

“happiness”

by

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We do not comprehend the meaning of happiness. Humans were not made for it, though they so desperately desire and crave it. We say constantly *I want to be happy, all I want is to be happy*, but when you get down to it, we're all just lying to ourselves. Because we don't really *want* happiness, even though we think we do. No, because each time we grasp it, each time we hold the most precious moment in this world, we fling it away from us. We are masochists and liars, deluding ourselves, and for what cause?

Progress. For if we were truly happy, we would never have come this far. We would never have fought off our competitors, never evolved into these creatures that we are now. We would never have risen to such great heights, those of Modern Technology, Medicine, and Science. Never would we have transformed this earth into cold steel, never have built monuments of such grand Beauty. We would never have developed Art, for Art comes from misery, rarely happiness.

We cannot physically compel ourselves to keep what we desire for if we did, it would be the end of us. We would perish. We would decompose in the crushing claws of Bliss. We would die with smiles upon our faces, those structures of metal crumbling around us, grass and flowers spreading themselves under our fingernails. We would slowly be consumed by our temptations, drowning in our laughter.

No, we must struggle until our deaths, struggle with Death herself, grappling for Life and choking against Time, pleading for more, more, constantly more. We cannot possibly be content with anything, not even ourselves, for that would destroy the very essence of who we are, the most basic elements in our beings. It would be betrayal of mind and body. We must constantly whine and plead and grovel for that which we crave, but truly despise. Because if we don't, if we refuse to delude ourselves, we will perish explosively and in luminescent Truth not even properly born, but in the womb of our mothers. We would see the pointlessness of human Life and this realization would consume us so completely, we would have no choice but to cease to exist.

What we most want and Love is not Happiness, but Misery, for through it we survive.