

CAUGHT

What was I supposed to make of this? I was only getting caught up in the lifestyle. A couple of steps, and I would get sucked in completely. Did I need different reference points? I wanted the push. I needed the turn on. I didn't want to admit it, but I wasn't that much different than Tempest. I had told myself that I was on to something serious. But I was getting caught up in the idealized projection. I did not take the steps to move on.

Was I waiting for an appearance. Who would it be? Lottie certainly provided me with an added motivation. Who was missing? I kept creating a repertoire of characters. They provided me with the dance. They gave me a philosophy. They would only be replaced by new crew. It kept on that way. I almost felt helpless. I was waiting for the inspiration.

“At any moment I could feel the spontaneous pull of desire that would result in this emotional explosion. I would be seized by this feeling. It would shake me to my core and I could feel this energy pulsating through me. The feeling would be intense. I would've seen this as endless. This could be a mission for me. I would place myself in proximity of these kinds of experiences. Inevitably they would seize me. I would get pulled into the washroom and be barraged by this mountain of kisses. I cannot resist. I wanted more, even the threat to my being with Malcolm. I wanted to be ripped apart. so I could think about nothing else.”

I felt uncomfortable with Tempest's admission; she embraced this self-destructive urge. When she opened the door, how could she stop? She was dominated by this feeling. Even in admitting to a sense of moral degradation, I was fascinated. She had considered me as a potential candidate for one of her scenes. And I could feel that intensity reverberate all through me. When I saw her on successive notes, I felt even more appeal. As I looked at her body I could somehow revive that same spirit of our first encounter in. I had already suspected that she was somehow addicted to these kinds of interactions. She was encouraging me to come along, and I didn't want to let go.”

“I knew that she wouldn't come back. I had not concurred with her philosophy. I did not see myself brutalizing her. And I wondered what kind of consciousness would emerge from such an assignation. But it was also immediate, so exciting, so overwhelming. I wanted to get involved. I wanted to be a part of it. And I thought about the issues.”

She was inspired. She had emerged to the situation. Who else would be so conscientious about a pleasure? I want to learn more. I want to explore. She had so changed the game. It was almost as if she trapped me. From that point forward I would be just like her. And I would be looking for one of these explosive encounters. The was more intense. It wasn't only related to the present moment. Tempest was convicting me for my way of life. Why else was I waiting there?

I wanted my words to mean something. I wanted my gestures to mean something[it wasn't enough to observe. I craved the action. She reminded me of this. I was trying to see things from afar. I was trying to claim a moral high ground. But I was more depraved. It was almost as if I had accepted the same from every person that I met. I wanted them to take me to the depths.. It didn't matter how they were going to do this. I was caught up in the sensation. It became more and more wondrous. This shook me from the inside. It was the basis for my words. How was I supposed to see myself? What was the basis for my awareness? I thought about the situation, and I became more caught up.

Ivy believed that she was creating the opportunity to be creative in life. And this creativity could be passed on to those around her. It was rooted in culture and an understanding with nature. She was rebelling against the practices of the colonizer who did not recognize this deep commitment to another way of living. She experienced a harmony with the universe, and she vibrated without rhythm. She had her own art to advance this perspective.

Wally was her friend. Even as she tried to enhance her reputation, she did not see things in a similar way to Tempest. She was not relying on someone else for attention. Nevertheless, she had already immersed herself in this world, and she could sense that excitement. She lost her self within this collective consciousness.

She wanted to belong. She felt excited by these influences. She was connected to others. She shared their emotions. She shared their concerns. She lived with their fears. She was caught up in the moment. She wondered what was going on. She didn't want to give up so much control. But she was accepted. She could feel herself shine in this environment. There was a true radiance in her look. It wasn't forced. It was nothing contrived. It was this amazing freshness. But she could feel herself encumbered by the spell. There was this sensation echoing through her head. Surrounding her. It made her excited. It was almost as if she didn't know what to do with this excitement. What was she supposed to do with her self? This sensation did not subside. She could feel its influence. She tried not to waver under its affects. But it made her confused. How was she supposed to feel? What was happening around her. She wanted certainty.

“To you I'm myself.”

