

Dear Diary,

Yeah, that's me in real life, I deliver your pizza. It's not exactly a glamorous job and sometimes I feel like I should be on to bigger and better things, but I'm probably being too hard on myself. It can be kind of a drag when it's slow but as long as there are pizzas to deliver I pretty much get paid to sit in my car and listen to music all day.

I am writing to you dear Diary, in order to gain some insight on this song I heard on the radio whilst driving. it goes like this...

*...but one of these things is not like the others...*

*Me-e-e, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh*

*I'm the only one of me*

*Baby, that's the fun of me*

*Eeh-eeh-eeh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh*

*You're the only one of you*

*Baby, that's the fun of you*

I heard myself singing along and it reminded me that I existed.

Existence always looks like something other than I thought it would.

"Without this 'other' there is no 'me'; without 'me' there is no reference point" This certainly comes close to it, but I don't quite know what brings 'me' about. It appears that there is something truly in control, but I just can't find a trace of it. It can act itself out, true enough, but I cannot see its form. It possesses a true nature but it lacks form.

The hundred joints; the nine orifices, the six organs. Merged into 'me'. Am I pleased with them all, or partial to one? Do they all take parts as servants and consorts? But I would be unable to rule one another in this way. Do I take turns acting as ruler and subject or is there one who stands as a true ruler? Though I may fail to find a true nature, that has no significance on whether I truly am here or not.

Diary, I have not used you in a while and I can't even remember what day it is. I've been thinking about how our present age is essentially a tragic age, but we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm has happened, we are among the ruins, surrounded by relics. Walls broke down where only rubbles are left, their designated borders still seem to prevail. We start to build up new little habitats, new rituals. New existences to have new little hopes. It is rather hard work. There is now no smooth road into the future. But we go round spiraling, picking up rocks, bodies, dust, branches. Reassembling limbs. We've got to live, no matter how many dungeons have been built, how many existences have fallen.

I have used a calendar to figure out the day again, I hope this time I won't forget about you diary. I am sorry, but back to informing you on what has happened. I realized, pleasure, anger, sorrow, joy, regret, change, stubbornness, ease and dissipation: these are like music emerging from air or mists congealing into mushrooms. Day and night they revolve before us and no one knows from where they spring. Enough! It is the very coming of them, dawn and dusk, from which I am born.

Diary, sorry for not writing yesterday, it was a pretty uneventful day, but the sunset was amazing! Today I tried something new, it's called dragon fruit and it looks really weird, close to an alien egg. I wasn't going to eat it at first but my curiosity got the best of me; The flavor was light, but tasted almost like kiwi. I'm googling what its benefits are and they help speed up metabolism, prevent cancer, help bone growth, and even better your immune system. I wonder If I eat enough of them I could be immune to any sickness. Then the world will be so amazed by me! One more thing to beat, beating away sickness!

Good night dear Diary! I'll talk to you again soon.