

The Pyramid I Built Today

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I say that hurt people hurt people and that distance kills and that change is scary. And those things are true, depending on who you ask. But it is also true that it, just as much, depends on when you ask the same person. Ask me five years ago about any of those statements and I would say that they are virtues of life, virtues of my life. Though, just as you can't speak for I, I find that I, then, can't speak for I, now.

I feel clear this morning. Lately I have been admittedly terrified of how vulnerable that has made me. So terrified that I hit a low; an irony unmatched in the world of moods and madness. This morning I feel okay, finally, even enough to take out my device and type about the truths I feel today.

That anyone can hurt anyone, that they don't have to be hurt in the first place. It can manifest in a person who unintentionally triggers another when they find themselves in a different truth where they aren't susceptible to that harm that others are.

That distance can save relationships by saving oneself. That the forcing of an uncomfortable relational situation can rewire, even through incredible hardship and lessons, the attachment between people that once actually slowly killed their spirit and even their entity.

That change can be craved. That change can be necessary to survival, and that the fear of change is based in comfortability where all that is known is shock. Not to the fault of the self, but to the nature of burdened lively existence where we are not only, but at least inevitably the product of a theatrical environment.

On days like this I am lifted by colors, colors that refract in varying directions, beautifully brightening perceivable scenes with more than the light we know most. I am grateful for the colors I feel when I look at words and the sensations I experience when I work with numbers. I am fulfilled by the intensity of the illusive blue I view when I look up, some days feeling so much more blue than others. To me blue can mean somber and despair just as much as it can clarity and euphoria. Red feels like the sensation of being more awake and alive than can be handled by the human mind. Green feels

like a breath of the freshest suburban air and hot air balloons in the sky. Yellow makes me think of limbo, the space been low and high that is not euthymia and restrained instead of playful.

I cannot convey the benevolence I have towards the most miniscule, intricate, and precious aspects of the human experience. The experience of the basic senses; the colors, emotions, pictures, words, numbers, types of breaths, speed of movements, needles you feel poke you in the moment, and the hollow drop in your body when provoked. I cannot prolifically portray how we can solve our issues. I cannot cure the projection of hurt in our kind that causes suffering and desperation. I can only connect on the basis of the hug we experience provided without contact. The rush of electricity through the body that is beyond physiological, one that can only come with the blessing of being able to cognitively imagine. The existence of the creative subconscious, one that haunts us with the burden of imagination we can't embrace.

I feel better when I feel the sadness. I feel real when I see the remorse for lessons not digested. It changes the trajectory of my life, pushes me to move. To roll my eyes back into my head when I blink in the privacy of the crowded space. The overbearing stimulation that is thought and feeling is what it means to be alive as much as it means to be insane. The condition of trouble is one collectively experienced as long as there is community. Animation does not exist without knowing nadir.

I feel this today but I will not tomorrow. That is why I write. I want to remind myself of how I thought in a moment that I didn't feel consumed by the exhaustion of a reality I am convinced to believe is worth living for. I just need to remember that anything more than elementary is unnecessary. Maslow's Hierarchy of Gratitude starts with capacity for sensitivity.

Without a personal pyramid of appreciation we are animated vessels that call themselves full of life, truly full of facets untouched.