

## What Matters

Knowledge, wisdom, experience are all conceited. Our society makes knowledge out to be the end result of purpose they claim that all we know is all that we are. If we know little we are little, if we understand little we are only capable of little. All purpose surrounds the pursuit of knowledge. Without knowledge they claim we are doomed. Maybe we are. If all people had the same knowledge then all would be equal, a egalitarian society would be possible. But is it even important. What does anything matter anyway. We are all born, live through a short period of time and then die, taking all we have learned, the knowledge with us to oblivion. The pressure to be the best or as good as the rest is an attempt to force us into motivating ourselves into becoming an extension of the society. We all can see those who have rejected this and are seen as disgraceful in the eyes of society. They are conditioned enough to even see themselves in the harsh light of less than fulfilling their potential. But what does it matter? If we in the end are all the same is there any importance in knowing more than the next guy? Is there any valid reason for understanding more? If happiness and fulfillment in life are simply doing what allows us to survive to the next day are they even worth the while of working for them? Is understanding worth anything if all it does is allow one to get the upper hand in a conflict? A conflict that in the end results simply in oblivion. What good is understanding and knowledge anyway? Maybe there is a greater purpose and greater joy and a greater reason and a greater understanding beyond what mere individuals can see. Maybe there is something that can be found if one is looking for it. Maybe there is no glimpse of it when just looking through one's eyes. Maybe one has to go above and see the big picture. Maybe once someone has seen life through many eyes and has thought about why people are as they are there is something more grand than the simple existence of day to day effort and conflict. Maybe with effort we can see clearly without society conditioning us to become one of the masses. Maybe we can be individuals. Maybe in the end there is some worth in all we have fought for, all we have loved all we have achieved. Because if there is nothing then there is no reason to exist. And if there is no reason to exist then we wouldn't. But what could be the reason? One could simply conclude that since we are part of a game the game is the only reason for the game. But what if those playing the game were so engrossed in the game that the game became their only viable reason for playing. What if one day they got up and decided to stop playing, just quit and look for something more. But what if because they were simply created for playing the game they were incapable of breaching the invisible boundary into the true reality outside the game? Maybe one could breach the boundary by realizing that the possibility of something more existed, even if they had so definable proof of it. Maybe if they came to understand the game instead of just playing their part they could somehow escape from it. This is my hope, I dare say my prayer, that I will someday be able to understand and see clearly and find purpose and reason and validation for my existence. The pursuit of this is all that matters.

