

29/07/09

### Floating

Floating above the city I admired the calmness that seeped upwards, into the atmosphere that engulfed me. It is said a city never sleeps: this city was, however, sound asleep, breathing heavily into a deep coma of serenity. At least, on the face of things it was serene; and had I not risen above the chaos – albeit of my own mind – to escape the noise and embrace a rare moment of stillness? I came to one conclusion: not simply does the city *breed* the stresses of societal debauchery – the city imprisoned it. Somewhere - behind walls, doors and windows - the erratic pulse of an urban nature beats its ugly drum, a mixture of love; hatred; happiness; misery; ecstasy; rage; despondency and indifference (to name just a few). I could have stayed up there forever, wrapped myself in quiet content, and deceived myself with illusions of amity: but what goes up must come down.