

Senescence

This piece of work reflects different philosophies from different authors, and how they piece together in my mind from the beginning to end. It travels from Nihilism, to Existentialism, to Absurdism, and my views on how they merge with each other in my world view. I use some allegories from Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Crime and punishment, and some loose inspiration from The Myth of Sisyphus. It also follows a bit of my philosophical journey, and how my opinions have evolved over time. It is titled Senescence, as it denotes the relative maturity of my philosophies, which was derived from personal growth.

Camel, lion and child,
Beauty gleams through storms,
Sunlight in a shroud of darkness,
Suffocation in abundance,
Metamorphosis is due time.

Strong men are the will of the clandestine
Conspicuously setting souls in their due time
To overcome the barren earth,
Unbound by the weak,
Betrothed to death.

Rodya, Rodya, where might you have been?
To whom do you owe your strength?
Castles founded on the mists of pride,
Condensed enough to reach the sky,
In time for the coming monsoon.

Absorb the summer rain,
Accept its cloying warmth,
The sensual shadows of the rays of the sun,
Merging into one consciousness,
The epitome of nature's marriage.

To feel the warmth of our decaying light,
One must branch from within,
To survive and strive with grief,
An ethereal brilliance must concede,
Love, in its innocence must be conceived.

But even with its warmth, the winter blows,
And the shackles remain,
Eternal slaves to poetic metaphors,
Dancing to a silent song,
Begging for a chance to hear the music.

To refuse to listen is a joy in itself,
Freedom from delusion,
Embrace the hole of reality,
The deepest pits, the highest step,
Dancing despite a despondent silence.