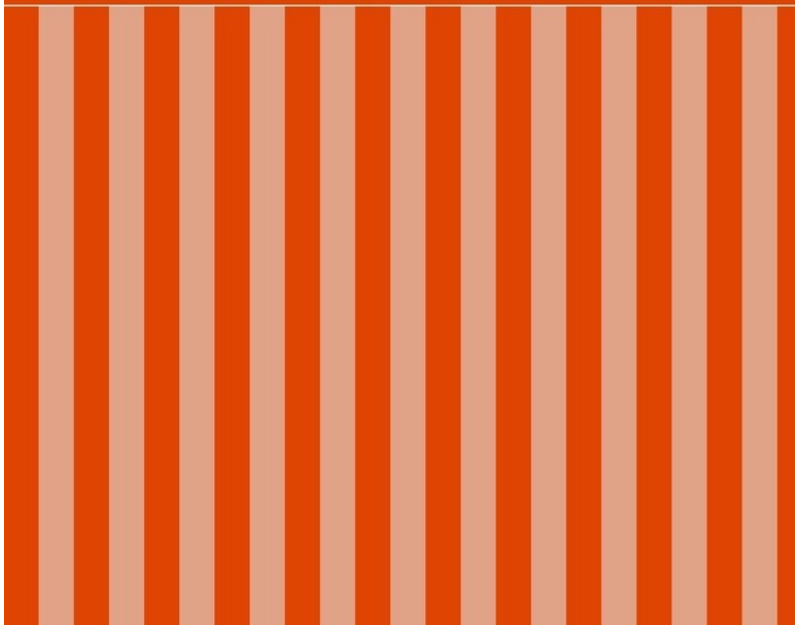


Армине Аракян

*Размышления  
в тему и без*



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### **Аннотация**

Книга содержит размышления автора на русском и английском языках, чисто философский подход. Что мы чувствуем, как и почему – мыслим ли мы все одинаково? Что такое любовь? Верно ли, что любовь одна, а объекты любви – разные.

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# **Размышления в тему и без Армине Аракян**

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## Может быть когда-нибудь...

Наконец-то зарегистрировала себя в ЖЖ! Почему это было важно? Скажу! Ведь уже не секрет, что я намереваюсь-таки начать свою книгу и никак не начну в силу многих многих многих причин. Есть так много чего рассказать, что не знаю – все впихнуть в одну книжку или разбить все это дело на серию книг. Но вот не дай бог еще уподобиться злосчастным писакам, которые выпускают книги по какой-то формуле, иначе их не назовешь! Так как нормальную книжку надо выстрадать, выносить, родить наконец. Вот наверное с помощью этого ЖЖ наберусь наконец храбрости и начну мало-по-малу высказываться по поводу и без. И если мне самой моя писанина не надоест, то не надоест и тебе – мой читатель, а посему – будет иметь смысл начать книжку. Зачем я все это вам говорю? Да потому что хочу чтоб ты гордился мной когда-нибудь – когда я уже буду знаменитой, и мой блог за меня будут вести другие, а я буду где то на необитаемом острове в поисках музыки на новый шедевр. А ты бы мог сказать что читал мой самый первый пост в ЖЖ – дескать стоял у самых истоков. Нескромно? Естественно. Я и не претендовала никогда на эту добродетель. Да и вообще – что такое добродетель? На любителя: Кому-то скромность добродетель а кому-то гадкое, напускное, выдуманное, нелюбезное, чужое понимание оной. До скорого!

