

And then I tried to understand

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And then I tried to understand the breathing and slow surface ripples below your skin; if it is your blood like my own; or your breath I can still feel against my lips?

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1 - And Then I Tried to Understand

Do we all see the same things? Or do we all see the world in a thousand different colors? Is the way we see different, like how we all feel is different or the way we think or laugh or grow up? Or are we really the same person, seeing the same thing, everywhere and everytime? Is it all the same when we turn off the lights? Do we look all the same in the dark, and are we really all the same person, because we feel that way, afraid and dependent on another? And how about all those little tiny spaces that no one ever thinks about, are they real when no one is looking at them? Are there a million tiny, empty little spaces that, in reality, are not real at all because they aren't on anyone's mind? Is it true that things just aren't real until someone, anyone thinks about them just once? Am I real? Does anyone hear me?...