

*I used to have this
recurring black and white
dream when I was a kid. I
befriend a monster in a
graveyard, and we become
very close. But he turns
on me and I have to kill
him. And then I am crying
at his funeral in the very
same graveyard, because I
had to kill my best
friend.*

freedom in the dark

by: anika ahuja

if you weren't anyone before you can make yourself up of all the things you see and believe and then they'll tell you that you are that thing and you are free to say that you are that thing or free to deny it and ultimately I don't care what you think . I want to ride free and be a bird or on a horse through the hills and live off the land that would be nice . no one can stop you when you know it is free you are free it is everything you want you can have . it is a big bright sky and a wide open well you can swim in it the water is only black if you decide you can't see through it it is a river that runs and the fish are free and all the pigeons are swans if you paint them white . it is up to you you are in a prison of your own making break the chains or you can turn them into gold . who cares if you are sad don't be sad it isn't real nothing is a copy if a copy of a copy of a copy is your own make the job don't do the job be the person you were meant to be you aren't the person in the mirror the person in the mirror is you . manifest manifest manifest . your body is made of mercury move through the world like it belongs to you . sometimes you hurt the ones you love to love the ones you hate but pain isn't real there isn't any sunshine streaming through the window if you don't want to feel the warmth . systems aren't broken they are built up. the moon belongs to the earth but it is just a lightbulb to help you see better in the dark maybe you just need to sleep less . no one gets to where they are going if they are going to go in the wrong direction but you can draw the map if you try hard enough. it is up to you to be the one who can live the life you dream if you want to dream about death then maybe live until you are dead and if you don't want to die you don't have to do it no one can tell you what to do beautiful people live forever. there is an endless road before you lay the asphalt as you drive on forever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever until everyone knows and no one forgets people who turn themselves into the people they want to be and wouldn't it be fun we could live forever and die together and something about that baked-in-the-sun-dust smell just old enough to sit in the front seat playing with the radio watching the orange dial move through AM and FM top 40s flipping to country to classical and back . it is nearing midnight and the dj broadcasting from the club is playing " do you believe in life after love "