

Waking Life

Everyone has dreams, the kind of dreams that cannot be fulfilled especially. They serve as an inexhaustible kind of fuel which propels us from day to day, year to year, we change jobs, change houses, places we live in, we wander from school to school, while deep inside we lose all trace of our dreams and hopes for a better tomorrow which never seems to come.

We grow up, leave the den, take a ride on a train which always seems to come when we need it, and the ticket costs us our childhood and aspirations, leaving all that we've ever dreamed of becoming at the door. Unquestioningly, none of us dare not to buy it, eagerly expecting to find a vacant seat in the empty train. From that day onwards we only close our eyes when we sleep, although we rarely do. We lose ourselves in disagreements, disputes, often we give advice to everyone else, we grumble, complain, we disregard others. And why shouldn't we? The world has turned and left us here, why show any vestige, glimmer, trace of sympathy to it? We have nothing in common with the people who are not on the same wave-length as us. Does our attitude not worry us by the time we're in our 30s or 50s? Were we right to give up on what we believed in our whole lives? Do we have the ultimate right to be strong on words just because we've already shown the world how we act?

The privilege our own conscience finds to be inviolable, something that cannot be questioned? We're desperately looking for any living being to talk to in the empty train that seems to go nowhere.

Truth be told, the landscapes we see throughout the foggy glass are gorgeous, some of them are the exact image of what most people want of life, but should you give up your own sights, your own landscapes, just so we can take a peek at what everyone else is seeing? Why fix what's not broken? There's no reason to mend our ways if they're alright. For the sake of our pride, aging, weak, we find ourselves in disputes and conflicts against those very people we thought loved us and respected us. We argue with our parents, sons, grandsons, grandparents, cousins, we force our opinions on them because we're jealous of what they have. Of what a newborn has that we've lost, or just never had in the first place. "Why do they have dreams?", "We had them as well, and then what happened, they never brought us any good, why should they need them then?"

We end up regretting years long past, the years we've spent, satisfied with being second place. At least we're not third. The curse of, at first glance, happy people. The plague, that doesn't stop nor weaken, and ends up being stronger the more we resist it. Then why resist it anyway? It offers us all that everyone could ever want to have. A nice home, good children, dear friends, a well-paid job, business partners, a partner with a good business. Everyone who he knows, he respects

and values, and everyone who knows him love him. At least it's like that in the beginning, and the illusion can carry on until the end if we make a few more compromises.

The conflict happens the moment it's time to make an overview of what has happened so far. A recap in which we're supposed to summarize and determine what's been done so far, and what will be happening in the future. Although important, this step is often skipped by many, while a chosen handful of people doesn't even need it. Because those very people never stop to question and doubt themselves and their dreams and aspirations, they're always ahead of the pack and ahead of the people that judge and condemn themselves over and over. People that will always have regrets until their end.

Full of sorrow and unfathomable rage, that is unique to any individual, they take the role of predators and judge other people, harsher than they would themselves. "Why not?" They draw their strength from the people who try to dream, hoping that those "dreamers" will meet a worse end than them, so that the next time there's an overview they'd compare each other, their accomplishments, even though they're both the same, broken and hollow. Often quick to speak, because their time for acting is long gone, everything they could do they've already done. They speak with confidence, because even if there was something else to do, what difference does it make? "Why spend money, time, resources and effort to adapt all over again, to begin anew? The path was way too long, and we're all very, very tired..."

"Besides, even if it could be any better, wouldn't it be better already? If we're capable of doing better why haven't we done it already? We've reached our maximum, and we should be grateful for that, pleased and content. Many dream of what we have, and those who have more than us are probably not all that happy with all of that, so why bother changing our ways this late? Let us enjoy the fruits of our decades of labor, share it with those we care about the most, and leave it at that."

