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Enjoy this excerpt from my book, *This New Day: Self Creation—The Wisdom of an Idiot*.

Generation Y: man as plant

(Cultivated deadness with a striking tragic blossom)

At first I assumed it to be an aberration of modern times, but in light of human nature's persistent and ineducable core I have come to believe every age throughout history probably had among its masses a certain questionable type of man. He exists in multitudes today and from whatever age of history he might be, he is from generation "Y." Why try? Why bother it's too hard? Why risk failure? He exists to reject life, and so denies himself at every turn. There is connection only in the still and tragic. This deeply tragic resonance is his allure. In his understanding of the tragic futile element of life he is like us, in this way he is available to us. Humanity, life has denied him elsewhere. To him inactivity and the sadness of defeat are primary. To him there is no primacy of the will, this does not affirm. His is a primacy of the won't. He is static and so lives on pity and compassion as he refuses to do for himself. This stillness may create the reflection, the appearance of dignity. The still repose of life imitating death is a dignified rigor reserved for the aged, but here the pallor of this sickness now clings to the young. It is not an exhaustion from old age, but a purposeful paring away of all the healthy drives has been indicated, enforced by his particular experiences. Why does each member of this generation ask, "Why accept life's challenge? Why play the game? Why not love me, I am tragic like you?" Why he refuses life is an individual question but the remedy is the same. First do be sure a remedy is needed! This is inner deadness of the highest order. It has been cultivated as if it is a prize and must be unmasked, scorned and another path taken where feeling is nurtured and risk embraced along with every potential. Begin with the sadness you love and ask why? Why are you full only when you are sad? Why have you cut away all your branches? Why are you safe only when still or weeping?

Hear your sadness and know why it has come. It is the mourner at your funeral. Why does she wail? What have you sacrificed now lost and buried, so young and so old? See the face of your dead and know what must be done! In nourishing tears grow; become spring, radiant new reclaiming and bold! Too sad you listen, too guilty and sullen but to listen and creep toward her sobbing words. Your sobbing pain, how might you soothe her? She used to nourish you so you ignored her and kept her sad. Now you want more than to hear her and be sad, you want more than to become her, now she must be well and know you will go further. You will answer her! Might she reward your daring if you came close enough to touch her, to bend low, so quiet each word as before a tender flame undisturbed, to whisper by her ear how she has been missed, would she know you forgive her for hurting, for feeling the failure, the loss? Could she forgive herself? Before you can speak she looks up beaming with every happiness! You have heard her then pledged an answer, and this is what she wants most of all! Now loved and heard we cry out and embrace weeping in open relief, so welcome to know each other again! Make your first sacrifice to spend your daring and reclaim your familiar pain. Be unburdened and find a light heart, a heart thirsty for life, for risk. May you fill yourself with what you have banished and be

whole.

Generation Y members rarely pull their own weight in conversation and often reward an earnest outstretched hand with silence. They feel victory in rewarding effort with failure. They revel as dialogue decays into silence from their inattention. They have succeeded in springing their dismal trap on you and have shown you that effort is best left unspent in an uncaring universe. This truth they have learned well, but they have yet to grasp its significance. They possess the question and have stopped short. Why do they not seek the answer, the overcoming of their terrible truth? They lay impaled upon it as if they have won. How juvenile, how sad, how shallow, but now you refuse and stop short of your joy, holding your breath in an aching uncomfortable stillness that hurts, made still as it craves life above all else! How dark is this agony, this deprivation and empty pain you perpetrate upon yourself? Frozen by the tonic of your despair, you most of all must learn to laugh and find liberation in your meaninglessness. You must be proven a failure and an idiot, and it is this idiotic laughing, knowing, winning unrepentant failure who you must become. The hysteria of creation laughs and weeps as it looks down at your pitiful hiding behind atrophy and indifference, as if they were affirming virtues rather than the tired cross necessity leaves for the aged exhausted and dying. With this act youth insults life and suicides. The young pose in repose as the used up: the spent. I do hope you will find your idiot or you will remain forever sick, sad and lonely. Wretched is anyone who lives without their idiot because they have no one to laugh at them. Anyone who is too serious over nothing is always sad. Tell your own joke instead.