

# Personal Time

*by* Victor Luo

“I”, fuck it. I, I, I, I. It has always only been about me, this voice of mine, indivisibly me. selfishly and pompously. I shall not dispense with the false pleasantries other writers will offer, those writers that say, “Reader, look here, look at the beauty of the words I’ve created, our hearts are so similar!.” NO! What wretched lies we spew to assume similarities. It is all but a gamble for attention, fools! I am only me and you, dear Reader, are on the other side of the infinite expanse. You cannot reach me! I will shout at you, demean you, rage, but I will also weep and confess that I am the gravest of sinners, the loneliest of people, an utter cretin to boot. I do not wish to write words you will passively glide your fingers and lazy eyes over. I want to shove them down your throat until I have completely been reborn inside you, taking you over, making me immortal. I am that cruel of a person, indeed, but it is about time you discover your own cruelty. Oh, cling to morals and love, of course, they’re good and dandy. But the light was never meant to exist without shadow, and I’m here to tell you, up close and personal, that your picture of the truth is hopelessly limited. I wish to wreck you, but in doing so the pictures all become clearer.

