

RENEE

How did her vivacity provide her with her standing of her world? I need to ask a question. My observation needed to be certain. The more that I observed, the more that I was taking in. What I saw that made me uncomfortable. I wanted to attain a higher level of certainty. The center of vague mean. That was part of the act. What did she know? There were enough people who observed her actions to provide an overall understanding of this experience. She understood the power of the darkness. And she dressed to reflect this knowledge. Anyone who watched her could see the same commitment. This was exciting. I was enticed by her charms. This added to the representation. This made her seem more knowledgeable.

“What did it mean to have this kind of knowledge? Origins??”

For the moment, she was moving faster than I could ever catch. That velocity seemed to be a testament to her nature. Nevertheless how long along could she sustain this commitment? That added to my interest.

What did she recognize about the night? What kinds of spirits was she bringing to life? In some ways, it didn't matter what she knew it. This was not about her knowledge. This was more about her belief. And her belief was meant compensate for any wonder on her part. Belief could demonstrate her actual nature. She existed in this half world. All her powers derived from this transitional state. She could influence the world with its magic. This would accord with her nature. [Was there magic?]

Behind the veil, there was fear. And I could only explore that fear to a certain degree. I didn't want to get caught up in the struggle. But I wanted to understand why she felt so powerful.

She understood the basic rhythm of the universe. She could generalize it to a more thorough understanding. Indeed, this was her alchemy. It was both her strength and her weakness. This was a challenge. This was your nature. I wanted to strip away what was it. And I wanted to watch it from far. But I knew the dangers. Each revelation became an invitation. Each observation became an acceptance of that invitation. It only made me devote. I didn't want to go to this place. She could reveal everything, and I would feel trapped. I understood the profound dangers. Nevertheless that very idea seemed appealing. How could I ever engage this? Could I ever make it my own.?

There was a magic gift. She make sure that she wouldn't stay in one place for long. Otherwise people would see what was going on, and they would ask her to explain. She was beyond explanation. She lived her paradise for what it was worth. It may have been temporary. She may have been forced to return to the world. Her desire. Desire could truly be overwhelming. If she could catch the world in that way, she could take account of the universe. Certainly, she had an evidence.

She was doing everything that she could to put in practice. She was looking for others who might be sympathetic. But that's sympathy had its own risks. What would happen if she became trapped by this excitement? Why did she devote so much of her self to this reality? What was underneath the glamour? She retained her belief. And she wanted it to mean so much more. How was that even possible?

She probably had nothing of real value in her purse. She had few assets at home. She has some clothes and costume jewelry. Everything existed in this moment. I recorded it for everything that was worth. I tried to build on this feeling. I tried to turn it into something. I wasn't just chronicling her toil. I was trying to enhance her science. I pieced together all these elements. I was organizing. I was offering her the art that remained absent from her experience.

How was that even possible? How could I track that path, and extend it to me in some thing more lasting manner. I wasn't the first to try. But I was doing this from a far. I was recognizing the ritual without becoming devoted to it. That was all part of my challenge. But I put on this on her. I wanted her to offer me results. I accepted her explanation. Nothing else seemed to matter. Did she have the courage to sustain that vision? I wanted to believe that this meant so much more. How could I apply this knowledge? Could I offer it momentum? What was absent from this understanding? This was everything that I needed. There was no other way to see this. I cherished the vision. I reviewed it on my own.

I tried to make sense of this reflection. This was a universe unto itself. I was recognizing the constellations. What did they mean? They were the source of all knowledge. Field history. They offered an understanding of a unique kind of science. This went beyond heartache. This went beyond revenge. This went beyond devastation. Could I ever recognize a deeper awareness? This was an all about her. I was saying something else. She was pointing my way towards a more lasting awareness. I searched those constellations again. They still needed her sorcery. What spells did she know? Did her desires get the better of her? Was she able to tap into a supernatural gratification. Could her body tingle? Could it shake? Could she lose the self in an encounter with universe. I needed more. I needed more inspiration. What was lacking? What was being denied? I could look in her eyes and see the fire. That could ignite all creation. Was that enough? Would it all result in distraction? Would those fiery moments only lead to denial? There to be some creative impulse there. As she moved I could see it. But the destructiveness was so overpowering. That was all part of the seduction. I wanted that more than ever.