# How is your last winter night?

...last minutes and hours of another winter ticking away in the room, with me sitting in the middle of the ticking wall-clock and another movie, another best one. So many people around, each in their own cells, surrounded by their own cell-guards waiting their next day as a punishment. But there is going to be no next day. There is no next day. There is one endless today. Today is endless. Every day is today and every day while we wait for the next day to come. The next day will bring with itself nothing but another today. It is spring ladies and gentlemen! How do you spend your last winter night? Getting ready for another busy day? Running somewhere for getting something? Why? For what? Do not hurry. Tomorrow never comes. I love listening to the clock-ticking. It is a mechanical proof of time passing by. Or rather of us passing by the time. We pass by each other without counting days. Without counting the hours we spend together on this tiny planet among the huge system where we are not alone for sure. We are lonely, but not alone. Why one cannot choose? There is always choice to stay or to go? To smile or to stay grim? To wait, or to run away? I want to wait. I want to smile. I want to stay. Welcome – the last winter night!

Location: Армения, Ереван

# **Dont give me piece of your mind. All I need is peace of mind**

Somewhere far away in the universe lives my soul. I know who took it away and I don't mind because he needs it more than I do. It has to go that far to come back to me improved and to teach me things I still don't know. Learned to stop asking the question «why» because no one who could answer is near. No one who could look into my eyes and give me the answers to one or two of my «why"s. It does not make sense anyway, because the moment you find the answers the questions change:) the quote is not mine but it is totally my case. I love this life and this life seems to love me back with all its heart. This is the philosophy I am living with and this is the truth I believe in. Everyone believes his own god. I believe that my soul is in safe hands now because I miss it so much. Who sent my body here and forgot to attach me to all the necessary attributes I need to go on with? I don't know but whoever did it, was a Master:) There is one thing I know for sure. Nothing makes sense, so no need to find sense in everything. Do not rationalize, just do what makes you feel happy and does not make others unhappy. These are both equal values I live with. If someone has better answers I will be glad to... CONSIDER. But not change. If I change, I will get lost, because the path is clearer now than ever, and the light is

visible. I yearned for peace of mind, and I got it. Where is my soul now? Did you get your peace of mind? Was this what you wanted, my soul? I hope so, because otherwise I want you back to safety with me. I will not let anyone hurt you any more:.

## **It all started on a strange rainy day**

It all started on a strange rainy day when she was getting back home in a taxi. It all started strange. The taxi driver warned that he is short of petrol, but she never minded it. She was in a hurry home though as a rule she always found excuses and reasons to be late. More time to her own self as usual. The selfishness in her sometimes scared her but she learned to live in comfort with her own self for her own sake. Anyway the taxi driver was not only short of petrol, but also very talkative which she sometimes hated. Not that she was not sociable enough to find two words to exchange with a regular taxi driver. But not today. Today she was asking herself thousands of questions at once: that guy she had in mind for those few days: she felt very strange attraction towards him. He was not uttering a single word to her during the time they were sharing the same society (let's call it like that for now). But yet he seemed to be watching her intently all the time, even when she was not conscious of his existence. Probably he interested her because he was so aloof and so laconic. Probably she was always attracted by the strange and unknown? Well she was not positioned to judge now.

Something was definitely going wrong with the taxi. The petrol was heading towards the critical mark and she knew they had still half the way to go. She was nervous but she knew that she

would reach home and she wanted to speak to him soon enough on the net. Probably that's why she took the bad taxi in a bad weather.

The badness of weather revealed itself immediately when she thought about it. It was drizzling when she took the taxi, and it became all of a sudden to pour as hell. She never saw such a rain in all her life. In less than 15 minutes the streets reminded of grey, dirty, cold rivers running down the street to an unknown, dirtier solace. What else could happen to worsen her mood? True, my reader. The petrol. He ran out of the entire petrol before they were almost there. In other weather conditions she wouldn't mind at all, but now those 500 meters seemed an eternity to her, with no help arriving, and no hope for the rain to cease. So she had to make the choice again. Impatience was a virtue with her, so she took the harder way.

She ran out of the taxi and appeared knee-high in water almost. She immediately was soaked to the skin and her tiny blouse sort of disappeared on her body, leaving her transparently naked in the middle of the street. But she walked on and was sure she was doing right. It all began today she knew it. She was sure it was a new start and this rain was washing away all the past, the unnecessary waste of it all. The guy was watching her intensely as if trying to read her mind. She was resolute to help him read it. Or at least leaf some pages. She knew that the deeper he read

on, the farther he would sink into the eternity of her own self and would lose his own self. She was scared for him. But she was selfish. And she wanted him to try.

