

Life is a trajectory

[Science](#), [Social Science](#)



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Introduction

Life and its complexity initiate right when the foetus is having the anxiety less phase of life. Since birth till death, man encounters and passes through myriad phases of life like frequent ripples on still water. Each transition takes place very slowly without any prior intimation to the man and long after the passing of the event, man sits on his easy chair during the fag end of his life to fall back on those incidents which have already occurred in his life and thus meditate, examine and explore them. These events of yester yeas which are recounted come to be known by the name of memoirs or retrospectives and sometimes even as reflections on life.

Philosophers and sages from the ancient times have compared life of man with that of flowing rivers. The river never gets stagnant. From the tender brooks on the lap of the mountains, it runs down as streams getting titanic form and passing by greatest civilisations and mighty cities of the world to end its long drawn journey into the ever eclipsing oceans where the entity of this particular river gets effaced along with many joining the mighty procession called life.

In a similar manner, life initiates on the lap of parents, tender and wild, innocent like a flower. At that point of time, love, care and nurturing becomes the only need of life. At the brink of youth, vibrant and exuberant life has an unknown threat to explore the unexplored, to experience the inexperienced and navigate through the dark and unseen abbeys of the wilderment. Then comes the middle age with maturity of perception and wide experiences, where the tramping feet gets shackled with added

responsibility and thought that echo in redundant way that wounded knees were better than broken hearts. And at the sunset of life with grey hair and lines on the forehead with sunken eyes which only gets glittered with the feeling of nostalgia life takes its slow predicament on the lap of the inevitable hour called death.

As the perennial river never gets stagnant, similarly, the true essence of life is to move forward. Flexibility is the need of the time and with growing time adaptability and flexibility is the real philosophy of life. Philosophers have also said that “rolling stone gathers no moss”. Life should always move on like a play that will take place on the stage irrespective of the greatest calamity on the group. Getting stagnant means death. Stagnancy in thought and work leads to a loss of vitality and vigour. Work is the only sublimation and the perfect balance of work and leisure make up a complete coherent life.

Conclusion

Life of man is like a changing season. It ought to have sun, rain, mist and spring. But a true fighter in life takes the plunge to overcome all the fever and fret of life into a world with redeeming and hope glory and light of compassion and love.

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