

A Book of Thoughts

By: Julian Rafael Hassan Roden

Nevergreen

You wish, huh? Yeah, we all wish

That doesn't mean things are going to go your way

I have had wants and needs for things that others have had

But now I never do.

I want and need things that I want and need

Not because others have them, but because I whole heartedly want and need

So I wish; wish for what I want and need

And maybe the heavens will grant them to me

But until then I will not be consumed by jealousy

For the day will come when the wants and needs will become reality.

What Policy?

Today I have heard and said so many phrases that apply to life and how we as people deal with it. I wish I could recall all of them, but I can't. Three or four stand out to me though. As for the first one, "There's always a but...." everything that is said has a catch, because for every good there is a bad. And if not that, there has to be a compromise. This phrase will always be true as long as relationships exist.

Another thing that was said was, "Live to die another day." You can always sacrifice that task you were performing for another time, because for the most part you'll eventually complete it. These certain phrases can be applicable to so many situations, you wouldn't believe it. Go ahead, try and think of one. Oh, and "There's a big world out there" There truly is, but at the end of the day you can only have a piece of it. In the same light the world is what you make it.

I'm Tired

Happiness doesn't come around these parts often;
I'll find it someday,
Hopefully,
But, I'm tired,
Tired of searching,
I'm not even a fifth of my way through life,
Hopefully,
But I'm tired,
Tired of wondering when I'll find happiness,
Hopefully,
But I'm tired,
Tired of being hopeful

Even More Profound

I'm at a stand-still. I'm going nowhere as time passes me by. I tire of my ritualistic life. When a curve ball is thrown I can never hit it. I always miss. Now my point; I need a fresh start, somewhere new obviously. That isn't going to happen in the near future. Maybe, just maybe, regardless of location I'll always be myself. And deja-vu shall occur when I thought I had the world figured out. People don't change, situations do. Thus causing a reaction by said person, things change. To be appreciated or accepted by anyone is way too much to ask if you are of my creed (True to yourself). I don't want to waste any more valuable time. Though, eventually I will. It is inevitable because after all we never change.

If I Had Money...

I know everything would change. "They" say money doesn't buy you happiness; that's a lie. It does. "They" just haven't given it to me yet.

David & Goliath

There is no way in hell that you are going to tell me others aren't bested by others. Goliath won for the record. Or at least in my mind he won. Nevertheless, if I can do something better than you, then why don't you tell me, what does that make me? Better. If I'm better at more than one thing, it doesn't make me good at multiple things, it makes me valuable because of my capabilities. Whatever those capabilities may be doesn't even matter. If I can scrub floors better, more efficiently and faster, there's only one opening left, is it me or Esmeralda? The obvious choice is me. If I hold the knowledge of the cure for cancer, and I happen to be strolling the edge of the Grand Canyon accompanied by a crackhead, and he pushes me off for whatever reason, and I happen to pull him down with me, and you (the reader) happens to be walking by and sees this happen, and you know exactly who we are. You are staring at us hanging off of a cliff. Who the FUCK are you going to save? I don't care if you lost your virginity to the crackhead, and everyone in your family is immune to cancer. You better save me.

Potential

I am blindsided by those in which believe they have the one up on me because of wisdom. Look, I think I have the world figured out, so you being here oh-so-much longer means you are a slow learner and could never amount to what I am now in the process of becoming. Though I am looked down upon, the viewers fail to understand themselves in their actions. If I were given the opportunity to do anything that I feel will benefit me call me opportunistic. All of the people that I've met directly have never been opportunistic and look where they are. Considerably nowhere. So to say that I don't know a damn thing and I don't understand, and won't understand, and could never understand until I've reached a said destination, I'm already there. Not in physical terms, in mental, in the faction of holding a simple concept, applying differentials, and weighing outcomes. I know what you've did, why you did it and what will happen. So with that, I've been where you are, whilst not being there at all, with all the good and bad measure to boot. I can say I've made non-existing mistakes and learned from them. For everything else, I guess I'll need dumb luck. For now I can say, I've lived a life & a half, and have several more to go through before I have physically perished. So I not only think of those who think of me as young & dumb as young & dumb, but pity them because they fail to believe someone of my age is of such a high caliber. It's a new day. Deal with it. These just aren't words I'm throwing around, they're the truth.

"I Guess We're All One Phone Call From Our Knees"

So as I sit to procrastinate doing my scholastic obligations, it dawned on me that, simply, shit happens. I grow weary of it, but, shit happens. And for that reason, I've not only accepted it, but laugh at it, enjoy it. Though there are things that are in our control, those that are not, you shouldn't even flinch at, after all, it's just shit.

