

Running Life Still

The hurry and pressure breathe a stillness that consumes all.

This stillness is a blur, blur of everything that once had unique color, a blur of everything that once was categorized, the blur is a tunnel one walks into, with no resistance, no attempt to escape, just the aching desire to progress forward.

It's not a dark tunnel, but a lonely tunnel, a tunnel that makes one feel lost, for it is tight with emptiness.

More and more one will run faster and faster until the speed betrays the eyes, and the life seems still. Dismay is often found in this statuesque life, but comfort should be seen in the fact that the chaos which compiles this stone of a life is one's own creation.

Caution should be taken to stay afloat in a drained tunnel, or else one can drown in reflection of his or her own arrival. The educated can swim, but only His followers are fit to survive.