She finally found her way home. How? Oh, yeah, some strange man gave him a short ride to her house on his car. She didn't bother to ask his name, or to say thanks, she had other thoughts materializing in her mind. She was talking to him in her mind all the time and when she turned on her pc and he was online, she thought it was the sign. He should know how adventurous was her comeback today. She wanted him to go on looking at her even when she was away. She wanted him to know that even when she was far away, she wanted him to watch over her. He inspired trust. And she felt safer with him watching. It all started on a strange rainy day.

## Forever came too soon

Sometimes she woke up in the nights as if pushed by someone. She knew she woke up because he had been thinking of her in his sleep or because he was in some kind of distress and just called her name in the dark. She was getting mad? Perhaps. There is no way she could check it, because she stopped realizing what is mad and what is normal. She had to follow her heart and her heart was misleading her. It was so misleading that she was running away from her heart insanely. She had to. Otherwise she would never stop waking up at nights, smelling him, seeing him, feeling the warm and damp air around her, the smell of breeze, only because of the vicinity of the sea. He hated sea. Why? Because he hated everything that was always near....she wanted to be always near, and he hated her for that. He knew that proximity kills the feeling. But distance kills the heart. It was assassinating her soul day by day, night after night. She craved for salvation. She knew it would not come, but she still prayed that one day she would stop feeling her heart. That one day she would stop dreaming of impossible. Dreaming of him, who was happy all by himself. Who was looking for someone who is also happy by herself. She was not that one. She wanted to see him in the mirror of her soul as she always did. She knew that he will never do it. Because it is scary when you look at someone and see your own self. It is scary but it is everyone's dream. She was scared because her that

dream came true. She met him. And he met her. And she did the biggest mistake in her life. She let him look into her eyes... and he looked. She had only one hope: **SHE ALSO LOOKED BACK!** That is the reflection which will stay forever. For both of them.

## **So this is how it works...**

I've been wondering what happens to love in universe? The theory says that all our thoughts and words are materialized. So the question is – where goes all the love inside me? Which planet it feeds? What it transforms into? Why I cannot see what happens to my years and years and years dedicated to loving the life? Probably this is the response to the question – what is life? Probably life is granted to you because of someone else's love? Just this way – my love has granted life to some of creatures on this planet... The saying goes God is love. So our love is the Creator? so our love is responsible for what we see around? People hate now more than they love and hence so many people die for nothing... We all have that duty on this planet. To love. This is the source of continuity in everything. The day we all stop loving, the Earth will come to end. My darling... u say you do not believe in love. You are confessing to me that you do not believe in God... Because Love is god, and god is Love:) I have not seen my love materialize in universe but I have reasons to believe that it goes a long way and finds its way to new life. This is the true connection with the universe. This is the true way of doing the right thing. Just be responsible for what you feel. And feel what is to be felt without remorse. It is a gift to you. Indeed you are so largely endowed with this gift...

# Living passion

Have you ever felt this overpowering, inhuman, breathtaking passion raising in you? Can you imagine yourself sitting in a small room with your beloved one without any hint to intimacy, and yet feel how the inner you opens its eyes and looks into his eyes through yours. May be it is then that the electricity paralyzes you entirely and you can hear your body breathing, your heart beating, your eyes looking nowhere near him, but clearly seeing him in front of you? Have you sensed the inevitable? It happens when your inner self depicts clearly the picture of the following few hours to your subconscious. You see with clarity the tide of passion swiping you away and actually feel what is happening to you. This is probably the true moment of connection with universe when the grateful universe wishing to thank you for the ability to FEEL allows you to see what will happen NOW. Have you felt how the torrent emerging from your entire personality electrifies him and he is sitting there waiting for you to take full power over his emotions? Have you ever felt how you gradually fill him with yourself, to the brink, and it is THEN that you see yourself in his eyes and you know that the magic is there. The magic of conversation of souls. The magic of energy and impulse. Have you not always dreamed of this feeling? The feeling of living passion? The feeling of yielding in all your powers in order to become as strong as the universe

itself? I love this feeling. I LIVE this feeling. I dream of dying with this feeling. This is all that matters. This is all that remains. This is all that is true. Everything else is derivative. Everything else is «because of» not «for». Some people are lucky to know the reason. I am HAPPY to know the way. I love this life.

