in the shadowy world. We may do. Sometimes we crashed on somebody’s couch. Sometimes we would find a place where we could all stay. It didn’t matter. None of this mattered. We brought friends with us. We’re always close enough to a resolution. We turn the world on. We could’ve made this mean some thing. We could share.

“I have something more to offer. We always do. We visit. We stay a long time. This is something I like. This is something I find excellent. Some of this doesn’t work. I’m trying to survive. I don’t want to think about it this way. How do you keep any of this together? How do you frame it? There’s no interpretation. It just is.”