I already knew a world of light. I wanted her to introduce me to that other world of darkness. What was going on there? How was she a part of this magic? I didn't want to see a little bit. I wanted to see it all. I wanted revelation. I wanted to reach back into history and recall all these lost moments. It wouldn't be enough to see. She would present a picture that was favorable. She would offer me the tools to change things. I could dispel the nightmares. I could embrace promise. She offered nothing but this promise.

I wished that I could contain all that power in her body. She went along with that sensation. It wasn't simply a gesture. She was embracing the moment. She was engaging the present. Even contemplating these challenges was exhausting. I returned home to think about it some more. I would make notes. I would attempt to track the overall progression. But that sensation already gripped me. The power was overwhelming. I felt my whole body seized by the moment. I didn't want it to be any other way.

She was recommending a different way to encounter the world. It wasn't enough to see this. I needed to become one with this being. That didn't mean interacting further with her. But it did mean that I needed to explore the foundation of this manifestation. Who was she? What were the origins of this power? How long would it continue? I wanted to break it down I

wanted to distill it for myself. I didn't want to get involved. I didn't want to lose myself in the destructiveness. What it was, I accepted the risks. But I wanted you to stop right there. I was not willing to let it ravage me.

I saw how each encounter could weaken the individual more and more. The energy shook the body. It would engage greater challenges. And I feared everything about this connection. That only made me want more. I was not going to get called in by the addictive appeals. In a sense I was rooted in my place. She invited me to another world. But I stayed rooted in my own experience.

She mocked me. I was ensconced in my own misery. I never saw it that way. But she was offering some thing that I could never have. And she knew it. That added to her enthusiasm. It made her power seem more, intense but there was something else happening here. I did everything to make sense of it. She reveled in the degradation. She loved the decadence. She was committed to constant excitation. How could anyone sustain that kind of energy? What was my role? I marveled at the presentation. Each time, she seem to arise from her humiliation. And she seemed more powerful. If this was her experience, what would her mind be? There seemed to be no way that I could ever extricate myself from this situation. This would be permanent for me. I would be unable to do anything else. She loved it for what it was. This was all part of her magic.

I wanted no part of it. I wanted all of it. I wanted to immerse myself in what was happening. I wanted to surrender myself. I wanted nothing else in my world. I needed to develop my observation. I needed to fill in for what was hidden. I needed to continue on in this process. There's no other way to see this. I welcomed this dance of the veils. I saw her work out to create an art out of her presence. From the moment that she grace the room, it was evident what she had to offer. Truly, and she would draw on this experience to develop her self. She recognized it. But she could rewrite her history to find salvation.

It wasn't simply an idea that she had. She was connected to a deeper understanding in the body. She did what she could to remake her image to reflect from primal desires. She wasn't simply looking for satisfaction. She sought such transcendence. In these blessings, I could find a connection of a lasting duration. It might seem like a feeding. She might grasp it every night. She wanted more than that. She was not just looking for a temporary solution. Why? She knew enough to guide her way. There were so many challenges. There were so many things preventing her from moving forward. She needed do these things to touch base. Inside her? It wasn't enough to experience the world. She knew how to arrange it in a creative way. She needed to give it away. She needed to offer her blessing.

She understood an ancient magic. I wanted more than that. Nevertheless, it was just enough for her, and that prevented her from developing sufficiently. She could feel how she was rocked by these negative influences. She entertained more integrity. I wondered how I could assist her. What could I offer to increase her insight? I knew that I didn't dare. I needed to maintain my distance. I need to watch this experience as a theater. That added to the entertainment. But I wanted it to be more than that. I wanted it to reveal. I wanted to reassure. Already, I could sense that she was losing touch with the physical form.

