

Human

What is a human? Is it the heart and soul which make a human what he is? Is it the hidden feelings behind a shell made out of bones and flesh?

A human is the thought, the idea in an organ behind flesh and bones. Human, like a human being, is rare nowadays. Today's human is just a picture, a fake, a portrait behind who's hides a monster baring the same name. It is having sadistic and evil thoughts, intentions and atrocious nature. Human, just like me, the monster, is nothing, a nobody. We are but a piece of play on the chess board, controlled and judged, by what we have created. We, like dogs, are wishful for control, be it by others, be it by something imaginary, or something we created with our own mind or hands. We are god. We are hell bent on controlling everything and to reach closer and closer to God almighty, while we in reality lose our humanity, our consciousness, and awareness, more, and more just for the sake of achieving the status of a divine being, which we will never be. I, me, myself. I am different. I know and accept those unspoken wishes and needs, but I don't oblige by them. I am God, but not because I know everything, or can control everything, but because I am aware of who, and exactly what I am; a monster waiting for its chance. I accept it, all of it. From the bloodshed to the brotherhood and festivals. From death and decay to love and peace, I've seen it all. Why? Because I've wandered this world, thousands of years, in different forms yet my experience doesn't wain. I am different, because I know. I am God, because I do not search to be it, I do not want to be different than the rest, I do not thrive to be better, or being something I am not. I AM different.

Reality isn't real, it does not exist. How do we know if we sleep, or if we're wide awake? Pain? Emotions? We feel pain everywhere, at all times, even if we do not want to admit to

it, but secretly we do. What seems real to us, does not have to seem real to anyone else, it can be a complete picture to us, but broken fragments and shards for others. The only reality is, that reality is always with us. It accompanies us whether we like it or not. It changes, switches forms based on our emotions, our perception, our „destiny“. It is not the same, it does not linger and show its presence, but it's always here, yet ungraspable, untouchable. Change is a better name for reality, because the only reality, is that nothing is constant, everything changes.

Society. A circle, a group of people and individuals who thrive on getting more than giving back. But, should there be rules? Should it be equal? Of course not, where would this world be if everything was in a norm, when everything was equal and there were rules? Society doesn't know rules. Until people stop having use of society, it will never cease to exist. My part of the play is to give, and ask for little in return, to play the silent fool and not say a thing. Would we escape society, we would be singled out, or a new society would adapt us. One made out of people who are singled out, who made the same decision we did, and the cursed circle begins yet again.

Those are my thoughts, my opinions, my feelings and view. I know this may differ from the norm, but honestly, being normal is boring. Every individual shouldn't be thought how to think, they should learn and accept it the way it is, accept themselves and work on themselves. Experience and growth is the key.