

The Room

by Daniel Rosenberg

It doesn't take long to notice but time never really changes, the entering and exiting of room-to-room blends into a big mass of life. One room might be blue while the next can be an off white but in the end it is a room. A place that restricts your movements, how you think, breath, judge, hate and those 4 walls, which are sandwiched closed, determine all love. Some cages feel big while others feel small but it doesn't really make a difference you are still trapped and contained in what we have come to know as life itself.

When are we every lifted from these barricades that bar our movements? When can we actually breathe air that is non-toxic that our lungs actually feel content? Even when our life seems to escape us we still find it necessary to enclose our loved ones into a new room. The nails that shut that coffin closed or the top that seals the urn airtight are just new boundaries we cannot cross. Some say our souls evade these walls like a teenager and responsibility, but life and construction isn't so. Rules occupy our existence from birth, life and death they enclose us into this room we call the Universe.

How can one be free when rules dictate who we are and what we think? Red means angry, white gives the illusion of space while purple has feminine connotations, in any case we live by these laws and we kill and give life to them as if they were our own flesh and blood.

The pessimist will look at these walls as constraints, unable to spread their wings and fly away. Even if they could fly away the ceiling of the sun would melt their wings and they would come crashing back to reality. The optimist would view the restriction as a way to conduct their business and control who, what, where and when they are. The floor gives them support while the walls show everything, which they hold near and dear to their heart. While the ceiling demonstrates the fantastical limits they can reach.

In whatever form you look at it our world is being suffocated. The air lethargically is being seeped out and sooner or later our walls

won't be able to hold life. We pollute our room, our dwellings to the point of nonexistence. We make everything around us crumble to the ground except our barriers. Even the strong, the intelligent, the clever, the wise can never break through and reach the outside, for there will always be another wall, another room, another restriction.

