

Buried Inside "In And Of The Self"

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Drawing breath in the realization, that everything may be nothing, because sometimes there a no easy answers.

That growth is the only evidence of life and exposure the only celebration.

A daily dose of vicarious mediation.

Our daily bread consumed in faith or in fear?

Do we manipulate the scenery or does the scenery manipulates us?

Individuated through compassionated atomism.

Branded on the sleeve not the skin.

To accept ourselves before our surroundings.

Because etiquette is subjective and there is no black or white, nor good and evil.

Of kith and kin to pit and marrow.

Auguste Comte was right.

Nothing at bottom is real except humanity.

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