

THE PARADOX OF EVERYTHING

It is not the dawning of ecstasy we thrive to inhale, it is not the chivalry of being we wish to indulge, it is the paradox of everything we seek.

Sadness is our horse, affliction our companion and loneliness our welcomed friend. We seek that which we openly repulse. We seek the same that we may dwell upon the void and perhaps drop naked upon the cloud of nothingness, in the hope we catch a reflection of the real, a murmur of the true and a glimpse of our beginning. Our will to fulfill, our prayer to die and our being to be loved.

This is my prayer.

This is my will.

This is my surrender.

