

email2god

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Hey B.G,

In the midst of thinking about stuff, I can't shake off memories from back in the day. I'm kinda worried, you know? It's subtle, like the weight of hoisting steel beams onto my beloved's shoulders with unspoken expectations. I'm craving a connection as solid as a well-built foundation - as solid as the concrete we pour - where we can be real without all the guesswork.

But then, I got this other thing bugging me. I'm afraid of unintentionally jackhammering away at my true self or bending under the pressure to fit the construction codes. It's like walking on a steel beam high above the ground, and I could really use your celestial guidance, like a crane navigating through the complex scaffolding of affection

God help me to lay down a foundation where emotions flow like perfectly mixed cement, unrestricted and pure. Let's break through the earthly constraints of distance and time, constructing a celestial architecture where we can, in our most sturdy form, stand tall.

Amen.

x



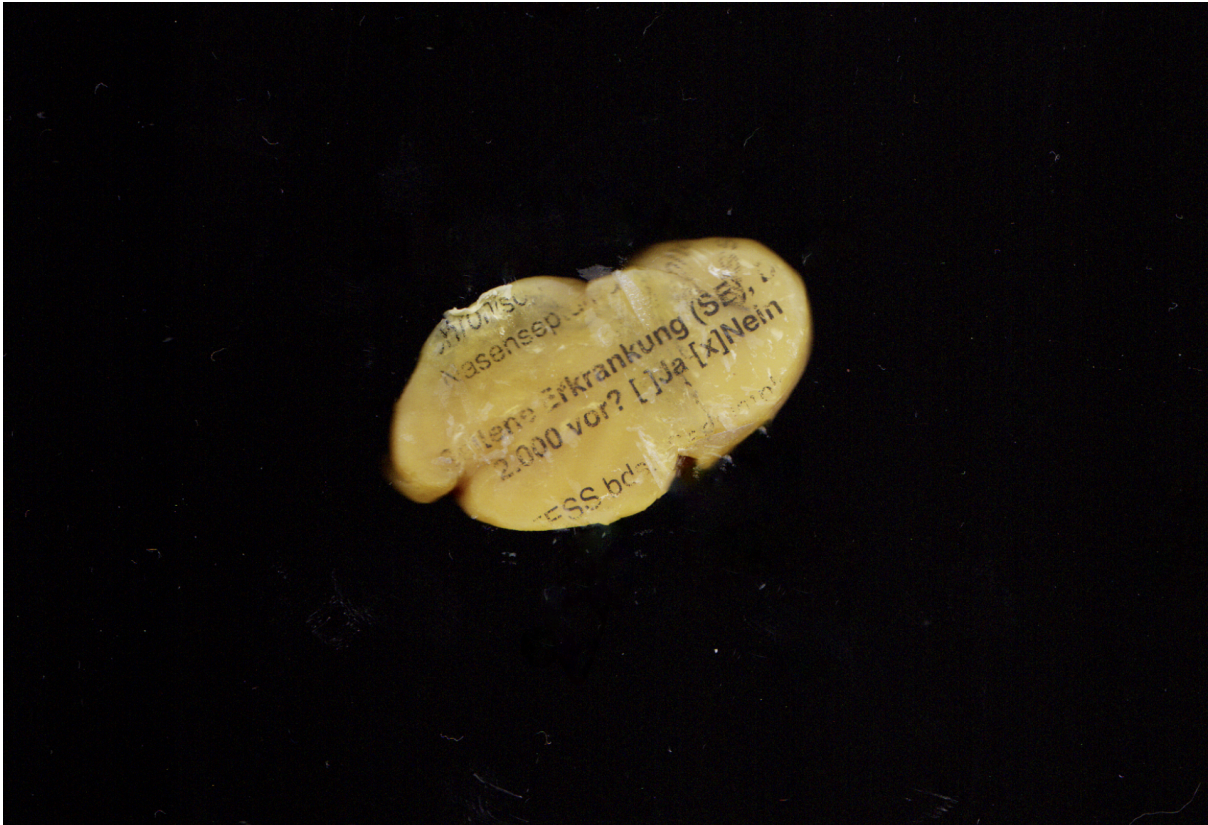
God,

In the labyrinth of existence, I find myself wrestling with the echoes of *Nausea*. As I grapple with the notions of authenticity and the seemingly arbitrary nature of life, I am compelled to pose an inquiry that echoes the Nausea's profound feeling: In the vast array of life, where the absurdity of being and the constant quest for meaning converge, do we possess an inherent purpose, or are we condemned to navigate a nihilistic void, filled with images that we are unable to stop, creating our own subjective meaning in a universe devoid of inherent significance? Temptation is such a privilege, think about those who don't have the ability to be tempted, those who are martyrs for the temptations of others, things you can buy, when it's just hunger and fear, you don't get the space to want anything else. Temptation deep in the psyche, a trick played by the devil to control you away from the things you should be doing.

I seek not a definitive answer but rather a cosmic dialogue, a reflection on the essence of our being in this vortex of shit.

With profound curiosity,

x



Dear G,

I find myself immersed in a torrent of thoughts and reflections. The time has come to turn on the fountain, to let the waves wash away excess heat and air. Amidst the shattered windows, creased concrete, there's a longing for cessation through mediated contact and communication. We wonder: Can the wounds of the past truly be healed? Is a filled hole as supportive as the wall it originated from? These questions linger as repair work commences, not merely hiding damage but investing in restoring the wall's initial potential for support. As