

# **LUNATOPICS**

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## A WALK WITH A MASK

One day, as I walked unassumingly through the park, I looked around. There were many people, but still, the faces of those communicating with each other, were left unseen. They were covered with masks. As they walked side by side, they lied to themselves and to those besides them. They walked silently and void of life... they walked, all of them, towards the sunset – so beautiful and so natural... and, for but a moment, I removed my mask, which had left its mold on my face, as if I wanted to tell them “goodbye”, just like that – for the last time.

Nevertheless there were those that were no longer masked. Their thoughts wondered in circles, growing weaker and weaker, as their feelings screamed into infinity. But were they to see some hope, some distant sign, maybe even a ray of light?... their thoughts quickly hid beneath their masks put on in just a moment onto their faces – the masks stood proudly scarred, worn-out and rotten from the inside out; then, they set forward with resolve. But I did not remove my mask for them, they were now too little... too pitiful.

There were also people with ideals. People void of sorrow. People full of dreams. People void of fear from the coming day. They wore their own masks, yet their masks were different. The masks were not to hide them, quite the contrary, to protect their beauty, to protect their souls. And yet I could see their eyes, stressfully concentrated, waiting for what's to come. I, out of respect, slightly pushed my mask away, so they could see my eyes, for they should know, that maybe they are not alone.

One day, as I walked unassumingly through the park, full with buildings and cars, I looked around.

## WHEN SURROUNDED BY LUNACY, SANITY BECOMES MADNESS

**Most would say that an essay starts with an introduction. But why is that? Why should this be so compulsory when these texts should be readily distinguishable from each other? Would I be mad if I don't write an introduction, or would I be mad if I wrote one and became like all the rest? Why do all grey voices answer in unison:**

- "Who are you to say what is right and what is wrong? Be like us! You scare us now, although we do not understand it."?!

**Imagine a place, a place which is full of faces, but has so few worthy souls. Just imagine our society. Am I alone in it, although I feel that there is someone else? Am I all alone?!**

- "No!" – you answer me – "look at everyone around you – they are all alive – just like you."

**- "Are they really? Is this true?... for one to be alive, doesn't it mean to have faith and desire?"**

- "No!" – you answer me in yet another unison – "What are these improvable things that you write of? Why hasn't anyone of us written a book on that topic? These things do not exist!"

**...and clearly I am now alone, searching for someone, who can stop the pain and sorrow, waiting and believing in Her. Someone so needed and so desired. Am I really the one that is insane amongst all you sane ones, or aren't you the ones that are terrified and crazy!?!...**

**Now a conclusion should be written here. But why should I write one? Why am I supposed to write it? Shouldn't you be the ones that have to arrive to a conclusion, without my help?**

- "Do write – what kind of essay will this be otherwise? And why do you even write this text, when you do not want to write it as we do – as it should be done!?"

**- "Why should I be like you? Don't I have the right to be myself? Don't I have the right to exist? Don't I... don't I have the right to think and feel!?"**

## A DAY

### **(Part 1)**

A nice early morning. Everything is so beautiful. The sky – so big and blue... understandable, after all, it is enormous. The wind – so quiet and peaceful, as if it has no problems... obviously – after all it is the wind, always void of troubles. The trees, birds and animals... carrying the freshness of the spring with them – naturally – they live their own life harmoniously – guided by the natural song of fate.

- Really?

A gentle late morning. Everything is so normal. The sky – sparkling and shining – obviously – the Sun is so bright – the closest star we see. The wind – soft and cool – fun – it seems to guide me towards something... Where does it lead me to? The trees, birds and animals – playfully engaged in strange dances – interesting – it's as if the time for them passes without ever ending.

- Sure... but what will you choose?

A passionate fiery noon. Everything goes by so fast and crazy. The sky – bright and hot – it is great for tanning. The wind – wildly blows through my hair – not a big deal – I was going to the hairdresser anyway. The trees, birds and animals – out of breath due to hurrying too much, because they also want to find a mate to get laid.

- How does it feel to be great? How does it feel when everything is at your feet and the world spins because of you – letting you take whatever you want?

- You lunatic – envious of my charms you are!

A grey and boring afternoon. Everything is so annoying. The sky – dark and rainy – heralds a storm. The wind – cold and cutting to the bone – it wants to punish my roughened skin. Why?! – I ask of it. The trees, birds and animals – their eyes glaring at me, while their twisted branches wallow – they are making fun of me because of what I'd become. If I could I would uproot them, kill them, destroy each and every one of them!

- What happened to you, did you age?

- This is none of your business – it is easy for you to speak like that, when I am only in this essay!

- Your fears are lurking at every corner, and I will show you that I am but one of them...

