Conversation with the Existential

Trevor Taylor

In the basement of café’s he talks to dead philosophers. Conversations with Kierkegaard, Hegel, and Nietzsche with no one else near

His mind steeps, like tea, into thick air. Defusing his thoughts until highly concentrated

On the Sisyphean task of monstrous freedom. The beast that devours all people because only he can be happy.

Such anxious thoughts bring agony as well as authenticity. The hidden gem of human existence. More easily seen as arrogance.

A crumbling will to power soon finds what does not kill us, comes back to finish the
job later.
Like Christ’s second coming
He lied to himself about knowing where was his soul.
Rationality, a known killer, was just asking for a friend.
Yelling at himself he realised that truth wears more than just one face.
Deciding delicately the appropriate expression like an artist picking paints
The colours he chose or thought he chose to see, he hoped one day would bleed into one.