She didn't want to give into a point of view that seemed to contradict her. But there was so much wonder around her. She marveled in the glitter.. The galaxy mesmerized her. It confused her. Was she being taken to another place? Was she becoming something that she didn't want to be? This was in the world that she had sought. But there were moments when it seemed just outside her grasp. Why would she let go? What could be more intense? She wanted to feel that solid connection. But it didn't seem as if it was meditative. All her awareness seemed to lead to something immediate. And that immediacy could be felt within. Her whole body was on edge. She waited that touch. What could it be?

Honestly, what could it be? The promise was so much greater than a reality promise seem to be everything. A smile or a caress would be enough to set her off. It would add to her sense of belief. It could be almost frightening. She saw what she was in. It was amazing. If she wanted more, she knew what it might entail. There would be a greater risk. She would give in to others. She was surrender herself. She looked around her. What was going on? There came that moment when everyone wanted to know that she was cherished. It didn't matter if it would last. That a media sensation would set off this wonderful experience. It would seem to be the answer to everything that happened before. She had anticipated this feeling, and there it was before her now. How did she relate? Everyone seemed to celebrate a sense of accomplishment that had no connection to anything more enticing. Was she supposed to take delight in the same way?

She was even more competent. She was more engaging. That seem to count for so much more. She was taken in by the night. Whatever she felt, it was as if I was being drawn in a similar direction. It was so obvious. It was almost scary. What was going on? What was happening to me? I didn't want to think about it in this way. I had explored. I had made an effort. I had announced my creativity. It wasn't simply based on an expectation. It was something I truly

wanted.

She reinforced this feeling on my part. But I knew it was evident. It's surrounded everything that I did. I wanted to communicate this understanding with her. What could follow? But I had already given myself to the moment. I had become lost in the experience. I was waiting for a sign from Lottie. What was she supposed to tell me? How could I help her develop her expression at this moment. It was all about belief. How did it connect to anything real. I was only exploiting the situation. I was living off her belief. I wanted to exploit that moment. I wanted it to work for me. I knew that she didn't have the understanding to make it mean any more. But I wanted to continue. And she seemed eager to go along. If she felt somehow confused. I wanted to demonstrate my understanding.

Yara wondered what it would mean to achieve greatness. She already felt comfortable in her skin. She felt that she could arrange herself in a way that could heighten the interest of the world. And she felt a sense of pleasure in communicating this awareness. And there was something special about the way that she carried herself. She could light up a room. She had this inner zest. Incredible energy percolated within her. What was she supposed to do with us? She wondered what skills she could offer the world. It was more than arriving at work. She wanted to reflect all of this creative energy. What did she have that could give her that sense of commitment? If only a canvas could be more malleable.

"I need her photographer to capture her excitement. Could this understanding be taken further? What else was available? Her audience was inspired by her confidence. But she didn't want to wait forever. Harry had been drifting through Reunion. He had already demonstrated his interest in Michelle. But they seemed on the verge of fighting all the time. What was bothering her about him? He always had this aggravated look, as if things weren't going as well. He totally had a demeanor of a gambler. He was looking for a bigger score, whatever that might mean. He was ready to take any risks to achieve what he was looking for. This created this incredible give-and-take. He kept pushing forward, but he felt this restraint holding him back. What was happening?"

Harry had seen Yara before. He told himself that he was going to talk to her. He saw this as a safety valve for his relationship with Michelle. I search the way you work. This was what angered Michelle all the time. He always seem to be looking. No one was good enough. And at this moment, Yara was good enough. She seem to offer him some thing that he needed to boost his confidence. She heard him talk. He had his nonchalant quality of a seasoned artist. Honestly, a lot of this was bitterness. He really wasn't a pleasant person. But he knew how to turn on his charm when he needed to. And he had enough appeal that he seem to get what he wanted. Yara looked at him. He was giving her so much attention. He was an eager audience. He listened to her dreams. He nurtured her aspirations.

She could feel as if they could be both getting around the world. In all actuality, they were both sitting together at Reunion. And it was not going to end that well. He needed to do what he could. It wasn't enough to watch the action. He had to get out of there as quickly as he could. He had to work his magic. He showed her pictures of a cat. His name was Sammy. She fell in love with the pictures. She wanted to pet Sammy. She wanted to be over at the house with Sammy in her lap. She imagined herself running her fingers through the cats luxurious fur. The cat turd Yara felt as if she had done the right thing. She held his hand firmly as they entered the car.

