

At the moment I write, the moment is lost, the thoughts, the feelings, the sensations are lost as I try to preserve them in words. This preservation is an attempt to translate sensations to words. A preservation that alters form, a translation that translate only the part that is speakable, they speak the words of incompleteness.

I am a writer. I write no stories, except one, mine. But I also don't even write my story, they are as boring and exciting as any stories. My story transformed into words as I put my thoughts in articulation. But my story is never fully transformed into words. Wait, I think I can do it, just for this time: I spend my life sleeping and eating, I like to play mobile games in the toilet so that's also a big part of my life. So where did the thought-provoking introduction of this article come from? Ahh, they came from about 1% of my life, and you should not care about them because me, this very existence should be best encapsulated by what I do usually. This is so tiring for this is the first time I ever write about my story. In fact, now I am regretting sharing my story to you, my story is boring and my past tells you nothing about me. In fact, I am not even making a point, I hate articulation because it limits our imagination. If I cannot say it out, does it mean that the thought I am thinking about now is unclear or not-well-developed yet? I also hate telling stories because stories are easy to provoke emotions but that's cheating, experiences are untranslatable into words, story is always only part of the story! So what do I write? I write the words of the unordered, chaos, non-sense, current. I never produce anything meaningful unless you make my work meaningful in your mind, I am only re-enacting the chaos in my brain. In fact, I am creating chaos, bringing, exposing the chaos underlying all the order we see on the surface.

I write in order to think, I do not write for the sake of writing or presenting my brilliant work, although I will still publish it. I actually do not consider myself a writer. I am a thinker. I like to think without words in my mind, I like to draw connections between different ideas, concepts, theories in different fields of knowledge in my head. They have no form in my brain. I am always asked to present them with the form of words, of signs. But I always try to refuse talking, because there's never a word, a sentence, a paragraph that can totally encapsulate what I am thinking about. I could only use words to describe to the nearest what I am thinking about. I hate talking, because I am forced to talk as if the words that I am talking about entails exactly what I want them to mean. In fact, sometimes I confuse myself that I am talking in congruent to what I am thinking about. The more I talk, the more my thinking becomes formal, becomes limited by the words, becomes stable, they ceed to be able to mean differently. However, I like talking because others always misunderstand what I am saying, and from this point on, my thinking start seeing the possibility that my words, my thoughts could be meant differently, they ceed to be stable.