The Eventual Heat Death of the Universe

In an age of recycled things, when resources are alternately stretched and pressed thin, the weight on men’s shoulders is scaled accordingly. The workday lengthened, salary shriveled, urgency heightened to set out and succeed. And every day is endured invisibly. Because who are you to complain?

Getting by is dispelling the illusion that the things that are worth living for can’t be the things that lead toward accepting our eventual scattered ends. Love and mistakes are two such ever distant truths. The fact is all these nouns are irredeemable, though they sometimes carry the promise of solid matters.

Here, for example, I’m at the point where I know seeing myself in another younger me is of paramount importance. But then I am met with the imperative and seemingly impossible task of knowing myself, in order to recognize myself. That this is hard speaks to my immaturity, itself a mechanism for getting by.

It isn’t something I ever imagined needing between my other mistakes and love. Though neither had I thought to look past the staggered trial and error in our stunted patterns, to the day everything finally aligns, because we can’t be sure our lines are true until they’re drawn. Besides, the truth is often unkind.

Love is here but invisible. Mistakes too, though unbearably hard. I once believed in leaving, so that I could return with new songs and a new tongue. Now I know that believed lies are not all cruel, and that there’s nothing if not time. There are already too few days to keep leaving. It’s time that we find home.