

On Not Fitting the Old World

For those who were never meant to inherit it



LISA MARIE GALLO

FEB 15, 2026



Thanks for reading On Meaning! Subscribe
for free to receive new posts and support
my work.

✓ Subscribed

I've lived the entirety of my life, predominantly residing within my inner world.

So much so that, I am regularly met with abrupt moments where I realise my lens for the world is very different from many around me.

Being different is no surprise, I've been told variations of that since I was very young.

Often with an edge of frustration, and an underlying desire to put me in my place.

But still, every now and again, I manage to run head first into the invisible wall of cultural perception. Rendering me disoriented, and a bit shell shocked.

These collisions are not without casualties either.

Someone is probably still out there picking out bits of shrapnel, I unintentionally left embedded in their psyche. The kind of aftermath one would only find when two opposing realities find each other at full speed.

In the wake of a lifetime of reality altering collisions, I began to assume that I didn't have a map and everyone knew how to drive but me. So I would default to other people's directions.

If most of your life you're led to believe there's something wrong with just about every way you move through the world you start to assume

everyone knows more than you. A survival adaptation with many flaws.

It took a very long time to wake up and make sense of these perceptual differences.

In turn, after many painful lessons, of listening to anyone but myself. You learn that no matter how smart, how blood related, how successful or how much someone loves you. No one has the answer for your journey but yourself.



I'm a seeker,

I have always been.

In my own life, I have searched for answers, secrets, and meaning.

Believing there was something destined to be unearthed that would set me on the right course.

My particular destiny.

After many roads, and many transformations.

I realized the search was the answer.

The inquiry, the unraveling of knowledge, is my purpose.

It's the quest that's the purpose for me. That's where the joy is. That is where my contentment lies. I do enjoy wrestling with the world I move through, I enjoy looking deeply at the quiet pause in between moments feeling what's seen and unseen and what that could mean.

The dance of being in the world but not of the world.



Don't get me wrong , I do have the ability to integrate and assimilate for a time. I made that my mission through my 20's and 30's to be within the world, living. But that comes at a cost if I stay in that state for too long. Eventually, not actually knowing the rules would catch up with me. Oscillating between knowing I was forcing something to assimilate, then

back into my amnesia and I'd continue on trying to play the role that I appeared to be cast in.

It's taken me years to understand some of the looks people give me.

When I'm trying to share something in which I'm currently transfixed.

Why exploring deep topics or expressing passion and emotion intensely seems to create a conclusion that something is fundamentally wrong.

I'm genuinely pleased with myself in this process.

Exploring something, I see a glimmer of great value in.

Only to be met in the world with a strange mix of reactions and emotions.

Often, the last possible ones I expected to elicit.

**Editor's note: Now I'm assuming at this part of this expression , based on past experiences, I may now have made the reader uncomfortable. I've elicited anything from pity, judgment, annoyance, guilt, or even anger, for the reader.....*

Pause

line in the sand

those are your emotions about MY experience.....those are yours to manage, not my responsibility.



Once I learned to separate other people's feelings and judgements from mine, I realized that my experience on this earth, living within my particular framework is one I am very content within. It does not pain me. I love it here. My favorite place is within my own mind, exploring life and meaning. Seeing and discovering the layers of how the world works. Boundaries, new horizons, the frameworks we live in. The revolving door of knowledge one discovers, dissects and accumulates in a life and how that varies from person to person.

The tension comes from when I step out of my mind and back into the world. I am met with the particular sensation that comes when I try to operate in a world that I wasn't programmed for. I am met with experiences that make very little sense. The experience of trying to build something in a world where most can not understand my design. And the series of misunderstandings and chaos that inevitably ensue.

The truth is I've spent a large part of my life putting extra effort to learn unspoken rules, and languages and methods to bridge gaps, to make peace, to compromise and meet others but the last few years it's clear that I've done that at my own expense. I built a world where I don't require that of those I'm surrounded by. Constantly moving in a way to understand , or make others comfortable but with no return.

Now, in recent years since this discovery, I've learned how to express this to a few and start to articulate what I need back and go through the long and emotionally draining process of that particular type of vulnerability. Reassessing my relationships and the worlds I've built within them. What stays, goes , or gets rebuilt. Which ones to let go of, which ones to stop forcing and allow the illusions to crumble.

ANNA KARENINA

LEO TOLSTOY



“If it is true that there are as many minds as there are heads, then there are as many kinds of love as there are hearts.”

THEROCKLE.COM

I'm reentering the world more deliberately now. With a smaller group. With people who can hold the fact that I have my own path, perspective, and non-negotiables.

The reframe has been simple.

I have my own truths. My own realities. My own frameworks for my life. They may look very different from the majority of people I encounter. That does not make them something to fix.

People operating on a different internal system cannot automatically know what is right for me. Not unless they are willing to learn my

language.

That is a lot to ask. Most people are still discovering how they've been programmed. Holding multiple realities in your mind is not easy. We are not naturally taught that.

This comes with knowing that some people will be passing ships. They deserve all the same respect and dignity.. But the depth to which our lives intertwine will be limited. That is a non-negotiable if I want to stay in this world without erasing myself.

I know I'm not an anomaly. There are many like me. We are simply spread out. It takes time to find one another. It takes endurance to survive long enough to learn your own blueprint instead of extinguishing yourself trying to inherit someone else's.

We are finding each other faster now. Especially as old frameworks collapse and new structures are being born.

This era will call more of us forward.

I don't doubt that.

Share

Take notice of
what light does—
to everything





"Understand me.
I'm not like an ordinary world.
I have my madness,
I live in another dimension
and I do not have time for things
that have no soul."

Charles Bukowski



blank

@blankresident



Do you question yourself?

Your actions. Your behaviours. Your patterns. Your program. Your life is on autopilot until you do. When is a good time to ask yourself? To learn the truth. Maybe now? Or are you afraid of finding out?

Maybe I am.
Maybe I need time.
Maybe I like to...

Thanks for reading On Meaning! Subscribe
for free to receive new posts and support
my work.

✓ **Subscribed**