

"What keeps me alive?"

A response to [Stephen's video](#) by Nicholas.

I saw [Stephen's video](#) and I wanted at first to just explain how words are what they are,

Though how my sadness could not have been contained in the confines of an utterance made of text, or plain words—when my mind was everything, but ordinary—and so I figured I would be disagreeing with Stephen's video of thoughts made of speech made of logic, made to be at peace with its sensical ordinances, yet I still had hope in his message of creativity, so I waited through the video to its second awakening, that of my mind patterned and understood for its abstractions and asymmetric poetics. Stephen's second half of the video relieved me of his prescriptive jargon and kept me playful and safe in the confinement of my own expressive modalities, be them rhythmic movements through sounds, revealing reality!

So how does this relate to suicide prevention or suicide attention? Listening attunes one's own mind to breath. When the suffocation of tides telling me what's wrong with me becomes too much, perhaps I feel deadened inside, and it is through the liberation of the touch of my mind to the air of reality, that I can be heard, and I can be kept afloat afoot the many emotions of love dangling from the moon,

To get lost in the moment for what it is,

Like words, as they are...