She kissed him as the driver sped away. There's really no doubt as to her motives. I was a witness of it all. Could I have intervened? Did Ida divided what happened? It showed Yara's limitations. What else could she do? She like it hanging around with someone like Carrie. She knew it wouldn't last. She didn't feel the greatest. What did it really mean? There are other guys like scary here. But yet played it so well and she love the way that she has been engaged. She only wanted more. It was something that Henry can ever give her. It was all part of that fantasy that they had shared temporarily.

Barry always had that look as if he wanted to drink from the moment that he woke up. Is this actually a situation? What did he just say the score. Your record want to feel as if she didn't easy Mark. She almost hope that no one has seen what happened. Her friends seem to encourage her. Eric seemed like a prize. But it may not of been the best action on her part. No one knew her that well here. So she didn't have to fear about Dawson. Harry was another thing. Michelle was out that night. And it wasn't much else to say.

"Where is this ticket, Yara?"

She didn't write a song with Eric. She didn't come home to write a poem in her journal. She had felt the promise, but it didn't go much of anywhere. Harry was good at this sort of thing. He knew what he had in the situation, and the situation he would shake back-and-forth in place as if he was listening to own music. He had his skills. Did he actually play guitar? Was he a singer? Did he know where to score some drugs? That seemed to be the extent of it.

None of this was going to affect Yara. He was charming enough that she didn't have to wonder if she had made a mistake. It had been fun being with him even though he showed the effects of a heavy night of partying. What else could she expect at this point? She really didn't want to see him again. That was enough for her. His smile at first been infectious. Now it turned into a sneer. It was better if she put it all out of her mind.

What did this do for her? He seems so perfect at the moment. In her heart of hearts, she knew that it wasn't going to go anywhere. But he knew how to create a solution. He's been doing it with Michelle for so long. In the sense, he wanted to test out the skills with Yara.

Yara might've been a little more naïve then Michelle. Michelle had to work harder for the same kind of attention. That might have been where Yara had messed up.

She could've seen things with a lot more clarity. If she had, what would've happened? Would she have returned home with a sense of disappointment? She felt flattered. But there was also the letdown. She wasn't so used to that. For Harry, that was second nature. He was used to bouncing back from this kind of thing. You could see it in that jaded look on his face.

"Erin, I know that you get excited describing the alien invasion, but when are you going talk about us. You've been giving me those seductive looks, and I want to believe there's some kind of strategy behind it all. What is thtre basis for your motivation? Why are you acting like this. I want to understand. It's going to be difficult to figure out. There's so many factors that are influencing your behavior. Do you want me to buy you a drink. You want to learn by touching. You want your memory to exist in these grand gestures. What does it all mean? Where is it all going? Erin, I'm trying to understand. When you look me in the eyes, I feel that we are connected soul to soul. But you and I live different realities. And I am trying to figure out yours. What could possibly be?"

"I think that are used to be clarity about your presentation. Suddenly, you have been

distracted. I'm trying to figure out what that can possibly mean. I don't know if there's anything that I could do for you at this point. You seem very confused. I don't want to make things worse. But I think that you can easily be taken advantage of. You have no idea what's going on. Your bewilderment makes you more vulnerable. You lack strength. You can easily be crushed. What does synthesis mean?"

"I am trying to create the perfect sense. How can I use that plea to express some thing that I desire? This could be a challenging experience. I need to pay more attention to how people react when I was saying things. I couldn't simply believe that it was all up to me and my beliefs. Breakdown. If the individual react create enough motivation for change? I need to be attentive to the reaction of others. This could provoke some kind of awareness. He had an elevated self-consciousness. There was no connection.. What were actual events? Cody could influence these experiences.

I continued to think that Bryce and Anniston might have some kind of deeper contribution to my understanding. Anniston suggested that the scandalous activities of Reunion might reveal a deeper awareness. I wanted to take her up on this offer. I need to figure things out on my own.

Could any of these actions have any real importance for my work? And the individual could advance circumstances for a greater connection. Nevertheless, there were questions about self-awareness. This understanding seemed to take the individual right back again and again. It was satisfaction. But there was no actual inside that could change the conditions. It was an entertainment.. I went up and down around and returned back to the beginning. Was it up the Brice to offer me an alternative way of seeing things? But she escaped the track. And found her own trail. And I already anticipated her understanding.?