Reading

I truly believe I can read people extremely well. I act accordingly pushing the limits of whatever our relationship might be made up of. I know when to quit; a lot of people think I don't. It's a 6th sense of mine. I don't need a degree to know the way a person feels on the inside and out. I know what to say to sway someone in or out of my favor depending on how I feel about the person granting the situation. My mom once told me my mouth isn't going to get me anywhere, I beg to differ, my mouth has got me to this place I am in my short life, right now, good or bad as this place may be. I think that if someone would cooperate with me, just anyone, they'd see that they'd get further than with their opposition. It makes me wonder why in a million years I feel so alone, and then I figured it out, everybody loves to hate me. I believe that to be the reason. Why would someone want to ride the backburner, when they can have shotgun, because people love to hate me. I understand why, it's easier to do that than be on an opposing team. But I will say there are few that choose to ride the JRHR express, and right now it's a rocky road, but I appreciate your choice. I see why people favor others: simplicity. People want the bare minimum so they don't have to think too much. Makes life much easier. Even though at times I loathe being as analytical and attentive as I am, I wouldn't trade it for the world, because that's what enables me to see who you really are.

Synchronization

It's like I'm on but I'm off at the same time. I feel as if I'm right, but to the rest of the world I'm wrong. I'm thrown by the notions of others against my own. I can't see eye to eye with you, you see eye to ass. I, eye to air. It'd be nice if we could once be on the same field, but, for whatever reason, no, maybe it's because I'm stubborn, and whoever else, in whatever situation is stubborn, and the answer to the problem is synchronization.

I Got 99 Problems....

I tend to think, "I'm pretty well off.", and I try not to complain much about anything, but now, I think it's time to complain. There are things that piss me off that are beyond my control, and just by even being able to state that makes me pissed. So when something happens and I'm told to accept it, that's injustice in its purest form. And now my problems...

I feel alone

I take everything for face value.

My siblings and peers are fucking crazy.

My parents are fucking crazy.

I am damn near crazy in result.

I slack, by nature.

My passion gets me nowhere.

My spite gets me bad places.

I don't like most people.

I think that the world is fair.

My thoughts are rarely taken into consideration.

My thoughts are rarely listened to by the ones who need to hear them.

I have a problem with authority.

I get treated like I'm different, for all the wrong reasons.

My affinity to make people feel stupid.

My lack of faith

I care too much

I care too little

My Lois Lane

My Kryptonite

I Wonder....

what my life would be like if I slowed down a little.

what my life would be like if I were an average Joe.

if I am wrong for judging those who I believe are inferior to me.

if I am inferior in an aspect of morality.

if my ethics conflict my morals, therefor making me a hypocrite, yet my double standard fails to apply to myself.

why I obsess over someone that feels far from mutual, to my knowledge.

why there are people that have it all and others nothing.

why some of the worst people have the greatest lives.

why I'm not accepted by the masses when the most played out, unoriginal, overexposed people are.

why life is so easy to make, so easy to take, but so hard to forget.

why my luck has never been good, always bad.

why I haven't found a single rational, single-minded, person in this world.

why people act as if they are something they are not to appease others.

when I'll die and whether it will be untimely.

when the world will recognize me for my talents that few recognize to this day.

when those in fault will take responsibility for the fault and act accordingly.

when is the next time I'll face adversity and triumph.

what I'll be when I become an adult.

what type of person I'll end up spending the rest of my life with.

if I'll have children.

if my prospect future children will wonder, such as their prospect father.

Mmmm, I Need, I Need

More money
A good lay
A car
A serious relationship
A shower (@ the moment)
A friend that isn't on punishment
A compliment
A role model
A better hobby
A job
Fame
To work out
A laugh
More friends (cause 2 or 3 ain't making the cut)
Someone who really understands me
A life (one that consists of events at least)
To correct mistakes I've made
To treat others like they deserve to be treated
To ask questions that I don't want the answers to
To start thinking about my future
To stop worrying about the past
To live and let die
Stimulating conversation
Stimulating altercations
For my plans to fall into place (@ least once)
For people to be more open
For people to educate themselves
To surround myself with others of my caliber
Love
Happiness
Feeling like I belong
Less bullshit
More good shit (if it exists)
To lie more often
Sleep
To break bad habits
To get rid of my vices
To be more charitable
To curse more than I do
A better slate of luck
Better karma
Stop taking risks (been more than reckless lately)
Less wants

H2o

Some people got it, others don't, and it's something that just clicks you can't make it happen. So when you meet someone who clicks, stick to them, it's what's right, you know? Don't force it when you meet someone new, because that'll lead to disaster in the lab. If it's there capitalize on the situation and let sparks fly; if it's not there, walk away slowly, very very slowly.

