

SECRET FORMULA

“If you are trying to find a secret formula, what could that possibly be? What would tell you about this world? You’re a writer, not a doer. You observe as a form of consolation for what you do not have. Therefore, how can anyone even take you seriously? Here we are, we’re making things happen every day. And you’re looking at us. You’re observing what we’re doing. You recognize that you’re getting things done. Honestly, what are you doing? What gives you privilege to believe that your contribution is better than anyone else’s. We all know the history. And we know how it ends up. How did this get started? You begin a search hoping to find some kind of answer. Certainly, you made this effort to put things into place. For all your attempts, did you get anywhere? You’re pretty much like everyone else here. I might’ve learned a method how to trick a other people into doing expect. That can hardly be convincingly called an answer of any kind. In fact, there’s almost there something almost cautious about your intent. Does this go to the heart of any kind of writing?”

“Good things come down because you want to control others. You twist experience in a way that seems to convince them what’s going on. What do you know? What do you see? You create this vision for others. They look on, and this seems to suggest there’s something more there. Nevertheless, you’re staring into space; you’re pulling things out of thin air just as any of us might. That doesn’t really give you a special understanding. It just enhances your delusion. Maybe, that’s what holds society together. There’s this fabric that seems to tie together our illusions. This adds to a temporary sense of comfort, but, overall, it reveals are how we hang on with this understanding in mind. That seems to keep us together. So you dispense these nostrums that people can use to enhance their beliefs. What’s here? Is there anything at all? Is there anything to hold onto you certainly act as if there is this critical awareness can move anything along. What is even observed? What does anyone know? What can anyone recognize? You were trying to reinforce the sense of comfort, the sense of belief that your knowledge is more sacrosanct. Many times, you don’t even leave your bailiwick. You were mean hidden in your world. That only adds to your sentence of bewilderment.”

“This wonder seems to give it all crazy credibility in. What is there here? Why can’t you move along? You keep saying the same thing over and over again.. You keep reacting in the same way. And you pretend that it can lead to something more urgent. Your time has come and gone. You must realize that. It’s so evident. It couldn’t be more obvious. At some point, you may have felt a sense of relevance. Others have hang off your every word. It hardly exists anymore. You’re just as trapped as they are.”

“At any moment, you might believe that something greater is going to happen. What could that be? What is any of this? You are surrounded by people looking for prophets. When despair seems so problem prevalence, that appears to be the long possibility. What got any of this started? What gave you the inspiration that has motivated you to this point. You barely do enough work to get any kinds of results. And you criticize us. We’ve got our finger on the pulse. Do you have any idea what that means? Do you have any recognition with that could be? Do you think that you were closer to some kind of revelation. What would that be?

“The world hangs there before you, and you’re unable to do anything to alter his vision. Why do you believe you can generalize this to something more. Down deep, no one trusts you.

No one believes that you are going to offer any kind of lasting liberation. If you're looking for your personal liberation, you're going to be looking for a long time."

"You see that guy over there. He's writing a great American novel. What makes that project unique? It's always a question of doing the impossible. He is right in the middle of the struggle. Sure, he believes that he's going to put it all together. He thinks that he has eloquence. But he's sitting here all the time: he's going nowhere. Words need to respond to the immediacy of our situation. They need to ignite a feeling. They need to propel an action. That's not what he's doing. He's trying to elongate this process. In a sense, he's hiding his own frustration. And he thinks that he can make excuses for our own and abilities. Words do not work that way. They have never worked that way. Some writers believe that their creative forces can handle creation with a special character. And this motivation can seem to move the world along. Sure, the world moves along, but the writer is left behind. And the writer does everything that he can to rationalize this process. He tries to make it seem as if his discovery is quintessential for the development of mankind. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nothing could be more diluted."

"That doesn't stop him in this quest. Indeed, it seems to heighten his efforts. Certainly, he's creating his own image of reality. He's doing everything he can to enhance it. He's building his own chapel to sustain a long discredited belief. That's only part of his nature. He that's only partners understanding. How is he come to this point? What has given him inspiration? He make the same claim. That may be part of the problem. In the world so given to divisiveness, each attempt to forge unity may only reinforce individual efforts. He is right at the middle of this inside. He won't let go. There is really nothing here. Concerned. Us! We have none of these pretensions."

