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# Imaginations

This world is a complex place, a prism in an eversunlit room. There are so many ways to interpret situations and human behaviour, how can it ever be narrowed down to one?

The world is a cold, heartless place in which everyone looks out for number one. It is a world of anger, hate, jealousy and greed, a place of no mercy, and where sadness and death is ongoing. There are no breaks in this world, it's the survival of the fittest, and only the strong survive.

The world is a warm, caring, friendly place. It is full of friends and light and happiness. People care for each other in this world in so many ways, and show it all the time. The world is a place of dreams and goals, ambition and love.

There are people from both of these worlds in ours, adding diversity and twists to everyday living. People themselves are strange; insecure, caring, envious, friendly, jealous, scared, lonely. Lonely. How strange that one could be lonely in a place inhabited by billions of people.

People are so alike, and yet so different. Being so alike is what ultimately holds everyone together.

War, peace, global conflict, civil war, etc., how does it all tie in? Humanity is a list of unanswered and endless questions.

Deep thinking and emotion can be quite revealing, and lead to an inner peace. Why doesn't everyone indulge in such a cleansing?

Petty situations have no place in a world of such deep undertakings, and yet they do. How can one discover great truths about human nature if he/she can't participate on the primary level form of togetherness; communication?

As it is, humanity and the world will never fully be

understood. That's what makes life worth participating in. We are all on the road of discovery, just how, when, or why we go about it, is different.

-Trina Beckerson

## The Way We Are

To like oneself is to be yourself,  
Without imitations, walls, or faces.  
Changes don't come drastically  
But fall in place little by little,  
If they come at all.

Everyday the familiar you, the same tone of voice

Asking time after time, why don't I like me!  
Angrily God flinches in despair,  
Each hour he works moulding his work of art  
Gently and fondly he caresses the model of a decent  
human being.

The model cries out shockingly demanding  
Why am I not perfect; why do I have flaws?  
And yet the human model with great work,  
Painstakingly remodels his life.  
God looks onward and shakes His head,  
And waits for the time to come.  
When He reaches out to the model  
And cuddles comfortingly  
The frustrated model with flaws and all.

Habits and temperaments hang in the air.  
They fight bravely a battle called change.  
A person remains a person in the end.  
When was the last time you looked in the mirror?

-Anonymous  
(Angela Matheson)