

Who are You?

You, I have a choice...
Either, this is a random world
Ultimately you-we
make up our own meaning
in this universe.

It takes courage to
believe this.

OR Choice two...

There is something
beyond ourselves,
Why am I here?

What more is there?

It takes courage to
believe this.

Yet many of us create
a third choice delusion.

The busy, the unreality...

Just live life the best

Get some money,

Get some fun, some action,

Some sport

Blur brain entertainment,

Get a job,

Get a...whatever...

And we can die

hiding the questions,

drugging the questions,

Layered self-deception.

But if we strip away

the scabs

We have made a choice,

One we don't like...

Choosing the random world

trying, numbing

ourselves to the hole it leaves.

Random or more?

Just who are you?