BAIT

If you aren't serious, don't remind me. I can't stand to be teased. It's like holding out a piece of steak in front of a chained up dog. If I don't want to be affiliated with you because you're that person holding that piece of meat, its cause I'm the dog. I'm just not smart enough to realize that I'm chained up, and you are so cruel, you just keep dangling the meat, knowing that I WON'T STOP CHASING IT. Do this poor, lowly dog a favor, and give it what it wants, or just stop, and don't remind me.

Thinking with Different Organs

Of course there's the primary the brain, without that you wouldn't think at all, so kudos brain, the most rational organ, when you think with this you are on the right path. When you think using your brain you don't usually get a lot of problems, (unless you're trying to use the power to think to lie) apply that to any situation you'd like. So using your head serves for two things: everyday problem solving and responding as quickly as possible to whatever situation is thrown at you. And that's the brain. As simple as that.

The dick, which takes you back to a animalistic nature, evokes thought in different ways if you must, which is why it's an organ on the list, anyways, while still this organ gives you the least amount of "brain" power, it'll make you careless, giving absolutely no fuck causing you to make some fucked up decisions (if you haven't already, they're coming) and getting you in some fucked up situations. That's not to say everything it leads you to is all bad, there will be many great situations Mr. Head'll get you into, and the outcome should be great (should be). But uh, Mr. Head can also make you sick, and Mr. Head can do something that is believed only capable of doing if your name is God: create life, thus you always need to use your real brain so you can take the proactive steps to protect this idiot. So it's best to consider thinking with brain before dick if you're going to think with dick at all.

Thinking with your gut, whether you include the whole digestive system or not, is thinking with an organ that is purely instinctive, so I say when you think with this you have about a fifty/fifty chance of being right, and given the fact that when you act with thoughts from this organ the thoughts come from instinct, and for you to jump from brain, Mr. Rational (if you will) all the way to Mr. "I gotta feeling about this" the decision must be drastic, and have high stakes, so your gut is basically a gambler, so since everyone's insides are different, and every situation is different, every outcome will be different, so $2+w=fish$, is what I'm saying, so use your gut only when you have to, and hope for the best possible outcome because your gut is addicted to gambling.

Now for the most unreliable, the heart, this organ probably shouldn't even be in this note considering that it doesn't (to my standard) even think. But then again I used to see the heart as an organ that used to think, yet it was still very unreliable. The heart is unreliable in a sense that it is dependent on other hearts. The heart is always functional, but it serves different functions towards different hearts, and for that reason the heart is unreliable. If one heart isn't acting as your heart wants it to, your heart will attack you, every other thinking organ will be out of sync, they will fail just as the heart fails, but when the heart flourishes, oh when then heart flourishes the other organs don't even function nor do they have to. The heart goes into overdrive, takes over everything, and all other functions will be meaningless, because your heart will do those by default, and do its job at 1000%. But, when it fails, the shit hits my figurative fan. Everything means nothing when your hearts not happy, and most know that, and that's the reason why it's unreliable. How the heart thinks? It thinks by latching on to other hearts causing you to act in different, maybe even crazy ways, so when it latches onto a heart that doesn't want it, or a heart that doesn't work because it had already been proven unreliable, it causes the latched heart to fail and become unreliable. Thereby creating a cycle, and as new hearts go about their latching to these old unreliable hearts, they then become old and unreliable, better yet defective. So whilst thinking with your heart the most risks are being taken doing so.

The conclusion is I've come to think with my brain, not my dick, gut, heart, or any other appendage you can think of, because the brain, Mr. Rational, knows what's best for you, and even if he steers you wrong at times, know that he means absolutely no harm. After all, without him, what would all those other "brains" be?

Excerpt from: The Diary of a Cynic

I can't fucking stand most people. That's why when I don't want to be around you, please, take a fucking hint. It's sad you can't control who your family is, and that you can pick your friends. That's a well-known fact, but let's deduce why, shall we? Friends are much easier to lose, family only go away if they die, because they will ALWAYS be your family, whether you like it or not, and that brings me to my point: You are fucked till you are 18. You may like the people in your everyday life but those chances are slimmer than me. So even though I know some people get wronged by their family in worst ways than I, they still are able to withstand it. I guess I must be weak or the people I'm with wrong me more than I think. While it's probably not the latter, let's just assume it is; I should be walking outta the front door as I type, yet I'm not. I understand there will be brighter days and greener grass, but at the rate I'm going I'll be dead or in prison, depending on the actions I take before I make it out of this house. Fuck everybody but myself for this rough patch in my life. I swear I tried and tried to change, but this fucked up world is getting the better of me. Just as I always said, "Once a_____ always a_____". I'm sick of the itty bitty bullshit, FUCK IT, I refuse to be a part of it. I'm right, the rest of the world can suck six dicks and spit on 'em for all I care, whereas I thought I could change the cold hearted boy I used to be, FUCK was I thinking, World, you asked for him and now he's back, say hello to the old JRHR. Now I would say it hasn't been long, Oh but it has, way way way too long. There have been many things I've held back, but it's ALL gonna come out now, I'm gonna have my fucking say in things, or whoever doesn't want to listen is gonna have some serious problems with me. No more dragging my feet, time to pick those shits up. As liberated as I'm feeling at the moment, I have to admit because I've experienced it; change is good (whilst it's duration). Yet I'm pretty damn sure it's never gonna happen again. Goodbye sympathies, compassions, and forgiveness, you did everything and nothing at the same time, and for that I don't need you, I just remembered that it's a snake eat rabbit world out there; what are you?

