

We Are Small - A Thought by Rae Blair

By : **RaeBlair**

We all, as writers, get that urge to just take a small thought that planted itself in our minds, and water it until it grows and branches. The urge to just write until all that is inside of you is reflected back towards you, and you have a small piece of yourself mirrored outside of your mind and body. A piece of yourself that you can later come back to and learn from and explore. This is one of those thoughts.

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I think that the realization that I fear most is coming to terms with how insignificant, how small, we really are. How unconnected human beings truly are, though our communication and our technology is at a peak. The world is vast enough; it's mysterious unravelled by few and wondered about by many. But think, inside each and every one of us is an eternity of our own thoughts, our own worlds. Inside of every mind is a galaxy, with endless stars and endless possibilities. Lightyears of memories, experiences, secrets, passions... some, forever undiscovered by the one who has created them, and all hidden from any soul outside of that body. Locked away, unless you give someone the key.

What I fear is the unknown. A person is so complex. It scares me to think of what those around me have going on in their minds, about me, about themselves. Namely, the ones I love and who claim to love me. My trust issues - or maybe it's just plain nosiness - run wild with possibilities. I start to create my own vision of the galaxies in other peoples minds, with a pessimistic outlook. It's strange, honestly, for I am a positive person. I am open-minded and understanding. Self-aware and realistic. Yet, when I imagine the millions of thoughts passing through a persons conscious and subconscious each second, the majority are negative. It's that fear of not knowing, that fear of the worst. The feeling of being so unconnected and so small.

That realization is just one of the stars in my galaxy. One, shooting across the horizon of a planet I rest upon, laying back on the thick, lush flora and reminiscing; learning. Observing. Until the star shoots out of sight, to travel to the depths of my mind to which I cannot follow.

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