

## Deserts of Life

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When everything is said and done, there the journey ends. Up to any, to take onto another one. But once all is exhausted, what is there beyond? Of course, no life is supposed to exhaust the possibilities within the allocated time-frame. May it be fifty or fifty more years, so there is no reason to ask.

One could start to ask what then, once it is sadly figured out how to extend well and beyond the lifespan of anyone while still being healthy, but that is not the purpose of this. It would only be natural to extend the findings towards what may be, towards expectancy.

What brings the rejection of the world and even the rejection for rejection itself, is a permanent alteration of what is. The brain stops flipping the projection of our eyes, and now a permanent mountain looms on the horizon, all the while obstructing its inverted summit, forevermore looking like an abyss.

And even Nature itself has no answer to give, to be kind to the distressed, to sell as medicine: Truth is seen when nothing is obstructing the vision, and so why would there be a need to keep removing veils, when there are none left?

The first is innocence, torn apart by whatever tragedy befalls a child of this world. The second is hope, given if one can climb back up. The third is the reality of things, the inner workings of the machines that make us live. Most notably for humans, the inner workings that make life as easy as it is. Whatever worth is given to it. And when that worth is found, it will inevitably lead back to a familiar abyss, though this one feels different. Perhaps it is apathy, or repulsion. The former would lead back to it with not many issues. The second would simply lead to a person clinging onto a lie that was shattered, but its pieces put back on, for however long is possible. Apathy perhaps is more dangerous to all, but even in that, there is meaning found to simply make sense of life, and to keep on living. To not have a sense is to invite the logic of ends, starting with our own.

And for however much one would desire to cling onto a hope, or multiple ones, that it is illogical or heartless to give in to these callings, it would nonetheless be wrong to Truth as it stands before the individual. It only makes sense for it to break anyone in any way. However strong the first lost of innocence happened, its intensity matters in this second break. Familiarity might give a sense of comfort to complete discomfort, enabling the "afflicted" to navigate this roaring road mostly unaffected... On the surface, anyway. There are different ways to deal with this, whenever it happens. There is, I believe, a middle ground; a balance for it to occur. It does not have to, of course, otherwise the world as it is today, and as disgusting as it might seem; it still holds some things that are to be appreciated for both survival and comfort. What it asks in return is what makes it utterly repulsive, but when one has sullied its own veins with pulsating oil, it is hardly honest to criticize it without expecting repercussions, even from oneself. Nevertheless, this balance for the second break to happen has a necessity, and very few, though this ratio and number is increasing steadily, and this necessity is however much does the world and its inhabitants hold to the individual. And not strangers exactly, but those who were or are close, in any capacity. When one realize the worth of life, it can base it off a multitude of things, though there is no greater metric than the whole. And the whole dictates, for however long it dictated, that it is subsiding. More people would be one thing, but to have more at the cost of everything else that is not that one thing: people; and even to the cost of people themselves – though that can be argued to be a by-product of

its worth itself, leading to a precious case of an Ouroboros – Then in that way where does anyone at any place stand? The only link is not anymore, today, as a member of x or y within said community or society, but the direct link between close peers. One as fragile as it is strong. It gives meaning and takes it away as easily as it breathes new life into this world, and mourns those who are gone from it. As poetic, kind and cruel as it is, for it also justifies those taken away from reality, physical or abstract. Yet always, eventually, the end.

So, when one rejects it all, distances itself from all that is, yet all the while clinging onto what make things as they are, trying to find either comfort or meaning in then, all the while knowing full well it is using those to maintain a certain life link to what it's inquiring, how long and where does this go (for)? Hypocritical, perhaps. But one cannot be fully honest if there is the slightest, then, desire to live. In my case, it could be why, or rather that is what I will justify it with, honesty is the biggest trait I give, even if it has become negative over time... To others, at the very least. Surprisingly, right below its extreme, it seem to be appreciated in some ways. In any event, to wish to see one's philosophy of negative negation, to go towards an understanding of Ruin; to see this to its conclusion, all the while being human and clinging onto it, how could it not bring one suffering? In its own way, perhaps, some would consider it self-inflicted torture. But when done righteously, for however righteous our Gods may be, for whatever core of morals we have been given and manipulated to understand, then we ought to venture forward, whatever the cost: And when the cost is simply our own lives, it makes it a lot easier. Our sense of self-preservation has dwindled over generations, at an increasing rate, industrial revolution after industrial revolution. In a way, perhaps this is what "progress" really is. Hidden deep within the anger the world we built gives us on a primordial level, perhaps it enables something else to be comprehended: the why of that anger, and in turn, the why of the primordial.

It is natural, after all, to attempt to find a way to understand anything. I am no different than a scientist, for the framework of belief to work with is derived from the past, one that exists at the time of its creation; but I found, just as others before me and after me, flaws that indicated that this way is not the correct one exactly: It has value, it will carry weight down the line in History, until it is done. But it must be built upon, or diverted, or reshaped. To destroy it would be somewhat sad, but at the very least, as soon as its existence is acknowledge at any point in time, it still has a fragment within the present, until the last remnants of it are gone from any way of thinking, life, or what have you. And so, in the strangest of way, maybe we have not forgotten anything that was, until ourselves will be forgotten by ourselves, in ruins.

Some beliefs have it that the individual has two dates of birth. Its natural one, as an infant, and its mature one, when something is realized, or done, or whatever tradition is installed. Some have said that the individual dies every day; or every second, though that has as much to do with an attempt to deconstruct Time as anything foolish. But some have said that the individual dies multiple times. Where there is also belief of rebirth from one body to another, others have also believed that no one is really born. The most logical thing would be to say, outside of those manchildren who think that controlling Time is even logical, possible or natural, that one is born into this world, and that it will die in it eventually.

This reads as if I were to give a revelation, but I have none to offer. It would also be quite foolish of me to say that all of them are correct, or some, or none. I merely am an observer for what is, what was and what will be. Stand my ground in what is gifted from my fellows, to avoid most times in reality, whatever troubles I climb myself up to. And as I learned and learn from the world, I learn as

well and mostly from my fellows. And from them I will say that I carry the biblical concept of the Old Testament, the one of Asbeel, the fallen angel who led astray the Grigori.

Though I firmly believe that these are merely concepts created to lead Humanity in a possibly favourable... moral position, and even if those (*book of Enoch*) are lost to offices of many a religion, they provide as much meaning as any, if one is willing to give it meaning, as any other would give it to other works, fictional or not. For even truth is only real if one gives it meaning, or believe in it; As impermeable as truth is. Perhaps even truths can be covered with lies and lived through like they are not present. Of course, it always comes through, and reality hits and kills.

Where I stand today, as it was yesterday, and as clear and void of blue as it was yesteryear:

I live on the cinders of a world that never will be.  
A world, and spirits that couldn't be,  
A dream, an illusion that could be,  
I live off the cinders of a world that never was.

Casting off woes, and so I rise  
Above clouds dissipating;

No more of life  
Not anything at all.

Ruin.