

/kən'tɛnt/

stale

restricted

restrain

nothing to say  
nothing to talk about

what is the opposite of freedom

boredom

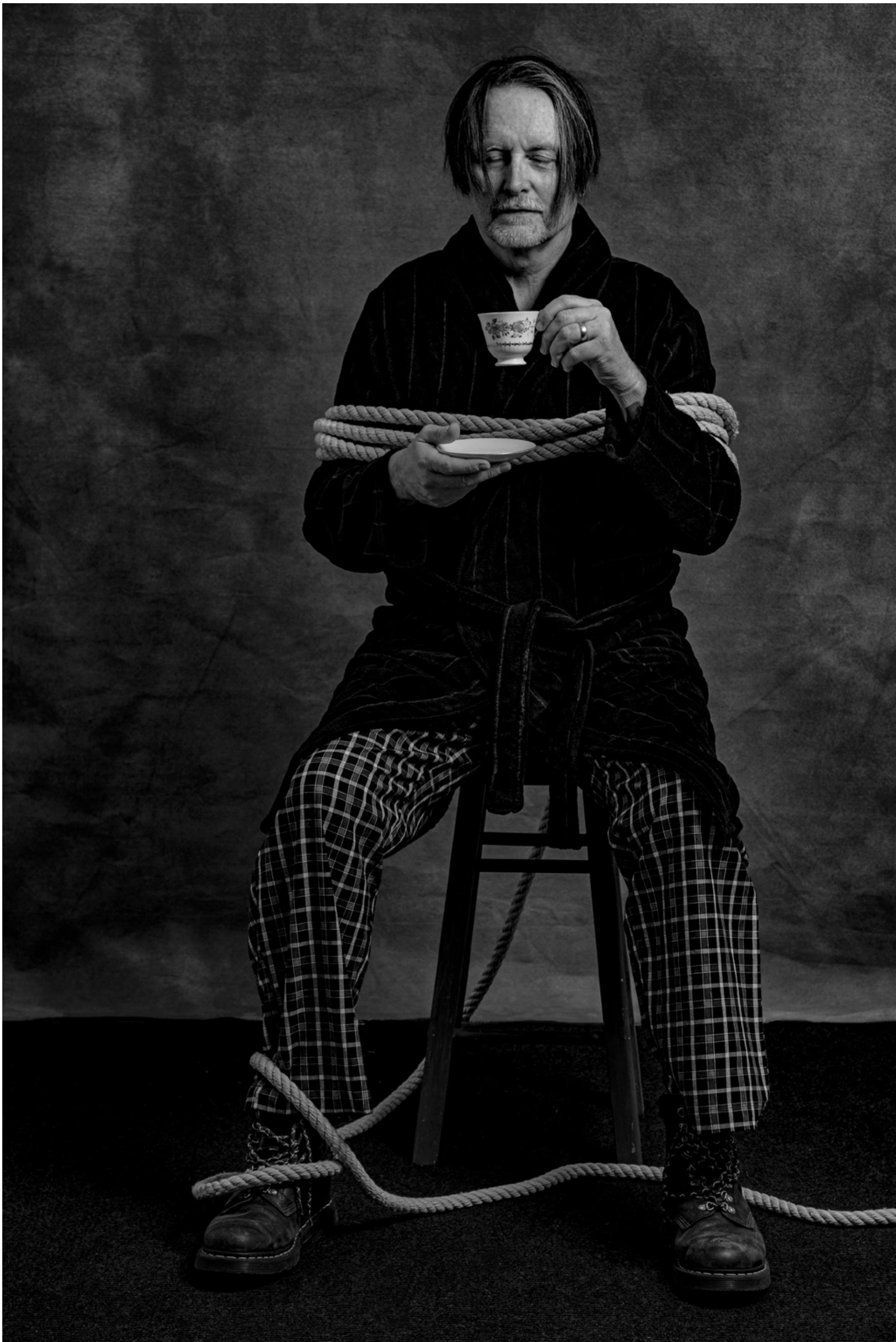
flat-lining

attachment

duality

dual life

that  
nagging  
feeling  
of  
what  
could  
've  
been



settle

/'setl/

accept or agree to (something that one considers to be less than satisfactory)





Sitting at the Scottsdale's café having an average cup of tea is the quintessential married couple - bored, uninterested, not talking to one another, stuck in a loveless marriage that has been a convenience from the beginning and now is a convenience that one cannot escape - no thinking, no love; just complete nothingness where only the house extension, the conservatory or the patio improvement is all that brings pulse to these cold, exhausted bodies and grey indifferent eyes.

You can find them everywhere.