A dark and evil night. Everything is out for some raw meat. The sky – lonely, with but a single glimpse of light in all the darkness – how I wish I could find the strength to have an impulse of hope – I know – it is just a ball of mud reflecting the light of the Sun which had forsaken me – it is worthless. The wind – blowing in an evil rumble, it urges me to run – how I wish I could hide from it, but I know it is behind my every step – everywhere around me. The trees, birds and animals – angrily they point at me, hissing and roaring – they watch me with their red eyes, as if they want to eat me!

- You know all too well what happens to you next.

- No! I refuse to accept it!

- Does it matter if you accept it or not?
- Stop, you have no power over me!
- I ought to disagree... and I will show you why. Still, I don't think you will understand.
- You are just stupid and insane – you can't achieve anything in this world and now as you know I have weakened, you abuse my life however you wish!
- Didn't I warn you?
- It was different back then – I am not responsible for what happened long ago – I changed.
- In life mistakes have no expiration date.
- You understand nothing – you are nothing, yourself.
- Yes, that is true. But still the paragraph is almost done, your day is over, and now as I finish writing, your end will come.

## **(Part 2)**

An interesting and playful noon. Why noon you ask? I slept through the whole morning. I opened my eyes too late. But still I have no regrets. The sky has just become lightly blue – just the nuance, which looks great on a young lady. The wind playfully whispers names to me... of friends and strangers – who should I see today? The trees, birds and animals speak unheard words to each other, all in this world full of beauty. Chills run up my spine when I think that I may be a part of all this.

**-YOU ARE JUST NAÏVE AND FOOLISH – JUST HUMAN!**

The afternoon has come and it is time for the struggle to begin. If I look to what's above – foolishness – planes are circling around with an insensible dose of human mindlessness and unjustifiable pride. The sky – it is grey – but I know that it will survive humanity so I can see it again the way it was – beautiful and gentle. The wind is angry – full with human stupidity and stench. The trees – they are now but a decoration – at their place buildings grow. The animals – they are running and hiding – literally to save their skin. The minority is lucky – confined and chained to some concrete prison.

**-YOU ARE WEAK NOW – YOUR TIME HAD COME.**

Night... cool, even cold. I stand by myself, but not alone. The wind speaks to me, and the animals are telling me their lively stories. The trees are hugging me with their branches and the sky – it is so beautiful as it had just interchanged the colorful sunset with this manifest of twinkling stars.

**-YOU ARE NOT ALONE? DON'T MAKE US LAUGHT...**

**-Didn't I tell you who keeps me company?**

**-THESE ARE NOT PEOPLE – THEY ARE JUST THINGS... YOU ARE A LUNATIC SPEAKING TO THEM.**

**-There are a lot of people too.**

**-WHERE ARE THEY, WE CANNOT SEE THEM?**

**-In their place inside my soul.**

-THERE IS NO SOUL, YOU ARE JUST SCARED.

-Doesn't matter what you say, I am surrounded by all this endless beauty.

-THINK WHAT YOU WILL, BUT YOUR DOOM IS DRAWING NEAR...

-I know, but isn't it beautiful?

-YOU ARE CRAZY!

-Isn't it true that for a given life to have been beautiful, it has to end beautifully?

-THAT'S IT! IT IS OVER FOR YOU!!!

-Thank you.



## ANIMALS. PLANTS. HUMANS.

Birth.

Learning.

Hunting.

Eating.

Sleeping.

Developing.

Sex.

Offsprings.

Teaching.

Hunter.

Shotgun.

Shell.

Shot.

Death.

Scarf.

...

Birth.

Groundbreak.

Leaves.

Base.

Blossoms.

Fruit.

Offsprings.

Development.

Chainsaw.

Death.

Chair.

...

Birth.

Spoiling.

Waiting.

Eating.

Sleeping.

Developing.

Sex.

Pleasure.

Mistake.

Offsprings.

Annoying.

Fights.

Aging.

Illnesses.

Death.

Rotten.

## PARADOX II: WILLFUL ILLUSION COMPLEX

You...

You are alone...

You...

You want someone besides you.

You...

You are searching for him...

You are waiting for him...

You...

You hope...

You suffer...

He...

He isn't what he is?!

He...

He is lying to you...

He...

He isn't he...

He...

He isn't him...

Why?

Why?

You...

Do you know what faith is?

Faith?

Faith is everything...

Reality?

That what you believe it to be...

Why?

Why?

The truth isn't reality?

Because you...

...you believe in something else...

...someone else...

...he isn't he...

he isn't him...

Why?

Why?

Because you are afraid?!

But why?

From what?

Because you may not see what you have imagined?!

Because you may have lived in a dream up until now?!

A dream more valuable than many lives...

Your eyes...

They are so beautiful...

Your eyes are so magnificent and this rotten world couldn't possibly deserve to see them...

But how?

But how could you see him, if you are afraid of this...

