

Let Me Tell You About a World...

Let me tell you about a world without energy. Where nothing moves. Everything is still and quiet. Peaceful. Tranquill. A world where no one worries, because that would mean that there were things to worry about. Quiet and dead. No one exists because to exist is tiring. A world without energy is a world without life.

Let me tell you about a world without fatigue. Where people can run and run and never get tired. Where humans work and work for years on end to accomplish goals that we could never dream of. Where bodies never grow tired. A world without fatigue is a world that never sleeps. Where humans lay beneath the stars and sun alike. Where unconsciousness does not call out to us. And yet a world where we do not know how to stop. How to appreciate the moment. Our existence. A world of movement that accelerates into nothing purposeful. We've achieved it all, and yet we're still here with nowhere to go. A world without fatigue is a world that is all thunder and no rain.

Let me tell you about a world with all inanimate objects. There is nothing to fill the void. The world moves and changes, but it is dead. No, not dead. It would have to be alive to die. The world exists in a constant state of quiet. So quiet that if you were to stand on it, your very soul would cry out in an attempt to end the silence. A world with all inanimate objects is a world that is torturously silent.

Let me tell you about a world where there are no inanimate objects. Where everything is alive. The sea and the sky. The earth itself is alive. The trees that sing and the flowers that dance. Where every atom of every speck of everything is experiencing, creating, evolving. Everything has a purpose, small or large. And yet there is too much. Too much existence. Too much life.

Too much life means too much death. The noise. The sounds of everything tears into every ear that listens for quiet. A world with all life is a world with all calamity.

Let me tell you about a world without anything. Just darkness in one spot. There is no world without nothing. There is just nothing without a world.

Let me tell you about a world without nothing. Every space is filled with everything in existence. Everything that can exist does exist. Packed into one place. Every small thing that you've lost or forgotten roams around in a void of life. Black holes and stars and nebulas. All packed together like a bomb. Ready to devour the entirety of the planet.

Let me tell you about a world with only you. You're a child of the stars and the moon and the sun. Just infinite ground as far as you can see. The sky overhead. No building or human in sight. You'd be naked. Would you speak? If so, in what tongue? What would you imagine to talk to and what about? Would you grow bored? Or would you discover the wonders of life without anyone to show you how? It would be only you in this world. A world without fatigue, energy, inanimate objects, animate objects, nothing, or anything. Only you. Free to run, to think. Free to grow by yourself. You'd live and die alone. Never knowing loneliness or to be surrounded. Just a human. Existing in purity. You wouldn't have me. You wouldn't have anyone but yourself. If it was just you, who would you become? I hope you like who'd you become. Freedom to exist is powerful, yes, but freedom to be free is even more powerful. And yet we do not know the outcome of freedom that is to be free. I hope you like it out there: a world with only you.

Let me tell you about a world without you. There isn't much to say. Your spot would be filled with someone else for I would never have known that spot to be empty. But as I sit here and I read this, I tell you, a world without you just wouldn't be as simple as someone else in your

place. A world without you is complicated. I'm not me. For you made me who I am. And now you're not there to guide me. A world without you isn't much of a world, more of an alternate existence. Would I like who I am without you? I don't know. I doubt it.