

Fragment 01

■ Things have always changed, things have always and always will change. I'm sure of those things, that the light will feather into the windows and the heat will blossom into the night, summer will cycle back into the seasons and the mystery of god will gleam into my dreams. I thought before that everything would play out in a simple guideline, that there was going to be an easy path to take to reach all of the goals I had previously written out in my head as a young girl, but then, things move in strange new cycles. I have recently felt brand new experiences that lead me to think there will be endings to old fractals of my life and openings in new ones.

More and more I realise the importance of privacy in our lives and how unnatural our life online is. A constant eye watching us at all times, it is always there waiting to be put to use by some great company for whichever purpose they choose. Even greater than the idea of privacy in the eyes of data online and tracking, I think about the barrier from you to me, from I to we. The barrier of intimacy has shattered to a small line of ash and bone, easily crossed by those who are interested, yet again for whichever reason they choose. This idea plagues me greatly, that you cannot live your life without someone reaching out to touch it. You could say that most people needn't worry about this kind of thing, but the fear exists nonetheless. In the real world, people wouldn't dare try the things they would try online, nor would they desire to. Honestly we are all much more self interested when we are existing in public with others.

The lack of morality in our society, the daily absence of manner and modesty, all of it has dwindled away- at least for the majority. It has become such a hard task to maintain a peaceful consciousness, away from the realm of washed out politics, constant progress, and the great killing of tradition. It seems there are no easy ways to keep yourself arranged in your own world without the grips of all darkened industries pulling at your spirit. I should say of course, this is my experience or at least my perspective on a part of my experience in this time.

I wish to live in a world where people had roles once defined by nature and honesty, where basic outlines of freedom and privacy were respected, and most importantly, a world welcome to original thought outside of the cult of status quo. Parts of the truth can sometimes be contained within categories but the truth cannot exist in that prison.

My dreams are full of the most suspiciously fantastic worlds now. Light flickers atop the plums, the smell of fresh pine spills on the forest bed, and long midnight storms move the rain like a glass channel.