

And There is No Conclusion, Afterall

At the beginning of this endeavor, I may have hoped that this final paper would provide some sort of conclusion. It will, though the nature of that conclusion is not to be The Thing forever, but rather, an assessment of how I view and choose to be. That conclusion is: I am ready to allow being to be simple again.

I am subscribing myself fully to the responsibility of choice, but will no longer allow myself to be overwhelmed by the external repercussions of said choice. I tend to put off decisions, to analyze them to death, and I now understand that practice to be merely a useless delay. It is still necessary to give thought to myself, but without assuming any sort of outcome.

I have to relinquish my need for control. I thought it was only possible to do so through trust in the outcomes. I cannot bring myself to trust the world; this is something I must build over time. To do so, I must allow myself to be at its whim - without qualifying or quantifying. I have to reject the need to analyze prior to doing, but find enjoyment in it during. I am done criticizing myself, because it is only through the lens of how to "fit" into an external world, which I now know to be a fruitless endeavor.

I am but a moment. I am being, and time. Momentary living feels like a limitation, but I realize that's due to my previous misconceptions. The truth of the matter is, all that is good and bad only has substance in the moment, and if I refuse to live momentarily I only get the numbed residue of the feeling I let wash by.

God damn and bravo - you're ready to read Camus if you're interested.