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En text som inte är skriven av mig, utan en text som jag fick av en gammal bekant. Han skrev den här, uppenbarligen, kort innan hans död, och gav den till mig på grund av någon anledning som han aldrig sa. Den ska nog inte tas på alltför stort allvar...

The old man and the world

My final letter to the world

On the roof. A little boy. On the roof. A little girl. Sitting.
Together.

I am but one. There is no denying that. That is one of the points of my existence. I am an individual. I am only exempt from the group because of the simplest of thoughts. There is no denying that either. It is just a point of perspective.

So, why am I an individual? Or, how am I any different from everybody else, when, naturally, there really is nothing that diverse me from others?

This is actually my final attempt to make the difference.

On the roof. Of a little house. Resting?
Together.

I am a human being. It is simple, and not really unheard of, but that is what I am. One out of roughly 6 billion. I walk as everybody else, talk as everybody else, drink, eat and breathe like everybody else. In no way am I any different.

I look the same, because no one would tell any difference. I write the same, because it is just words put down by a human's hand. I sing the same, because the voice is always only a voice, and nothing more. It can never be delirium. It can never be dreams. It can never be colours...

On the roof. Two of them. Like birds. Pointless. But, together.

So why am I writing this?

I do not know, because I am not entirely sure for what purpose this is done. I do not know which matters that's addressed, and which matters that are forgotten. It feels like... Like I'm only trying to make amends, for my past decisions. Like I want to make peace with those around me. Like I need them to understand... But for that, writing for others, wouldn't that lower my imagination? Shouldn't that be below me by now? If I write in the sense of others, I would yet again only be one of all. To be alone, I would need something that only makes sense to me. I would need something that only could be interpreted by me, and me alone. I would need something of the highest standard possible. My standards.

But, isn't that the same as being delusional? Isn't that just... crazy?

It isn't that close to life anyway.

A little boy, on the roof, sitting together, pointlessly, with a girl, a little one. Together. On the roof. Like a couple...

Maybe I should come to terms that I am but one. Nothing more. It feels like...

there is no point in denying that I'm only human, after all. The fun and excitement, in believing that I was more and finer than everybody else, has turned to bitter revelation. Even if I thought I could do anything, even if I thought I was higher, it turns out to be... This... Life, nothing more than life.

Same as for everyone.

Maybe so...

Life goes on, as every attempt from us trying to stop it goes unnoticed. There is nothing we can do about it.

But that is the whole point. Life is short; still it is far too long for us. We cannot appreciate it enough, yet we see it far bigger than it is. "We" do all, yet nothing. Simply because, we are life, life isn't us. We do not understand what we are. They created "soul" as a solution to this, a solution that didn't need any explanation because; we all know what it is:

Nothing.

A soul is nothing...

But us.

A vague idea. A simple explanation. A tool.

Or just what it has grown to be, meant to be; a solution. To all worries, that we might not be alone, that we might not be special. That we might be the same one as all of those around us. That we are not alone. That we are not unique.

She sat on the roof, looking through the wind, in to the sun setting down. Or, to be less complex, she looked at that day's sunset.

So in the end, what was the point? Why did I write this? Was it only to make amends, for as far as I can see, there was none?

I don't know. Was there a point? Is there ever? Did this only succeed to more questions?

Probably. That is not bad though. Humanity, as a whole, as life, as a society, is based on questions. The answers won't bring anything, because we do not know the shape of them. We have never fought for answers; we've only tried to change the questions. I know, I have seen it.

She was up there, hiding, but she didn't do a good job. Everyone else was sleeping. So she didn't hide from anyone. She just hid.

I'm old now. I have lived my life. I have done everything, and seen all. I am, as the only one, complete. That tends to make my view on things rather subjective, but that I cannot help. I am but one of everybody else, but I am still special. I am me. I am alone. The same as everybody else. One of all, defunct, and therefore perfect. I am me. One single piece of humanity.

That can't be changed.

If I don't change it.

~~The little girl watched, as the little boy stopped breathing. The sun was up.~~

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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