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Övar på engelskan och leker med tanken om fri vilja och identitet.

Know thyself

Who am I?

A collection of life experience,
carrying other peoples
thoughts and opinions,
like a fake ID pretending to be me.

Every choice or move I make,
have life already decided
which one for me too take.

Direction of todays actions are
predetermined by lifes past mistakes.

Fear and anxiety from early year traumas
stays and grow too become a part of a future me.

My negative emotions are now my master,
and me a submissive slave on its knees,
satisfying my masters desires in a leash

Everytime I break out,
I find myself breaking in
to the same prison cell again.

But sometimes I end up
in a white hell where every inch is padded.

Who knew slave work was bad for your mental health,
after some time you loose sense of reality and self.

The saying is a lie, the one that goes,
dead men, will tell no tales.

But Im sure as fuck that they
are typing mine as life goes by.

Dead narrators controlling me and you
with ancient ideas from the cradle of mankind.

Hiding in minds to survive the sands of time,
staying alive by being heard or read.

Thats how they move into somebody new,
expanding empire taking over, head by head.

Every life lived lives now through me,
voices that tells me how to be.

Cant find me in everyone,
how could I ever know thyself?
How can I become someone
that would turn out too be me?
All that I am is built by someones
dead leagacy that manifests
through my thoughts and opinions,
feelings and actions.
Therefore making me a no one.
A faceless stranger with a hole,
pretending to be me.
Beliving in my own lies that I tell to myself.
A made up identity in my fantasy
is comforting me.

Or wait,
have I trapped myself again
in a stupid paradox?

The problem with knowing if we are free or not,
has been debated about alot.
Sure you are free too buy some candy,
do or dont is a choice for you to make.
Lets say you do,
is that free will from you?
Or is it a choice your tummy made for you?
We are motivated by the smallest basic needs,
and are easily persuaded in complex way.
Sure we are free in our own prison,
but freedom lets us take our cell with us,
where ever we want to go.
We are always beetween peace and war
with our internal and external motivations.
Lust, hunger, fear, our dreams and all
is the fot with the pedal to the metal.
But our hands are on the wheel,
trying too steer in maximum speed.
Together we carpool across life
driving where we need to be
and try too avoid places we want to go and see.

I know that I know nothing

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