

Sisyphus myth and the significance of life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Nobody would point the finger at Sisyphus for surrendering but he doesn't. Notwithstanding the obvious aimlessness of his undertaking, Sisyphus' strength forces meaning. Life is just as absurd, yet we get up each day and do it again in any case. What's more, it is from our struggle that we create meaning. We go to work and have similar discussions about similar subjects with similar individuals, drink a similar drink, handle similar difficulties, confront similar absurdities, and watch defenselessly as these repetitive work piles on us. It's never fully finished but endless. We are never done.

Sisyphus helps us to remember the recurrent idea of our work. Life isn't direct, it spirals into the future in a progression of concentric circular segments. Here is breakfast time once again, here I am washing my spoon once more. Despite this redundancy we may be excused for giving up on the task. In any case, giving up isn't unavoidable. Truth be told, the world is neither absurd nor not-ludicrous - it is vague. It is left for us to choose. No one but we can eliminate the state of our own significance. It doesn't get any more pointless than pushing a stone up a slope. The stone doesn't do anything, it isn't for anything, and it's similarly as futile at the highest point of the slope as at the base. However we should consider Sisyphus to be triumphant because he created the meaning for this mundane task. Every day he was given the opportunity to find the positive message in this task.

Like Sisyphus, we have the ability to transform our destiny into a gift. We can't change the past, nor the majority of the conditions around us, however we can simply pick new perspectives about those occasions and conditions. In the boundlessness of cognizance, we are fundamentally allowed to force meaning onto the absurdities of life. It is just from our persistent

responsibility and conclusive activity that importance rises. His familiarity with his part in life make him a tragic character. He continues pushing, regardless of whether he knows it's trivial or that it won't change his condition, however the comprehension of the futility of his assignment is the thing that influences him to acknowledge life as it is and, maybe, be content with it.

Take for example, the repetition of one taking a bus to school every day to study. Though we would take the bus every day, the conditions around us are ever changing which alters our perspectives. On a rainy day we might feel lazy to take this bus as the journey may seem long, but upon reaching our end-stop we may see it as a struggle that we managed to overcome. Whereas, on a sunny day we might rejoice at the idea of taking the bus as it provides us with an air conditioned environment to study for a test later on in the day. With the change on conditions, a simple repetitive task may easily have a different meaning each day. Our comprehension that this mundane task leads to an important role in the bigger picture, allows us to be content with it.

In any case, in actuality, I believe that it is fine on the off chance that we don't find significance to life that fits what society anticipates us to infer. Toward the day's end, we may never infer them, and this can influence us to feel futile. It is tied in with discovering satisfaction in spite of when we cannot discover importance to those life desires.