

# Spewing on Freedom

What is this post 911 mindset?

What are we doing?

What am I doing?

Where are the philosophers of our time? The ponderers...? Who are we? Why are we here?

And, what is all of this pain for?

Or have we just stopped feeling? Don't we care about each other anymore?

Is this the 'me' generation still? Gone amok?

I want to feel other's pain for awhile. I want to share something outside myself. I'm tired of grieving...especially for myself. I'm tired of being tired.

Where is our so-called freedom? Free to do what?

Free to be me?

I'm a walking contradiction.

I want to work, yet I turn work down. I want to be creative, tho' I stifle my own creativity by judging it every step of the way. I want to take advantage of what is handed to me on a silver platter, and still I slap that hand in the face.

Do I really want to be free?..... to what.. free to bind myself with limitations and insecurities and doubts and fears? Afraid of my failings, and owning up to success-from lack of worthiness...?

What the fuck is that?

I don't even try sometimes because I know I will fail.

How will I ever grow if I don't allow myself to fail, and still persevere???

What I really want is to be free to be the fool that follows his heart and heeds the mind enough for reason, but not for doubt.

There is only room for life, and where there is life there is love.