

# Life in String

by

Justin A Barron

Woot!  
only two mistakes!



written in 12/25/09

String, even if you tighten one end, theres always one that comes lose. Meaning nothing is perfect and even if you do tighten it all and it is perfect, you end up having to change it eventually, thus messing it all up. You tighten it by adding more to it and sometimes the string snaps, losing everything in that area and losing some in others. Sure you can tighten it back up by adding more or redoing the string but no matter what, its never the same. It changes like all things in life, until it shapes into a picture that was hidden, waiting to be found. Every string has a purpose, just like people do. Some snap to give a new meaning in view. Using the snapped string to tie it to a new one, for making a new point in its direction. By following the string with a finger you find that you often come to a crossroad, a split, or a four, or five, even an eight way crossing. The choices we make. Some strings are lose and skinny, some are doubled in string but may still be lose, others are still thin but strongly tighten. Some lead to any and everywhere, some can lead to nowhere but dead ends. When you look at it from on top you'll see something. On the ~~bottom~~ another, even at eye level will you see something. But different in every way, in every point of view you'll see something different and new every time all the time. Meanings, Choices, purpose, change, even point of view, all learned from this. Pointless at first, a simple task of tying random patterns of string, became something so much more. Deep meanings are everywhere, we just need to open our minds to see it. I found it in string, where will you find it?

~ JB

To the readers

This was really inspired by tying string. I was in ~~Irwin~~ Irwin County Jail when I wrote this. Tying shredded pieces of string from a towel, from one bunk to another. I was in Disciplinary at the time, known as the shu or the whole. I was so bored as P.C. (Protective Custody) I did anything just to pass time. At one point I actually tied myself in a corner. The officers thought I was the weirdest they ever saw, trapped in my own web of string. Lol

The sky, a brilliant color of cresson  
The sky, a brilliant color of cresson  
The sky, a brilliant color of cresson  
The sky, a brilliant color of cresson  
The sky, a brilliant color of cresson

The sky, a brilliant color of cresson

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

