

## EXCERPT

I'm in a horrible storm, constantly being swayed to and fro and I have no idea what to do about anything. I'm like a little child. I'm lost, I don't know whom to trust, I don't know what makes sense as I don't know what I'm seeing or hearing. Everything could be a lie, like a mirage in the desert and I'm made to see things. I crouch down amongst all the noise, the lights, the ghosts, the nightmares, the never-ending loop of events, the doppelgängers, the closed doors, the rejection, the failures, the heartbreaks, the shattered dreams, the feeling of being an imprisoned bird or a fish out of the water, the pretence, the hypocrisy, the constant gruelling war against my flesh, and the agonizing bipolarity of my mind that seems to want to tear itself into pieces in this tug of war between the spiritual forces of good and evil and I

SCREAM....tell me, anybody, WHAT IS REAL?

Then I recall the fact and immediately in my soul, shining through and piercing the darkness and chaotic mess, I know. God is real.