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beep

I know not what this title should reflect other than the lack of knowledge...

When did compassion die?

Respect and tolerance and all those nice things...

... Where the hell did they all go?

Did I miss something?

Maybe I fell asleep somewhere... I don't get it

... And now, poof... they're all gone.

Where's the amazing injustice in the fact that someone other than you get something a li'l bit better than you?

Why should you even give a damn if someone "stink of sweat" or "reek of burnt off nicotine"?

Life should be more than just trying to shape the world to suit you, shouldn't it?

Cut off pieces of everyone else so that you can live your fancy little life unbothered by the fact that everyone else want to live too...

I mean... Even if I am so utterly bothered by the bare existence any other person in this world even looking at me, should that make me want to cut out the eyes of everyone I meet?

The answer is an obvious one, no...

No I shouldn't want to cut out the eyes of anyone else... it's a disgusting thing to bring up and I don't like myself for doing it...

It's not their problem that I am bothered and sweaty and uncomfortable and anxious about their very eyes...

I mean... I am, but it's my fucking problem... Not theirs...

This isn't about compassion... I know nothing of compassion... I know more about tolerance... since, you know... everything bugs me...

But it all factors in, doesn't it?

All these precious emotions so eagerly replaced by "what's in it for me?!" without batting an eye...

This world... or, rather the western world... the "first" world (that always makes me laugh)...

we're not even trying anymore...

we see hell waiting in the horizon, and what do we do?

Do we turn around to walk in the other direction? No...

Do we turn around and run in the other direction? No...

Do we run any-damn-where? No...

We just stay put, watch the fire engulf more and more...

we wait and we giggle and we laugh and smile and sing and dance...

and when it's a little bit too close for comfort, we push anyone else we see out in front of us... to be engulfed in the fire before us...

anyone... everyone... so long I am not aflame yet, it's all good...

It doesn't matter that the so-called hellfire is only about a foot in width... not that hot and, if you'd wanted to, you could just step over it...

no, it's got to be hellfire and it's going to kill us all (me last)...

I have decided we're going to die, so it has to kill us all... and save me for last...

...I am truly sorry but I seem to have really lost track of where I was going with this text... I started it after reading comments people made on a story on a major news (crap) site...

I really don't understand people anymore...

... don't know if I ever did... or even if I ever wanted to...or even if I could...

I feel angry and sad at the same time... yes, I feel asnagdr(y)...

... and I can't do shit about it...

So... I write words here... in english...

Why? Cause I really don't know how to be angry in swedish...

I know sad in swedish... any other emotion is tricky in my mother's tongue...

I'll end this travesty here... five minutes to twelve on a saturday night all alone in a dark room... really annoyed...

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