"I realize this is all part of our psychology. Here's the real world. For human, that's the basis for our frustration. For all we know, are we going to really change it. Do we show up at work on Monday? Our humor is not going to carry us any further. We need to take extra time to recover. Maybe, we will get blackout drunk so we don't have to think about any of this. At any moment, we're gonna be back doing the same thing again and again. That is part of our nature. Makes us who we are. Can't be any different. It's not supposed to be any different. This is how the shelf yes presented. We find our way to other players, and we remain constant to our ideal. It was never meant to be different than this. That is our bargain with the world. There's nothing great about this. It's all ordinary."

"Anyone who acts differently is a charlatan. He preys upon the weaknesses of others. He promises the impossible. On that basis they remain helpless. Ultimately, it is a question of talents. Some are born with it. Others may nurture what they have. But the great American novelist is resentful of what others have. He looks down on us. He marks us. He's a little sus. He makes it seem as if we are less than who we are. That is all part of his agenda. He's not offering anything to make us feel better. If he's lucky, he's trying to ingratiate himself with us. He's trying to find a place so that he can fit in. He can take the same outlook that we do. We can't let this happen. I can't give in to his beliefs. He's nothing more than he is. There's a choice. We can look at some thing more. If we do, it only minimizes the struggle that we are engaging in at this moment. His action is based on a fundamental weakness."

"We cannot be taken by that pretense. It only enhances his sense of grandiosity. It only

allows him to feel as if he has something that he is not. We are not looking for a savior. That is so evident. Doing enough for ourselves. I will leave it at that.”

“I’m not sure how you were able to interrupt the conversation. But now I have to listen to you. I’m interested in what you were going to talk about. I know that you have an understanding of human motivation that no one else has. I need to work this out. Since you are so attuned to your suffering, that enables you to give pleasure in the more intense way. In a sense, that is all that you think about. You have no consideration for anything else. It is not so much an insatiable desire. It is more some thing that is more immediate.”

“It is more defined. You are not waiting for some thing. You were living at at the moment. You face a sense of loss. What is happened? What is your hope? What is your real need? You were being paid in temporary notes. They can be redeemed for the short term, but they have very little value over time and possibly mean? We’re trying to figure that out. We’re trying to give some sense to that. Sure there’s a problem. But that can be worked out. It’s only a matter of time. You need to give yourself to the moment. It will get worse. It will have to get better before it gets worse you make a few mistakes. You correct those mistakes. That makes you better. Or that makes it worse. Were you think about it. Or you don’t think about it. Oh baby. How does that work.? How does that invocation work. What do you want from me?”

“Let’s assume that there’s no short term notes involved. I’m assuming. I’m not assuming. What are you asking for? I’m trying to throw you off your game. It’s Christmas time. Strike that. Do you really see? Have you been trying to see? This is totally your show. I didn’t realize this. I thought this was about my satisfaction. But I’m only able to satisfy myself and so far as you determine that to be acceptable. In other words, the only goal for acceptance is a need to think about nothing else. In other words, satisfaction isn’t simply a need in itself. It is it is the ending of the process. It leaves no residue. That way, the individual needs nothing else to advance his self. This is where I think things are wrong. Your notion of gratification limits your pursuit of pleasure.”

“You don’t even realize this, and this is your realm. You’re all about the pleasure zone, but it’s barely a zone. It’s more of a point of intersection. And that’s all you see. Why do you keep spending your money trying to reach me? I’m supposed to be unreachable. Things are only making sense when they stop making sense. I don’t want to think about it this way. This is making me messed up. I’m getting this wrong again. You need to move a little quicker the revelation is coming. What’s that all about? How did you get to that place? What is being denied? I can’t think about this. This will make you feel better. You see what you want to see which means that you see nothing at all. It is difficult for me to even grasp that. I’m seeing some thing that I want to see[how does that coordinate with what is so evident before me. What is my origin? Why am I being sucked back into my origin? Is that our collective involvement. Do you wanna include me in this activity? What is any of this about? I can’t even start. I can’t even stop.”

