What do you do? when you finally realize the problem is within. You. Me. All. What do you do? when you see, the illusions and delusions on which we base our lives, is it possible to escape? Some paths are dead ends. Final. Is the problem of how we live, are? You? Me? How we all live? Or the fronts? the walls? the defenses. that we all erect? Or, that which goes between them? When? will we ever know? Trust. Love. What else? is needed? Honesty? How do we deal with and between each other. Must a path be closed? Must one ever. Think back and wonder. And wonder. I am. We are. Together. Bound? Destined? Man together. To live.

yet so complex

We must travel. . . down our many paths, in our many ways, perhaps some will yet be convergent. But. Must we watch while Life passes by? Gone. Why? to what end? Must we play our cryptic games? while life passes by? to what end? Why cannot our paths broaden and include others? or can they? Can we not understand? the many levels and facets? Trust. Can we try? We are. . . Each unique. Can we not understand? We each have a common end? Together