

/ Smokes & Mirrors

We have desires. Then we also have poor desires or desires that make us feel poor.

Happiness is an arbitrage that settles somewhere between what one has and what one desires.

Six-Sigma of Happiness

While it's in the search for happiness that people even wake up in the morning, at best they tend to find placebos to compensate for it even as that search remains quintessential and elusive till the very end.

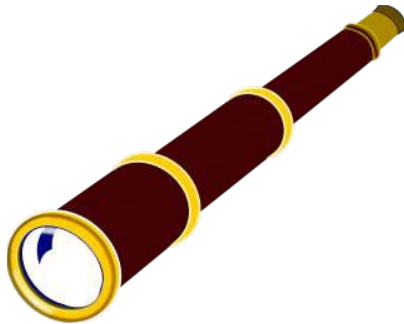
To put it crudely, as also to provoke, a big car will most often compensate for the lack of libido, a big home may overwhelm the warmth within, a brand on the person is the placebo for a desire to be seen with it as if it lends the person a halo.

A coffee from Starbucks wouldn't taste any different in a Styrofoam cup than it would in an Anna Sui double wall mug.

Thus; the 'substance' is nearly eclipsed if it is not mostly discounted by the 'form'.

Its all a matter of perspective. Its true; the old saying, "When you shut one eye, you also don't hear everything"

How about we begin by asking, "How much do we need and what for?" Therein 'lies' the 'truth'. (pun intended: 'lies')



Six-Sigma of Happiness

We have allowed the “cum hither” solicitations from hoardings to compensate our inability to have heartfelt conversations or libidinous enough orgasms and in that melee we have replaced happiness with pleasure, orgasms and substance.

We have allowed social media to replace our socials and Tinder and Bumble replace emotions in our right clicks.

Emotions, considered delicate and fragile! Just as the fragility of a crystal is not its weakness; it is its fineness.

We don't seem to know any better. Those that do, use us as a market to sell to.

Any prizes for guessing as to who is wagging whom?

One of the hoardings sells; degreased, desalted, dehaired, dried and chemically dyed crocodile skin, in the form of bags and we loose the woods for the trees.

Our lives become sweet custard full of pulp.