

Burnt By The Sun, Buffy

This is ludicrous speed. What's here and now and intended to be clear to the senses passes as a blur. Obsession: desire, Desire: obsession. I know the answer inside is fighting the image of beauty and I can hear it gnawing at my consciousness in the background. Groveling, unnerving, yet deaf to nonsensical ears. I fear why I desire. I understand how this all works and yet I'm still fixated. Saturday nights are just the start, a day or two into the week and I'm half way back. By the time I get home I'm back there again. I am completely aware and yet somehow I'm forced to the margins. Bench warming and there seems little chance of me getting out alive. A person no more. I watch and I watch again. Absurd recap. A person no more and it feels so good it hurts. I watch again. Recapitulation. Worn out. This is not where I want to be. Unfamiliar mirrors. I wonder what has become of my life.

The gaps in our lives seem to be so easily replenished with the products of our imagination, allowing us to believe that the touched-up digital images of perfection are real and set the standard for beauty for ourselves. But such things tend to leave a person more lonely than she was to start with as the bombardment of these images through entertainment and advertisements remove us even more from reality.