By: <u>IncompleteTruths</u>

You wouldn't mind would you? Just this once...





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Its crazy isn't it? How we're all so quick to judge what is good and bad. Everyone's chasing after the same bright star, but we're all too scared to trust that we know where its shining. Or to admit that the people who found it weren't looking for it in the first place. The people that make it anywhere close to the finish line were chasing firefly's. We spend our lives looking for a spark, a flicker, but we don't believe that we'll see it ourselves when it comes. We ask each other for years, do you see it? If I stand like this, if I trade my face, my body, my soul. If I paint a new face every morning, work out until I look like everyone else. If I wear the clothes they wear, walk like they walk, and talk about the same things, day in day out until I want to scream. If I turn myself into your perfect will you see that glimmer?

Well can you? You're reading this, and isn't it just another attempt to verify myself against that invisible bar? There's a comment bar, I'll come here every other day, hoping someone will have said something nice, something that says I'm getting closer to those shining lights. Waiting for your ok, your permission to keep going. As if without that verification I'm nothing. Without your ok on my words, they aren't real. Surely they're however good they are without your confirmation of the fact. But that's not enough for me is it? I mean i'm still here, Logged on and waiting for your comments. But your reading this, you tell me if i'm crazy.

There I go again. Tell me if I'm crazy? I should judge that for myself, or at least have the courage to not care. To chase my star regardless of whether you approve of my aspirations. Not that what I should do matters, you, reading this now, are the most important judge. Is it true for you, when you write, do you feel the same fears, wait for the same recognition. That's not who you are now, you're the one with the power. The one who, for the moment, will have an impact on how I write, you can rip me apart, or push me higher. Your playing god, and i'm just a puppet.

I'd don't believe there's anyone here who truly doesn't care. Of course we care, that's why we're here isn't it, for feedback, and if we care enough to ask for it, the answer will effect us, no matter how much we can try to deny that it does. Ironic really when its what i'm asking for, to be told I'm terrible, but there are steps i can take to make it better. Its a pseudo narcissism, I must love my work, be proud of what I do, and think i'm some level of a good writer, or I wouldn't post it up here. I'd be the first to tell you I'm amateur, that I need a lot of work before i can possibly even be considered a writer. The hypocrisy of the idea leading in to an almost compulsive wait to find out if you approve of me. If you approve of my work.

I guess I'll find out soon enough... You wouldn't mind leaving a comment would you??? Just to let me know if i'm on the right track?

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