

Four walls, Two selves

There are four walls, two selves. I sit in a room of way too many things – objects, colors, books, a bed, a table, coffee, paints, clothes, and a million other things I don't use or need. I add things to my room to make me feel more myself. I have been traveling for a month now, from place to place, scene to scene, person to person. There are always activities to be done. There are always people to appease. I am tired. I have not slept in what feels like a month. I have not slept in my own bed on a Friday evening in a month. I have not had time to think or write or make anything. I need time. In this city, time is always lingering, mocking. It's there, but only if you're quick enough to catch it. I am a body of declarative questions. Questions that I know to be true, that I expect to be unanswered. I would rather be a body of declarative questions, than declarative sentences. I once read a book of all declarative sentences. I think the man who wrote it hated himself as much as he loved himself. He committed suicide. He wrote many sentences that conflicted with one another, there was no story line. No thread to follow, only semblances of scenes, fragments of thoughts. Only iterations, that were at times returned to, continued by his mind. But, never resolved. I thought that maybe it would resolve, maybe it would connect, and in a way it did, by the way it didn't. But, maybe none of us really ever connect the thread of life that runs through our bodies. Aren't we all a thread of unrelated declarative sentences, or declarative questions in my special case? Because I am different, no one understands me. Because I love myself, I feel guilty. I am quite unsure of everything I am doing right now. If we can connect the thread that runs through our own lives, if we can connect that with others, does that mean we can stay alive longer? Is that why people live? To connect with the people around them? Then, what about us more introverted beings... The ones that can only withstand the presences of others every so often, and for only so long. I feel guilty. I feel guilty for wanting to be alone. I live in a city filled with people who love me, and yet, there are never enough and always too many. They suffocate me so I rebel with my silence. I rebel by removing myself, but who am I rebelling against? Myself or them? Or God? Why have I started writing? My mind is filling with words constantly, I speak aloud like I am a writer to amuse myself, not to the amusement of others. But, I thought I hated writing. As a child, it was always the class that I feared the most. I was always so into my body, and in my mind, that putting words to my thoughts to my feelings, having to organize them on a white sheet felt daunting. How could the sheet ever understand? How could anyone dare ask me to organize my thoughts? They are better off living in the chaos of my own brain. I used to envision dancers moving throughout a black backdrop, a black stage. I used to envision scenes that I would then paint. I used to see clips and make my own movies. I would make things with my hands. I made things. Physical things. But, now, to my fear, everything has become very black and white. I am not depressed, but I am finding the sheet I once feared as my outlet. I cannot write without music, which in a way allows the history of my body of my movement to transfer into my fingers. Maybe, God knows the little space I have, and has let my artistry come through my fingers for now. I will return to my body, to my hands, to my eyes, once I have more space? Is being an artist like a stomach illness? If it can't come out of one part of your body, it will make itself known elsewhere? The key being that it must come out, and if the environment has put barriers out, impediments to your practice, your body will find a way. It's a biological need. I must create, I must release. Is writing the least spatially inclined artistic practice? I am scared so I avoid writing or making things. I need to get out of my head, into my body. I sit in a room of way too many things – objects, colors, books, a bed, a table, coffee, paints, clothes, and a million other things I don't use or need. I add things to my room to make me feel more myself.

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