There elements that were preventing her from manifesting her understanding. What did I have to do to help to motivate this realization? Could I describe this in a different way? I was super disciplined in these experiences. But I need to maintain my vantage point. I needed

to watch it all from a distance. In my mind, I was manipulating all these factors to create a more profound understanding. Did she ever understand?

Do you ever recognize this? What was absent from this picture. What did I have to do to improve its influence? There was enough to fear. There was enough to wonder about. I saw how can I make everything appear more enlightning. It might make sense to me when I was seeing it at home. Did she have enough inspiration to sustain her vision. I wanted to contribute to this enhancement. At least I was able to recognize a dominant thread. And this could offer a critical awareness. I wanted to sense that mediation.

Fundamentally, I recognized this as an artistic quest. But the artist needed to have a better connection to the medium. It took more than efficient division. I needed to find grounding in the world. What was preventing this awareness? What could I do to push it along.

We had undergone something that acted negatively on our souls. What could that ever be? It would've never makes sense to me. What did I need to know? What interrupted my vision. I wanted her to share something with me. But I couldn't get closer without losing my observation. The situation became more challenging. She understood what she needed to do, but she was drawn to this challenging lifestyle. Wild lifestyle, and she did not want to let it go. How could she mediate the situation? She knew what was in store. What she was hoping for?

She needed a way out. She was too drawn to these temporary appeals. She locked the language to find true liberation. She knew the risks. She wanted her image to guide her through. How could it guide her? It offered her clarity? She was asking the same questions again and again, and she was receiving no answers. She had been distracted from her goals. How had this happened? I wanted to know more. Perhaps I could offer my assistance. What was missing? What did I need to know?

I was trying to observe. I wanted to understand. But there were things in my way. I was letting my beliefs distract me from what I wanted to know I had a vision. I was letting it speak for me. And I need to peel away my expectations to better understand what was really going on. The same difficult to deal with. I was concerned with the alternatives. I needed to get outside of myself. What could she tell me. What was the evidence that encouraged me to believe that she had a deeper awareness? I needed to review my challenges. This would help me to attain financial freedom. I needed to recognize what were the threats to my growth. What did I lack? I needed a clearer vision.

I could map out my living situation. I could reinforce all the positive elements in my environment. What did I need to do to enhance this situation? I could make positive steps towards making things easier for me.

I needed cues that could assist me to make the best decisions. This could even be simple things in my surroundings. I needed to take control of those things that were available to me. On this basis, I could address greater challenges.

I had consolidated all the aspects of my living space. I nailed down all the important tasks. This added to my sense of personal awareness. I started to recognize how my outside world could correspond to the my inner desires.

I looked at the map of my experience. I could see the evident gaps, and I was doing my bets to fill them in. I wanted things to be clean.

I wanted things to be fair. What did I need to do create the necessary balance in my life? I was sure that I could build from an equation. It would help me cover all these variables. I could enjoy the possibilities. I did not want any of this to occur too suddenly.

There were enough things that I could do to stabilize the situation.

I needed to create stronger motivation in my life. I needed more energy to accomplish all these tasks. I wanted a different perspective.

What did I need to tell myself? Where was I supposed to start? I had been able to control my living situation. I was not into tragedy.

Everyone could admit to mistakes. These could disrupt the overall experience. I needed control where it seemed to be in short supply. What was missing from this plan? Could I obtain more resources to keep things going strongly? This was not as difficult as it seemed.

I had been able to eliminate risk. But it continued to enter my activities. What did I need to do to offer a buffer against these awful threats.

I was exaggerating all these little things. I needed to sleep. I wanted to recover. Where was I supposed to start? This was not imaginary. I needed to make real steps. I needed to do this every second of the way.

I was not really part of any of this. This was not my situation. This was hardly my life I needed a better review.

I needed to eat. I needed to do my work. I wanted to show results. What was missing from this picture?

