

With Slothful Heaviness

589 nanometers

Five hundred and eighty-nine nanometers is the approximate wavelength of a standard sodium vapor lamp.

-Watering the flowers today~ the singular orchid and numerous succulents that we own.
Maybe one day I'll be able to buy a bonsai.

PROLOGUE

Sometimes, my dear observer.

I'll warn you now.

I will forget that I'm telling you my own story.

And, that out of spite, I may be formulating my thoughts and impregnating miniscule white lies into them. I'm gracefully sorry in advance. I'm so sorry.

Here is me.

Telling myself.

Then to you, of the riches to rags that I've experienced isn't as likely to...

Entice an observer.

I know my story will be eventually told—

Butchered.

Displayed ignorantly as a cautionary tale to remain true within virtue and to strive clear of sins; they are so alike yet so contrastful.

Likewise, how does one tell the difference between right and wrong?

Luck.

But there is no true life lesson in luck; it is the simplicity of what I achieved, luck. If I've gambled my life away to chase after the concept of luck, then that's my fault.

No observer, that's right.

You're dead wrong about my luck.

Luck came to me independently.
By itself.

You should abide by my recommendation to generously take notice of any contradictions that may pertain to my faulty story; I cannot tell you them as of right now due to my memory.

I'm sure it'll come to me eventually, but I won't tell you.

It was of perfection— completely, it objectified my being. It's the divine moment of realization that you've forgotten something you'll soon realize again, it is truly something.

Ultimately, I want to believe that the drowsiness has made me ignorant of things, ignorant of things that I wanted to see but childishly withdrew.

I wanted to imagine that I covered my eyes in tangent with the falling petals, peeking ever so slightly as to just dip my fingers into the pretend lukewarm gin—the grit against each ridges of my calluses, it is of fine vintage and texture; It wakes me up.

So, what's the point— I can only be ignorant when it comes to something I truly don't believe in, right?

I am real, I am true to it, I am not unreliable.

Unreliableness in this case lies in your ability to understand, “Is this fiction, or fact?”

I believe it's simply neither, it borders on facts that are fiction, and vice versa.

Let me be ignorant to say that from here on out, it is speculative fiction; I don't strive to be quirky and extrinsic, it's not in my willpower to do so.

That's a possible lie though.

I can't truly account for everything I've strived for, right?

Do you remember everything that you've done in your past, no.

I'll also lie to you and say that I'm mature:

That I won't make the same mistakes again.

That I'm more efficient, and more thorough in my processes.

That I won't ever dare lie towards you, or even myself.

Truly, it's all just a developing shell, a repeatedly damaged exoskeleton attempting to harden over for good— but such little is needed to break it again and again and again and again.

From what I've known about myself— the younger self, I could ramble on about paradise's troubles forever. That'll just bore both me and you though, so let me make a compromise, just for you. I will embed such a fake status quo of progression of which will make everything I've done justifiable. I wish to not bore you by simply lying and telling you that every piece of the puzzle fitted, tempting you to continue prospecting in hopes of me finding a positive outcome at a unsolvable dilemma; the greatest attribute to a person is the ability to turn the happiest moment into a cruelest one, with the additional melancholy accompanying it— but I digress.

It was extremely reminiscent of fall today at the graveyard. I stood dumbly at one of the local flowerbeds that he'd often visit and held my camera up towards my subject.

I've always enjoyed taking blurry photographs of the landscape. But there wasn't too much to see in the graveyard, although the occasional tripping upon rocks happened.

My camera is durable though.

What I liked about the flowerbeds is how they fed my sentimental value of orchids.

The delightful smell that lingers onto the fingers, the soft leathery texture of the petals that doesn't leave my fingers numb, everything.

It was so vivid and so exclusive to the feelings that I felt of him, it was all in such parallelism.

Everything about orchids reminded me of him and her, I hated him— I hate him.

I've always dreamt of being in a photography class, all that's left of that pipe is my camera, a cheap camera in fact. And although cheap, it gets the job done; it'll outlive all of the others and probably will outlive even me— I do hope that time never comes though.

In the distance are large wayfinders strategically placed along the paths so no one would trip on something unfortunate at night. During the daytime, light peered through the foliage and onto the rustic terrain; it was a beautiful sight to behold if you can ever catch it.

Truly, it never gets old.

And not too far from it all is the vandalism.

Whenever I take photographs, I always stand such a distance from the subject, blurring the image to achieve circular dots. It's amazing how a snapshot of life can be represented in an infinite amount of ways.

But I hate him and how he ruined the message of the photographs I took of her. One day during a photoshoot, I felt extremely defiled, "It should have been all about her, not you!"

It was hurtful, but true.

Contamination, it was, of my conscience and thoughts. I'd strive to get rid of the past, just for the future and present to then replace the past—

It's all futile.

I took one sliver of knowledge from the bastard and that was of true values—

To note, hate is such a strong word.

I don't truly "hate" him.

I just wish to think of him as a blurry photo.

He's still there, it's just... you'll fail to notice him at first glance.

Or perhaps he's a little more digestible.

Actually, I think the right word instead of hatred is naiveness.

It's something that everyone could relate to, then comes regret.

The regret of seeing those photos.

The regret of realization.

Then the breakage of the illusion—

I'm so ecstatic that they're just blurries.