

It's so nice to just be, without having to be in your own head.

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I just wrote what I felt like. Let myself just throw it on the screen. I hope it's just readable.

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I'm not a happy person. Let me rephrase that. I don't mean to say I am miserable, nor that I hate my current state (though I do, though we all do.) I mean that I am not blissfully happy. I can't speak from the heart. I don't believe in that nonsense, of dualism. I am myself and what lives and breathes within dies with me. No soul, this is me, mind, body and all. I don't believe there is a second me in me, in sense of a something transcendent that will exist for eternity, or at least for a little while after I'm worm food.* My mind is what fights with me, what is always nipping at the bit. I'm too much in my head, and I wish I could talk honest, without it all. Without me in my head, or what I think you're thinking as we talk in there also. Every word of yours I try to find it's meaning. I am not a formalist in conversation, and it's crippling.

"Well come on man, it's dumb to subscribe to only one kind of music. There's too much emotion in this world to have it all captured in the forms of hiphop or adult alternative. You gotta switch soundtracks sometimes man. You gotta explore what scares you and what's new. Expand your tastes to fully appreciate the complexities of modern life.

Listen, Queen is good and all, but you're not gonna be the champion every day."

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*How does a soul work? Can someone explain to me how long it's supposed to last? I was created in my image and the start of the universe, ok, I'll give you that for some reason. God blinked my into some drifting weaving form of being. And until my time existent didn't live the life t'was planned for me. But where does it end? Heaven's gotta have a closing time, there ain't no way god's keeping the tab open past the end of the universe, and you don't have go home just so long as you get out of here.

How's it all end, man? I don't want to be singing praises til the sun burns out and supernovas on us in heaven. It's always been a tangible location that's just circling the earth. The bible was too grounded for my tastes. Once I knew of space, once I'd seen through the eye of a telescope and seen *into* the heavens, *beyond* them even, the idea of God I had formed through my developmental stage was utterly shattered in the beauty of the universe. I wanted to grow up to be an astronaut; I wanted to just *feel* space swaddle me in gravity's cold unburdened grip. I read books about space, about man's first steps and our humble solar system. But when I stepped into that dome in the school atrium, that moment under a calm overcast sky, huddled ass to elbows with my fellow school chums, when I gazed upon the beauty of true omnipotence, that understated beauty in an unfathomable unknowable spectacle of celestial might, that was when god had died in me. Because nothing would eve be able to fill the immenseness of that moment for me.

I told my father once about a book I was reading, after he had asked about the title: The God Particle. I explained to him the basics of what I'd read, about how there's a part of nature yet discovered but highly hypothesized, that could essentially accomplish one step on the path to the Grand Unified Theory. This was us scooping into the very fabric of existence, getting on our hands and knees to measure the smallest strand we could find. This was humanity establishing something beautiful in the universe. He told me that man was never meant to dwell among the stars, "for the heaven, even the heavens, are the Lords."

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I have never forgiven him for it.

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