I was looking for reassurance. I would have to destroy things in order to create. I did not like that vision. It was not supposed to go awry.

I couldn't listen to any negative commentary. If I needed to sit in a chair all day to avoid terrible influence, that was what I would do.

I developed this greater commitment to my person growth. I was getting more done in the day. I needed to live in the moment. I could not worry about the consequences. As much as this careless attitude seemed to be enough of a motivation, there remained so many impediments to my transformation.

I was holding on to old ways of thinking. I was not adding enough enthusiasm to my personal enrichment. What was missing? Was I not looking closely?

I had been too sympathetic to myself. I needed to make a real effort for change. How could I possibly do that if I kept doing the same thing over and over again? I needed to close the book and become more involved in the world around me.

I needed a clearer definition of everything that I was doing. That would help me to eliminate the excess. I could concentrate on what was necessary. I could eliminate mistakes. I was not sufficiently prepared to accelerate these changes. I was so caught up in doing the same things over and over again. I was tolerating all my bad habits. This could not continue in this manner.

Real change could be a difficult thing. We were made to lock in habits. Our bodies developed by reinforcing this connection. I needed to break this lock. What was it going to take to offer me a different path?

I needed to reach deeper in myself. I needed to understand the basis for my actions. How could I recognize what was necessary for my advancement. I needed to eliminate all the poison that was inside. How did it function in that manner?

I could find clearer guidance. All these factors together were emphasizing my demise. I needed to find a way to break this hold. How could everything become evident for me? Had I planned for the eventualities? What could destroy my program? I didn't want to think that I was contributing to its demise.

I had a detailed script for myself. What was missing? I needed to take more time to try to understand what were the obstacles. I was motivated from the moment that I woke up. But something was destroying my confidence. I had reviewed every issue. There should have been no reason for this result.

I realized how I setting these artificial deadlines for myself. But I did have work to complete. I needed to make sure that it would get done. That reinforced my concerns. I had the skills. I had the correct attitude. There should have been nothing that would prevent me from realizing my goals.

I couldn't very well threaten myself. I needed to find the best solution. What were my alternatives? All that mattered was total certainty. I could recognize the possibilities. I would achieve.

That was a terrible way to look at things. I wanted to understand.

There needed to be other ways to see this. This was not all about what was inside. There needed to be another perspective. I could rearrange the elements and come to a different conclusion. Would anything change if I stayed like forever?

I needed to make a deal with myself. What was missing? How could I prevent myself from achieving a total awareness? I was betraying my vision. I lacked sufficient knowledge. This could only result in my failure. It was not meant to be like this.

There was something missing from this picture. I did not have enough juice. Perhaps, I had been too lenient with myself in creating a viable option. That did not diminish the skills that I could apply to my transformation.

Why did I need to be a part of this? It could be much simpler. What was getting the in the way of self-realization? I did not recognize the actual powers that remained open to me.

None of this seemed possible. I was doing enough to prepare myself for what awaited me. I knew what I could offer the world. And it was evident. What was missing?

I needed to generate enough energy in myself. I was becoming tired to easily. There were enough things getting in the way of strengthening the plan.

Where did I start?

I wanted something to lead me along. I was looking for a sign. It was never going to happen in this way. It was necessary to take precautions. I saw some potential problems. I could walk outside. I needed to throw myself into the world.

I didn't like it this way. I couldn't deal with these interruptions. What was interfering with my emergence? I was not reflecting my experience.

How could I explain myself? I needed improve the system. What was absent? Where was this explanation? What was not available? My planning sheet seemed empty.

There was nothing that I could say to document my experience.

I wanted an order. I did not want to be challenged by the random. I was successful in expanding this space. I could stretch myself. I would admit to more power. There was so much chaos in this realm. This needed to be cleaned up.

Why would the space interrupt with my ongoing meditation? I needed a stronger insight. I did not want to think that my hesitation was preventing me from moving on.

What was not there? I did not want to design my space. I wanted to empty out all the abstractions. I would just see the immediacy. That was all that was necessary. I was adding too many factors to this perspective.

