

At nightfall I walk along a small pathway through the fields, not far away from the parental home. It is winter and a thin blanket of snow covers fields and meadows. I am alone, completely exposed to the deadly play of my thoughts.

The windows from the houses nearby sent their light toward me, as if they wanted to give me an impression of the mysterious, desirable life that takes place behind them. A fascinating life full of warmth and security. It would have been easy to accept that illusion, but I knew for sure that this was just mere appearance and delusion, a meager try to make the senselessness of life more bearable. They didn't have success with it because I knew that the life that was hiding behind the window panes was characterized by the emptiness of their thoughts and feelings, and I regarded their lives as a mere existence, as gloomy as the feeble light beams that hit my eyes.

I felt the distance between us and suffered from its coldness. I longed for their closeness and yet I kept a safe distance from them – me, the lonely, suffering maverick, the one who is driven, who is different. And so they became aliens for me with incomprehensible thoughts and feelings,

born out of nothing and damned to go back into it again, and I knew that I could never ever accept that illusion. Their life style left me cold: money, eating, traveling, comfort, and material security. And they didn't know my longings, the depths of my feelings, my innermost desires, the lucidity of my thoughts, my pursuit for meaning. They were in a rut and their ability to perceive had become miserably stunted over time so much so that they could not even see and understand the beauty and depth of life that even they must encounter from time to time. They were numb to their innermost feelings and unable to see anything else besides what they were used to seeing every day in dull uniformity and dull repetitions.

I wasn't like that and I didn't want to be like that. I was overwhelmed by a myriad of feelings and strange bewildering but unbelievably fascinating thoughts, which brought my heart rate way up. Pondering about space and time excited me, structures and forms engaged and frightened me, because I realized that I didn't understand a bit of it and realized that there was little hope to ever comprehend it. Yes, I was insignificant in comparison to the world's existence, a nothing compared to the infinity of being.

**Why was I
so different?**

**Why
was I
alive?**

**Why
were
my
demons
more
evil
than
theirs?**