

## "On being"

Walter Mucher

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And so I sit alone. I have nothing to say, really. But I will say it anyway. For it is human nature to say the unsayable, to speak the unspeakable. To forge lines on virgin fields in hopes or of producing, of reaping the one true reason for our being. Being. Oh, it is a cliché: To be or not to be, *nés pas*? What does it mean to be if we are constantly not? I know it becomes "philosophical", but it does entertain our petty selves with visions of grandeur.

I am thus we all are, at least in my reflexive stance. For I am that which stands before all, the one before the Other. But, am I real? I guess it is up to chance to know what is and what is not real. For we are the children of illusion. Simulacrum. We define the real by dreams and tales, wondrous telling of things that should or could be if things were different. But it is this difference which tends to hide the truth, the real. That which is before what is not. And I find myself wallowing in its wake, a crumpled leaf on a turbulent sea.

I guess I should start by stating the obvious. And it is obvious that I have no real sense of the obvious. Obviously, I am, thus, forsaken in the maelstrom, to ride silently its monstrous wake. I guess it's not as bad as it seems. I am caught between the nothing and the all, the *barzakh* of being. That being being me, of course. And even so, I still avoid the subject, the truth behind all. I guess it is because I am afraid to mention it by name. To

call it into being. To make evident, real, that which evades being named. I am, after all, only human, if I dare be so bold in my incantation.

I digress. And yet I am already deep into conversation with the Other, with that which avoids, even tortures, my self.

How could I pretend to call into being that which evades me? Even so, it is ever so present in my making. Absence makes the heart fonder, or, in my case, flounder. For it makes no peace with my self. It calls my self into being by negating its being, And, in doing so, I become from that which is not.

And I digress, again. I know. I guess it is part of my nature to digress, to evade, and defer truth. For I am its own subject. I am the object of contention. I am. I am not. A bit presumptuous of my part to believe that I have the pleasure of not. Not that I truly believe it. But given the choice, I prefer to believe I am not rather than to believe that I am. That which is is: static, limited, finite, defined. While that which is not is not: changing, unlimited, infinite, undefined. Presumptuous of I to believe not to be, for it harnesses the true nature of Being.

I am not, for you. For anyone. It just is so. To be, not. That is the answer. For it crates the void which surrounds my being, my heart. It devours my self in the maelstrom of life. It is, of itself, death