I couldn't accommodate with an idea. It needed to be manifest. I wanted it to be active in the moment. I was letting my plans destroy this awareness. It could not come from outside of itself. I needed to it to exist in the moment.

I had been living my history, but there was really nothing here. I was too immersed in my questions.

I did not want my living space to remind me of other experiences. I wanted it to energize events that were occurring in my world. I wanted it to tie together all these possibilities. I needed something to take me out of my darkness.

I had built from this view. I was not looking for something to interrupt my thoughts. I needed action. I liked something to vibrate from within.

Where was I? I knew this all too well. I needed it to remain like this.

What did I need from myself? What were the rooms in my hell? There were too many accidents interfering with this space. I was trying to accord with a prearranged idea. But that had nothing to do with my life as it was. I needed to capture these moments, so that I did not exhaust my resources. This all happened too quickly.

I was afraid to do this on my own.

I did not want to participate. I wanted everything to happen in the moment. I did not want to go backwards. I did not want to destroy. I was too hesitant.

What was the meaning of life? I knew it inside. I needed to express it. Music would allow me to express the special knowledge that was inside me. I would only need to hear a tune inspire me to move around the room. I was creating my own geometry. I was submitting to my physics. I was sacrificing myself to the cosmos. I was a constellation !

How much did I depend on others to provide me with a clear framework for my growth. I didn't want to think of myself as dependent. Nevertheless, I only had limited resources to achieve my goals. I knew how I could engage other people to become interested in my efforts. Alas, I faced critical challenges in maintaining their confidence. I was not pursuing any kind of professional outlet. I simply wanted people to be interested what I did. No doubt,

This could lead to more excitement on my part. Nevertheless, my vision was limited. I could only bring so much to my understanding. I didn't want to make any mistakes that I would regret. I recognized how exposed I was. There were so many challenges to my growth. Sure, I had knowledge. But my knowledge was limited. Everything was connected to the body. I did not have an elaborate system to develop my ideas. Everything more or less happened in the moment. I knew that I was clever. I could take advantage of promising situations. That still wasn't enough. It wasn't enough to stare in my eyes and see the future. I needed to make something happen in the present for whatever that meant.

I could sense that empowerment. It spurred me on. Nevertheless, I still couldn't find that motivation which carried into the day today. On occasion, I needed a little boost to propel me. I recognized the problems. My excitement was not going to carry me through all these obstacles. But I hated to let down more. I wanted to join in with others and be a part of the party. If this excitement could last, that was all that I cared about. There was something astounding about this process. I had started with a vision. And others were attracted to the same things that I was interested in. They saw me as a rising star. I need to build upon this interest. What was its basis?

Why did others invest so much time and energy in me? I rode this high. But I also recognized the downside. The downside could be so much more devastating. I would sense this promise. It would be everything for me. Unfortunately, the drawbacks could be too much to overcome. How could I reconceive this program to includewhat was missing?

I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a little hesitant. I brushed my hair and fixed my make up. I need something else. I needed a philosophy. I struggled for money. I had enough to keep going. I could build upon these dreams. I needed to maintain that committed attitude. And it help me build upon this understanding. I became more and more involved in the process. I thought that I had crossed over into another room.

I wasn't just feeling things in the physical world. I could sense the supernatural presences. And they seemed to bless me. That only helped me to build upon these experiences. Indeed, I felt that this was the artistry. I would hear the music, but it was way more than the music. It was way more than these contacts that I had. I didn't want to think too highly of myself, but I knew that I had something. And I needed to energize the process. What did I need to do to advance my old work? How could I make things work more efficiently?