“I need to count my pennies. How many cents do I have? That is all that matters Here’s how it works. You watch the scenes, and they are supposed to get you excited. And then Vesta takes care of you. She does this with machine like accuracy. It’s difficult to figure out what any of this means. But you could totally take an invite experience. This is some thing that you’ve done again and again. You have no choice. You pay a fee. Why do we work this way. We’ve

been trying to develop a program based upon concern for others. Instead we're getting lost in our own desires. All this work seems for nothing. Think about what's going to happen tomorrow. I'm working hard to create a life for myself. I making objects which are a total reflection of who I am. Why should anyone want this?"

"Do you want to feel like me? Do you want to feel in total denial of the world around you? You want to forget about all this. I will give you that opportunity. I will accommodate you. I will get you home. I will do what is needed to make you feel great. There's nothing else to worry about. There's nothing else to feel. There's nothing else in your life. Know that this is good. Know this will make you feel good. Know that this will make you feel great! This is where everything seems to be brilliant. I can sit here and adopt a supposition for the now. What follows? I don't have to become involved whatsoever. Are you doing your homework? What is the key? Who is taking this to the next level?"

"Everything is on one level. Everything is a surface. You collide from one object to the next. If that's so, then there needs to be a source of momentum. Are you like a rock being propelled along the surface of a lake. Is your involvement sustained? What did I miss? Need to be more active? Did any of you need to be more active? I'm tired of dealing with partial solutions. I'm here to make you excited. I'm here to turn you on. That is where things get tricky. Everyone's looking for someone thing. What will that be for you? There was a moment in my life where I thought that I had this power. It was connected to the will. I'm more than impressed my will, faster than I seem to go. How does this even work?"

"If the wheel is connected to nostalgia, what is the source of this understanding? This is worse than transparent. Has anyone been paying attention? What would it mean to be attentive to this process? Baby wants to give me an answer. Dusk, is it any different for you? I'm trying to break that connection to your initial belief. Is that all you see? What do you see? Do you see anything? This is where it gets really interesting. You're matching the present in the past. You're achieving in mortality. You're going to have to make the break. Everyone's going to have to make the break. But it's more than this. There can't be any flattery if none of this has any residue. Nothing is seen. Everything is invisible. I need you to ask. I need to ask now."

"You can't do that. You can't touch yourself like that. We're not worried about habits. We're worried about the leafs. You were sustaining an unsustainable belief. What turns you on? What turns me on? What turns anyone on? Why am I turned on? Why are we using the idea of a machine to explain our behaviors. Have you fixed what needs to be fixed.? Maybe the problem extends even further. Maybe you are the source. Has anyone picked up the garbage recently? There are a host of activities that need to be completed to make it all ago. When people see that? If we are working together, you would find another way to escape from yourself. And it all happens. Then you happen. Then nothing happens. It's not like that. It has nothing to do with any of this. It made sense to me. I can explain how I see things working. Then you can join in and help me out. After we work together, it will all become clearer. This explains how we adjust our feelings to match the experience. Is there anything else to do? Is there anything else you want me to do? Is anything I can do for you? You can do for me? I need us all to stop. I need to begin again I felt as if we were further ahead than anyone."

"There is a critical understanding. You are the only one who can make that observation. You sketch it all out. Then you choose some thing that's diametrically opposed to that

understanding. I need believe that it makes things go. Rels, tell us what we need to do here. You were so close to giving an answer. And you quit. I'll tell you why. Did you make a mistake like everyone else did?

"I can see in the distance. Nothing is happening the way we think it should be happening. No one's worried about the health risk. No one's worried about the life risk. What is this doing to either of us? What are you doing to ourselves? I need a place to start. I need a place to stay. What are you out here? Why do you think this even matters? I think that I really get it. I get it in a way that you never well. I hate to say that. Baby, just give it to me like anyone else would take it. Then it all gets really involved. I want to pretend that the world is like that. I want to pretend that you were like that. Do not hurt me. Do not destroy me. Help me live the way that I need to live. What is going on down there? What is happening to me? What's happening to you? What's happening to each other? Is it going to take a long time? Don't even think about this. Make the meal. Let's eat together. Is this sign still up? What is the problem solved? Is all of this still going on? Who did the cleanup? This is a major."

