A brief inaccurate biography of man

You've come far, haven't you? The embodiment of destruction is a force to be reckoned with, I guess. But as life takes its steps, as you move across the land mass, and as you conquer what area is yet to pass you feel a sting in your chest. A feeling of sudden distraction. You feel that your destiny is somewhere else. As you feel the contraction of your weapon you fall in reminiscence

You started out as quite the loser actually. Eating everything you could find and didn't taste like a pile of bird poo. Fleeing from the big cats and dogs rivalling you in your territory. Hearing crows in the distance you knew you're safe, for the moment at least. So you set up shelter. You huddled together in small caves and tried to warm yourself by the logs a lightning set on fire. Someone had fire duty. Hurling more and more wood from the once living trees to the big burny, reducing the former living cells to ashes so you could survive. You feasted on it. You consumed to not be consumed. A prime example of how nature does its thing. And from there on you spiralled upwards. Berries to feed the weak, herbs to tend the wounded, sticks to protect your cave, your huts, your village. And then you went on. You discovered that having a quick chat can make the difference between life and death. But you didn't know how to do it properly. You were still a youngling in the vast nature of earth. Eating the scraps, you could find, gathering the animals the prime hunters left behind. You weren't the top of the food chain. Maybe you never have been. A mild flu could still kill you. No matter what age you are, a bear paw to the jaw is still stronger than you are.

But let's start over. As you always do. As you always can. You never told yourself that, but you knew. If it all went to shit, someone else just takes over. Because, why not? That's life, right? Whenever a species goes extinct, either another takes its place, or it all breaks down. When the leader of a group is being dismantled and no suitable follower is found, the group itself dismantles, as it goes. After all you're a pack animal. You don't live alone. You don't work alone. Even the shepherd on the field has a dog specifically named to assist him. Because you are smart. So smart in fact, that you can not bear loneliness. Or Indifference. Or the right to assume guidance.

The funny thing about humans is, they never actually learn. A mechanic can still fuck up changing tires even if he did it a million times. And humanity can still fuck up society. Even if they did so a million times, the do the same. Again. And again And again. The sad thing is, you're aware of it. It's not that you're fucking it up for the rest of your people. You would never, how could you. Just by being an insignificant fuck that can't change shit in a world made of piss and pain.

In fact, that's all humans do. Eating, Fucking. Shitting. Pissing. And being insignificant. Of course, the waitress will remember what a kind person you are. Of course, the next person on at the pissoir will think "What a gentleman to leave a large area between us so I don't feel as gay as I do when I am at home and watch grey's anatomy." Keep lying to yourself, it's good for you. It keeps you sane. If you ever felt the need to express what you feel, don't forget that there are, at the point I'm writing this, about 7 BILLION people in the world. Each one with their own different thoughts. And that's only 100 billion less than total count of humans who existed ever. Sounds like a lot, doesn't it? Ever tried counting ants, these little fucks that ruin your beautiful picnic with your girlfriend that will be dead in 80 years more or less? Just like you? Stop feeling so significant. You're less significant to existence than an ant to your picnic. Let that sink in for a second. Tomorrow you could execute 200 people and everyone, including their family will forget about it. At least when they die, and their siblings die. And their children. And their grandchildren. And then it will all be forgotten. Because you're destined to die. SO, what do you do your whole life? Follow your destiny? Exactly, that's what you do. And then you're dead. So enjoy the ride and cheer to the chaos failure creates, for what else is there but chaos and music alike.

Cheers.

© Marius Knappe

Diese PDF wurde erstellt durch das Schreiber Netzwerk