

# Essay on pick your rocks

[Philosophy](#)



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I was wounded the one first time I considered Why are we here? When I wasn't concern with The Meaning of Life, I was content. My comfortable state ignorance was reserving prayers for Christmas Eve, and Fantasy creatures peopling my imagination. I questioned nothing and accepted nearly anything for what it was. In short, I took the absurd seriously. Possibility was my rock. It would be the heaviest pebble I should ever keep as I experienced a moment too soon in my adolescence that there was no meaning in life. I became conscious. The adults around me lacked self-meaning, and one day soon I would have no choice but to be like them. At ten, I began my philosophical journey.

I think suicide is a tiny pebble. It weighs much more than expected, and for the overly aware, it doesn't burn at the touch anymore. Is it absurd? Yes. It's a required absurdity to know the range of a human's mental exertion? It needn't be the cyclical toiling up a mountain only for our troubles to tumble down and picked up again. Suicide is a pebble held when a person stops moving, but she stops moving because she's holding it. It's a valuable lesson of absurdity, and clearly a lesson not advertised since it lacked aggression and suckles passivity. It's priceless to know that the little things of no consequence are actually quite potent. Holding onto such matters long enough will determine what becomes of us.

I promised myself I would commit to Nothing. As in, I would not be produce joy, friendship, or conversation; I would avoid building any meaning in life. This way I could not witness Meaning's decomposition, nor would I stress the upkeep of Life's health. Essentially, I held Zen Telegram's " paper flower", admired his " paper bird", and stayed up as long as possible before sleeping comfortably under a " paper moon". The decision was pictures instead of

people; television instead of communication. It was a very disposable lifestyle and it was mine. I wanted only what wasn't real because, as Telegram says, "who walks the wild earth anymore?" Who wants to expose their frailty (flower)? their abilities (bird)? their aspirations (moon)? It is less complicated to grasp superficial concepts. I wanted nothing "real" anymore because the Real cannot be controlled. The Real is a wild, unwavering, aggressive thing, and will be the last thing left when there isn't no substance to keep. My meaning of life was to invest in the stagnant. I held a pebble that stopped me from moving. I acclaimed my own self-prophecy via philosophical suicide to become less conscious of the world around me in exchange for being my own private absurdity.

The world is filled with accomplishments that are truly worthless. Worthless because they are tangible; you can see them, take pride in their size and glitter. Bertrand Russell describes the actuality as the "temple of man" where we develop and recycle and refinish objects to entertain ourselves and cause envy in another vain personality. Whether it's made of wood, cement, steel, or stone, all of it will "be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins". Russell pessimistic brings light to the world we know being truly made of sand that is washed over every few years by a new manner of existence. What will wash over us is our own garbage, rocks, "debris". This pride in the tangible strengthens the intrinsic reward of the mind where the prospects of religion and philosophy are therapy for wandering thoughts. Whether our thoughts circle a God or a theory these matters are a haven to put off despair. Given the mind's wondrous ability to act unconsciously, the power of nonphysical affairs is the heaviest boulders we that pretend weigh no more than dust.

At present day, I do feel the same. But the sense is a phantom pain since I no longer keep that particular pebble. Does the Meaning of Life worth anything to me, is still meaningful to me? No. Or at least I hope it isn't. I wouldn't want to relive the self-prophecy of false-goals and self-enforced hardships. This isn't to say I don't carry other concerns as well. I can see the world around me and I interact with it and guiltlessly appreciate the moments that occur. More than occasionally, I put my rocks down when I see I'm holding them too tightly. So far, this is my meaning and my responsibility of life: to be less serious; accept the absurd; appreciate what it involves. As of now, my benefit has been a garden of real flowers, the twitter of feathered birds, and noticing that not only does the moon change shape but from time to time it arrives in different colors. This is a manner of life I can handle; it occupies my happiness so I need not think Why Am I Here?