Was my body my art? How have I enhanced my presentation? Have I created a regimen to support this belief? What did it involved? This was my body; this was my heart; this was my method. How could I sort it all out?

I was looking for the connection that might take me out of this place. Nevertheless, I remained trapped in a lifestyle. I kept looking for something that could be more what was I looking for. Was it up to me to impede the progress of others. I could hardly be blamed for the feelings of others, but I was fascinated by their situation. I almost brought disaster to bear upon their lives. I did not want to see things in such a crass manner; it was not up to me to encourage misfortune. How could I respond? It seemed as if I was encouraging the worst, but that was not my intention. I wanted to learn more. I wanted to make my depiction more accurate. Was there some thing that remained on scene?

I felt perspective couldn't help. Erie observed the situation. Even though Sly might seem to be exploitative, people used him for an excuse. What else could you do for entertainment? I wondered about these challenges. Where did the weed? Was it necessary to act out? Was just enough risk important to sustain this engagement? Lottie wondered, what other way was there too participate in this collective experience? Did she need to risk herself? How was she implicated in this trouble? It didn't seem enough to watch.

A compliment could spur on the attraction. Harry knew these things are too well. His energies were directed in a clear fashion. In this way, he might have resembled Sly. But Sly made sure that all his options were open. He was relishing his time in the henhouse. He was almost

suggesting that no one could've escaped. Everyone was caught up in physical pleasure. There might be an alternative view. All this emotion was an invitation to a more intense experience in the world. That only encouraged the experiences of others. It created a collective awareness. No one wanted to let go. Lottie did not understand the importance of this expression. Solitude was almost worse than death. The individual wouldn't quit at the moment that she couldn't do anything else. She wasn't surrendering to the moment. She was trying to let go. The next day, she would prepare herself for what would come next.

She was constantly measuring herself against this idea. We became more enticing. She became immersed in the excitement. It was more than being a pleasure seeker.

This was a faith. It could continue even when his self was separate from these occasions. They became part of the being. What does it all mean? How did you describe the self? It was more than self admiration. It was a kind of exploration. It was knowledge. It fortified the self. There was a method.

I revered this encounter. It offered greater credibility. And I became more entranced by what I saw. I wanted an explanation I wanted to give everyone an excuse. It wasn't hedonism. It was more of a long. If I tried to be more accurate, I might seem less understanding. What did it matter if none of this was meant to last? Everyone was having fun. And that seem to be enough of an end in itself.

Why was it necessary to interrogate experience? What else was involved? I was fascinated. I gave into the myth. It seemed all the more appealing. What did it mean for someone to be able to immerse herself in this wonder? How did it offer a glimpse of something more immortal?? Why was this captive endeavor in and of itself? In a strong way, this could give people special skills. They were enhancing their fortunes. They were attaining a prophetic awareness. How could this be explained? No one wanted to mess with this balance. It seemed particularly appealing. There was a clear belief that these experiences would lead towards a more beneficial situation. People felt drawn by these experiences. It wasn't just this appeal.

The overall promise suggested an intense furnace. And it was all about suggestion. Even satisfaction itself seemed to beckon and more lasting wonder.

The individual felt enticed by this possibility; everyone was lost in the magic. If that invitation seemed so overwhelming, what else could it offer? And this sensation seemed to be a reward in itself. I was witnessing this manifestation. I was lost within the promise. Therefore, my participation was all the more intense. I was giving into the belief. I was adding to it. I was making it seem more credible.

How else could I view my role? I knew that I was trapped. It bothered me. For the others, they might claim that they were on the verge of some kind of blessing. I was living off that desired self. It might've made me seem more vulnerable. At the same time, I had nothing to lose. Simply the desire itself was enough to sustain me, and this granted me whatever I might need. Everything else seemed secondary I wanted to engage I wanted to lose myself.

What was the actual motivation? Was I an actual participant. Of course I was. In a sense, that was all that mattered, and it seemed off the hook. Hope created this reality. It ingratiated me to this situation. This was what sustained Reunion. It was the sum total of all these desires. I would let us on. It took us somewhere else. It was so wondrous. I was amazed by the possibility. That was everything and all things.

What else could I expect? What else would I want? Or Willa felt the same sense of suspense. But she seemed more gratified by the flattery. The possibilities said everything to her. She looked at me as if she wanted me to offer or something more what wisdom could I am part? What is their a scale? How could I understand this relationship. This was beyond words; it was amazing.

