

Where are you?

I. Teach Me

Is he here? At the place where we met, we heard the calling of a society that lacks its own hierarchy. He takes a deep breath and sees a way back to them – to himself, dark and conflicted still. He makes his way back, clutching his head, occupied with memories like a calm sea, disrupted by the note he makes to stay in line. He must stay true to his “personality.” But he can see quite clearly that it is not him seated there, ignorant, full of speech.

II. Darkness

He’s gone! Have you seen him? Where is he? This is important. “We’ve peered under the doors to lives he leaves. We’ve searched each nook and dark cranny, only to see shells. Broken, divided: “We’re sorry.” His differences exposed like a bleeding giraffe laying in the open, hoping for death, for an escape. Well, lucky giraffe, the lions have come. “Wait!” “What?” I’ve seen him? A shadow fleeing the room, a window shatter.” Well, what’s he thinking? We’re yet to see. “Shadows and a blinding thought.” One we can see? “Yes, look deeper and deeper still.” Do we know it’s him to the core? “Where?” I know him for he is my shadow. “True as it might, its thoughts differ.” Is he quiet, afraid, hiding away? “Think of yourself, is he you?”

III. I’m Coming

Have we found him yet? Have you seen it? Watch out for here he is different. His soul calmer, mind sharper, sarcasm afoot. By now you may tell we are in his ‘his’ home. “Exactly.” See life as though you have nothing to lose, no absences, no plot holes in the story of your life. Then we may find him, hidden before his own thoughts. He waits for us, for the real connection he can’t make, seeing insecurities fly like rifle fire, heat up the room to inhuman conditions, where he can’t seem to stop himself and – “stop” and “do the opposite: hey, remember, it’s going to be okay.”