

“Stagnancy only dwells in fear and the inability to move.”

Somewhere down the line I had become lost. And though the protagonist of my own story it seemed as if I was watching everyone else's unfold, while mine was hardly beginning. And though a tough pill to swallow, it was entirely true. It's hard to make such a vast decision of knowing quite who you are and what're destined to do at any stage in life. Society doesn't really welcome the essence of possibility, it's just spilt between 'doers', and 'thinkers'. The doer taking that go-getter approach to life, while the thinker lays in the puddle of dread, and worry.

At some point I had become the thinker; a constant worrier. I take no pride in the fact I had tarnished a lot of my potential in fear and old abandonment wounds, that I thought would get fixed in pride, and accomplishment. However, it did not, and while I was confident in some aspects of my life, there were some that felt incomplete. Which made me circulate the same images in my head. Everyone around me had become 'doers'. They were out there, making something of themselves, exploring and meeting new people. While I pity myself, no longer in an element I could possibly call my own.

As a human being it is quite impossible to be stuck, physically. Even when playing musical statues, our bodies fidget at the idea of being told to stay still. Every aspect of our being is always on the go-always. Even in our sleep there is never a moment of stillness; and as humans we may never experience that on this earth. Only will we come close as we shut our eyes and listen the hum of the atmosphere, our surroundings being the grounding point, while measuring our breathing. Sitting in complete tranquil, until you must stop, and re-join the clutter of the rest of the world. We may never experience that sense of peace, until we're unaware of what movement is.

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