

I am writing in a time of doubt, for myself and for the world. Today marks the fourth month of which the SARS-COV-2 has started to spread from Wuhan, China. I do not wish to talk about the virus itself, but use this event as introspection.

I told myself month after month that I would sit down and write my thoughts, as I have been surfing on Time for a while now, just doing whatever was to be done. If all goes well, my contract to enter the military as an NCO will be handed is only a few days. I am unsure what to expect then besides the contract itself. It still feels strange that this is being realized. Reality will change for me drastically, or will be reaffirmed. And this coming truth may be one of the lasts to shape my world-view, in terms of impactfulness.

My questions about life have taken a back seat, as I lived without complete understanding of my situation. Only I kept doing what felt right and tried to hold to my values and ideals. It seems that, looking back, it has been successful. Granted, I have only been waiting for my departure. There and then will come many challenged to face. And yet, even then, even if I were to come out on top of a new life, the core of this truth I have held will still be intact. The new infrequent calls to nothingness will always be present, at varying frequency. Matter and thoughts will affect me less and less, as my grasp of the passage of Time seem to blur. Already today compared to half a year ago, I remember how different things seemed.

But all was expected to happen this way, all that I needed was to remind myself of this fact. And as my peers go to live their lives and potentially mature day after day, I join them with apathy and a cheerfulness to accompany my friends and individuals to be better each day. And as we learned, we closed ourselves to our findings, unwilling to break any bonds that were formed at one point. And with hypocrisy I keep growing my planted change with their seeds, without ever acknowledging their growth in a meaningful way. Perhaps they do the same, just as well. These writings are supposed to help me confirm and expend my thoughts, but I have an implicit "want" (distinguished from need) of keeping all of this to myself.

Those changes, the actuality of my being may be rarely shared with new bonds, in an implicit accord that they shall do the same, or that they expect me to do the same in return for showing some of who they think they became since memories fading to today. On this front of a lack of understanding, on this lack of willingness to acknowledge the terror of Time to ourselves, we hide a soul shading itself every events of our lives. Yet there is never any malice to our inaction, only, to our friends, this is done as an act of love. A selfish one, perhaps, but this is the trap of a life seeking happiness.

For a moment I thought that, what is to be sought after in life is purpose, as this is what brings happiness. But it made a semblance of sense only, as it was coming from someone I did not trust but listened to nonetheless. Today I actualize this belief: What is to be sought after is peace. Yet, peace comes through the realization of our ideals, of our metaphysical desires. From those things that change as we are willing to do so just as well. The central idea of it all perhaps being the love, or rather the grand appreciation of life and death, and/or of existence itself. The reformed sphere of hope that was or will be broken; what links Humanity to the ethereal, something some people may know more intimately about. But my knowledge only comes from periods of peace and dreams of a loving ending embrace. And this is my hope for Humanity, for the good to always come out on top, so that peace can always be achieved, until one last embrace never to be forgotten again.

And today, I understand a side of ourselves that I wished to cover my eyes to. Call it a... “contempt of the unwilling”. The intrinsic feeling of benevolent superiority becomes a grief of the subconscious. Where morality changes and morphs, attaining a value that becomes part of our core – that replaces what it was. Maybe this is a blissful ignorance of the human condition, changing to adapt our understanding to be closer to truth. Maybe divinity will survive and grow by itself, and those unwilling to do anything with it, as well as hedonists, are to keep to a different equation.

One of numbers created by ancestors wanting to quantify truth in as many ways as they could. And it seems that, to me, we have expended maths to many different branches. Unbeknownst to us or not, quantifying philosophy kept growing. The truth of each individual coming bit by bit together towards a common point, looking always for the realities of Time itself. Yet, in the end, the result of numbers from seeking truth will lead to the same as the result of materialistic thoughts and beliefs: infinity; emptiness before understanding; a lie and one truth. But beyond the material and quantum writings, something else is there. Something that is either true or is another gate. And to attain peace, eventually Humanity will have to remove itself from Nature. Understanding Father will have to go through the rejection of Mother’s protection, that in a way hurts us much more than it protects. Time and its understanding I believe is the key to an everlasting peace. One to be eternally appreciated, and will never be corrupted. Eventually, balance will have to shift to its own destruction. And we will go back, or forward, to stillness. A perpetual peace never to falter. And a piece of this can be obtained by individuals willing to grow for themselves first, and perhaps only for themselves. Organically helping others to either sustain or get to this momentary peace.

With all of this, empathy becomes an obvious limiter that is to be tweaked only for those we value lovingly. Appreciation of characters from one individual (traits, for instance) come in groups. One redeeming factor only is not enough to care for growth or friendship that may come. Of course, this takes time to find if there is no wish to seek these good characters. Again here, I refer to divinity and goodness as moral virtues given by our Greek and Roman ancestors. These that are naturally born from a life of truth, or sought after by fallen looking for an actual peace. Religion facilitated this understanding of virtues by implanting morals in the masses, although corruption occurred in many cases, and gave birth to a host of traditions and rule-breakers to be rejected, for they go against what is to be sought after.

Souls may wail, but with a crushed potential for divinity, they are no better than an animal slave to nature. They are of course to be acknowledged, and they are still humans, but this potential that will never exist again places those to a place where they are locked in, with great indifference. Contempt jaded by understanding, becoming a piece of nothingness, one of materialistic truth. This makes morals a universal acknowledgement, that loses its subjectivity. Eventually, only the good of what makes us human will be kept, and divinity will be shown with its own peaceful apathy.

The fastest way to get to a universal understanding of Time is the simple annihilation of all that lives, but to keep one seeker of truth alive. And that is not, I believe, ideal. It would be much better, although would take much longer, to elevate those willing and those already seeking peace. There is, to this day, no way I see this happening without the use of either soft or hard economical and political power. This ongoing pandemic shows the world those who seek both truth to power, and truth of life. Culminating in peace, by the presence of Time. Whatever happens to me during this growing pandemic, I still have hope for Humanity to cut away from Mother and to accept the teachings of Father. All must be done to appreciate truth. But today I can only seek one piece of peace at a time. Eventually, I would like to find a loving way to give us a ramp that cannot be broken, destroyed or that we cannot fall from / turn to the wrong direction. Divinity will be achieved, either through Time during our time, or by giving it all up and appreciating what’s left for us, never leaving our nature behind.