

## **Society**

*We are all prisoners of this construct called society. We are born into it, raised by it and we will die being part of it. There is no way out, we are trapped in it forever. It is everywhere around us, every single person we meet is part of it, everything we do is because of it. We act as society expects us to act, we think how society expects us to think, and, finally, we love how society expects us to love.*

*Many people spend their lives with never even thinking about it, about what makes them do specific things. Some however do begin to realise how fake it all is. They say we have the freedom of speech, but do we really? Are we able to say whatever we want? In theory we are, the reality however is completely different. Not many people would even consider saying something that is not agreed to by society. I AM SO SICK OF IT! I just want to be who I am, not just in my head but in my daily life. I need to finally free myself of the chains that were put on my with the first breath I ever took .I feel like I'm drowning in those expectations everybody seems to have in me, in those thoughts they have regarding me. They can't let me be who I truly am as it would endanger their comfortable lives, they would actually need to start thinking by themselves. Yet here I am, typing all those words, disobeying the rules. I'm breaking free from the norm, even if it is merely a few thoughts written down on a sheet of paper, even if it's just for a few people to see. Albeit, changing society is impossible, for if I tried to change it the way I desire it to be, all I'd do is creating a new prison for other individuals.*

*The problem about society is that it is inevitable as it exists wherever human beings live together in a community. The only way of experiencing something close to personal freedom is writing for yourself, composing for no one to hear, painting for no one to see and traveling to experience as many different countries as possible. It hence means not having any close contacts, never staying somewhere long enough to feel at home, to feel comfortable. Because the minute you start caring about others, society has you in its claws.*

*Is life without love or friends however really something to wish for?*

anonym