I felt as if I was I was on my guard. I relied on people I knew. I try to be independent. But that only went so far. That did not diminish the difficulties in getting others to be on board. That added to my service. I wanted to demonstrate my abilities. But I would often seen week. I didn't want people to see this face. Therefore I need to become stronger. I need to reinforce those characteristics which distinguished me. That was all part of my growth. My personal development was paramount. Nevertheless, I would constantly get lost in the moment. It would seem to offer wonderful promises. And I would get taken in. I would be delirious. My ecstasy with twist me around. My sense of transcendence would shake me off. All these inferences were overwhelming. That added to my sense of confidence. That made me feel more threatened.

What did I lack? This process was ongoing. It was so many factors in my way up I need to do to push on? I had enough motivation. But there were so many things challenging my forward progress.

I didn't want to believe that my reputation could damage me. I felt that I could rise above all that. Nevertheless, there was enough noise in my environment that could've assailed me again and again. I relied upon the goodwill of others. I couldn't pretend that I was totally isolated. I could increase my efforts to improve myself. But I would slide back. I was involved in a social situation. I wanted more control over my life. I was missing. I just didn't have the vision to go any further. That wasn't a weakness. It was simply part of my nature. I was doing my best to change, but I have limited tools to work with. When I really needed support from others, they would go missing.

I would get lost in the appeals of the moment. People would flatter me. They were trying to get close to me. This would impress me . But it didn't last forever, and the next day I would have to deal with the regret. It was the same every time. I would get seduced. What was happening around me? None of this would last. It would all explode in my face. And I would wonder what I was doing, I had this wonderful celebrity. But there was nothing permanent. It wouldn't matter if I just disappeared from the earth.

How did I want the world to see me? How did I feel inside? Or I could arrange these appearances to provide a glimpse into myself. And in a sense, this was simply a routine that I carried out. I would accommodate I would arrange my things accordingly. But it was hardly my focus. I always thought it was better to have a uniform. I would just wear it every day.

There would be slight variations. It would all be pretty much the same. I would've one goal in mind. Primarily, I wanted to get out of the house. I needed to escape. I didn't see this is complex. I wasn't half to a fashion show. I wasn't going to a photo shoot. I was simply going to arrive. People might look at me and wonder what I had in my head. But they knew who I was. And I was able to present a distinctive image.

In a sense, I told people not to mess with me. I lay down the law. That was part of my experience at Reunion. I think that was why I felt comfortable. I look nothing like the rest of the world. I was a bat out of hell. I offered this image for the world to see. If someone wanted to write a book about this, I would not have objected. But there was little to explain. I wasn't making excuses for myself. I didn't want everyone to look at me. I didn't want men to bust after me. I only wanted to feel comfortable in myself. If that meant sticking out in my own world, that was that. There was no other way to look at this.

Rescue was only a few steps away. I was fascinated by these possibilities. It wouldn't take much to remain rearrange all the pieces. And refreshed. I might wear a different skirt, or I would pull down a new sweater. It's served to further to create new ways of observing my world. I welcomed anyone who would offer me support. I loved that sensation. I wanted that and nothing more.

History continued. A more complex vision. I submerged. I want to get out of this place. I wanted to escape. Maybe, I can make myself invisible. I still linger there. I could see some people staring. I felt as if I was scandalizing them. Was this a part of my work? Was I trying to create a scene? It wasn't as if I had done something seriously wrong. I stayed committed to my goals to the moment. There is no other way to respond. Do they want to be known? Do they want to be talked about? Where did these roads lead? Or I wasn't going to take any of this lying down. I had my own means. And I saw this. It emerged clearly for me. There was no other way to describe it. I felt part of something bigger than myself. I needed to let it speak through me.

Just when I thought that I had everything arranged, I felt lost again. I needed to find someone who was going to make this all right. I needed a smiling face to bless me with everything that I needed. It wouldn't take much. I wanted to keep the party going. Everyone else felt the same way. This meant understanding my emotions. It wasn't so much about the appearances as it was about the central feeling that we all shared. If we all could get on the same wavelength, the obstacles that were in our way seemed minimal. I knew the dangers. Everything could crash around me. And I was doing my best to maintain myself. That didn't

diminish my feelings. I couldn't allow the world crash around me or. It only took a little taste to make everything right.

