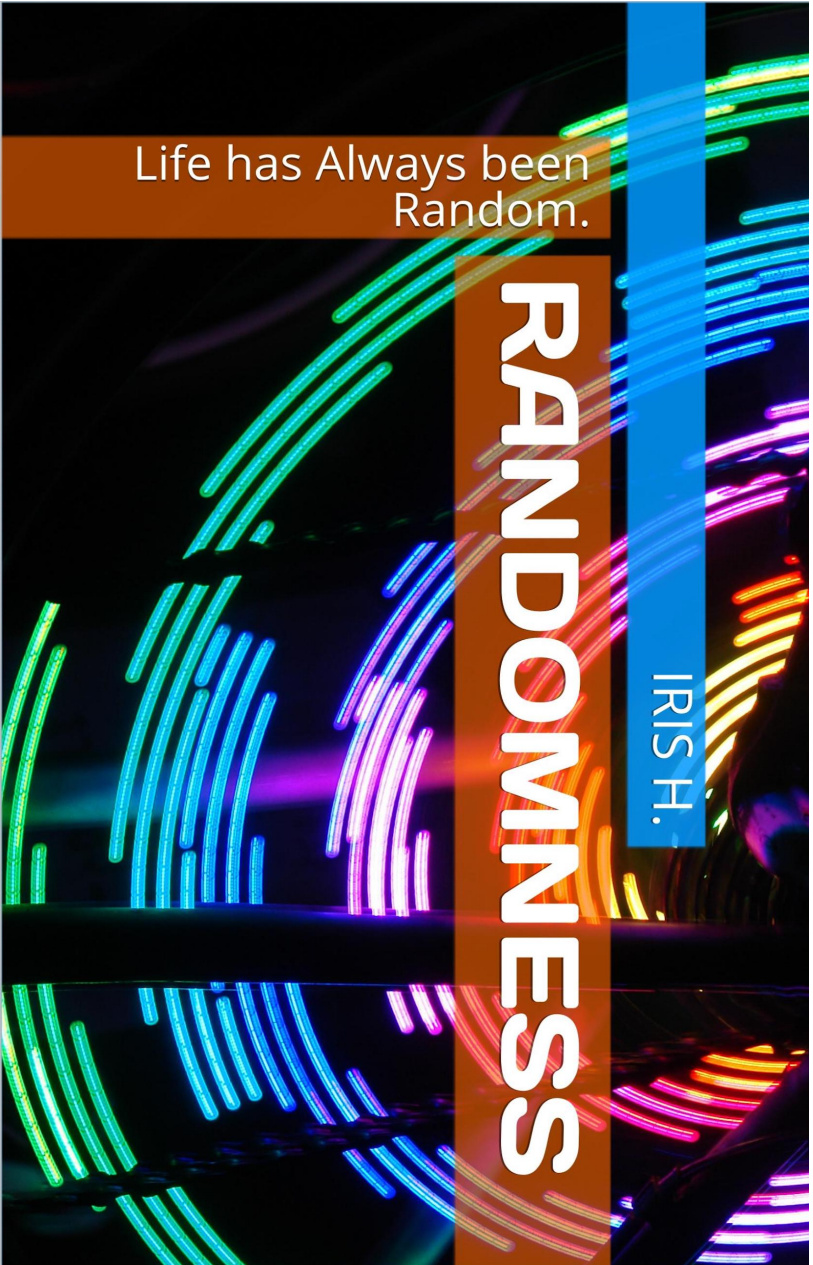


Randomness – Iris H

Life has Always been
Random.

RANDOMNESS

IRIS H.



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Life is full of randomness. It touches on everything, yet it embraces nothing.

My intention was never to create beautiful pieces. My intention was to find that unique technique which allowed me to repeatedly produce beautiful pieces.

We are humans with creative minds and ordinary hands.

Love is not a feeling. Love is a selfish ability. It is the ability to love oneself, to accept and respect oneself regardless of how things have changed, and to shape the inner fears and pains into self-courage and faith.

With questions, one shall seek answers.

With answers, one shall create more questions.

Whatever you believe in, it is a denial of something else.

All of us are perfectly ruined.

Have you ever looked at the beauty of a blade of grass in the midst of a vast field?

At times I wonder how do I exactly marvel, hate and grief a piece of art?

All attractions don't deserve my attention. My attention is the start of a deserved communication.

It is a matter of importance not a matter of choice.

