

Oh! The Humanity!

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I wrote this while pondering life and all of it's details. This piece attempts to elaborate upon suffering and its relationship to consciousness, within the realm of humanity. I hope you enjoy.



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Wee-hour wisdom, a philosophical expression as interpreted by a living thing known only as Froggy Hiney, (on one planet at least), gleaned from the bottomless pit of a simpleton's acquiring mind:

A thought, perhaps a theory, a manifold mosaic, pandora's box, enigma, puzzle, hidden truth, mystery. An intricate presence, unknown by matter, atoms, time, space, limit or boundary. Consisting utterly of the invisible. Not without faith, and faith permitting.

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To those gifted with faith, this can be recognized as invincible, powerful, totally viable and living. Unfathomable! Yes, fathomless to me. Precepts upon precepts, principles governing the unseen and seen, upon which all life is capable or possible, consecrated things, eternally intertwined.

Proving; yes effortlessly demonstrating the concrete standard of ALL. The one, the only, the Ace, the solitary illustration de facto- Grandfather of unknown complexity. Realization of an absolute truth, germane to the human race infinitely, including each anatomical creature who ever was, is or will be.

Worth 27 years of earthly experience and quiet alien-like witness, observing the whole "shamoley", yet also essentially being included in it's tapestry, amongst my fellow mortals.

For the Godly evolution of understanding for the simple and those with a relentless mission to dissect the universe's labyrinth in it's entirety . I will attempt to define, convey, acknowledge, record and express this concept as clearly as I have understand it to possibly be, God willing:

Suffering, death, misery, torture. Affliction, agony, persecution, plague. Pain, excruciation, hell, grief, lamentation. Every language, every nation, each and every generation without exemption. Not one person is immune.

Every human being encounters evil and calamity. Each breath-drawer shall inescapably become unwilling partakers of a vast array of adverse potentialities. Heretofore, from the dawn of man it has been, until the last man it will march on without fail.

Mechanically, habitually, chronically, unstoppable. Immediate sufferings befall the living soul at the very point of their creation. An accompaniment to all life; blanketing all those who's heart's have ever beaten.

Regardless of wealth or poverty, absolutely irrelevant to one's elite social stature, a lack of popularity or acceptance within society, youth, seniority, education, beliefs, friends, occupational position, mental fortitude, warnings, knowledge, or preparation. Diddly squat, yes, not even oblivion itself, can alter one's destined visitations of fate or encounter(s) with sorrow.

Whatsoever the case may be, several factors uniquely characterize how the pain, (or as some may say, negative energy), is interpreted, absorbed, perceived or imagined by the inflicted individual.

The depth of purgatory is capacitated solely by the individual's intrinsic mental determination of the effects of the anguish; their own personal subconscious psychoanalysis of the struggle is detected intimately.

The severity, how powerful the blow, the actual perception of the pain experienced remains personally respective; exclusively within the innermost recesses of the emotional and cognitive segmentation of one's consciousness.

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Suffering is dictated naught, in the slightest, by man's usual or natural presumptions or reckonings. The comprehension of torment is solely realized by the one enduring the tribulation; isolated from even the possibility of another's complete understanding of the grief being experienced by one man to the next.

The extent of suffering is not relevant, nor measurable from one man to another; for each encounters a pitiable state of being and or some variety of misery in their own appointed time.

The obligation of woe appears to the naked eye to be a supernatural penalization imposed from birth, upon the very character of the men, women, and children of the terrestrial sphere that we call the world.

Uninvited of course, but mysteriously omnipresent to all. Arguably, yet very possibly, even the unborn children of humankind- while still forming and yet unfinished- experience fear, pain, and discomfort.

To err is human, but could it be that dreadfulness is also fundamentally human? Why? That is the question we have attempted to satisfy from the ancient of days.

Let's take a stab at it:

Unavoidable, seemingly automatic suffering occurs definitely with each life that lives. This sovereign force is incapable from excusing any breed, creed or class. Consciousness, whether fully awake, aware, alert, is of no consequence to the manifestations described above.

Essentially, as well as by definition, the light of genesis is united, even married (if you will) with darkness in a magnetic combination that cannot be reversed or separated by its veritable, elementary nature.

This causes suffering to be experienced and encountered by all who are alive or ever have been. Could it be that there is an explanation for this unfortunate reality?

I can give you a definite perhaps.

Now that the preliminaries have been established, let's move on to the central controversy of this debacle:

Suffering unites people, engineering impenetrable bonds; being itself the source of the elixir that cures incurable conditions, universally. The negativity of anguish along with the positivity of joy is like a battery: the charge that sparks new life requires the exact paradoxical force, death, in order to even exist. In a battery, there is a plus side, and a negative side.

Both must be present and functional in order for the energy to be created and become available to the user. This enlightens me metaphorically to the fact that just as life has much pleasure, happiness, peace, fun, deliciousness, and beauty, the opposite is also required to balance the necessary articles for life to occur and sustain.

This ambiguity appears to massively enhance and amplify precious (yet rare) human virtues such as loyalty, respect, charity, selflessness, honor, justice, mercy, and courage.

These attributes are not otherwise noticed or appreciated without one having been subjected to the tone of wickedness in a sense. This opposition creates a superior strength that is not possible otherwise, nor occurs from human aspiration; as grand as it may seem and powerful as it may falsely insinuate.

It occurs to me that without despair and the like, humanity would be incapable of truly loving another being.

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This delights my soul because I have not yet been privy to the information necessary for me to understand the devastation that certainly materializes in each of our lives, including mine.

It had hardened my heart, causing me to silently rebuke my personal aspirations in this world. Constant potential fears of loss and anguish capable of causing pain to my family, loved ones, and even foreigners whom I have never met, has deeply troubled my subconscious and secret thought life.

This enigma rendered me privately vulnerable against my phobia of devastation, causing a severe loneliness deep inside that made me defenseless to the mental torture of fear itself. This revelation, perhaps, will help heal my confusion in this matter. I hope it will also help you my brother, my sister, my companion, my neighbor.

Excruciation produces a unique yet inevitable environment in life which each member of humanity insists, automatically, voluntarily, to sacrifice their entire possession, whatever they have to give, be it material or invisible, in order to help a brother or sister to survive and grow, to ease pain, protect, or heal.

People, ordinary regular old people, when in distress or danger, will instinctively desire to aid others, compulsively. Strangers and family alike, to the point of emptying themselves completely, choosing rather to carry the burden, take the punishment, receive the pain or to be cursed themselves- for LOVE of the life of another being.

Extinction of humankind, in my estimation at least, has been impossible as of yet due to this very truth.

This phenomenon occurs naturally, spontaneously, and unanimously amongst even the hardest of men, the poorest of man, and the most unacceptable of persons. I was looking for a reason behind tragedy, besides the obvious horror of total loss and hopelessness. I looked and saw nothing good or edible.

"Awake, seek, search again and you will see!" I heard, something that was not visible to the open eye or grieving heart, "Glean the remnant from the burning destruction left behind in the mess resulting from disaster and every form of death".

As manna from heaven did not generate from earthly manner, yet was absolutely present and abundantly capable to nourish a starving nation; so this matter has been explained to me by whatever means it was, and it has indeed nourished my aching temperament. Perhaps it is rational and indeed true, that this actuality has existed as long as catastrophe has been, since the ancient days, alas my eyes were blind to it.

No one is awake right now so I thought it'd be a good time to share this mystery of the universe so as to continue the mystification of hidden secrets. By chance if there is a creature stirring who may stumble upon this revelation that I've only now understood so late, you should stop drinking coffee after 12 and get to bed!

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