

## **The Intellectual**

I have always been resolutely consumed by my passion for the consumption of knowledge. From a young age, my inquisitiveness has led me to extend the limbs of my mind to reach every particle of data accessible to me.

By the time I reached my adolescent years, I had studied so limitlessly that my mind was exclusively occupied with thoughts pertaining to matters of superlatively intelligent value.

Virtually no human has ever been able to transpierce the unalterable attention I have on my studies.

My mind is a sanctum of which I let no human enter.

My rationale for guarding it as such is that my thoughts are too uniquely incomprehensible to be understood by another and to allow another to attempt to understand them would be to diminish their uniqueness, their value - for ultimately the most valuable things are those which are guarded.

In moments of ultimate weakness, I have formerly given in to the human desire to have romantic love. In such times, I let others see glimpses of my mind, but glimpses of as little substance as the luminesce stars stretched unreachably above the earth's surface.

Expectedly, this desire for romantic love was fleeting, for my desire to consume knowledge remains surpassing that of any other.

In honesty, I abhor the weakness of the desire to have something as human as love, I abhor desiring that which makes me unguardable.

## **Suffer**

I do not find desolation in the destruction I have endured; it is rather exquisite to endure suffering, for to endure it to prevail, and only those that prevail are to be considered remarkable.

If we are to all suffer, I would rather suffer remarkably.

## **Survival Through Love**

I love the way the cold air stings my nostrils as I inhale.

There is a kind of comfort in this sting that I must endure to breathe, to survive.

The comfort lies in the satisfaction of knowing that the sting serves a greater purpose, survival.

This is synonymous with an analogy of what it is to love; I endure the pain of love, for I find comfort in knowing it serves the greater purpose of survival.

To survive we must love, and to love we must endure pain.

### **Agony**

I have spent my entire life trapped inside this cell we call the mind.  
Lying in each corner abides agony of such eminent palpability that I am able to feel it in every  
life-sustaining inhalation in which it asserts its everlasting inhabitance.

My mind is more of a home to it than it is to me.

I have grown accustomed to presiding in this cell of pain; the prisoner is not a prisoner if he  
never knows freedom.

There is only one distinction between this cell of my mind and prison; it has windows.  
Exterior to them is where happiness lies.  
Devisibly proximate, it dances in front of my eyes with a taunting knowingness that I am unable  
to reach it.

That which should distinguish my mind from prison instead makes it more of one.

The paradox that lies within this glares at me accusingly: My mind is a creator, it created this  
cell, so shall it not be capable of shattering the windows that separate happiness from me?  
Perpetuated is my pursuit of the answer, but never shall I cease, for I am the prisoner who knows  
the taunting dancer before my eyes, happiness, freedom.

### **Afar**

I am content with loving you from afar because, in close proximity to you, I see that this love is more complex than I wish it to be, and I do not favor complexity; complexity is too similar to myself, unintelligible, incomprehensible, labyrinthine -and I do not favor myself.

So, I will love you afar where I can wonder at you as I wonder at the stars that dance upon the galaxies, bright, and ever so profound, devoid of any complexity.