You have always got what you want. Just that you couldn't handle what you got. You didn't think of the unexpected that would come along with getting what you wanted. Instead of seeing how you could learn to grow and take what was given to you to achieve something special, you chose to complain and lament that you never got what you want in life.

Want but don't expect. Take what is given but don't take it for granted. Everything given is a chance to achieve something different within oneself. It is only through shaping what is given by shaping oneself, one can then fully learn to live life.

To see a person with power is to see that this person will not walk the predicted path.

I thought that pursuing imitation was a coward form of fraud but perhaps it was a sense of admiration that was conjured through re-creation. Unfortunately, some people could not go beyond re-creation to create beauty in imagination.

It was through the heartbreak that I understood real love. Should I thank life for this heartbreak? No. I should thank my wisdom that blossomed through the pain.

May the stars among us capture the beauty within us.

A mistake is a choice made with a lack of understanding.

By choosing to be a mother, I am giving a chance for a soul to learn to love himself or herself through me. Am I creating something special? I am not sure perhaps I am just creating a series of memories.

Nothing owes anything to me - the earlier I accept this notion, the earlier I can move on.

The whole world wants hope and faith all the time. It is rarely about hope or faith. It is about the fear of abandonment. And that has always been our Achilles' heel as humans.

Religion is the translation of illusioned spiritual power to humans.

We don't imitate. We learn to imitate.

Art gives us opportunities to be great at something that we are good at.

I don't wish bad karma on a person. Instead, I wish him or her to be enlightened and to develop true moral consciousness. And so with every misdemeanor, one shall hence be engulfed in the inner struggle of his or her very own self-created emotions.

Fear took one phrase out of my entire book and laughed at me.

There is only so much a person can apologize but without your understanding these apologies are deemed pointless.

Apologies are not created to erase mistakes or to get back the past. Apologies are not promise of a desired future. Apologies only requests the receiver to stop and listen.

How can there be art with no history?

Only one can fully destroy oneself. No one holds more power than oneself.

Don't argue with someone else for the purpose of achieving one's wishes but argue with the purpose of allowing the other a chance to exercise his or her free will in understanding an undiscovered meaningful possibility.

Every conversation could be a selfish chance of establishing leverage.

Life is filled with sets of instructions integrated in forms of systems built gradually as habits and disguised as the natural order ways of living.

A relationship is the expectation of fulfilling a desire.

I am part of Nature. To change my life is to change Nature. To change is to understand. To understand is to acquire knowledge.

Doing something doesn't mean that I like doing it.

Boundaries are excuses dying to be broken. Boundaries should never dictate endings.

My desire to connect is extended through my clothes, my space, and my words; ultimately connection is what I choose to give attention to and what I offer in reaction.

We live our lives through building a sense of time within self-established rigid structures. Sadly, deep down we know that we can never really pin down life.

We should seek to understand movement within rigidity and induce flow within solid structures.

We seek. We learn. We act. We experience.

I realize that life is never really about being at my best. It is being who I meant to be.

Love is essentially a way to establish boundaries.

There is nothing wrong being different. What is really wrong is wanting to be different.

Time exists because of the desire to connect with the present.

The sun begins here and ends there. Something happens in between and we will never know. Beauty is lost in the mystery of change.

I gradually realize that some of my inner thoughts just simply deserve the attention of nothingness.

Ignoring something is far more potent than giving it nothing.

Every good idea starts from a random thought. Good ideas come from stupid ideas too.

He said: If you are blind, your other senses will heighten. She said: I doubt so. I think it is your attention and awareness that heighten. Your imagination and emotions heighten. It is just a different way of being.

Everyone is an artist and so everyone is a child at play.

My perception of my power to control occurrences creates the distance between me as a person and me as my life.

We wake up every day wanting. We want to want all the time.

The day I stop wanting something is the day the want becomes naturally embedded in me as a habit.

I have to lose myself to create art. I become art itself. I open up and accept the openness willingly.

There is always a reason in madness. Madness is produced by the struggle between passion and reason.

I would rather that you judge than assume someone else's opinion. I would rather that you judge and think than to judge with limited knowledge.

A wise man judges, thinks and respects and chooses what to accept to bind with his thoughts and actions, and ultimately expresses gratitude for such opinions and the ability to recreate and influence.

Troubles do not arise from troubles themselves but arise from your own preceptive which is clouded by your emotions. Your emotions stem from your own assumptions and judgments.

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