

[bio: Mariana]

I'm Marius. The one that loves to explore lost pieces of classical music in the dark, take pictures, wander in the streets till they empty themselves from people completely. I love rain, empty libraries and museums, and autumn: cold autumn. In Contrast to these, my endless love for butterflies, bunnies, spending quality time in open nature and smiling at strangers, people don't consider me so much of a morally gray character.

[short description]

From the diary of one lost conductor

To live a wild, vivid dream. What a time to remember self-care. I poured my green tea. The gods pour light rain gently. The air was full of ghosts today. Foggy mornings, half-smoked cigarettes, unheard symphonies.

There's no way we can have a normal brain today.

I look at the mirror. the mirror looks back at me. I probably look horrible. I don't find myself in it. I just guess how I look. My body is less of a "temple" and more of a rotting 19th century mansion rumored to be haunted by several wicked and vengeful spirits. I'm so tired of being mature and emotionally intelligent I want to be stupid and petty and angry at whatever keeps happening to me.

Besides, there's something feminine about being dead.

Imagine the underworld. I think it's somewhere full of ghosts moving to the direction even they don't know as they've wasted their own lives in such a way. Or imagine how you're stargazing on the rooftop when summer wind kisses your neck as your lover did before leaving you. The wind is also way too feminine in my mind. Nature itself. Whatever is natural, it's feminine to me.

Some say that the kiss is the beginning of cannibalism. What if it is? You keep molecules from that person in your own mouth for six months and constantly remember how they've tasted once. Stunning horror. Imagine being a ballet dancer on a live stage when the music is playing from underneath part of the stage. There's a piano on the stage. You and the piano. You're a doll given to the evil called music that drives your body to self-destruction and mind into perfect madness. And imagine the next day of you as a dancer. You wake up in white sheets and don't recognise your surroundings. You don't remember anything. Just the music of the past day plays in your head nonstop and you start to sing, as it's all you can do now. Same evil music, same tortured body.



I've been sick in bed for a week and had ample time to think about Poulenc's "Stabat Mater". I want to conduct it before I die. And we'll hate what we've lost but we'll love what we find. How can I feel alive before hearing this? The higher spirits violating the common men just for fun. It's the day. Humans will die for the gods to rise. I'll let the gods reincarnate. I'll sacrifice myself. I'll play some soundtrack for them so they'll kill me after the performance. They're never kind and will never think you're doing great. And when you really do great they get rid of you easily. I wanna be the greatest and be murdered violently at the first moment when they rise.

Tea never healed me. I just love the bitter aftertaste. I need something beautiful now. I'll play some music. We're drunk but drinking, sunk but sinking each moment we hear the classics. They sing glorias to the dead gods. They are dead but have they ever lived? Have they ever walked on the jelly ground, drunk bitter tea and questioned unfair luck? Did they admire beautiful music? Did they even consider beautiful what we do? Have they ever stopped themselves near the bridge right a moment before sunset to enjoy the moment when the city gets covered by the curtain of inhumane evil?

[short description]

Little stories of the previous year. Some are real, others are not.

It's March, I have not written anything, it's raining but it seems the dried ink has morphed itself into an umbrella; the pen which once used to write odes to the season, now it feels the monsoon refuses to drench the shell I have become. Shell of my own miseries.

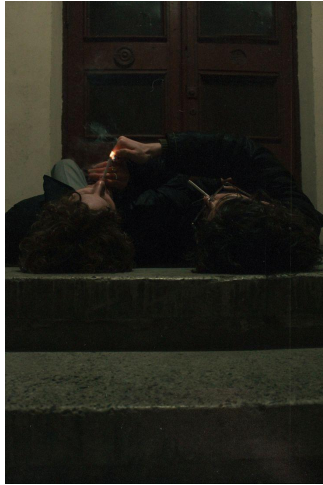
I've been smoking cigarettes by the dozen to drown out this demon voice, so evolved as primate, the mate of another odd descent, etched within these walls, bloodstains and paintings, vast poetry transcribed from the mouth of the most high, these torturous images of life's darkened imagery, an eloquent epic told by folk mystics lost in mystery. Myself, an endless cycle, an agony, an awareness, to conquer my own and to rebuild these tragic details, lost in the abyss of sorrow, weeping tears like angels guarding tombstones of fallen figures, cosmic residue leaking through the pores of tragedy itself. Our lives are so vastly monotonous now, our bones urge for the freedom of flight, without second thoughts, these are my final words: to seek conflict and raise up the walls, and in some great, inner act of jeopardy, weaken those walls and overcome such conflict, for faith always lies in an act of forgiveness, not in an act of armament. Disband and rebuild, forever and always, the cosmic arc of another lost membrane.

I miss childish, close friendships. I miss adding new people to my close friends list. I miss feeling my heart beat faster as I approach a friend I haven't seen in a long time. I miss feeling comfortable enough to lay down on someone and let them play with my hair. I'm sure we're all touch starved, but I feel so alone in this. Everyone seems to be going out, having fun, and my happiness seems to be wasting away as I spend yet another day alone.



Us: both with half-dead gazes, waiting near the half-open window to get the fresh, mid-February-afternoon icy oxygen into our lungs, drinking the blood-tasting, oddly strong, sot pomegranate juice. Your eyes reflect the non-existent dreamworld, reflect the danger of the ocean and peace of summer wind before the sunset. You bury the sun in the reflection of your eyes. You feel in peace that the universe still exists, that the stars still shine. The reflection in my eyes try to find myself in yours. Such odd stuff to do. In my head we are playing our roles in some tragedy's third act. We are the main characters. No one else is important. I have this

narcissistic personality, yet I don't feel bad about it. Do you, my love? I do feel bad that the plot of this film seems way too long. It has too many conflicts. I can't deal with it anymore.



I remember that evening in August. First time I realized how beautiful you are under the dying rays of sunshine. We were sitting somewhere high, in open nature. New moon was showing up slowly and we were talking about some silly things. That day I understood how important you are to me. How I feel about you. But, of course, my silly soul didn't believe I could be in love with you. How's that even possible? We're ghosts, both of us, but we wander around just to find each other. I saw the bright sunrise of your greenish eyes. The sunbeams of it gave me the warmth that I have been craving all this time. And I wanted to be blessed by them. For all the sins I have done and will surely do.