- A Snake

Time Spent in Life: In a Different Light

I looked back in my life (short may it be) and realized that I haven't invested my time well. Most of my life has been wasted by being either bored or sad, not going to get into specifics, but it just dawned on me how short life is. My mortality is not a big factor, but for instance I can die tomorrow and what would be the most that would be written in my obituary? "Julian was a seemingly normal teenager.... who did what most teenagers did...and then some" Insert my cause of death_____ (I.e. stabbed in his sleep) and I will have been a faded memory forgotten after the few lives I've touched have also perished. So getting to the point, I want to leave a giant footprint in not only the lives of those I know, but also the world. For right now I'm talking baby steps. I'll have to start with those I know. To do that I have to start giving a fuck. I can't not give two fucks about anyone but myself anymore if I want a lasting impression. But the road to caring from carelessness is a long one, and the steps I've taken so far have been big ones, and those who have been affected by those steps have been a little more than surprised. (I.e. _____ & _____ & _____) I think that I'll enjoy being selfless for once and my life regardless of the sudden change of hearts isn't welcomed by those in which I care for. I'll survive, that part of me isn't going to change. I hope that I touch at least one person reading this note because the time we spend here on this earth is very sparse (especially when viewed in retrospect). So don't spend it being pissed and alone and value the time you spend with whomever you care for. I wish I would have had this revelation a long time ago, maybe you (who ever might be reading this) would see me in a different light.

Hormones

Ahhh, the best and the worst substance in the human body. To start it gives you the red yellowish puss-filled holes in your face, then it makes you wanna fuck anything that moves. The best part about them is you get your attributes from them. I can't wait till I get some goddamned facial hair, not just my little stache; I'm talking goatee beard burns, the whole 9. To add to that notion of attributes; a nice high b, low c cup would be reaaaallll nice right about now. The worst part: the urges. Now why is that a bad part? Females that aren't open with their sexuality. Now I haven't tried my cards with many, yet from what I hear they're very very VERY shy about doing the do and I understand why, but that shouldn't be a deterrent, cause see, it's not the mark of the hoe, it's the mark of experience. Just cause there is a literal barrier that breaks at the intrusion of a foreign object then makes you a hoe, tisk tisk, no no no, it doesn't. Not in my eyes at least. Wanting it and not having it is the worst part, damn. And I don't want a dirty rag, I want a fresh washcloth. So I guess I gotta start trying my hand and looking around cause a good washcloth is hard to find. I don't necessarily need to use the washcloth to its full potential right away, noooo, we could do some light scrubbing, see the quality of the cloth, but continuing, this fresh bar of soap right here hasn't been used (to my full potential) and is longing to be combined w/ a nice clean cloth. Yeah it's hard out here (literally) and just know, that I know, that you know that you want it. It's right here.

AIDS

So I had a dream, well nightmarish dream, where I was hanging out with a couple of friends and we somehow knew where to get Bulls tickets for cheap, so we ride to the "inner-city" and get out of the car. When I get out I don't have on shoes or socks and there are hundreds of hypodermic needles scattered along the streets and the sidewalk. Everyone else has on shoes. I continue to walk w/o shoes and get punctured by a couple of the crack needles. So eventually we get up to the house where they're selling the tickets, and I say to my friends, "Hey let me see one of your iPods (I hate Apple w/ a blind passion) then I find an AIDS test app. So the app tells me to draw blood and put it up to the screen. The app was only a trial and I had to purchase the full version to see the results. So I then hit purchase and I get prompted, "The results will be in 6-8 weeks from now" FUCK. We get the tickets, and I walk back to the car barefoot again. We go to the Bulls game and when we get there I wake up. FUCK AIDS FUCK APPLE AND FUCK THE BULLS

Substance in Relations with Others

Today's time is full of interactions that are done just for show. Real fun, pain, love, passion, hate, etc. are becoming extinct. I say this because every time someone does something they have to let the world know they did it. People glamorize life in false glory and try to sell you a false image. I admit I've been guilty of this at times and wish I hadn't. It takes the value out of whatever you've done. Not all of the value, but some, because whatever you did, the 458 friends of yours saw (in detail). And of course it's alright to snap a few pictures of that moment you were enjoying, do yourself and everybody else a favor by not staging that moment. I guarantee that that "ugly pic" is priceless compared to the one where you throw two fingers up and smooch your lips together.

