



Two days for them Selves

This is exactly the same peaceful, early summer-morning mood as there has been the previous two days, from detail to detail, the same fresh green on the lemon leaves blinking in the sunlight, the same little breeze that waves the cloths on some of the backyards' balconies.

But nevertheless, today everything is different concerning the profound modus of how they live this day, the deep anatomical structure of the experience of this day, the nature of ownership over it, it is not theirs today, this day is taken out of their hands, of their phantasy, of their lust.

Two days in which the wheel was turning more slowly, and quietness, becoming deeper and embarrassing, finally cried out for being quickly filled with new celebrational, restless, mind-numbing noises. Too frightened to be reminded of these days' irreplaceability, their owners prefer to turn them into trash. Playing hide and seek with the total substitutability of their own existence. A relief almost as the big wheel is taking over again. And fills them up with pleasures as their asthmatic lust is not nurtured anymore and dies out. Long ago lust for life was exercised out of their body. They cannot remember how it felt.

Being cut off from their lust they have identity in order to get access to existence in this wheel that is called life. Identity check at every little threshold. What about your identity, for mind's sake? Dress code for empty puppets. In the theatre for sightless eyes. Every spectator in his or her identical identity box.

They have put on identity like a pair of gloves. But when such days come when they want to pull it off, it's impossible, and they pull and pull and feel a slight panic and it keeps on sticking on them and they use more force and feel more panic and eventually tear off parts of their flesh from the bones.

Identity functions as a shield against everybody's disgusting grip on anyone that lasts so long as they cannot figure out who the hell they have in front of them. Identity is for their blind eyes the refuge that spares them the effort to take a look. Staying in the dark, mastering everything.

Developed identities. Crumpled old tricks they used millions of times.

With identity they make themselves subservient. Eagerly submitting, happy to serve with everything that is taken away from them. And if there is not much more left of them behind the faces carried around in the streets than human trunks with arms and legs waving like beetles fallen on their neck, it's fine, too. More is not allowed. One must be able to afford it.

Identity, recognizable, easy to handle. Rules of give and take called relationship. Knowing each other, knowing them Selves. Spending a lifetime getting to know them. Using up a lifetime for a trip to them. Exhausting all their love, joy and inventiveness and never finding those Selves. Too early. Too late.

What they don't know, they don't like. They don't know what it is but having no knowledge of it is in itself a valid confirmation of that. Above all, they have a concept of them Selves. By means of which they conceive themselves, they can stay in consistency with themselves by being scornful towards everything else. They are filled up entirely with their identity. There is no space for something else. Should anything else, for any reason whatsoever, come too close, their own identity out of fright or nastiness will offend it not accepting anything at its side. After all, the proof for having an identity of one's own is the ability to reject. And that ability is going to be exercised with pride, that evidence provided very generously.

To see beauty one needs eyes. But not many have that. Most heads are filled with identity. Identity my ass. Eyes are of no importance to speak of. And should those few be in use once in a while and, she wears a brace, that's about it with eyes. Such a pair of eyes you can buy for fifty cents in the supermarket.

