Hey honey. It’s my birthday and Christmas as well.

To Be Born

…is success already. Don’t you think?

Passing all of those (momentary) unknown gates, thresholds, craving of a soul to be born, to be living in this exact aspect of manifested universe… Cause there are many manifestations. That is what we already know. Can you imagine that once as a soul you were crazy and totally determined about coming to Earth. There was no other choice for you, which was your craving, your longing… you fought among other cosmic directions to choose this one that you are heading. Everything was followed by acceptance of given conditions. You were feeling grateful, you were celebrating Life the best way that it can be celebrated – you came to life in some shape. You were embodied. Pure creation. That is what you are.

I would like to write about appreciation. Of that life, of that amazing and truly glorious moment of creation. Oh celebration that you shall exist, breathe, inhale, exhale, have heartbeats. The pure existence. Nothing more and there’s no less, or what?

I see our lives, this sanctuary of opportunity to exist all wrapped up in shit. Like a Christmas gift. Wrapped up in a shiny shit. For me, maybe there is nothing more sacred than existence, life as it is. Everything else than life is an accessory, if you ask me. Still, with this unbreakable fact that we are living our lives, we are spending, using this existence, we actually live among shiny shit. Are you following me? And we do different kinds of different shit with that shit. And sometimes (or rather often) we make shit out of that same shit. Then we complain. Like you and me. We cannot bare facing shit face to face. Unfortunately we are too experienced and too intelligent not to face that shit. So we are where we are. Sometimes it seems to me that the only purity of our souls happens among our conversation. This openness and honesty we have, and it’s even comprehensible, haha! That makes us a success story, my friend. We are indeed an example of real success! But, mostly when we are writing to each other. I mean, would you marry me? No, we would hate each other then. A family institutionalised. Still scary for me.

Oh my god, my dog farted! Save me this shit! ☺

I shall loosen up. I will really do that. I’m really about to do the only thing that I’m momentary interested in. Because I can. And it’s my wonderful birthday, after all. So, the only attractive option for me now is to travel Far East. I’m keen on nothing but travel. I have some money, not a lot. But, I believe enough.

I want to give myself opportunities. Not like my surroundings. It is a terrible fact that I’m surrounded by people who don’t give themselves opportunities to explore life and the glorious beauty of existence. For me that is a true problem. Of theirs, luckily, and of most people. Not mine and not mine any more. This is a birthday present I give myself. I am leaving alone. Travelling alone. No co-passengers. Just those I meet next to my seat.

I have nothing (truly nothing) to search in here anymore. I mean, here where I am living and from where I am leaving. Maybe there are some good last minute offers? Who knows, hopefully, because it’s my right minute! ☺

Happy birthdays to us Magda, we possess no shiny shit at least at this electronic piece of paper.

LOVE,

Iva