

# I

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Built upon a series of incidences and events, the world seems solid and concrete. Cause then affect, day then night. Childhood becomes adulthood. It's like a movie really, one long story that we experience as REALITY.

It's all a farce. All of it. Our lives are more like celluloid film than we could ever expect. There are frames and edits and continuity errors all over the place. The sum total of all that experience, you know, all the stuff that makes you-you and me, well-me. It's a brain game. The brain is an intricate machine that takes the discrete objects of reality and makes it "look" flowing and seamless.

Seriously, if you stop once in a while and notice the ways things really are. Stop and look at the weird ass ways this reality is put together. How stuttering and jolting the whole experience of life is? Then you know, or at least can begin to speculate, that we do not exist. No personality, no real existence outside the thinnest thread that is our experience as we watch the whole thing unfold.

Lately, I have seen completely different emotional states, points of focus, experiences that are literally dropped in as if someone with a computer mouse is pointing and clicking things into my reality. No. I don't buy it any more. No. More.

Even this thought, this writing is fading from view as I write it. The passion and clarity that grew into these words are now

twisting and changing into something else. Of course I could just be crazy. How the hell would I know- right?

But I don't think so. "I" don't exist as some objective being within or without this reality framework. Never did. The brain creates the illusion of continuity, but that can only go so far. Who we "really" are? No clue. But at the moment, smart enough to figure this illusion out.

What comes next? Who knows.

Love you.