

In my journey, I stand alone. People surround me, but I go unnoticed.
I walk from one point to another, the world a remote place.
The world in my mind is more unusual, but secure. I know that world.

I watch through the lens of my camera, seeing an image strangely different from
the one through my eyes. Captured is something distant. Inaccessible and
abstracted. Something in which I am not included but somehow a part of.

I am imprisoned within a paradox of being both inside and outside. I can only
go far enough before being wrenched back into my mind. It holds me back.
Deep in thought, I go through actions. Actions which are part of the outside world.
Thoughts which are part of the inside world. I love it. I hate it. It consumes me.

I could break away from this restraint. Become my alter ego. I can break;
free myself of my mind's chains. Never look back...

But I can't.

So I watch, taking part in something that will abide regardless of my actions,
your actions. A world I can only capture momentarily before it carries on.
The only world I am left with is the one in my mind. But I know that world.