

Emily Brantley

## Untitled: Reaction to Psychoanalysis

Memories are devious creatures.

They are malleable shapeshifters living in the indecipherable moors of the human  
subconsciousness.

They never take original form, only mere glimmers of the reality that was.

Playing on the strings of nostalgia, their nature is manipulative and callous.

Memories remain alive, because of the mere hope we possess to engage in the parts of  
ourselves that no longer exist.

They understand and know the game better than we do.

In their new appearance, they retrieve an aspect of our present self.

They are not to be trusted, and if you are to encounter a memory, tread it lightly with great care.

What a world it would be if they no longer existed.

What a barren vessel we would become if we woke up in a realm of forgetting.

Good and bad days would no longer exist.

To us, they would be virginous days. Is there anything human about that?

Maybe it should be a chosen moment-

A single gap in time completely-truly-utterly erased.

It would seem like an act of God, but the strings would be pulled by the devil himself.

Memories are vile, but they are not as horrendous as emotions,

for that is what conceives the existence of a memory

## A New Excestialist's view of the Now

They recall in moments.

Often, they were a prominence of the fragmented me.

I was not at my fullest potential.

I had no boundaries to define the essence of my being.

I was a single entity in a plastic state,  
waiting to be filled with the worldly means of understanding.

I was not the only one.

We were all like that.

I tend to forget this part.

I dismiss their experiences and subjectivity, because I tend to only stay victim to mine.

I often remarked that I had an elite sense of empathy,

but I can't help but feel that due to my naivety,

I was nothing more than a sympathetic friend.

Perhaps, that is what they needed.

Perhaps.

I do not know,

nor am I going to spend the remainder of my time questioning past events.

I refuse to be lost in the retrograde.

I refuse to let others use it to define me.

I have now learned that the only thing I can do is

accept it,

cherish it,

and move on.

These are simple words,

but the weight behind them is a heavy burden to bare.

The now is where I chose to focus my attention.

Now is where the past is created and the future is determined.

It is Frost's two roads diverged in a wood,

and Oedipus's three-way crossroads.

The now is juncture of the ambiguous past and the perpetual future.

Reality lies in the now

Now is where the tincture of iridescent tones lie in the space around us.

We constantly live in the space between situations and reactions.

This is where we grasp control and hold it in a tight fist and run like hell. Now is the only remnant of the soul  
we can witness.

Where the conscious can ruminate in the retrospect and imminent times.

I can only focus on the now,

because it is the only thing that will determine me.