

Journal Entry 7/1

My life passing so quickly. Days go by. I just blinked. I yawned once. That was a week. So on, and so forth. Not changing. Contentment, to soak in eternity. To attempt to stand still and let things happen. This is dangerous I know. —Nose to the wind. Find an edge. Cut and bleeding. The wounded feeding the hungry masses/mob. Hoping each day to be sharp. To be noticed. To do something special. So on days like today, I hit the play button instead of the fast forward. I stop. I listen.