...ugliness...

...vileness...

...loathing...

You...

You need to strive...

...strive to open them...

No!

You needn't!

Please!

Please!

Strive!

You are good,

gentle,

sweet,

merciful,

generous,

irreplaceable...

You...

You are the epitome of all who feel the sorrow from the constant illness of the soul...

You...

Believe,

Please,

Believe!

...and one day you will find the one who will...

...erase the sadness...

...illuminate the world...

...build a beautiful...

...beautiful,

but incomparable with you,

...shield...

...give you a little...

...a little,

but everything,

...everything he has...

...himself...

...himself and all he is...

Please,

Please,

I beg of you!

I know it is hard,

but please,

Try,

little by little,

day after day,

To open your gentle and beautiful eyes,

and when you see him,

SEE him.

## PARADOX V: YEARNING COMPLEX

You always want something... you want a car... you want a house... you want a plane or is it a helicopter? You want a new computer... you also want a new TV – a huge LCD, of course... you want... you want everything! You don't seem to have anything... you don't have anything you want that is why you want it... how unfair, isn't it? Truly unjust... it was fun but now I have to stop. Making fun of you is just as pointless as you are pointless yourself. It doesn't matter what I write to you, it would never help you, because, all in all, wanting is the sole purpose of your life – to have some sort of entertainment until you die, and what is more interesting and endless than the desire to want everything you don't have. It would be really odd not to want something, right?

Hello,

It must be a frequent sight for you to see someone whine because he doesn't have this or that, how much he needs the object of desire, etc. when in reality it is clear that he has something which does a similar job. As I have already mentioned, this is a very interesting and worthwhile way to spend your life. What do we have left then? To try and enjoy what we have? But isn't this the definition of the phrase "giving up"? Should we try to stop wanting anything then? No, this way we will die from a total lack of will. What do I suggest then? I wouldn't dare advise you, but when it comes to me I want just a little, but at the same time I want everything. How is that possible? You may have heard unassuming people saying that all the stuff around them equates to nothing – there is no need for money if you are ill, no need for a car if there is no gas, etc. These thoughts led me to one, quite paradoxical, idea:

If so many things equate to nothing, then it's logical to conclude that a few things constitute everything.

## PARADOX VII: INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A human, who has no chances to achieve something memorable.

A human, who has nothing of worth in his soul.

A human, who has no ideals, feelings or dreams.

A human, who has no shame when lying to those more beautiful than him.

A human! A lowly piece of garbage, capable of only creating trash such as himself.

A human! A wicked conscience striving to stain those more valuable than him.

A human! A twisted soul, which has long broken everything precious in its short life.

A human! A terrible being, waiting for its own end in its personal pseudo-darkness.

A human!!! Where are my boy, I want to rid you of your grey lifestyle.

A human!!! What are you waiting for, you better run!

A human!!! I am sorry, I didn't mean to scare you, I only meant to crush you!

A human!!! When will this "caring" heart of yours burst?!

You made a mistake more serious and more important than everything you are and you will ever be.

Through it, you proclaimed your own sentence.

You hurt something far more beautiful, kind and strong, than what your rotten imagination could ever dream of.

Your time has come.

**Let the Light blind your eyes, which were full of vileness hidden by the mask of illusions.**

**Let the Darkness crush your grey shadow, a shame for all that deserves respect.**

**May people point the finger at you, for you were revealed for what you are and may no one else ever feel the sorrow from the constant illness of the soul, you once inflicted.**

## PARADOX – LAST: HUMAN RACE

Money.

All different, all equal. Happiness or sadness.

Money. Wars.

All different, all the same. The first one wins.

Money. Wars. Abuses.

All equal before the law, but the law is different for all.

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear.

All scared, all terrified. Death is waiting at every corner.

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance.

All different, all human. Let Nature deal with the rest.

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice.

All different, all with a knife in the back. Who hacked whom?

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice. Stupidity.

All men, but women are nothing. Leave her some of her blood, so that you can do her until  
Death set you apart!

Wars.

All different, all the same. The first one wins.

Wars. Money.

All different, all equal. Happiness or sadness.

Wars. Money. Abuses.

All equal before the law, but the law is different for all.

Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear.

All scared, all terrified. Death is waiting at every corner.

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Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice.

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Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice. Stupidity.

All men, but women are nothing. Leave her some of her blood, so that you can do her until  
Death set you apart!

Abuses.

All equal before the law, but the law is different for all.

Abuses. Wars.

All different, all the same. The first one wins.



Abuses. Wars. Money.

All different, all equal. Happiness or sadness.

...

Kill,

Buy,

Sell,

Abuse,

Empower,

Enslave,

Screw, do,

Prey,

Lay, lay, lay...

And then get some sleep.

When you have rested – want!

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

Want,

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