"Here's how it works. We've created a system based upon the combination of all the appropriate elements. We combine these elements in a single presentation. That's how things seem to happen. But can we mix them up any other way. Ultimately, we're still in the same system. This is another representation of the same things happening. Even though we've given a representation, hat would seem to contradict this portrait. Even a contradiction only confirms the same principles. We find a way to readjust, we come up with the same result. It works the same way every time. You were the same way every time. Clean up, and continue. You can leave now. You can all leave now. I need to leave now. Where is this going to end up?e are you willing to pay for what you want. Are you a discretionary buyer? Do you recognize what's needed to make your life better? I can give you everything you want and more. I can help you to forget about your problems. I can help you to love yourself. Tell me your secrets."

"What are your fantasies? How can I make them come to life. Give me everything I need and more. Give me everything I love. Just give me a little cash to help me make my rent. Just give me a little love day or relaxing just guide me just show me do you know. Bless me. Make it better."

"When are we going to get around to doing what you want to do? Do you want to do the nasty? You want to be nasty. Do you want to make me nasty? What do you want from me? What do you need from me? I can give you everything that you need and more. You're exciting. You're more than exciting. Are you wan. I can turn you off. Buttons. I know how to trigger your fantasies. I can make it all happen. I can make it smooth. I can go right along. How long do you need? How many hours do you need? Can you pay my rent? That's going to give me one I need. That's all we need. That's all we want. That's all we talk about. That gets us going. It's in the game. You're so massive. I wait and wait and wait. I dream about you. You dream about me. I want you to kiss me all over. These are just fantasies. I planned all this out. I know how to make it happen for you. I know how to make you feel good."

"I know how you can make me feel good. I know how we can make each other feel good. It's going to be wonderful. I don't want to think about this. I only want to think about this. I want to be with you. I want to be with united day. I want to be with you forever. Can you afford me? Can you take care of my expenses? Can you feed me? Can you make me feel good? Can you

make me feel bad? Can you push a little harder? This feels so good. Give me more. This excites me. I'm getting more and more excited. I can't stop. This is my forever. There's nothing else. I certainly. I love this"

"I wanted more and more and more. It's the thing. It's the chalk. It's the boost. It's the crackle. It's the thundercloud. It's all this and more. Dusk understands. Do you understand too. Need to pay. Baby, you need to pay. You know who to pay. Pay baby. Give me everything I need and more. There's nothing nothing else to think about. This is everything. There's nothing else to think about; this is wonderful. This is marvelous. This turns me on. I can't top this. I don't want to stop with us. I should I have to stop this. This is magnificent. Excitement grows. The fascination only gets more intense. I am beckoned by this feeling. It's so massive. You give me everything I need. I want more and more and more. Does the body give us more?"

"I'm lost in my imagination. And you were giving me attention. I don't want to see it any other way. It is so exciting. It's more than exciting. It's something they could last forever. You help me the last forever. It's more than a nibble. It's more than a taste. Do you want some thing that's engaging. He wants some thing that some more of them. Do you want something that's going to get you off. You get off again and again. I need to pay my rent. I need you to make me right. I need you to make me right all the time. I need to give me everything that can help me be myself. I'm already late. Should I even bother??? I need to sleep. I'm letting go of all this. Rails, he wouldn't get excited. Rails, do you want to do this to turn you on. Do you want to get turned on. There's nothing less. There's nothing more. It's all there is. You take and take and take. And you get more."

