

Non-Cynical Realism

Most times, looking through the eyes of a realist.

Perfection is impossible, death unavoidable, occurrences out of human control.

Face the reality.

Realists miss the miracles, small and large, some you may have witnessed.

Pessimism is a realist's friend; thus many are not theirs.

Happiness is not typical of realists, so my own realism I did make.

Both good and bad, all around, hopes for perfection still dashed but imperfection expected,

Better days are always present, darkness invaded constantly by light. Optimism.

Optimism is infectious, even realists can't resist. A better place would we be,

If only a little optimism the realists would see.

Emotions: Defined

Emotions are unavoidable, unpredictable.

Examples love, hate, sadness, grief...

All different, common in defining humans.

Many would say an involuntary reaction of humans are emotions. Agreed.

Unescapable... Not understood, maybe misunderstood.

Running from Hollywood hills, creeping along dank alleyways filled with the dredges of society.

17 years now, here. Emotions run rampant, turmoil and ecstasy driven by the smallest things.

Scary, how influential emotions are, and how quickly they take hold.

Brains turned to mush, souls like skydivers sans parachute.

Loves turns us to joy and jealousy, thoughts driven away concerning celibacy.

Hate turns us frantic, hulky. The consequences of hate being overly bulky.

Laughter turns to joy, joy fades, a dismal pool of sadness we wade.

Emotions are stuck in the brain, driving the norm to being insane.

We wish to scream, to shout. The day is done,

Humanity rushes back, emotions are humanity, life, fear, love, hate....

Emotions define, less defined.

Joy in Chaos

Nights spent locked away,

Reveling in the sweet joys of a slow fall

Down the Rabbit Hole we go, darkness purveys

There is much to see in the darkness

The bottom is upon us, but the journey up will not be so joyful.

You remember the joyous feeling of falling,

The delusion of time passing, illusion of reality slipping away.

That's the Rabbit Hole looping you into its insanity.

Others believe that the bottom is sanity, yet they were wrong.

Wrong.

We had only been coming to their insanity, down, down, down...

Should we climb back out? NO!

The bottom is so much better. Relaxing, no worries,

No control, no strings, nothing to care about. Only the darkness prevails.

The darkness grips, hard, taking the reins. We are led to our absolution, conscious for the ride.