

What I Am

Fuck the Facts

What are humans? Are they creations of God? Humans are that which is created by humans. This is that which is mine. My life. My heart. I'm a vessel for my thoughts. The entry plug. The throne of the soul. Who is this? This is me. Who am I? What am I? What am I? What am I? I am I. This object that is, is myself. That which forms is me. This is the self that can be seen and yet this in not like that which is myself. Strange feeling. My body feels as if it is melting. I can no longer see myself: my form, my shape, it fades from view. Awareness dawns of someone who is not me. Who is here, there, beyond me here?