"Go, Rels. Go, Baby. Go Dusk. Crisis wants to take pictures. Get him out of here. Get them all out of here. I need to take a nap. I don't want to think of any of this. I want to read. I want to write. I want to scribble. Making me frightened. I can think about it. Why did everything stop. Why did it stop so suddenly. What did you say? What made you afraid? You saw something that made you afraid. It's in the body. It's getting drained. I'm losing touch. I'm losing my direction. This is frightening. You don't want to talk. We need to talk. We just need action. We need more action. I need your reaction. I get off in your reaction. I get off on your excitement. I need something to grease the wheels. I need you to help with my rent. I need you to help with my love. I want to trust you. Can I trust you. Will you always be there when I need you? Will you give me everything that I need? I can give you everything that you need. Can you really. It's not just about the money. It's not just about the money. And what is it about? What are we about? We need to know that. Dusk, I need you to teach the script to baby. Baby, I want you to watch Rels. Rels, whisper in Dusk's ear so that she could teach these other people. Is it a matter of teaching? What do you want to know? What do you need to learn? What's going on around here? Why does any of this work? Why does any of this filter work? How does it all hold together? It's concrete and steel. It's flesh and blood. It's bone and desire. It's sweat and muscle. It's everything coming together. It's everything coming apart. It's nothing and everything. It's not gonna hurt you. Just do it again and again. You can't stop. I can't stop. Why do we want to stop?"

"If you spend this much energy, where are we going to end up? Where do you want to end up? What do you want to eat? You need to be quick. We need to be quick.. We need to get done. People are waiting on us. This is just hanging on. This is hanging on much too long. You can

throw the stuff away. You can throw my heart away. But you can't get rid of me."

"Honestly, no, sir, I've been trying to figure out who you are. It's all starting to become clear now. My confusion only lasted for a little while. The clarity is more or less afternoon now. I can understand your involvement. And that helps me to understand you better. It's strange to think about things that way. You did a good job convincing me that you were a free agent. I thought you were acting on your own. There was really no trickery involved at all. And I only had to take a step back."

"Suddenly, it was all in relief. I recognized your actual participation. I actually feel taken aback. You were so good at pretending. And I was so bad at recognizing what was happening all around me. I am is felt ridiculous. In someways, I think that I can figure it out what was going on. Anyway, I feel sorry for you. I thought that someone was taking advantage of you. It seemed so evident. You told those sad stories of yourself on holidays. You were completely alone. There was no one in there to help you."

"He also convinced me of your untapped talent. This added to my belief in you. I seriously considered that you had some kind of deep inspiration. That only required a little push, and you could show your true self. In a sense, it was almost amazing. Where you were? Full on, and it was easy to believe the promise. That's what it was all about in the first place. You had been nurtured by this promise. It made you everything that you were. And I went along thinking that this was your nature. You seem like a caring person. I was almost relying upon your answer. Nevertheless, I still can't figure out what you wanted from me. Clearly, my confidence was valuable to you in some sick way. What was I providing for you? What did you lack in your experience that could help me better understand your nature. It was strange. I felt helpless. I was sure that my confidence will give me the needed strength but I was showing my own weakness. And I hated to admit how I lacked for so much. It should've never been like that. You knew things about me. Somehow took advantage."

"You made them work in your favor. And I was looking at all from a far. It was almost as if I had nothing to do with it whatsoever. How could that be? How can I be so instrumental in my own demise. You were the one who pretended that I was in need of rescue. That was how the story was put together. I was lucky that I didn't give more of myself to this experience. it could've ruined me. You could've left me vulnerable. I didn't want to believe that I lacked for resources. But it was more than obvious I had nothing to work from. And you seem to be running the show. I really got the feeling that this was not the first time. You have done this before. I just happen to be the mark. And I looked at you are. And all that I saw was innocence. I couldn't imagine that you were running at all. If I wasn't the only one involved, and there must've been others who had been played by this scheme. It was pretty intricate. I never knew when it ended. In your own mind, that might've been your strength.

"You recognized how to make others go along. And then they were people like me who are watching it all. And they were certain it was going on. Except it had nothing to do with that at all. Even that reservation was tainted. I asked myself how could that be I wanted to think that my understanding revealed so much more for me. What was hidden there that I contribute to? What is an ongoing experience? Who else might've been involved?"

