

A reflection on Ruin

05/2020

This seems to be a call from despair, to come back to the strange comfort of dwelling on what is to come, and to wish for it to happen to me sooner than whenever.

I realize what it is that is needed, in part, to live a good life. At the same time, I realize that the military may not bring me what is needed, or rather will not bring what I seek. Still I out myself, find myself as a spectator to what is happening. Still I feel nothing and act as a free agent using a colourless scale to beauty and purpose. There is nothing, outside of what nature gave us, perhaps without it being the real intent from Mother; that defines value and worth. Perhaps it is because there is either none at all, or what we are here for is, in the end, not what would we have wanted, deserved or needed. Ruin is the state where all living things end their short or long journeys. Life certainly is hard, but at the same time, as Ruin also will come to everything created by anything, sometimes (and perhaps too often) I wonder to myself if finishing it now would really be impactful in any way, shape, or form.

Divinity can likely be found within death just as well as life, but in another form. Is it possible to hold truth within you and carry it to the end, and exalt to one final understanding then? Or is it simply what one might call vanity, or even pride? Life... my life could depart at any moment, and I could bring it to myself whenever it pleases me. Just as I could live another day and make it an amazing span of time to pass for other beings, or just, and that is truth, let time pass by and moments be forgotten to hollow hearts and souls, where those who thought they wanted to be happy lie miserable, more-so than diseased crows; and those who lived for something are forsaken by all manners of purpose.

Suicidal thoughts never ceased to plague me, and today I must confess that no matter what is done, they still will be here. As I am here and as I seek truth, and fragments come to me, perhaps it is that I understand what is happening and what is to come a little bit more each time. Every weeks that are razed by time passing by, the time to ruin grows closer and closer. Eventually, those who built their worthwhile lies to their lives will be shattered and let go to nowhere. Or, perhaps a desert where all that was, is now, and forever, or until this as well leaves this universe.

Why the pull to Ruin is so much stronger than that of Nature, I wonder? There is nothing to stop it besides misplaced hope and our natures. But once all the hinges blocking our path top truth are removed, then I wish to know what happens to the individual undergoing something as important and as potent as this.

Physically, I am of flesh and bones, and mentally, I do not know. There is something beneath all of the material that can be traced back to Ruin. Something that must run us, a component needed to keep us alive.

As an aside, on a personal note, life would be so much easier if I didn't need to balance between ideals of life and death. But at the same time, would it really be? If I didn't have Great Men to look up to as examples and mentors, if I didn't write about the brightest of worlds and the darkest reaches awaiting us, if my highs weren't as high and my lows as low, would I really be able to find this lasting content in life that I am looking for between lines? Today seem to have been a low, very much so. One state I haven't been in, in a long time. Tomorrow might be spectated or acted in, but hopefully my mood and thoughts will have improved. Perhaps, in the end, I'm just tired,