

Osher

Look around you.

Everybody seems to be holding something.

Be it a bag, a cigarette, someone else's hand or one's own ideology, there is always something.

No empty hands allowed.

A society that allows no aimlessly swinging arms, no wide-open eyes wondering in the sky, no pure playfulness, no interaction without some hidden agenda.

The Practical way of being.

I tell you what it means.

It means being responsible, well informed and independent,

It means having a burden lying on top of you, having your mind working non-stop and being isolated.

How does it sound?

I don't mean to sound angry,

I don't mean to preach for any other way of being or rebel against the existing one.

But I do find myself mourning.

Mourning over the end of my childhood and the entering to the real world,

Mourning over my passion to dance, to create, to write and to play in a world in which only terms such as business, technology and forms of simplification of the human figure are considered as an acceptable occupation. One you can live from.

So now, standing in this wood in front of these diverging roads, I find myself trembling.

I want to let go of whatever I'm holding on to,

I want just to stand there till I'm freezing cold covered by the snow, till I feel the urge to move,

I want to feel sure about something. Anything at all.

2.3.2006