



The
optomist
sees the
rose and
not its
thorns;
the
pessimist
stares at
the thorns,
oblivious
of the
rose.



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The
function
of
consciousness
is not to
create reality,
but
to
apprehend
it.



F
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The
ships
hung
in the sky
in much
the same way
that
bricks don't.

The
deeper
sorrow
carves
into your
being
the
more
joy
you can
contain.