

Childhood Memories

I think we are all children. Our soul is unexpired childhood. Maturity is building up walls to protect that child and to tell the rest of the world that the child is contained and we are ready to get to business. But, we are all repressing that child deep down.

This is why we share so much admiration and desire when we see children. We see us but without the walls of reality. Their life is a path we never took and we want, no crave to take that untaken path but life demands our maturity.

We exist in our adult form because we believe it will bolster progress towards innovation, but creation lays in our childhood imagination. We lust beyond the boardroom because we used to have a bedroom. A place that was tapestry of our imagination. We were protected in this room, but this executive suite will always be a temporary home in our psychology.

We see influencers, artists, musicians, all doing what we so yearn for, living out childhood fantasies. But they are still adults too who have their internal walls up, protecting that inner child. We all forgot what it was like to truly live freely.

Our selfish hateful actions, violence, anger, all stems from being unable to release this inner wild child. Society binds us so tight and forces us to contain who we truly are. Those thoughts of I hate children, children annoy me, are because we hate our inner self. Our disgust for the youth is an expression of own self-hatred, and I understand you more than anyone.

To despise the innocent is to deny yourself an opportunity of true outward expression. Loving children and lusting for their livelihood is the purest form of humanity. It defines who we are at the core. Innocent, loving, curious beasts of exploration. Every step is towards self fulfilment. We only look back because we want to remember the comfort of sure past, because the future only brings uncertainty.

But do not forget the child when we demand the present. Our maturity only brought guilty conscious, and an identity that is not us. Burdened by bills of utilities and water, we forget the days when all was abundant in our adolescence. Trauma was never a present problem, we always knew it was a future concern that would never affect us. Now our life forces us to pay debt we thought would never be met.

I understand your trauma and regret, because it is me and my true identity. I remember the little boy who once was but is now forced to be the man that stands today. We all muster the courage every day to repress the memories of our prequel. That is okay as long as you promise to let them come out to play one day.