

Most of what we have lived is fundamental experience with the ability to materialise in not only our own, but also others' minds. Yet beyond those restraints of true identities, and the walls of vile reality lies a world only you have ever visited. It is a life, a condition, a man, a woman, a child or simply a void of existence meant to drag you through the most ominous days.

It is a parallel of what has survived and an opposite manifestation of what one is. it exists while you wake every morning to feed a job you once swore you'd never touch, or on the days you refuse to eat because getting out of bed feels like dragging a mountain by its spine. it exists when you meet the ones who broke their ribs trying to help you pull the spine of the same hill. However, it is only ever seen when you drift off into impossibilities of indefinites and infinities that do not (can not) exist in the memories of those you love.

Their actuality or a lack thereof is a direct consequence of the sexual tension between what you are and what you could be. The hands of the version of yourself you abandoned will tilt your head back and drown you in a smouldering pool of your unmet potential. And when you finally sink, they don't stand on the shore and mourn you; they jump in too, because they were always made of the same water you weren't brave enough to swim in.

***“We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be.”***

There is some truth in them.

You kill her, and you repent her, and somehow both of you keep rising from the same womb of harshness, only to die again in the same lack of significance. She exists, yes, but only as the one who slips into the gaps you couldn't fill. And you exist because you birthed the very faults she now survives on.

***“Imagination is the golden-eyed monster that never sleeps. It must be fed; it cannot be ignored.”***

And the worlds we live in grow thicker with every disappointment we swallow whole. We carve entire geographies out of the things we were denied. We build cities out of nearlys, forests out of almosts, oceans out of what-ifs. You walk through them barefoot because all your shoes are left behind in the world that stabbed your dreams with the minute hand of an alarm clock.

the people we sculpt out of thin air. the ones who have never touched us, yet we've memorised the temperature of their palms. The ones who exist in the real world but only show us fragments, so we chisel the rest ourselves. We stitch them from the softness we wished they had, or the cruelty we needed them to carry, so our grief made sense. They become mosaics of truth and projection. And when they fail us, it is not they who fall apart; it is the version of them we raised like a child, fed with fabrications, and trusted more than their living body. We mourn these imagined people far more desperately because they died fulfilling a promise no one made.

In the end, everything we fail to become lives on somewhere, and that somewhere is the only place we are ever whole.