# inter alia

What a strange weekend... I've been watching movie after movie till my eyes hurt enough to remind me of Visine and of the need to switch it off and go to sleep. I was watching movies which I never watched before. Movies which aroused nothing but disgust before. But now they aroused nothing in me. I watched Cargo 200, perhaps the blackest movie I have ever watched. I watched Morphine... another hopeless story which proves the senselessness and vanity and needlessness of all our efforts to pretend that we are better than we are in reality... Why those movies did not touch me today? I was watching bloody scenes, not visual graphics like in horror films, but really bloody scenes of amputation, of real living maniac doing god knows what... I was watching it without blinking an eye, without even holding breath... NO, please, the movies were PERFECT! Balabanov is one of the best movie-makers of the world, perhaps equal to Tarantino in his grotesqueness. This is not what matters. The matter is with me. I am scared of it. This is the indifference. The self-destroying indifference towards everything happening. As if it all happens to someone else, not me. The reluctance to move, to speak, to act, to learn, to smile. Getting back to the state of trance, waiting the end to come. Waiting the last day as a solace. Starting to cry, but holding back tears, as if ashamed of my own momentary weakness. Waking up, hoping for the end

of the day. Going to work, hoping for the time to run home and get shut down in the safety of my own bedroom. Psychologists would give this syndrome some clever name. I do not care how it is called. I do not even care how it is felt. I do not care if it will end or not. I do not want to know where it started and why. I am not angry. I am not sad. I am not happy. I am not grieved. I am not. I AM not. Running from myself somewhere! But myself is chasing me, clinging to me, not letting me go, not letting me escape. Oh yes. And I did not listen to music today. Nor did I yesterday. And the day before yesterday. Three days without music. And with Balabanov. Can we call this a punishment of some kind? I think we could. Myself is chasing me non-stop... Myself is cruel. Myself hates me and wants to hurt me. And the one who can save me is very far away, busy acting himself out. Acting so talentlessly, so miserably that I hate myself for letting him in. He does not let me go. He holds me. His silence is chasing me together with myself. I have two enemies: Myself and his misery. We are so similar to each other in our chase. I almost let him catch me. I almost did that – but he did not believe me. He will never believe that I was in his hands, with myself. With the best in me. Such a strange weekend it was. A strange weekend with strange impressions and strange visions. A horrible runaway from myself. It hurts so much. When will you come and take this pain away? I am waiting. I know I must wait. I know you are there and you do not let me go. Do not cry. You are crying my tears away too.

# For no reason

I woke up with the sense of its being over. The door to green and intimidatingly beautiful night when the stars were so near while we were sitting on a rocking chair, is closed. The door to my heart-room where I store all our small secrets. Nobody knows about them. Nobody knows that you exist. I never enjoyed keeping this a secret as much as now. It is so much mine that sharing it with anyone destroys a piece of it. I will store our every secret in my heart-room, but will not be able to give it back to you. So forget about them all. Live on. Live on the way you can. Live on without me in your eyes. Without my hands on your pulse. Without your eyes on me. Stop keeping them on me. I do not want to feel them any more. They are false. The falsehood is in your every word and move and effort. Do not need to know anything. I have enough to keep myself going till the end of my days. I have had enough of it all. So much feeling, so much ability to feel, God. Why have you endowed me so much? Why I must feel so much? Why cannot I live like the plants or animals who only follow their voice and do not even stop to care. Make me stop to care and regret for the things not done.

