

# Meaning of life argumentative



Life is a journey.....A journey of love and gain, hatred and pain, peace and bliss, darkness and gloom, a journey towards closure. It is an excursion of soul. It is an immortal game of beginnings and endings; beginnings that fade away and endings that close nearer.

It is the journey on TRACKS, with TRACKS, towards TRACKS, and away from TRACKS; tracks that take us to fates and destinations; tracks that brew and bake our journey and disband it too; tracks that mould the living and the non-living and demould them too; tracks that activate the existence and pacify it too. TRACKS is the switching on and off of lives, it is the birth and death of life. Tracks are the bars that chain every life-full and lifeless life. It is the reason of being and not being and yet it has no reason to its own being! The journey of human life initiates on an aching track inside a human life. It is by this way that every track is born from an existing track to give birth to a new track; with the pain and strive for its survival.

The birth of a new track, the birth of a human life continues the agony of its journey under its crafting and being crafted. The track then widens and branches into various phases that life has to undergo. Every life possesses its own track which lays a unique awe of colors, flavors, and aromas. The human life begins with the foetal pain and enters the cheerful, merry phase of childhood which is the enlivening arrival of the tracks among other tracks.

It chirps with hues of innocence and freedom and the sweet flavour of inexperience and gullibility. Then the phase of adolescence is hoof-marked by the tracks with hues of upcoming maturity and yet instability, impulsiveness, and sentimental blows, blush and gleam, inquisitiveness and

irresistibility and the sweet fragrance of a fascinating sense of growing up and yet being juvenile. It is all because of the tracks that change their routes and shapes. Then the youth spreads its golden wings with the flavour of valour, passion, potency, piquancy, gallantry.

It is also with beauty and might and the vigour that love adores in; it pours in its thrilling attraction towards other tracks, perceiving to mingle with another track to beat as one and to produce another out of its existence. It is these tracks that bloom relationships as they connect each other. It is also a sense of belonging, a sense of disparity amalgamated with hot enthusiasm that also leads to confrontations between lives and hence tracks. It is then that tracks bring human life to adulthood with compassion and ripened maturity with parenthood and sympathy, with indulgence, perception and harmony towards other beings. It is here that the tracks start to ripen, to make a realization of responsibilities, the ultimate goal of tracks.

Then the tracks wrinkle and decolourize, they meagre, leaving as much residual wisdom as possible; drooping off the lives, growing old, fragile and shaky and finally hand over the bunch of experiences to other tracks to lay hints for lives to go on and on, however hopeless it may seem to be. The scrawny tracks shed but are yet immortal, as they lay behind evergreen generations....

.....

Similarly, the journey of a seed begins in DARK TRACKS, deep beneath the earth with immense trepidation and yet hopes to have an acquaintance with light, knowing not of the slaughtering and exterminating heat that

accompanies it. The suffocating seed striving for growth germinates, with the branching up of its painful track to soar high above earth and yet remain anchored and grounded to its roots. The tracks stimulate its germination to the seedling phase, consuming the resources and the efforts to lead its formation. It grows with traits of tenderness, softness, and delicacy.

The seedling, along with the widening of tracks; widens and blooms into a plant and then into a kind tree. It is then that the tracks take them to places where they have to pay the returns and much more than that utilized. They shed and regrow endlessly, with their fruits given happily or rather taken happily! They serve their master tracks- the human beings as givers. And perhaps sacrifice their lives by letting us brutally cut off their tracks.

And then the tracks fall as the life falls. A non-living being also has an expedition of its own, often unnoticed. The pencil enters its expedition with a sense of completeness, wholeness, vividness, originality and totality unlike the living ones. It then enters a phase of sharpening that sets its journey on until it sheds itself. The tracks gradually become narrower and shrink as they succeed.

The pencil sharpens itself, hoping to improve the marks it leaves, to paw mark itself to serve its master-the human being, who though is the creator of the pencil, is not the creator of its tracks! It then feeds marking and blackening and writing lives losing its own! And then as it feels it's growing the precedence of tracks deteriorate its existence. The only difference between journey of a life-full and a lifeless one is that tracks make the former grow up as they change, whereas the latter shrinks down. The

former's life is so simply started that it makes it complicated whereas the latter's life is so complicatedly started that it ends simply. It is the beauty and magnificence of tracks that though they lose significance without a traveller, they are not created by the travellers. Although they provide choices to go on, they bind us in chains somewhere in time; of which we realize when we've lost the assumed control.

They also depict and bring correspondence to all ' prisoners' despite their uniqueness and disparity. It dissolves the boundary of poor and rich, masculine and feminine, black and white, strong and feeble, animals and plants and to an extent- living and non-living! Every track has a journey- whether a long one or a short one, a complete one or an incomplete one. The journey though different, is always amongst and with all tracks. Every journey has a purpose and the tracks are those which chain them to it, and so it fulfils its being. Be it journeys of living beings or of non living beings, all tracks mingle in one point just as they are born out of the hands of one single creator- the almighty. Here, I remember of a very famous truth, " Dust thou art, to dust returnest.

" They circle around one single destination- death, closure, end.....

. Every track ends, what differs is just the pace of ending, it is just the fate of TRACKS.....