

## **What's the point?**

What's the point? It is all so exhausting, and we are all too thin of spirit to resist, and so we ask: why? Why bother? Who is smarter, who is richer, who is better, who is weaker, who knows science or finance, who is better than I am, who a bit less?...really, it is all too much to stand...why bother? Only the empty places seem to answer...such a hollow question.

What if I told you, you, as an adult, that the answer was ancient, and childish? Would you believe me? What if I told you, that it had absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with the "problem" you are looking at...nothing....! What if I told you, the fact that you are asking the question...was the answer?

Look, this day I have fixed it—found the error and repaired it, never mind how, just know...I did it! The result...is to re-set time. All the world is different now...and I have found it: the reason. I have come to treasure the few people who seem to understand me here...there are a few...so to you, I offer the result and reason. I am too damn grateful to keep it buttoned down...so here: you strange few who can follow my thoughts may have this.

The fact you ask the question indicates you also have the disease. To ask, is to admit, you are ill, and life is hollow. Yes, to ask is to admit. Can you see that? Are you that honest? The tone of experience, was long ago hollowed out, and its returning, is an antidote for a disease, created of nothing. The circuitry which fills up each moment with pleasure, has been co-opted long ago, and life left empty...save under conditions most specific! Your worth, the worth of each moment, now hollowed out, you left empty and ill, dry and brittle, because of this...because of this lie: Conditional Regard. Conscience, insists: you are at fault, and will feel quite empty, unless you comply! How long ago, was the sweetness of the sunrise stolen, and squandered? How long, has our world been emptied of its substance? Oh...how many days, save all? So you can see, the world, has been long stolen, and its pockets emptied long past. All who ask our hollow question, may now see this thing.

So you see, it is a stain of innocence long made crooked, the heart of essence, left hollow, but for the Win, the Success, the Victory: which are but victory over inner ancient tragedy and emptiness, not in any way about the world. Can you see that? This empty feeling...is old, so old, it seems as if it was always present. This: is false. The very fact that you are here, and alive means it was once otherwise (please recall the studies of Spitz). Yes, once, we were innocent, and the world was not hollow. To find this, is to find, the key to a real "win," an answer to all hollow guilty things. Happiness, is an atavism. Here, I will introduce you to something long forgotten, the world. It is this, which is answer, to all hollow and sick questions, in innocence. If you could return to the start and hear, you would believe me when I say: it was not your fault. Really, how could it be?

You, were not to blame. Here, let me assure you...I know this as fact: You, were not to blame. You are like me, you deserve...everything! To know that...is to create its truth by the very fact! How easy and sweet, how light is life to return from a past so dark and childish and discover...it was not your past! You...were not to blame! Life...is innocent. Oh...how subtle and bright, how full and impossibly thick with happiness are we to know: The Point!

Oh...so beautiful is this world, to be recast into the light from which it should never have fallen! How simple and filled with every purpose is life, once the stain of guilt has been lifted! A disease so pungent and rotten, formed...of nothing! So is the basis of modern society, its conscience, its morality, but a stain of horrid guilt, placed upon an innocent child. It is this, which we have surrendered...to ask, our hollow question. How false. Nothing is like that.

Here, I will cook you dinner, and you will see, the time for pain is over. It was never real to start with, and you, have always known it, haven't you? Of course...here...you are so sweet and kind, I am hungry...here, I will cook for you:

No one is angry, and I am very glad you are here. I am lonely, so filled with new thoughts and I am very glad you are here to hear them. What were your parents like? Mine were also liars, filled with hatred and greed. Yes, mine too. Never mind, it was not your fault. You were not to blame. How light is this world...to know...that?

Slowly, the flame takes succor, glowing and damp is the pulse of evening, sweet and damp are her seconds, and I do nourish the glowing coal, and spill my breath upon it, and coax it to glowing...so tender and warm. The tinder and moss heaped before, soon swell and burst into a puff of flame, and the lapping tongues of orange snap and tease the air bright and glowing, filling the ink with warmth and sweet smoke. Oh, how bashful are we before the moments, so double rich in smoke and light. Can you taste the air, now thick and sweet...can you see my face, dipping beneath the shadows, shimmering and vanishing, as hints too quiet, voice, the laughter and tears, so double thick and full, which warm time. Oh...how full is this world! Here, take the tin cup...I have filled it with broth and stew, so rich and warm, filled with heat licked from orange flame, held in your shaking hands, now warm, and steady, full and easy, as the seconds are now ripe, turgid and thick with warmth and smoke, sweet and rich with warmth. Here, did you know, you are worthy of this? No...it was not your fault. Now here, sit with me and feel my hands in yours. We will never be alone again. How full and sweet is this night, and this life? Yes...how very sweet. It is this...which is the point.

Thank you for reading. Be well.

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