Can you remember my love, how my reflexion in the mirror sheltered yours in the night, when there was only you and me in the small room under the bra light? Can I ever forget your fascinated look at my reflexion, your admiration of possessing it

all? Can I ever forget how hard I worked to build it all for us? Can I ever forget how hard it was for me to believe in you and me? And now that I started believing, you are scared as ever. Scared to death... Scared to escape. Advise me my love. What shall I do? Shall I stop believing? Or shall I start hating you for not being able to see what you are doing? Both require too much effort and I am effortless my love. I am effortless. I am tired. I will just be gone. Gone and forgotten. Oh yeah. I know. Not forgotten, because it can never be. I will be haunting you for all your existence? I do not want. I do not want to haunt you. Stop thinking of me. Just let us let it go. It must be stopped. I have lost my architectural skills. The building I made is not perfect. I want to ruin it NOW. I need help. A help from outside... I have built something partial, imperfect, incomplete, faulty, feeble. I was misled. It happens. NO need to panic. I was just misled by myself. Do not be scared. You have witnessed my self-destructive love. You have pulled me out. But the addiction is there. You pulled me out, but did not hold me. You saved me for no reason... for no reason my love.

# Запахло-таки сиренью

Люблю жизнь, когда в городской суматохе внезапно пахнет сиренью. Люблю жизнь, когда неочем думать. Люблю жизнь, когда нет необходимости доказывать что-то, когда все и так понятно без слов. Люблю жизнь, когда кому-то что-то удастся сделать такое, что потом будет нужно всем... Люблю жизнь, когда воспоминания не терзают а дарят улыбку. Вспоминаю тебя, любимый. Я обещала тебе никогда не плакать когда буду думать о тебе. Я обещала это тебе в теплую ночь, сидя в маленьком кафе на берегу моря, когда все искали нас и думали, что я пошла мыть руки. А я сбежала к тебе и мы сидели с тобой как два вора – зная что нарушаем все что можно нарушить... Зная что мечтаем о несбыточном. Я обещала тебе, что не буду плакать никогда, а то ты меня возненавидишь. Я видела твои слезы. И ты видел мои слезы в твоих объятьях. Но ты отрекся от меня уже в ту ночь, в маленьком придорожном кафе на берегу моря. Ты отрекся заранее, не надеясь на чудо. 3.5 года жизни моих прожито надеждой на чудо. Мало ли я сделала для приближения этого чуда? Мало ли я вложила в нашу любовь? Запомнилась ли я тебе? Ненавидишь меня за то что смела нарушить все запреты? Что ты, любовь моя? Я горжусь каждым мигом, проведенным рядом с тобой. И даже теперь, когда ты нашел то что так долго искал... а я потеряла то что наконец нашла,

я не плачу. Нет я не плачу из-за этого. Ведь жизнь пахнет сиренью. И люди изобретают все новые и новые заменители счастья? Ведь ты же знал что я сдержу слово? Ну может только изредка, когда никто не видит... я позволяю себе тайно нарушить слово данное тебе, любимый. Ты просил улыбаться когда вспомню о тебе. Но ты грустный клоун. Так же как я. Ты грустный клоун, и зеркало моей души дало трещину в тот день когда я осознала, что ты видимость счастья. Ты мираж, самый восхитительный который был в моей жизни. Запахло сиренью опять. Перед глазами обожженная сигаретой скатерть, бутылки пива которые ты пил за нас двоих и обижался что я не пью, и твоя рука на моей. Просто молчание и этот взгляд которым мы имели неосторожность поделиться в течение 15 минут. Неужели я не знала что обрекаю себя? Как я была безрассудна и неосторожна господи!!! И зачем ты не остановил меня? Как же теперь жить без возможности взглянуть в тебя? Вспоминай обо мне любимый!!!! Может когда запахнет сиренью, ты будешь вспоминать обо мне ТАМ, на берегу ненавистного тебе моря?

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