*“Memories are easy to find, and forgetting them is the most undeniable thing, whether you want to remember the drunken moments or dreams of strength. You should always write, and then read back, even if they’re sad or they’re content – never forget. I’ve figured that reading back through old thoughts and though processes can be cleansing. Whether that is for the soul or for your own “self”, I mean too many people this may seem “pretentious” and the idea of this whole dream and memory passage may seem depressing. If you read back you will understand a person so much more than you ever could have.”*

**07/04/14 -***Between days I fall in and out of love with the universe. Today I’ve fallen in love all over again, the tumbling white castles tumble over your skin and your eyes hold the whimsical dreams – the world is ready for your adventures and your soul is full of the stars that are burning in the sky. Today I’ve fallen in love with the universe.*

**12-04-14 -***You are the summer and I am the winter, separated by the seasons and perfectly connected.*

**18/04/14 -***Whenever I’m lonely I gravitate towards people, sometimes they become my moon to my stars and sometimes they fall without gravity. As soon as I proclaim that the stars have become brighter, I become lonelier than I ever have before. Im scared that my moon and my stars have darkened and that they are getting further away. I don’t want to be the only star in the universe anymore, otherwise I will not be bright anymore and I’ll proceed on dullness. Forever my moon, but yet so far away.*

**23-04-14 -***Realising that the clouds float further each day, that the sun will shine brighter and that the music will become louder fixated exuberance. Higher power did not exist but happiness did, this was seen in other people, more and more fixated with the exuberance that she could spread but that can be lost in the same moment. If the clouds could float further each day, then so could she. But then that's also a lie, she wants to sleep in the crumbling castles and write out her dreams onto the white sheets of your skin. Exuberance isn't always what's needed, I'm not like what I'm named after, I'm not the flowers that grow in the fields and I'm not beautiful or growing. I'm more like the dandelions that stand alone and my seeds are floating away, I'm not any one person or a single fresh soul.*

**8-05-14 -***He flicked the switch and I rolled it to make spark, the spark became a flame. He smoked three cigarettes in the time and told me his favourite quotes, distinctively walking slightly in front and smoke billowing from his accent.*

**26-06-14 -***It's been three days, three days since. Since my eyes searched for something new and found the increasingly better lights, since I tasted something new and fresh and inhaled something that was more than me. My lips tasted that which I could contain and that moment is ingrained in my mind’s eye. Five cigarettes and the taste of tobacco fell across me and when I lay in bed at night.*

   I find these pieces of memories filtered within my phone, I wrote these over a year ago and it is crazy how you can become a whole different person. However, it is also great to understand that I had these thoughts. So true, that I think I’ll start believing again like I used to.

*“Get to know people and their dreams, get to know everything and their consciousness and the most mundane things. You may fall in love with their dreams and not in the way in which you want to spend your life with them, but their soul can attract and you could make someone a lot happier. Just try and remember.”*