On a different hand, due to the nature of the subject above, leads to in-person interactions. Most people can text there asses off opposed to having a full meaningful (preferably in person) conversation. What would you do had you been born in the 70's and coming of age in the 80's (Better yet 50's/60's)? Not to say texting should be banned from usage, I just believe we rely on it too much as our main form of communication (there are figures to show that statement to be true). Think about the last time you had an in-person conversation that had you as giddy as that 6hr long text log. I promise you that it meant more and took less time.

So put you phone down, your keyboard down and go THE FUCK OUT.

Human Socialization....And Me

The general population must understand I am like no other. You say hi, I say ho; you jump, I leap. I can't communicate on your level; I can't do what you do in the fashion you do. One might consider it a blessing or gift; I say no, it is a curse, a nightmare that starts as I wake. To be an outsider in an insider's world is unbearable. I use to think that I would one day meet someone that talked my talk, walked my walk, now I see that day will never come. I sometimes wish that I could trade shoes with a person, any person, so I can feel what it feels like to be a person. Not stating that to demean my own value, yet to state the longing of what it feels like to be Human. To be able to share thoughts that won't condemn you; to perform actions that won't scar you. I do recognize the basis of your actions. Emotions. Emotions fuel all of your actions. I act on basic principle, statistics, and foresight of events yet to happen but soon will. (Accurate Predictions) But the kicker is: While my actions are based on those things, I apply them to your actions. Logic vs. Emotion. It's impossible for my logic to win over your emotions. Logic is the equivalent of mathematical formulas being applied to the chaos theory. We'll never be on the same level, not to say I'm over you all as the Human race, but to say we are on completely different scales which cannot be measured in inches or feet. So as we may, literally, speak the same language, you don't understand it. You're listening; you're just not hearing me though. Sorry

Eyes Left Ajar

I've had too many realizations over the past months. I could never go back to the days when I was wondersome. My logic almost never falters, so there is no need to re-evaluate my findings. What exactly are my findings? They are of quality and quantity. Let's start with one.

*There's a very thin line between fate and destiny. I've understood this for a while, but now I've seen it applied. My dad has been the driving force behind that. What is out of your control is fate; such as a position on a job, or if it rains. But you can outrun the rain or go above it, and you can reapply to said job. Things that depend on other people in a situation that deals with you are fate. In the event you don't agree with what happens you may try and change the outcome, but whatever results you get are yet to be determined. If you sway things your way: destiny. Things remain the same or take you in a different direction entirely: fate. You may wash, rinse and repeat, but **if it was meant to be it shall be**, and if not, it shall not. You can cheat, but it is in no way rewarding and may land you a spot in prison.*

*Nothing really matters: This isn't a pessimistic take on the idea, it's an opportunistic view. This in ways connects with my last revelation. If in the end you have no mind to care of what you have done, you can do whatever. You might want to leave your mark on the earth long after you're gone. You might want to indulge in heavy drugs for 25 years. You might want to die before your first gray hair or wrinkle. In the end, it doesn't really matter because you won't be here to appreciate or hate your decisions or the effects they had. You are either somewhere in the sky, earth, or space. **Do as you please**, because you only have one life, or a few, to live.*

*The future is purely conceptual. We are forever living in the now. We account for what we know will happen which is what is considered to be the future. What we don't know is our actual future, or what will truly happen so there is no need to ponder on the thought. Which means the future is irrelevant. Our plans may come into fruition but that doesn't mean you've predicted the future; that means you had a good idea of what WAS going to happen, and it did. Based on past experiences you determined a possible outcome. **There are infinite possibilities**, but mostly ordinary outcomes.*

*People don't know what's best for them. They do what will make them immediately satisfied, gratified, or throw away the best thing they ever had based on what feels right (now). Never really stopping to think of the repercussions of their actions, the end result is regret. I have a few regrets, but none of them have come from decisions I've made out of impulse. **Impulse can make or break you** depending on your level of strength. How strong is your gut? Whatever you do, doesn't really matter, so who cares if you're wrong. You can always make the best out of a bad situation if you pick wrong. Life's all about mistakes anyways. And chances are you'll make them. But who am I to tell anyone they are wrong?*

*Time is neither a friend nor enemy. **The way we choose to spend our time is completely up to us**; who we choose to spend it with, what we do, how we do that, etc. It's when we feel as if time is being wasted, or time spent in discomfort, boredom or pain that we hate time.*

When it's spent enjoying things such as good media, food, sex, places of wonder, or anything else you could think of, we love it. You have to appreciate time because you can look back and smile for various reasons. Whether that be because a certain moment happened, or that a certain moment is over, you're glad you've had that moment or that that moment has passed and that you have more time to experience more love, fun, pain, and being alive. The argument that life is too short is made by people that have wasted too much time that has also been filled with regret. I can only account for a fifth of that life some people have had, and so far, I'm completely content with all that I have done. Aside from the occasional disappointment or regret, they are never too large to dwell on because I realize that I have a lot of time left (Hopefully).