"I looked at all, and I wondered. I tried to rely my knowledge of history. None of it happened in a vacuum. Some thing made it all happened. There, I was in the middle of watching

all the pieces orbit around me. I wanted to call out. I want to describe what was really going on. None of it really made sense. It wasn't about touch or emotions. This was some thing more immaterial. This was some thing that was entirely based upon your vision. How could it influence others? It had to do with the image that you conveyed. You seemed weak. You seemed as if there was nothing that you could do for yourself. But you were pushing the whole scenario from the get-go. Every little detail was a part of a grand plan."

"Unfortunately, I let it happen. Maybe I should not have been so hard on myself. How else could I have responded? All going on around me. This was going to take a while to finally materialize. If it did, I would have to wonder. How had things become this extreme? I looked at everything around me. I try to get you to look in my eyes. You're more invasive than anything. What have you gotten away with? Would I ever understand any of it? I face in certain balance. I recognize my own contribution to the whole experience. And that was that. There was no way to make the pieces fit. There's no way that I can put things back together again. You would have made it all work in your favor. I need to admit to that. There wasn't any heart involved."

"You were almost cold-blooded. I never would've thought that. The story wasn't all that way. But I should've known that things were off when you rejected that final resolution. You receive things no one else had. And I felt that clearly. You had filled your own level of neglect. That may have been a fundamental motivation throughout. And things became murky it was if you're hiding your tracks. You have been so adept at doing this. Perhaps, I should've seen this all along."

What did it mean to tell myself that it was coming? It was never going to offer me enough comfort. You could claim that this put you on some kind of pedestal. It was all part of the story. That was why you needed to continue on with the mystery. You kept on until the last piece of the puzzle was in place. That way, you could explain everything that it happened. It seemed even more evident. And I was reacting. This was a resolution in some respects, ours. In some respects it was a whole lot worse than I am imagined. I wanted to tell myself it was all resolved fun games."

"I did find it entertaining. But I never realized that I would end up second-guessing myself. And you seemed almost triumphant. I would have you figured it out? How do I fit in the whole pattern? You might've found some kind of entertainment in the whole experience. It hardly fit my understanding. I think that I became distracted. I believe that I had your trajectory, and you caused me to lose my way. That wasn't a terrible indictment for the both of us. But that was how it played out. You became apprehensive. I had been left completely in the open. I thought that I was in control. You made it clear that none of this really was about my actions. There was so much it was simply out of my control hands. I need to leave it at that."

"We were both dead. That could've been an easy consolation. Then, you were no longer part of the story. That was a sobering experience. Why had I not been prepared for what was going to happen. I didn't want to think that I was caught up in my own allusions. You felt as if you were a professional. You wouldn't give in to your emotions under any circumstances. It was all about my feelings and my beliefs. We could feed off of it for what it was. It was nothing else going on. Nevertheless, you realized the weaknesses in your method. What did any of this mean? It would be on simple recognition. I needed to respond to this going on around here. You could let yourself be overtaken by this kind of experience. Much more calculated. I need to figure this

out.”

“You can throw away a heart but you can’t get rid of me. Throwaway our love, but it’s all going to come back. You can try to get away. There is no where in the world. You can try to quit once and for all. We all know this. We all feel this. This is who we are. And I can I do that. I’m being forced to think about something that I don’t wanna think about it. I’m trying to get my stuff together. And something is getting in my way. Damn!”

“What did that pay. I see this is some kind of imposition. I’m being asked to think about some thing that bothers me. When I first became familiar with the story, I had a sense of awareness. And this seem to drive me. Later on I thought my motivation was inhibited by things that were going on around me. I should’ve had more clarity. But I had difficulty being articulate. Part of it was a fear. But I was also being challenged in a way that I didn’t like to be challenged. This waited on me. I dwelt on my confusion. It should’ve been like this. This should’ve been states of elation, but it was built upon a process of intellectual application. Instead, I was being taken to some other place. I was getting too excited for the things that were occurring within. What was this about? Why was it this way? Interfering with my growth? I was showing too much of myself.”

