

“where the power truly lies”

by

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What fragile creatures we humans are. A simple word spit out to the air lands on the surface of our brains just so and we must attend therapy for ten years. A hand placed on the wrong part of the human body muddles our entire pH level and we must raise walls built of steel and keep vigilant guards posted lest another hand or piece of flaccid flesh or kind gesture or embracing arm allows our minds to crumble and our legs to give out, sobs destroying our entire frame. We believe we are strong, we delude ourselves into thinking that because if we only thought, only for a second, if we let the doubt seep into our brain, it would ruin us completely.

It is like asking yourself whether the life you live is real or whether you are only a figment of someone's imagination; whether your life has meaning anymore because we are so insignificant within the whole spectrum of it all. If we just let those hooks sink into our minds and our flesh, would they tear us open and apart and expose our weaknesses, flaws, inner deepest thoughts and vulnerabilities to everyone else?

Yes, Virginia.

Because if we cut ourselves open, scalpels shiny and dripping red with our hopes and fears, we are afraid that *they* will judge and ruin us. We are afraid of being fragile, of being broken, of being happy, of being alive. Strength is being a robot. Power is a mask. Because if we let the mask slip, if we don't oil the robot, we let our walls down and we will be beaten, broken, killed.

So we sew ourselves back up and seal our lips and eyes, those gateways to the soul, and we sit and wait. We prop a chair in the middle of the labyrinth, thick and deep within the steep steep walls of our mind and we wait for life to hit us. Because those walls that we've built are for our dreams and hopes, to keep them alive, to keep them protected and airtight, frozen and fresh. We sit and wait for life to spark the flame behind our lips and eyes (because life is so powerful that it can walk through walls, just like that) and we die sitting waiting rocking back and forth and back

and forth wondering whining asking demanding ourselves what we did wrong. We built those walls to protect ourselves and we did the right thing, the noble good thing and so why did we fail?

The bars of cages protect the bird inside also. If the bird flew, escaped, he'd die in the outside, real world because he would get eaten or freeze or starve. He wouldn't be able to survive because he wouldn't be used to the environment. He would think that life is where his cage is, where his illusion is, where the pill will take you to the rosy world where everything is all nice and quiet. No disturbances, no troubles, no confrontation, no hiccups. Our dreams, hopes, sadness, ability to be happy are like birds thrown out of a cage. Stifled and dazed, their instincts buried deep in the recesses of their minds, they prefer imprisonment to freedom. Safety over liberty. And so they wither and die because they cannot deal with the reality of the world.

And neither can we. Why build walls when you are comfortable with your surroundings? We are oh so strong, free-spirited, ambitious. We are out to conquer the world and change it, mould it to our liking while under the surface of it all, we are simply cowards and babies. Cowards because we cannot accept that we are human.

Human?! How dare you. How dare you imply I am made of flesh and blood, that I am mortal, that I can die, become depressed at a whim, be broken down, and killed? How dare you imply that I can feel? How dare you imply that I am vulnerable, empathetic, loving, twisted, perverted, and that everyone else is just like me, paranoid that those around just can't understand what they're going through?

Yet we cannot step out of our self-inflicted walls, our free-spiritedness. We flounder, trying to discover what we really want to do with our lives. We want a family, a good job, a house, a dog, or whatever. You know. But do we really? We scoff at those who say I want to travel, I want to write, and we tell them that they're a waste of breath, of space, of society. We need more lawyers, doctors, businessmen, important, practical people who will make this world run like clockwork. We don't need dreamers and idealists who will only do what they want because that's extremely selfish and don't you know that's not what we were made for.

And what if I want to travel? What if I want to live my life, the way you've always been afraid of living it? What if I show you that you are a coward, that you are mistaken, what if I show you that I am who you secretly desire to be, the epitome of life?

I refuse to build walls to protect myself from myself, to deny that I am human and to deny that I want to live. Those walls are only fantasies of the mind, as fragile as we ourselves are, blown down with a smile tilted just the right way. To refuse to accept that we are weak, that we are human, that we are vulnerable, that we are in reality, free and wild, lovely and mortal, scheming and wicked, is the true weakness. So what if we are beaten, broken, and killed? As easily as we are struck down, we can just as easily get back up and strike back. We can just as easily believe that we are truly free from the constraints we place on ourselves, not limited by our fears of how others will perceive us, a flying bird in the midst of grass sky air already forgetting cages and ready-made food travelling the world by train the kindness of strangers the robbers in the street killing for organs the rape of the young girl in the alleyway the murder of the women and

children and the eyes of those suffering for those being taught truth and the conversations we'd have in the late night and stumbling across an old friend in the desert looking up at the stars and knowing that all the beauty and evil in this world can be experienced and breathed in as our own wounds scars blood and tears heal only if we realize that after all, we are ruled by the fantasies of our minds.