Charade had shown me the erotic story. And she wondered what I thought. This might've been some thing that I could've written years ago. But now I read it in a different way. It was almost as if I felt in my body dividing into two. I could only control myself by going along with the most absurd ideology. This seem to contradict my purpose. But it promise satisfaction. And that satisfaction could be more intense.

“Conrad gave me what I wanted. He acted as if I was one of them.”

I had tried to resist. But I could feel that our seas me and it was the most intense I wasn't sure how I can control myself it was confusing I felt these absurd influences where were they taking their I didn't want to think of my life in this way how was I getting distracted this easily I was being taken right into the mess I had tried as much as I could to avoid it. My ideas seemed no longer to matter. I was caught up in these responses. Where was this even going? I needed to catch my breath. I need to reassure myself. I need to find some kind of lasting serenity. But everything seem to work against that feeling. I hardly wanted to give in. I felt that I had alternatives. And I could explore them. Why was I so hesitant?

What was working against me. I need to figure this out. Who could give me the needed guidance? Charade rubbed my back. I could feel that sensation travel all through my body. She smiled. It was basically a friendly gesture, but it was so full of promise; it scared me a little. How was I supposed to deal with this. She was drawing me into the story. It wasn't about the physical contact. It was all about this idea. And she was drawing the end. I felt it linger. It took me over. I couldn't resist if she smiled back.

She understood what was going on. Maybe she felt the trap in the same way. And the only way to realize it was through this physical liberation. She was going to leave me on my own to think about it. What was I going to figure out? It was as if she had tried to warn me. At the same time, she was so seductive. And I didn't know how to resist. I was being drawn deeper and deeper into this web, and I enjoyed that sensation. It intensified the experience. I wanted more. Her whole body vibrated with his excitement. How was I supposed to respond? When she left, I wondered about but it just happened. She had played off my curiosity.

What had taken me to this place. I still could feel this after effects. And they shook me back-and-forth. I needed something to calm me down. Cutie had her own method. It was based on her poetry. But she wanted to share it with me. Would it be enough to escape from Charade's influences? Charade had shared something very ritualistic with me. And I found it so appealing. It was an entry to a supernatural world. What did Charade realize? Could Cutie even understand? Scribe for poetry but it made no sense sure, it was good. But it didn't respond to this moment. It didn't have the necessary kind of resonance. I wanted to believe that there was more.

Where could I find it indeed, where was the liberation.”

“Dumb ass get in the real world.”

“I was not only caught in this place; I was relying on somebody else to provide me with an understanding How long would I have to wait? What was I waiting for? Did anyone really

understand my aims?

The worse craziness I felt, the more caught up in it all. It made me feel this way. It was almost as if I was waiting at a train station. If everybody else was caught up and waiting for the train, I might as well join in, even though none of the destinations seemed to suit me. I didn't want to believe that this was just a short-term excitement. But I recognized how easy it was to get caught up in the moment. I was letting my ego get carried away. The stimulation seemed everywhere. And the self divided into the world to control behavior. The individual felt moved by the impulses. This could be anything. It could be a desire for security. It could simply be a desire for attention.

Even the anticipation was part of that experience. The individual might pose a creative vision on the world. And personal enjoyment only seem to continue that sensation. And overall, that belief could become more intense. The individual could get lost.

"They were just looking for me."

"This motivation to be artificial, it could be natural. It just fed personal identity. The individual became more excited. What was the overall result? Why was it important to peel back these layers to understand a real source of excitement. It might seem totally wrong and elemental.

Why was this perspective rooted in power. The individual recognized this insight. What could a person do? I was right in the middle of things. Observation added to the chaotic atmosphere. Everyone wanted to get turned on; what was my place in this? How was I supposed to respond? Where did these situations take me?

"We create what we say, so we can become what we don't want to say. Was I enjoying myself? What was the basis for that feeling? Why was I given this body? Or did I create this body so that I could enjoy this world.? Why did I have to work with? Did I need to see? Did I need to see feel? Did I need to touch? Where was I headed? Could I see the fire in the distance? This brought me close enough to feel the warmth? Could I hear it crackling? Could I smell its force? Or was this the beginning? She was a poet. She wanted. What did they address,? How did they emerge in us?"