“There was something that I needed to do. There was something that I needed to say. But I was at an impasse. And I thought that I was getting in the way of my growth. I was getting drawn in by things that contradicted my very nature. Recognized how I faced challenges is to my growth. But they didn’t stop me from doing what I needed to do.”

“I’m not trying to bridge the gap here. But I think that we can do something interesting. I don’t want to leave it at that. I still don’t know where I am. I still don’t know how I got here. I’m going to make do with that. It’s not as if I can put on a costume, but everything is going to make sense.”

“Honestly, that’s the source of my alienation. I hate waiting for something that’s not gonna happen. Here is the difference, when I see what is needed I can accelerate the progress, and I can move towards some kind of clear resolution. Honestly, that’s all that really matters for me. There will be a time that I put it all into place. And that will be enough for me. I don’t want to have to worry about these things. We can set a clear standards of knowledge. We can invite others to share in these ways of thinking. That should be enough.”

“I thought that I had been given this opportunity. And I started to move forward. And I looked at my success, and I marveled at what I had done. This made me feel that I could achieve so much more. Then I hit a wall. I couldn’t do anything else. I felt trapped and my entrapment seemed to disturb me. It played havoc with my sensibility. Sure, I had been able to develop my abilities. But I hadn’t done very much. I remained trapped my desires. I needed to show more initiative. But I was living off of flattery.”

“I was repeating the same things again and again because they would bring me accolades. That was hardly enough. I needed to distinguish myself in the best way possible. I had only one goal in mind, and this was to get something done. This was to make them work. Everything else was distraction. I recognized the problems. For as much as I wanted to move forward, I still felt as if I was holding myself back. I was getting caught in these minor triumphs. But I was still avoiding a critical realization. I wasn’t living in the world. I was caught up in dreams.”

“I felt as if I had been reborn. It was so many things that I wanted to say, so many things

that remained. And I didn't have the words to explain my feelings. Indeed, this was challenging for me. I need to find ways to overcome my isolation. The world was apparent to me. There was the constant evidence of its magnificence. I was overwhelmed with these blessings. They offered me a magic to help me to see the world in a new way. I recognized the contradiction so around me. I face the challenges. And I try to make sense of it all. There was enough. There was enough confusion. But I thought about it all. I was immersed in the magic. This was wonderful. I wanted to share. It could I say? There seemed to be this veil that I could not pierce. I could not get any closer to expressing how I felt. The experience was amazing. It was so intense. And I was poured back-and-forth by these feelings I wanted to give him. It moved us. They made me something greater than I was. I welcome this possibility. I needed to understand better why I was overwhelmed with my silence. I had a message to share I had some thing unique to talk about. But there was so much wildness. It propelled me along, but it also held me back. Where did it take me. There was a sense that it burned from within. It gave me a sense of relief, and this added to my self-knowledge. It was difficult to explain anymore. It was hard to even think about this. In a way, I thought this was strange paralysis."

"The world showed itself in his wondrous images. I wanted to share them all. What was the thread that held them all together? What was the magnificence that drove them along? I thought about this. I renewed my faith. And excited. More than that, I felt for fulfilled. How could I communicate that image to others. There was this radiance that reflected in everything else. He promised to liberate me from my silence and added magic to my world. I need to figure out how to make that sense sensation emerge. What did I need to give it life and breath? I wondered. I thought some kind of deeper understanding. This seemed the key. It could build upon my actual circumstances, and I could explore this other world. Everything I touched, everything I smelled, everything I experienced, was engaged by this wondrous moment. I struggled to find the words."

"I wasn't even close. There's was so much more to figure out. It was. Would that be enough? What was that emergence that what was holding me back"

"There was much more to figure out. I came face-to-face. Here in my search, I was not convinced. I felt as if I couldn't contain my excitement. All the while, I was promising too much of myself to the world. I needed to pull back. I need to find protection. The more that I felt this way, the harder it seem to be to communicate. I was stuck in my world. I was immersed in the darkness. And I accepted it for what it was."

"I was convinced that the answer was in the world before me. But I couldn't get close enough to it. What did I have to do the street where the layers? It was some thing that I needed to break down into simpler ideas?"

