

Words

I am simply this, crazy. I am clearly not sane and not others seem to question my sanity enough. For I am the very being who thinks that seeing is believing, because I see better without my eyes. It's like how hearing and listening are two different things to other people. Not to me. You can't do one without doing the other. I always hear a soul crying out in a song, but really, I listen to the meaning in the words. For what is a word but just a meaning we give it? Like how I'm crazy, it doesn't mean I'm delusional, it just means I see the world through a kaleidoscope. Which is clearly sane. Because what is this thing called sanity, but just a word?

So I am a definition, a writer, lost in the unwritten pages of describing what I see through closed eyes. At times, I am my mother's child, but she says I seem more like my father; loud. She always told me I'll grow up someday, I think differently, as humans we grow down. We first come into this world as adults, learning everything, but really knowing nothing. The first day as a child is always frighteningly brilliant. It's the first day where you finally know everything, but have learning nothing. Sometimes, I am also my father's child. He says that I'm stubborn, like my mother. Over the years, I rebelled less and less when he called me that. I finally agreed. On the meaning of the word of course, I am certainly not stubborn. I'm just right a lot... I've seemed to be right more and more over the years...

And then, I am myself. I am always lost within music, but it seems I can never find myself within listless pages of functions, and equations. I am always wandering amongst the stars, but I can always be found at my work. I am the dreamer who wants nothing more than sleep, but I've come to the conclusion I will always be awake with closed eyes in this

thing we call life. It was then I realized that I was crazy, when I wanted more. More of this, reality, that we call life. I want to be challenged; I want to have something I can't seem to always grasp...Maybe that why...yes that would explain it. I work too much, I expect a lot, I hear everything, and I am awake too much, seeing the world with closed eyes. Therefore, it seems as though words give themselves their own meaning, so here's mine...I'm still, irrevocably crazy.