

Exist to exist

[Experience](#), [Meaning of Life](#)



I think I know where I stand now. My eyes have finally opened up all the way to accept the truth of reality harsh light. There is no hope. I should have stopped wishing for it a long time ago. I am weak and pathetic. Why do I break so easily? Why do I crumble away at the slightest strain? Why do I feel like succumbing to the sweet darkness? Why do I feel? Why I don't sometimes? The questions are never ending. It's always why, or how. I am but a small fragment in this world, a tiny grain quickly overlooked. Society unspoken rules and laws forbid our screams and pleas for help and god has turned away from our silent cries for aid. We are humans. Three words that has been used again and again over time as an ugly excuse to cover up our imperfection. Our actions have stained history with their gory senselessness. Forgiveness does not exist. Salvation is fiction. Everything is a lie. I look around with weary boredom. Nothing surprises me anymore. My eyes have slowly peeled open the pretty layers that mask life's true intentions. There is no educational journey in search of spiritual peace. There is no cause worth our passion. Everything was just a fabricated cover up of god in his game with the devil. The definition of life is simple, if you're brave enough to see. Life is nothing but a path laid bare with broken glass and we, the pawns set upon the path with no where to go for his amusement. We are just game pieces with bets set upon our lives to see who will break first. So tired. I just want to sit down and fall asleep. I just want to sleep and never wake up. The dreams always turn into nightmares, yes. but a small part of me knows that they cannot harm me, cannot cause real pain. I cry in my sleep, yes, but I am not aware. The minute we wake up is the minute the living nightmare begins. Everything is magnified to painful proportions. Reality is cruel.

Reality is relentless. Reality is despair. I go to college. Every hour every minute every second spent there is a joke. It amuses me to see them striving so hard to achieve something they can't see. They don't know why they want the top rung of the ladder so badly, They just know that they do.

Perhaps it gives them a sense of intoxicated power that they are better than everyone else. It's possible. After all, its basic human nature to want to see others brought down before your might. It's basic instinct to want to be the best. As for the ones who educate us. They are no better. Most are too deeply sunken in the filth of their own complicated problems to really care.

The ones that do are helpless to do anything about it. Where the whining people's who suck up to the top get everything their way. This is life.

Survival of the fittest, by whatever means. Even friends... Friends, which I have always looked to to keep me grounded and secure at the edge of the cliff. Friends, whom I have always turned to for a lifeline when I felt like the waves of confusion were suffocating me with their depths. They come and go. Most never even stay to see. They pass through my life like ghosts from a better life that I would never have deserved to attain. Simply because I deserve nothing better than what I've been thrown into. A simple hello or greeting once in a while. You people have no idea how much it means. It lessens the pain, it takes away the emptiness. Honestly... is it too much to ask that my existence be noted? Or am i really fading away into nothing?

There are times... when i feel like there s hope. That all is not dark. That perhaps, the hymns of the heavens do hold some meaning to them after all. Maybe, I'm not too far gone down the road to damnation. Maybe I can turn back. Hopefully... Cassidy G.