"Crisis wanted to be field wizard. He was trying to bring everything down to his level so that he could still manipulate it. He had a history of playing to peoples weak side. Under those conditions he could appear strong. Nevertheless, blocked that facility that made him more adept. Indeed this created a challenge. He seem to be interfering. What was the score? Sure, he was trying to fit his ego. And he had success in this. This only exposed his uncertainty. He just added to his frustration. Everyone seemed excited to struggle. Certainly, he was flailing away. That was a suitable description for everyone else? That would add to his facility, if he could just stay ahead of the curve. Even an he believed that this is all about a sense of freedom, he had traded one

form of servitude for another.”

“Please try to stand tough--the more, the more adept.”

“I didn’t feel as if I was being watched. It wouldn’t feel comfortable that someone was watching my every move. There was this sense that I was the source. I thought about my concerns, and how they were allowing me to get distracted. If I had one goal I needed to commit to it. I was becoming detoured.

“I needed to open myself up more. But I felt totally exposed. I had a little choice. I was not going to retreat in the shadows. I needed to make myself for what I was. If this was part of my brightness, I needed to decide once and for all. I was going to wait for anyone. If you wanted to show, all well and good. Give me what I need. It would give me reassurance. That was all that mattered. I needed to attain that clarity. Certainly, there were things that were in my way. I didn’t want to think that I was my own worst enemy. I needed to be confident but I didn’t want to get fooled by the situation and that seem too easy. I was opening myself up to new experiences. But I could feel this incredible letdown. I didn’t want that to destroy me.”

“Indeed, I could see that was a danger. In a sense, that threw me off. Made me wonder. What was in my way? What was preventing mean gaining clarity?”

“I felt as if I was over flattery. I didn’t need that kind of congratulatory attitude to help me develop my personality. I wanted something more lasting. What would that be. I was face-to-face with something important. What was my connection to the world. And I felt impressed by the situation.”

“This project added to my sense of personal awareness. It create a balance. And I build from that understanding. It offered me other possibilities. I felt that as I was opening doors. I was seeing things they were critical for my growth. I wanted someone to care. But I could live my life in the hopes that person would be there. I need to forge a plan for myself. My self had enough motivation. This was important it was tricky. I was trying to establish this balance. But I thought that I had emerged.”

“Had I finally liberated myself from this role? I was being forced to act in a way that was inconsistent with my nature. Perhaps, I was discovering a new self. But I was dealing with enough discomfort that it made me wonder. It seemed as if something it wasn’t going right, and I had trouble explaining its origins. I had felt blessed by my situation, but I kept getting caught up in the same trap. I couldn’t find enough motivation within myself. I knew that it wasn’t all about me. Did I expect the impossible? Getting in the way of my further development? I wonder. I had a clear vision. I recognized what I would have to do motivation. I read. I meditated. Analyzed what was going on around me. I felt that I had achieved enough insight to carry me further. There was so many things that were walking my gross. And I need to do how could I make my own way without becoming a pawn for someone else. I recognize this role so clearly.”

“What made me unique? How could I separate myself from the expectations of others. This seemed like a challenge so much in my way. There was so much preventing me from gaining the necessary independence. I felt that it got to the heart of the matter. I cleared out all the space for myself. Then I was back to doing the same thing over and over again. It seemed easy. That was how I saw myself. When I got the same reaction from others, I became convinced that I was on the right track. How would I become so easily deluded. What stood in my way? Seemed more than a little obvious. The signs rolled around me. But I was still getting taken in.”

“This was some thing that seemed too easy to imitate. If it wasn’t my mind doing it, and someone else would try to draw me in to the same kind of realm. They were doing it too. I was only going along. I sensed the distraction. It went to clear my own urgency. I would expect an immediate response from someone else. But it would take me a while to respond back. I was caught in my own challenges. I wondered what that meant for me.”

“I didn’t want to seem so vulnerable. I need to be more open to others. I think that I had got caught in playing this raw again and again. I love the simplicity of the rewards. That causes massive letdown on my part. I saw these dangers. Curious, curious, curious, curious.”