

## Meditations\*

~~I don't think I will ever be able to catch up with life again/ No matter how hard I try, something would already have slipped/ and plummeted into the bottomless pit of the future. I wonder if my future really is/ in the dark of the unknown or is it just the fear of having to give up on the last bits of emotions that I am/ still capable of feeling? I've come a very long way. That's for sure. But /all the walking has fused my feet deep in my shoes to ever take them off/ and hand them over to somebody, for a while, so they can see / what it really is like. I fear being feared. The way I fight what's diabolical will falsify your idea of my tenderness. I cannot afford that. I don't think I can / survive if even one person parts with the belief that I am not soft on those oddly familiar evenings which make you want to hold a hand until all the stars have come up./ Something in me perishes every minute to think that nothing can fathom my love/ for a crow and how much of the day can pass in chasing clouds. My heart is gentle / and, idle and bright. My mind is just protective. My fear is I / will lose the key to my heart forever and that it will be the last thing to jet into the unknown. My mind is unstoppable / when it comes to wondering what will ever become of me. It obscures my gentleness, / somewhat. It constantly pushes me into the pursuit of tomorrow. The more it takes over to take care of me, the more I start looking back to get hold of. / But then I realize that I have moved on to what I used to fear yesterday. / I am way ahead of me in the most invincible way imaginable. But I still have a bleak acquaintance with my center. / I think that's what pulls me through. Tonight / if my breaths are faster than usual I will know the same fear again — of being in the middle, I will lie still and call upon / whatever is the nearest listener and I will remember / to be grateful that I can still shed a tear everyday.~~

*\*"You have power over your mind - not outside events. Realize this, and you will find strength."*

'Meditations' was compiled over a period of time circa 170 BCE. It's one of my favourite books but probably so because I feel it's been misplaced in the incorrect genre. Aurelius opens his Meditations by cataloguing what virtues he has learnt from his peers, family and revered ones. Traditionally, Buddha says meditation brings us closer to oneness by detaching ourselves from relations. I say meditation is messy. It starts for me whenever I am desperate to catch a breath and not overthink so much. Isn't that the case for most of us? It's political, the idea of oneness due to struggles, how could it ever be personal development? Hold my development, please, let me be a rock. Then throw me at the government that denies healthcare and therapy.