

The question of why?

This sensation is beyond my powers of description; when all seems genuine yet simultaneously contrived, I yearn for transformation, yet find myself ensnared within a reality to which I have been unwillingly subjected, despite my aversion to it and my longing for a vastly altered existence. I ponder, should I meet my demise, shall I return to life and retain the recollections of my former existence, or will it be otherwise? Will the fabric of life resemble what it is now, or shall it manifest in a wholly divergent manner? Might I inhabit the form of a creature in this yet unknown existence? Pray, does such a thing as creatures truly exist in this new life?

-M