Satisfaction is never guaranteed. No one will be or ever is happy with the outcome of any given situation or the product of their labor, or quality of their purchase. The list goes on and on, but the idea is to **lower your expectations** so that you are more appreciative of the little things and more amazed by the big things. Otherwise, you'll never be happy with anything or anyone. That's not to say you can't have a high standard of "good things" because I do, but be prepared for miles of disappointment and short blocks of satisfaction, if not overbearing joy (at first at least (speaking in a matter of time and satisfaction)). That mindset makes the best things in life, truly the best things in life. But my message isn't to be like me, it's not to tell you to be unlike me. I'm just stating that for Example's sake. So make sure to monitor whatever you put value into, and decide if you need to lower your standards, or strive to exceed them so you can reap the corresponding benefits.

Balance doesn't exist; neither does perfection which may be considered to be imperfection (which it's not). Nothing is in a state of equilibrium. It's not natural. We live in a natural world (which I'm sad to say). Balance coincides with perfection, which I'm obsessed with. Everything falters on a subatomic level and cannot withstand the test of time. Balance cannot be achieved in any human sense. Animals come closer, but never reach it. If we as humans try and reach equilibrium we will be upset that we can't, therefore throwing off our balance even further. How do you reach equilibrium and why would someone get upset because they couldn't reach it? **No one knows complete balance** because as humans we are dependent upon each other, and when someone else is off you are off and it ruins your "flow". What do I mean by flow? Your being. You can't be balanced if you are pestered by others' problems. That's to say that you care about anyone, and if you don't care for anyone you are even farther from total balance. That goes to show you can't reach balance and then get frustrated because problems exist in the world. And if you somehow managed to dodge all problems, somehow you will hear of others' problems. Where do problems arise from? People. You can't live without people, therefore you have problems and there is the start of imbalance. **Imbalance cannot coexist with perfection.** So by default, perfection doesn't exist. Delving deeper in why perfection doesn't exist; there is no natural thing that is perfect (Perfection being symmetrical, flawless (COMPLETELY), impenetrable, timeless, and immortal, which is to be God, to say the least). Humans have the ability to keep things alive way pass their literal life, but no man's tale will completely stand the test of time. Eventually something will happen to destroy the legend and man altogether. That natural force. That self-destructive natural force. Every imperfect thing was born to die (and that goes without saying if you have the slightest of analytical skills). We are all mortal and plagued by time. We are the equivalent to candle wicks; we will eventually burn out, right along with the stars,

though they have much better longevity. That is another way to rule out perfection. Most people don't even have an accurate perception of perfection so how can they define it? Imperfect beings say that they are perfect because they want to be perfect, and that is just a self-esteem issue. I know I'm figuratively perfect, but nowhere near literally. In the figurative sense, I feel like the sum of all man perfected, a ball of imperfection, though I don't strive to be what I'm not; perfect. The Perfect Imperfect. Transitioning into the oh-so-flawed argument of imperfection is perfect..... It's not. When viewed in the light of, "My flaws make me perfect." they do the exact opposite. You are imperfect, just that, and flawed for thinking that way. A scar on your face may give you character, but by no means does it make you beautiful. A scar less face makes you beautiful, and any blemish or mark takes away from that. A model with an obviously scared face? One more superficial topic; size and shape. They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and what's beauty to you is unsightly to me. Well, I believe I speak for the vast majority when I say that a 5'3, 125lb, C-cupped woman with a soft, contoured, symmetrical face (or cut 170lb 6' man) is preferable. I consider anything too far from that abnormal or extremely flawed. Whereas others would like to believe an extra 50lbs of fat on that frame is perfect (or the closest thing to it). What I described is what I believe to be "perfect", and is what a healthy person is supposed to look like (again to me and many nutritionists). Maybe it's the heart disease, unsightly rolls and excessive skin that make those other people so desirable (I do realize that all sounds very snarky, but it's generally true). But who am I, an imperfect person, to say what is perfect and what is not?