I welcomed the influence of that one basic agreement ingredient that could put it all into place. This is like physics. I had been engaging the critical forces. I had prepared myself for whatever would follow.

What would a truly mean to escape this life? What was preventing me from moving forward? I didn't want to think that I had been trapped. But I questioned my overall situation. Period continue like this. What was the road to my escape?

When we're all having fun, I felt as if we were blowing through thousands of dollars. It didn't make any difference there was millions more. I could carry on with this gamble. I was totally sure of myself. But there was the other side of the equation. And that was even more frightening. I'd be back in my little hovel, and the smell of the place or drive me crazy reminded me of my own decay. I wasn't moving forward. I was losing my breath. This all seemed ridiculous. Anyone willing to take a chance? I need to be quick. And I woke up in the morning, I felt as if I was in a castle. I surveyed my lands. I nurtured my fantasy. I was a princess. Everything smells like roses. When I was up, I need to leverage my position.

Maybe I can see myself as a future visionary. This could give me the momentum to let go of my confusion. I would feel blessed. I could share my artistry with the world. My life would be a tribute to enlightenment. I can move from the state of being to greater understanding of the universe. I could project my being in a total transformation of the cosmos.

The universe spoke through me. It offered me a new language. He gave me access to a universal consciousness. I could increase my understanding. I would feel totally invigorated. Despite these desires, I could still feel that something was holding me back. Try as I may, I couldn't do anything to shake things free.

I was endowed with the full force of my surroundings. That heightened my awareness. It enabled me to encompass this marvelous abundance. There seem to be no limit to my transcendence. I welcomed the coming ascendancy gave me all the tools for a more lasting connection with the most remote remote outposts in space. I was omnipresent. I reveled in this marvelous entanglement.

This was my stupendous experience. How would I ever be able to come down to a weight more intense. I needed to hold on. I needed to break through the barriers. My fear was greater than ever. It was reminding me of my past failures. And I needed to deal with the pediments that were all around me.

This time, I was so close please. How is things gotten out of hand? I need to review I need to figure out where I got it wrong I spent all this time in the place. I sensed the contradiction. Around deep. Little respite. Which was always be a matter of regret? There always be something impeding my progress? What was it? What were the limits to my aspirations?

Could I share my challenges with others. What in my nature had credibility? My questions multiply my answers. And what? What could I do? I was relying on this too much. I did want anyone to worry about this. If I didn't think about it. If I didn't let it affect me in negative ways, this became my world. I couldn't create it on my own. And it came down to this building blocks. They were ever present. They slowed my progress.? I tried to stay on top of

things. I tried to make this poem or recognize the challenge over and over again. I was getting no credit. I tried to freeze accomplishments, and it made me seem more intense.

"I don't want you thinking about my homework."

"Who is involved?"

"What do I need to know to stay in this place?"

"Do you live on tips?"

"Smile."

"This hard fucking work."

"Don't be afraid."

"Who is coming over?"

"Whoever want to."

"She is totally off."

"This is going to turn into a real mess."

"Why are you so mean?"

"There are things happening in my stomach."

"There are so many people slamming the door."

"How does that happen?"

"Do not shed a tear over me."

"I am hearing airplane noise."

"What is this about?"

"I cannot prediction."

"Where does that come from?"

"What is missing?"

"Ha! Ha!"

"I need to stop."

"That is not enough for me."

"The theory is not going to happen."

"What is wrong with you?"

"Now and then!"

"I am going off the high board."

"What are you going off on?"

"I am listening more carefully."

"How should we judge our friends?"

"What did you say?"

"Is she going to answer the door?"

"What do you know?"

"Where is that headed?"

"Add the numbers."

"I can't keep on this way."

"We shut you down."

"Do a cleanup."

"Don't I look great."

"You're a little bit of a mess."

"Who pays the taxes?"

*“Make it all a go!:
“Someone is missing.”
“This is the end of history.”
“Who is driving?”
“I am ready.”*