



# SANDMAN: A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF LOVE IN OUR SOCIETY

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**R**ushed, misconstrued and clinging to multi-faceted masks of denial we wander the halls of our colleges, aisles of our subconscious and the electronic pathways of the internet looking for an element that eludes even the most social elite in our culture: love. Unknowingly we stumble and continue on this path of blistered ego and mangled preconceptions until we are finally frustrated and give up on the ever elusive happily ever after.

No one can seem to stomach being alone. The blame for such an unwritten standard can fall on the proverbial shoulder of Disney stories, the Lifetime channel, or all the romance writers that roll our imaginations into tight little wads of exquisite sensory overload. Everyone wants their happy ending. It seems every time a man or woman in our society finds themselves “alone” an unexplainable itch takes storm in their very core and will not be sedated until they find themselves snugly in another pair of falsely comforting arms. As long as it breathes and holds

on, it seems to be enough, at least for the moment. The need to “bounce back” can stem from a silent stigma that alone is unwanted and no one wants to be categorized as such. This lack of attention and desperation for status forces one to miss the obvious. Weren’t we told as children that rushing through anything produced sloppy results? Yet the necessity to fit the mold often leaves us wanting and we never seem to try to find the diamond in the rough, because we never look carefully enough.

In the interim of relationships we dig through the pieces of our broken heart and unknowingly build ideals that no one realistically will ever fulfill. We begin the search aesthetically, carefully calculating the height, weight and characteristics of whom we wish to love. We imagine what they would wear, how they would act and how infallibly entranced they are by our very presence. Then, like father Zeus, we breathe life into these perfect fleshless fantasies and expect “the one” to fill in the blanks. No matter how many of these ideals an individual may exhibit they will never be good enough. Even the most tolerant of souls won’t

measure up to such a creation of mind and will be tossed aside carelessly without consideration. That person can very well be the embodiment of true compatibility. We condemn ourselves to isolation by living in misconceptions of perfection; perfection you see that only exists in faerie tales.

We as a society are idealists wandering through a masquerade of flesh. Everyone is encased in sensuality, sexuality and fulfillment. No one is real. As marionettes we allow a faceless force dictate our steps across a seamless stage. We don't ever want to show that we've been hurt, abandoned or that we are terrified of being dismantled again. We just hope that someday someone will have the strength to peel

our hands from the locks and accept what they see beneath, whether we are haphazardly glued together or concise enough to reciprocate the emotion. We try to lure the opposite sex with words. Words that are typed behind a glowing screen describing a vivacious individual when really there is only a broken heart seeking glue. Anyone will do.

We run, we hide, we fantasize and never figure out who we really are. How is it that we expect to find love? We can search physically, mentally or through the means of technology but if we don't know how to look we will never find it. We will break and break until there is nothing left but the dust that is left for the dreaming and dream is all we will ever do.

Sandman-

**Digging through all the mental garbage,  
I find pieces I thought were shattered,  
and damn if they don't fit anymore,  
I just end up oxidizing the fragments,  
and the dust thereof is made for dreaming.**