# Too Afraid

Narges Porsandekhial

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[1] All the footnotes are written by the author, for more information about the ideas or bodies of work, please refer to the listed author/authors.

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[2] I am too afraid, afraid of any beginning.



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[3] I know I need to say something, I know I need to do something.

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[4] But I’m too afraid of a white page.
[5] I say white, as if the colour is the problem. I’m afraid of any blank documentation.

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[6] Afraid of the first touch on the surface.

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[7] Being random, regular, normal…
[8] I am mortified of being random, I can't just do something, what if it has been done before?

[9] I've seen too much, many of them are randomly normal.

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[10] I can't be this random.

[11] For more random things, please refer to the bibliography of my works which doesn't exist.

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[12] I don't want to fool myself; I'm not destined to create a masterpiece; my fate lies within the random acts. So, it should be much easier to just begin, to write, to draw a line. But why am I still mortified? I observe everyone, there is heavy cloud of thought raining over me, and I'm mortified, maybe if I say it enough it'll lose its meaning. Mortified, Mortified, Mortified, Mortified, Mortified, Mortified,



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[13] It didn't help, I'm still mortified.

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[14] A random outsider.



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[15] I'm never the centre of attention.

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[16] What if the important things are random?

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[17] I'd like to think that great things happen in the unpopular corners where an outsider stands.

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[18] There are things happening on the margins of life.



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35 But I'm too afraid to talk.

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