"What was the connection between what she saw and what she felt?. Her words seem to get away from her. She felt uncomfortable. She wanted greater control over their meaning. What would that involve? There was so much that she showed, and there was so much left unsaid. Did she need to keep speaking? Did she need to quit keep writing? What was absent? When was her time?"

"She wanted to make awards edible. What do they portray? She needed to search within herself. She could not live by bread alone. She needed a more constant idea. What were the origins? Who felt protected? Why?"

She wanted to vibrate with the power of the universe. She could feel it all through her. And this was so wondrous. How else could she accommodate to the world? She looked at the combinations. There was so much that she needed to understand.

She wanted to do this on her own. It was a pact that she made with the words. Where would they take her? She felt that power. It vibrated everywhere. She wanted to express it in her poetry. Maybe she needed to absent herself from experience. She could acquire a new understanding. What would that mean? Who else would be involved? She was sketching out an epic. It seemed to resonate everywhere. It will be her starting point? How could you find the

necessary inspiration? It wasn't just seeing.

She needed to find those words which would give her the energy to change things. And this change seemed to be welcome. What could that possibly mean? She wrote out of frustration. The words only added to that feeling. It felt necessary, but she needed to do it. Where was this headed? Did she have the patience to prepare for what was coming. She felt that she did. She had a clear understanding. And she felt it so calm. But she could also feel those currents from way down deep. Was there anything else to clue this inspiration? Did she need to understand the historical realities? How did neglect and denial provide the basis for a greater understanding. She stripped away these layers. She needed to wait, but her impatience became greater. She couldn't dispel confusion. It was only part of her words. She didn't wanna get caught up in the situation. She wasn't going to be imprisoned in space.

She immersed herself in the magic. Why could she even call it magic? What did that words have in their favor? How could she take the elements and shape them into something creative. This seemed to be the basis of her craft. But the words were resistant. She needed to shake them back-and-forth.

She wanted them to mean some thing else. What could that be? What could that ever be? Who is helping her? Who is giving her clarity? Why had she let it come to this point? What was she lacking? This was beyond the words. What was that glue that held it all together? How could she understand that deep in her soul? If she had a sore, she need to understand its nature. It was more than a lingering idea. It was more than the trouble that she felt. It was something constant and enduring. She felt this connection to the rest of the world, and it echoed in her poetry. What was its source? Why was it so blessed? She could feel the walls closing in.

She felt that she heard the alarm. Was it her time? Was it her time to go? Who else could hear what she did? She felt inspired. I wanted to listen. I needed to hear what she had to say. But something remained elusive and she reached for that powered she needed more strength. And she was unsure if she would get it while she was here. She was full of uncertainty.

When would she hear that calling? What could it add to her vocation? Whitmore was needed to put everything into play. She needed to free herself. She had to escape the worst influences. But they were all there deep inside her she felt that if she escaped, everything would be okay. But the words continue to lead her along. Where was it and? Was it in her blood? She only needed to wonder. We used to be friends.

I recognized where I lost the trail. This became severe. I had tried to describe the exemplary behavior of open secular person. Indeed, she had a commitment to presenting herself in a wondrous manner. Indeed, this could've been the beginning of something masterful. And she strove to realize this ambition. Nevertheless, should concern for this demand offer a plan for implementation. It was a matter of projecting the experience of a single day onto a year, onto a decade, onto a lifetime. Where did she lose direction? It was important to understand the source of this instability.

She resonated the experience of those around her. For them, the constant commitment to work meant a lasting contribution. Otherwise, they were overcome by the constant routine. For her, a totally different show. She still clung to her glamour as a way to express a deeper commitment. In this way, she would eventually achieve a more lasting imprint. Since her ambitions have been so extreme, it would be difficult to satisfy her dreams. She was starting to

recognize how she hardly lacked for affection. It was unusual. I didn't either moment in her life, she has sensed respiration. It was almost divine nature. You could still sense that magic face. What was lacking? Why did she feel crestfallen when she encountered critical obstacles in her path?