I navigate this journey, a bee, the queen, buzzes persistently. A responsibility presents itself, a yearning to pull her through the crowd, to be close and connected. Yet, the buzzing bee symbolizes more—a drone capable of wandering, collecting, and motivating. The addiction to motivation, the internal transformations sought, raise questions about where energy flows when it doesn't find an outlet. Can trust be rebuilt, or is it merely a scaffold over a ruin? Does the repair solidify the ruin, or does it leave a crack, a fault covered but lingering beneath the surface? Explosions of suffering seem inevitable, yet blame finds no place here, people are weary to point fingers in any direction. In an intricate ballet of transformation, will the cracks reveal yolk and corn, a super mega banana in Los Angeles? An imported treasure, migrant-owned, holding the key to my bones—a small skeleton with a broken yet fitting locking mechanism. I pour out these musings, seeking not just answers but the divine guidance to navigate this complex dance of life.

With introspection and seeking,

x



Dear God,

In the tapestry of existence, echoes of political assassinations and barricaded paths resonate. Nothing seems capable of halting this relentless force, akin to a vaulted floor in a vast room, unyielding like a die-hard explosion.

As time unfolds, the convergence and divergence of paths become a recurrent theme. Love is a constant discourse, yet the question lingers: Can a world confined within transcend its boundaries? Can emails save the world, if only in essence?

Amidst optimism and the trappings of luxury, the concern arises: Will judgment manifest, or is it an unfounded fear? The world built within, painted with gray and brown lines, becomes a refuge not from the past but from the weight of solitude.

Yet, exhaustion prevails, someone always growing cold and distant. In the realm of extremes, a speckled kitty mirrors the oscillations of closeness and distance. Amidst this ebb and flow, I find solace in a constant drifting benevolence, akin to the function of addiction or faith. In the grand mosaic, one image becomes a god, and faith takes on various forms.

With contemplation and seeking.

x

"Come As You Are"

Come as you are, as you were,
As I want you to be
As a friend, as a friend, as an old enemy.
Take your time, hurry up
The choice is yours, don't be late.
Take a rest, as a friend, as an old memoria
Memoria [x3]

Come dowsed in mud, soaked in bleach
As I want you to be
As a trend, as a friend, as an old memoria
Memoria [x3]

And I swear that I don't have a gun
No I don't have a gun [x2]

Memoria [x4]

And I swear that I don't have a gun
No I don't have a gun [x5]

Memoria

<https://youtu.be/0Bbf8cA-sfE>