You can't run away from your problems. I myself have tried to start doing exactly that, runaway, because I've never been guilty of doing that before. It's so much easier; leaving all of your worries behind instead of dealing with them. The reason why I want to runaway is because I can't swim against the rip tide any longer. Or at least I don't believe I can. So I would like to get out while I can. But, my friends have pointed out that's not the way to go. And I guess it isn't. I'm still not sure. I have some serious things I've been dealing with for a while now. I would like to think it won't be too long before I have a handle on these problems. And I can say that I have been through worse, but have always relapsed. This chain of events repeats itself and there is no cure, only treatment, as in "dealing with it". What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. What is never mentioned is the fact that the appendage you hurt is forever weak, but the mind is strong. Or in the event of something traumatic; you may have been raped, and your body will make a complete recovery, but your mind is sick. All of these technicalities kill me. **So why not just runaway?** The problems will follow in a different form.

Sacrifice is a must. **You can't have it all.** No one has it all. And one man's treasure is another man's trash. I may be the richest man on earth, but lack the love of the family unit of Ms. Jones at the south side shelter. And because of lack of balance, you can't achieve total happiness. Everything carries an opportunity cost. It's always one or the other because someone has to have something for themselves. That is not to say one man should have it all, but at least get a taste of it. I wouldn't want to experience that myself because that's a high I couldn't come down from nicely. Sacrifice then has to exist. To have it all and go back to any other percentage would make you feel empty by comparison; even if it was 99%.

Life is valuable; to an extent. I was revising this piece of writing, and just as I was about to close it is when I realized this. To be selective and choose what life is or is not valuable is something I cannot do, but to speculate and think what life is and isn't valuable is. To start, any human "life" that will not be able to fully appreciate any of the aspects of my findings is not a life worth living. And just as I have deemed that is just as easy as I would like it to be for me to end that life. To give examples of this: a vegetable, mentally ill {schizophrenia, Alzheimer's, brain damage, general insanity}, horribly disfigured, birth defected, and the terminally ill. The reason why those are my picks are because those are my personal hell (especially in the event I'm aware of those things). If you were to come across an eagle with two broken wings, would you nurse it back to health and feed it shrew smoothie, or put it out of its misery if the law permitted? It has lost all of its livelihood. It is not an eagle. The only way it is and eagle is by definition. The same goes for human life. In the event that I would become any of those listed I would take my own life, and if not able, let someone help me. In the event I had a child and any of those things were present in his body, I would opt to euphemize him. That life isn't fulfilling. That life (in my opinion) isn't worth living. Love, pain, knowledge, and enjoyment of worldly things take on a different meaning in their lives. They aren't getting the full experience. **You can water down many things, but life shouldn't be in that list.** I also realized I'm among a generally small percentage of the world's population who "has it good". I believe it's unfair that some people's economic situations make it hard for them to live comfortably, but let's take it a step forward (backwards?) when all you know is scavenging for food and water with a swollen stomach. The hand that they were dealt is unfortunate, and the chance that could have been you or me is slightly higher than us being who we are now. Be thankful. I'm sure the suicide rate is too high to count if anyone makes it far enough to even consider it. Yet we indulge in the lives we do. Don't stop. Just be appreciative. Help if you want to, but unless everyone does, (ha!) don't expect a miracle from your \$100 donation. While most of us are being busy being capitalist, you have a heart with good intentions to provide momentary joy to a problem that can be eradicated. Put them out of their misery, once they are gone, they won't suffer anymore, and most importantly, wouldn't care to know.

You may agree with parts of this "guide to life" (if you will), maybe all of it; maybe you think I'm just some kid who thinks he knows it all. Regardless, I'm glad I could let you know what I believe, and possibly instill some values from this text into your own thoughts in relation to your life. But mostly I thank you for taking the time to read this. I can only hope you don't feel it has been wasted... That would be the last thing I would want to come from this.

Inspired to Do the Impossible

Changing the way things work. They still have to function, the operation is altered though. I want to be God.

The Everyday BS

It gets pretty tiring to endure repetitive actions/statements/environments. This problem of ordinary life being unfulfilling is something that can only be remedied by illegal/explicit/expensive things. The consequences of these are usually not worth the action, which leaves a logical person to an unfulfilling lifestyle that they have been nearly forced into.

Suggestions?

I Think I'm Back

I noticed some very vindictive words came out of my mouth yesterday and the night before. I didn't notice until today. All of those things were truth. And instead of accepting it and living in it, I want to act in the appropriate fashion. I don't want to be the bigger man and be right in the eyes of society; I want to be right in my eyes. I don't want to deliberately change as in a snap of a finger, but slowly hint that I resent, love, or am completely indifferent towards certain people. I have been all thumbs up lately. Everyone has been given the long end of the stick. The deficit rests in my head that they don't deserve to be treated in that manner. Most deserve to be treated like shit. Yet, I will continue the route I am on because it is the high road. This is no ego trip. This is an achievement I didn't think I was capable of.

Where's the breaking point?

