

Are you looking for someone?

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Are you looking for someone,
or do you need me to tell you who you are?
Your inner self can only be defined by the gaze of others,
molding you into someone they can understand
and thus control... and understand...

This isn't because they want to,
but because this is one's inherent nature.
They need to define you in order to function,
to categorize you within their limited view of this huge, diverse world,
and the same applies to you too.
It isn't his or her fault though... everybody does it actually...
Everybody does it...
Everybody thinks he is Adam... or Eve...
Giving names to everything in order for them to be understood...
so that you change into something more understandable...
and thus you lose your seductive mysteriousness.

You search for the lion,
Even though subjectivity is long gone,
and you start believing that you are weird,
a bit awkward,
As if something you were doing is fundamentally wrong
and you are just a mass-consumed item that is still under warranty
you reconstruct your past as to reinforce your foreign non-authentic identity,
And you are ashamed of who you have become,
So you decide to change...
to become normal,
just so you could fit in...
But it's addictive...
and to your horror, you realize you do it way too often
and the only thing normal you realize there is,
is the illusion of objectivity
of non-authentic conformity...
and that you are a nothing without the gaze and the approval of the other...