



I don't give a fuck

## Description

Not a provocative title. Simply a bit of an uncensored self-expression. I am not good in censoring myself and I think you've already noticed that so let's move on.

So here's the loop:

It's been weeks now that I do not give a fuck about what I do in my present life. My professional life I mean. I have some ideas for items. My editor will love them, I know. I write for her editing for a decade, more or less. And I no longer give a fuck about doing it further. When I sit down and do it at the end, it would turn out nice, and I would feel relieved to finally have it done. It will be good stuff too and produce a lot of traffic and of course many likes, perhaps even some influence. It will do good in the world, all in all. And I am so lucky to do things that overall do good in this world.

If a woman will suddenly ask me to join her to give birth, I'd be happy and I'll do it and it would be nice. It is good to do good .

But, well, I do not give a fuck about it right now. (And thank you dear future mothers that do not contact me at the moment. Better to choose another doula currently . It is nice for me to know that the collective internal consciousness is watching and is being watched ).

On the other hand, every time I have work tasks (which is evidently " all the time ! ) I feel uncomfortable doing things that are not work during time that is supposed to be my working hours. Uncomfortable? Dead guilty to be more precise.

I cannot scratch from myself a crumb of internal motivation to change the world. I cannot bring myself to write another post that will make a change and everyone will say "if you did not exist, someone should have invented you". I can no longer do the thing I've started a decade ago and determinately called "my purpose" and now is mostly just a job. My head has already quantum leaped its way to somewhere. The questions that interest me are now completely different.

How will my Natives, which for the moment freak me out in a less than twenty minutes drive every morning to school, behave on long long waits for various means of transportation and all the things that come bound together with such a journey ?

Is The One going to burst out upon them more or less than now ? Am I .. ?

Can we really be together all the time? All of us .. ?

Shall we travel to Thailand and then to India, or to Majorca and then to Thailand and then to India , then to the Philippines or India .. ? Does it matter ?

**Category**

1. The Red Pill

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