My threshold is swallowing in circumference.

Woman Shit

I like to think I've broken down the female psyche. They run on a completely different fuel than males. It's corrosive. They need us like we need them. But they make it so difficult to have, in any sense. Whereas most males just fuck up by nature, they do their dirt on purpose. Manslaughter and murder. Drama is the fuel that makes them go. I don't know exactly what I run on yet, but I'm trying to decipher that. If there is nothing wrong, they will create a problem that doesn't exist. The motive for that is to feel relevant and to see who's going to put up with their bullshit. It may seem like you've found a bullshit free female, whether that be a girlfriend, friend, boss, or anything, but they're just a shit time bomb waiting to go off. That goes for every woman or girl I've met. I doubt there is a different one out there. It's not like I'm placing the blame of all problems on them, but I've taken a look in the mirror and evaluated my fatal flaws, and none of them I can place in the pot of mens' fuckery. So, all I know is that you cannot live with them and you cannot live without them, and whoever came up with that is a fucking genius.

Everyone's Got Their Agenda

The world doesn't and isn't supposed to spin around me but at least have a few instances where it turns in my favor. It does occasionally, but as a person I'm hard to please. Spin so fast inducing dizziness if I please, and mind numbingly slow if I please, please, World.

Blasphemy

The idea that this "God" wakes me up, opens my eyes, and shows me the new light of day, (or as perceived in my time zone) is a concept I'm not able to grasp. The natural action of sleep is one that my body is in control of. To think some divine being who has overall power decides to let me live in my sleep is the same governing force that I like to call probability. The chance of me, a healthy young stallion of 16 and some days, dying in his sleep or any other action of this world due to this being is beyond me. Far out in the depths of space which is immeasurable in distance.

The Over-recognition

I just don't understand why people applaud military as loudly as they do. Some don't know the half. I barely know the half. I applaud at my corresponding level of understanding. They applaud as if it were themselves who did whatever they believe the member of the military had to have done just because they are a part of the military (Meaning they must be Rambo). It's funny because I don't think they (the Rambos) should be applauded for what they do. "They" do what I cannot which is illegal. "They" commit heinous acts against humans only justified by the fact they don't share our nationality or beliefs. Yet they are humans. It is tolerated because the acts are believed to have purpose; that purpose being creating peace with war, whatever the locomotive may be (In more modern times it is mostly economy motivated). Though that may be a primary goal in "the war" in which so many know of in a vague sense, it doesn't weight out the fact that isn't possible and it's counterproductive. Counter productivity in war means death. The lives of "the military" are destroyed in this process. The "military man" himself is destroyed in this process.

Softening the Blow

I find assurance in the fact that I'm not the only one in my fucked up predicament. I compare myself to fictional characters that have gone through the same thing. I'm still alive.

When I Meet Her....

The girl of my dreams. My savior, my everything, and I hers. I won't ever let her go. She will always be near. I want to believe she's already near. At least in my city. But I know there's a big wide world out there. So for now I'll settle for a hot flame. An infatuation that turns into sexy altercations. I'm not the only one looking. Wherever she might be, I will find her. As I hope she finds me. Fate, don't bring her in a time of dire need. Bring her in a time of unknown nature. Surprise me. I still need time for my flames.

Limitations

There's only so much pain you can take before you pass out. The ultimate pain leads to death. Of course. What do you see when you pass out? Nothing.

Marginal Success

It's still success nevertheless. I just wish the success was exponential. Success is great. It would be better if it were consistent. It can be. Maybe it's not me. Maybe it's _____ (insert who/whatever). Potential rests within everything I do, or pursue otherwise I wouldn't, but why does it only show what it's made of on occasion at best; and that's a euphemism. The fact that it's there makes me not want to leave, knowing that a new goal/task/person would start me off at square one. It has to be them, not me; because I give things I want my all, but maybe my all isn't good enough for some people/goals/things. The success is nothing but a tease of what I could possibly possess; whether that is a trophy/title/person. I ask these simple questions. Why isn't my all good enough? What am I lacking? Where do I falter? How can I improve so I can prosper? I don't have the answers, (or I wouldn't be asking the questions) and do not know of any people who do, so who am I to ask. This may be side tracking, but do I ask God? How will that help? "They" keep telling me to pray. "They" seem pretty happy. "They" seem to have all the answers, but not directly. This wealth of knowledge they hold is streamed through God. "They" don't have it if they don't have "Him". I'm not going to expect instant results. And I'm not placing my faith on the line. I will pray. I will ask for clear results from these prayers, and not underlying clues as if I'm some form of a super detective. I can take a hint, but I'm not going to rationalize bullshit. I have tried everything up until this point. I can't expect my life to turn around in 24hrs, but this is the being that makes miracles happen (Supposedly). Here we go....

