

Sloth

What comes to mind when you hear the word “parasite”? Parasites can claim many crazy and cursed forms. Each has its way to infect the hopeless host. This parasite prisons plus procession its prey perfectly. Like the Corecepts mushroom infamously infecting the inside of innocent insects. But this magnus monster likes to massively mass with a more complex nervous system. Slowly wraps its hands around the throat. An absolute abomination asphyxiating all. Having terrible tyranny of the path information go’s brain. Knowing the games to gas light. This damn devil comes in the form of a sloth.

Scholars and organisms from the past and present that have seen and studied the Sloth. Describing their experiences and effects from the sloth through survival, art, science, philosophy and self expression. From Firefly Squids glowing patterns to dance by the Bird of Paradise. The love by two partners to the most polyamormist. Do we ever have a choice in what we do or does the Sloth fully control us?

Poisoning us by purposely playing with our pitiful perception. Immanuel Kant came close to capturing the creature's control over consciousness. Exposing this animal with a magical manual with the noumenal and phenomenal. I’ll share some secret stories that show the Sloth’s suffocating us.

Sharp summer sunshine showers a secluded spot of land. Super soft sand surrounds the island. Geckos glare gracefully on green leaves. Timid, thin, twig-like trees sway in the breeze with no griefs. Off of the beach of the island there is a broad boulder with random holes all over it. Two primitive tribes live on this island. The two tame tribes used to live in tranquillity. Until the reckless rock appeared. When wild wind wiggles and wedges its way inside the boulder. A symphony of sounds seductively slips out. From one tribe hearing the harmony was heartfelt. The sound softly sedating like they were mediating. Once dawn dumps down on them. The soft sound allows them to relax, rest and digest. Always coming as a delight and never a fright. Protecting this peaceful petrified instrument became their primarily purpose. While on the other side of the beach. Sloth has the other tribe howl and holler with frantic fear. This sickness of the sound will sacrifice our sacred serenity, they shout! Sharpening stones for the head of a spare. Bashing bones until they disappear. Both tribes battled until their blood shed led to an exact excision. Years later foreign legs landed on the island. Ignored the boulder. Seeing it as no more important than any other pointless pebble on the landscape. They just wanted to rip up and reclaim the resources of the island. But for one little yellow sponge “it was not just a boulder, it's a rock!”

Boom bang! Fast flash of fissuring lightning. Boom bang! Thunder starts thrashing. Throwing trilling, blaring booms through the silent still air. Reckless rain runs down. Drops pop as they pound the ground. Temperature becomes close to corpse cold. A hidden hell hides in a hole on a hill. New slave occupies this obvious oblivion of the Sloth's sin. A cave houses one alone creature. This cave creature’s only posesion is its damp dark dwelling. Once a while a drip of water falls from a stalactite onto the cave creature's cranium . The sloth's grim game that could make ghastly ghouls growl. By creating different responses for the same action. A single slim

stream spills upon the cave creature. Loudly laughing like high hyenas. Feel joy remembering it not to take life too seriously. Another drip dropped down. Caused the cave creature to perceive a powerful pitiful pain. Strangling sadness stirring. Reminding it just how alone it really is. Small splash sprinkles down yet again. Ripping the Cave Creature into a red ravenous rage. Shrieking screech, it screamed. Punching, pounding, pulverizing, stalactites and stalagmites! But once the flames of the fire from fury faded. The Cave Creature felt hopelessly hollow. Seeing how its damn home was destroyed by its damaging actions. Remembering how the drip once brought laughter. This shallow, hollow fellow knows it will never be the same. As another drip dropped upon its head. Never seeing the same drip twice. Always having a different response to the same action is its vice. The Sloth hates playing nice.

And finally the final frightening finally. The show of sad sorrows shall show a solo sadistic sin from the sloth. A massacre that mortifies morticians without mercy.

I need it! I need it! Just let me feel it once today! Once this week! Please! Please! This world is so cold without it! Don't know how long I can go on like this. I can't feel right. Just once more. Just let me feel it. Freeing feeling that fills fractures with fresh fluffy filler. Big bricks build barriers blocking terrors. A mouse chooses its trap over the chance of some cheap cheddar cheese. Dance of dopamine delivering devilish dreams. Soul of serotonin starts to suddenly surround. Overflowing and overdosing over oxytocin. Empire of endorphins enters everyone's egos. Clashing chemicals is a catalyst for creating new cravings. The name of this domain is happy. The high of happiness can be a home of hopelessness. Feeling for positivity and prosperity can promote peace and pleasure. But chasing it like a chump will chop and chew a fool up like a chip. Insite of looking for infectious instant gradation isn't intelligent nor inspiring. Change for the better isn't as easy as changing a sweater. Power of pain will produce plentiful products. Daydreaming can be damming. Hiding hideous, harmful harpys and hateful hounds from the habitat. Keep cursed claws from cleaving a clean and clear consciousness. Breathtaking beneficial beauty of beholding the beasts and brutality. Bypass blindly all big bruises. Best believe more beatdowns shall be coming. Humans hopelessly hallucinate high on happiness. Softly snatch souls from the stupid and saps. If you can see happiness as a high dose the actions of others start to make sense? Are we all just addicts looking for one more hit of jumping joy?

If there is ever any real hope if ever leave the Sloth possession it seems to be in two ways. Death, or real freedom is finding where we are not free.