Little Gray Book

REPUBLIC OF THE OTHER

If planning for the future is escapism, is it optimistic or pessimistic?

What do you suggest, dreamer?

The line must be drawn here! This far, no further!

The most beautiful moment is tomorrow.

Who is lying – our feeling or the world?

What's the point in talking about it if there is nothing to be done?

A false answer is the only answer to such a question.

Does my desire for agency disturb you more than the agency of my desire?

Exit becomes the only imaginable strategy.

Being unable to break down your barriers, trapped within mine.

Honesty of this order threatens order.

Trapped in the empty space of our silence.

Who shall say which of us is right, which is wrong? Perhaps we are both right and both wrong.

And we did not trust that freedom of indifference. If you and I are no different, what do we have to give each other?

I keep thinking it's going to get easier, but it doesn't –

No, it doesn't, it just gets more familiar.

Not even silence gets us out of the circle.

Lies merged and assembled until they split us apart.

Claiming ownership of that freed self was another.

Freeing yourself was one thing.

The front line runs through the middle of each of us.

The enviable clarity that comes from not having to make yourself palatable.

The distance between the self and the universe.

Something common, something minimally common between us.

Every human being as singular.

To sacrifice oneself as the same in order to rid oneself of the other.

It's never what happened, never the whole truth.

Waiting for something that will never come.

They arrived invited but not welcome.

Saying everything is the same as saying nothing at all.

Every act of communication is a translation.

We're all in this together, by ourselves.

What do you suggest, dreamer?

ls planning for the future escapism?

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