

Walls

If we are selfish, if we please ourselves, do we really please ourselves?
Do we end up bitter, despising our selfishness and finding trust elusive?

So, we try to please others, but that does not please us

As we don't do as we please

Do we really try to please others?

Or are we just afraid of their displeasure?

Fear rules:

Of hurting ourselves or others

Making mistakes, losing money

Finding or losing love

Being alone, growing old

Death or of life itself

Fear that stops us moving forward, dread that protects us

From making the wrong decisions or the right decisions

Are we really ever ourselves

Or just projections of our fears and inhibitions?

We build walls to protect ourselves, but too often walls without doors

Damaging ourselves and others trying to break through

Once we are out we fear the open spaces

So we build different walls, forgetting that a wall is a wall

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