Such an end is fitting those who trade in their dreams for reality, for a life that everyone else is living. A bit edited, catered to their needs and likings, just so they can say it's truly "their own", but in the core it's still a life identical to many others. However, what happens with those that nurture their dreams from the start to the very end, dreams that are nothing short of absurdity to others? Do they win first place and the grand prize, attaining a perfect balance? Many of them are "not meant to" achieve their dreams, because to us, it looks as if they don't have the prerequisites for undertaking a quest of that caliber, and with enjoyment we watch them fall at the peak of their flight, because it's their own fault for not being able to fly and for not being like us. Words like those break the dreamers, they take those harsh words too close to home and too near the bone, simply because they're not used to people barging into their own little world. They end up doubting themselves more and more, doubting their skills and their instinct.

Those aren't the words that someone once said, they become phrases that end up being repeated way too often, ringing like an echo, they find their way from the ears to the heart.

People such as those broken dreamers, believe it or not, still don't waver, and but they slow down tremendously. They keep asking themselves;

"When is my life going to start?", "Am I doing something wrong? Even if I am it's kind of too late to go back anyway". "My real life will start soon enough"

They can't get themselves out of the predicament they're in, and they waddle as fast as they can forward, or backwards, no one really knows anyway. They defend themselves from allegations by saying they know what they're doing, and that their life is just waiting to bloom soon, and that there's no reason to worry. Self confident as ever, they change jobs, schools, friends, they end up waiting for their children, their children changing schools and jobs, their grandchildren, retirement, all of that while still waiting for the moment where the dream ends and when life begins, and takes on a form which they have not seen yet, but they seem to know. On their deathbed, with their last inhale they dream their last dream, which turns out to be the worst nightmare imaginable, the realization that their whole "real" life will never really begin, because it was lasting all up to now.

It's hard to believe in yourselves nowadays. Is your path the real one? Should you do something about changing your course? A myriad of small questions that we ask ourselves and others day in and day out, an unimaginable burden that the insecurity of tomorrow brings along.

No matter how much we have, we still end up being unhappy, loveless, because we do not value what we have, even though we plan ahead most of the time. Most of the time we think, and it usually ends up being a fact, that we're the wrong people at the wrong time. Knowing the cards you've been dealt, you give up, you don't continue, you become content with what you have. **Sheer ennui inhabits your mind, rather than the will to create something, insecurity, weak to make a move.** The emptiest of feelings. Let down and hanging around, the abyss below not even fazing you anymore. You tell everyone that one day you're gonna grow wings, that you're gonna do something amazing, something that will put you in the textbooks, something that everyone will remember, but you never work towards it, do you? The people you could have made happy, the things you could have done for yourself. You remember them through fog, but you have no respect left for yourself, you don't even want to make an attempt anymore, thinking it's too late. You know where you are and how you will end up. You'll never be disappointed anymore, because all of your expectations are down to zero, you'll start complaining how things didn't go your way, they always end up being how other people want them to be. You'll curse your family, your country, bitter and sad you weren't born elsewhere, at a different time. Everyone having it easier than you, just because you were born here and now. It's not your fault, you deserve a lot more.

What to do when you end up being abandoned by everyone, especially your inner self, the one “person” that was always there to give you confidence, because they **are** you.

Rejoice, for you have found yourself once again, but do not forget that there is a monumental task ahead of you, that you are still young, no matter what people would lead you to believe, and that there's still a lot of things to do, and a lot of things to be remembered by. Countless people that need your help, countless others that are willing to help you. You would have never met them.

If you take that into consideration, then perhaps this world isn't that bad. Still, the reality itself might not be bad as you might think, but it's your mind that takes reality and separates it into what's good and what's bad. Any new position from which you view your reality will change your perception of its nature. It's all literally a matter of perspective.

There are as many truths as there are people, however, there can only be one and one truth only that is truly yours, the revised perception that protects you. One must learn to judge things via the perceived truths that one receives from others.

Your truth can be changed simply by the way you accept it, that's how fragile the truth for a human is. A person's truth is so simple, that most ignore it to concentrate on what they think are deeper truths, the truths that you'd rather have others value you by.

Make others believe that you're worth their time and them putting their hopes into you, that you are worth as a human. You should be no more nor less than what you really are, as shallow as you want yourself to be viewed as, and as deep as you let yourself be perceived as such.

Shape yourself into a person that is worthy of your own respect.