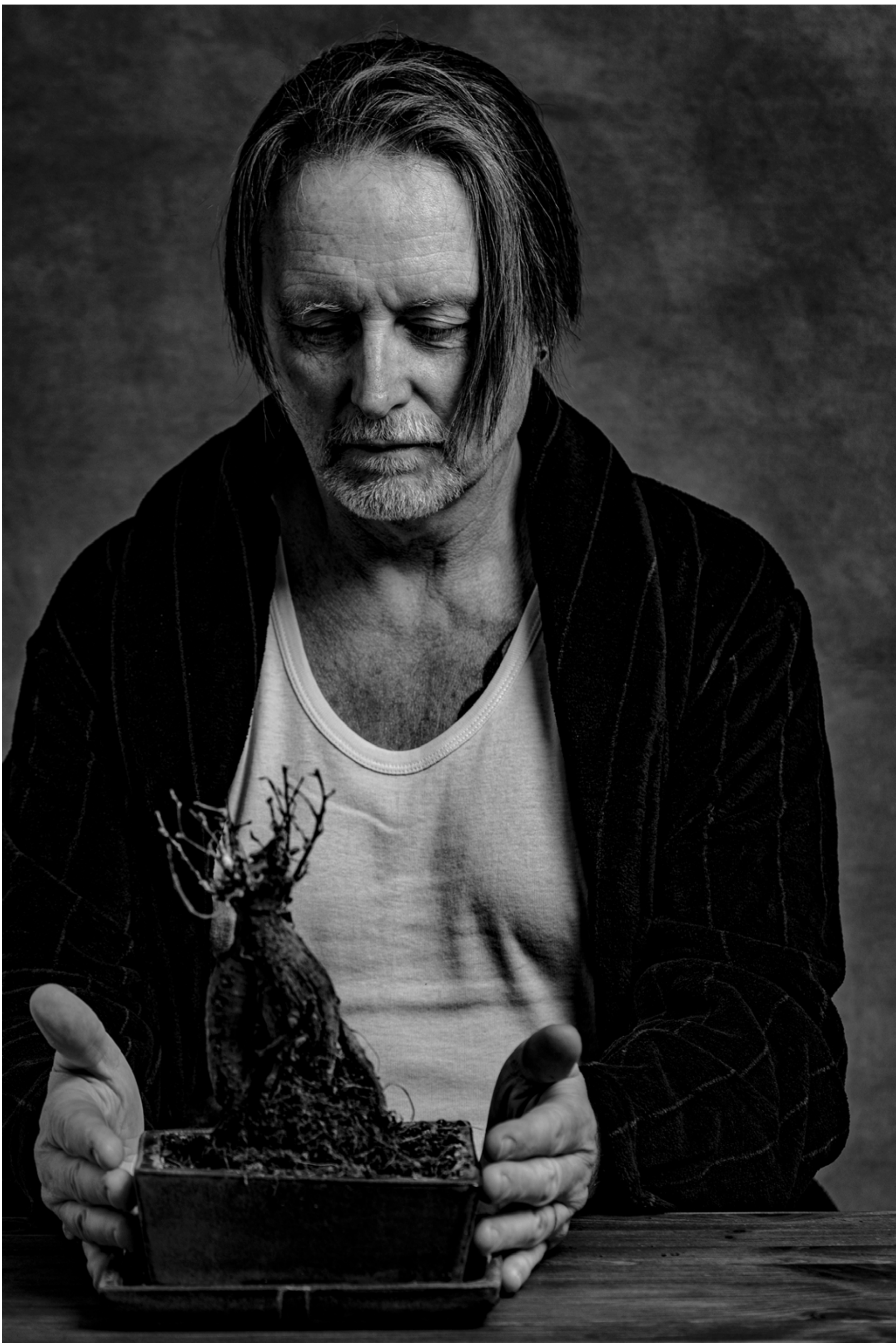
Anywhere.

There is at least one couple like that in every tea room, café and garden centre, sipping their drinks in silence in the middle of the day and being absolute strangers to one another.

If they had dreams they are long gone and forgotten; if they loved - it wasn't the person in front of them.

They exchange the occasional word, usually to voice their dissatisfaction with the food, service or drink. And this short, habitual grunt of discontent and the patio tiles are the only things that still connect them.











Like roots

That stop you

Like ropes

That bind you

Your own mind

Is trying to convince you

That the loss of something you don't like

Is greater than what your soul desires.

And you wilt

Like a plant

That grew by mistake

- at the wrong place and the wrong time -

In the ropes of the habit

And convenience















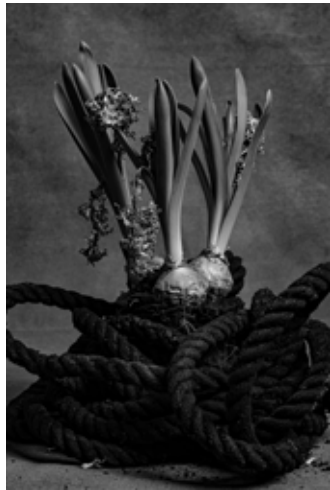








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