She should've had the wherewithal to get over these challenges. But she could feel how she was being held back. What was the problem? How has she lost the trail? Or we should chasing after? She has still not reached a level of accomplishment that offered complementary acknowledgment. Instead, felt in adequate for the situation. Thus, she was seeking greater compensation for her discomfort. It's made her ill at ease. She didn't want follow down the same path as others around her. Maybe another place could enliven her abilities. Why didn't anyone else notice this? What was he holding back. She saw all the swiping around her. And she responded to it. She challenged others. She wanted to achieve an independence of character. And she had enough influences to attain. Nevertheless, there were so many things in her immediate environment, which seemed to contradict this understanding, and that made a difficult to retain a consistent level of performance.

She embraced the limelight. But she shied away from the sounds of vulnerability. She felt hesitant. She could feel her self waiver. How could she work the same connection over and over again. She had a greater dynamic in her experience, but she couldn't get that first push. For others, it could be so much worse.

They would face that moment of bitterness. At night, they were pushed out into the darkness as if their immediate brilliance implied a lasting connection. Instead, they would eventually face existence. This itself could've been a wonderful revelation. It could've marked the individual with insight. It went deeper than that. What did the poet lack? Why did she sneak away? Why was she an able to marshal before the forces of her creativity? Fundamentally, she became more concerned with a form of expression that had nothing to do with the actual efforts to communicate. Within the language, she lost connection to intent.

She didn't see how words could be made to instruct our behaviors. But that was what we did all the time. She stopped listening to real sentences, and she became so absorbed by the artificial that she created with poetic language. Inevitably, language could no longer be used to instruct the self for to engage others. It's stabbed at the white, but it always fell short. Honestly, there were no words there. There was this vague reflection. There was this hesitant effort to be expressive. But everything was withdrawn in the communication. No wonder, she could use words in this distorted way. It wasn't bringing our meeting. It was simply an inability to use language in its simplest form. It was meaningless because it never attained meaning. It was so exaggerated; new forms of emotion couldn't really say what was on mind of the speaker.

She could talk about her conditions. She could relate experience to those of others. She could declare the source of economic depression. She could see the neglect and breakdown of her community. She could zero in on the cause. Instead, the poet became more concerned with vague expressions. She became too involved in personal traumas and forgot the deeper understanding of collective. It was not all some vague insight. It could be related to the price of goods at grocery store. The individual needed a car repair. She could try to improve her educational opportunities. All these insights contributed to her growth. She had no fear. The poet forgot this aspect of her calling.

She became fascinated with words for the wrong sake. She saw liberation as simply repeating key phrases at the right moment. But there was no attentiveness to how sentences were actually ordered. There was an emphasis, but it did not contribute to meaning, simply because the user did not understand how language was spoken in actual circumstances. Instead, there was this freaky version of utterance that had a little connection to the world. The poet could express her own emotions.

Once she assumed the mantle of poetry, nothing important was really said; no one heard the real words. It was all pathetic. What did it mean to lose this understanding? It was all about a connection to time. Once the individual gave up this understanding there was nothing else that held the world together. It seem to dissipate right before the eyes of the individual.

I was listening to this give-and-take. I was trying to find some coherence. This went beyond the local seductions and the casual exaggeration. Now with now. You couldn't tell me any differently. But everyone tried. Everyone tried to make more of the moment.

Charade express things more immediately. I love that intent. What she broke it all down to the same thing. There was this belief that pleasure implied some deeper kind of caring. At any moment a person can simply deny that any of us had any import. It was all about personal gratification. Any other belief seems ridiculous in nature.

Charade wanted something more. Honestly, her poetry seem to be more expressive. But she was so used to her ability to engage people on a personal level that she believed there was something more. They were seeing her as they wanted to see her. Certainly, she had a deep expressiveness that was important in a very deep way. I won't be on that. Love and caring was not simply a sum all these other kinds of expression. It was not a more intense form of satisfaction. Satisfaction could galvanize experience. But it was not an end in itself. Social interaction linked people together for self interest. Instead, it was their ability to see a collective authority to individual lives. Pleasure was not an end in self. The pleasure principle was almost a distraction from this kind of scene.

Understanding was an end in itself. It related people together through interaction. The pleasure principle was meant to record all these experiences with a specific end. But that focus could be very limited. In some cases, it could be exploited. People who lived according to this sense of utility only had a limited understanding of the social process. In some ways, they were barely human. They could turn their backs on their nature. Charade sensed how this pursuit of pleasure could reveal something even sweeter in the human character. But she had not explored ways to express this understanding of the self.