

## The Cynic Becomes the Unique Man

We live in a copy / paste world, the Cynic said.

Everything's been done, and everything's been said. He, she, you, me, them, them, them; all the same.

Everything's the same. It's all the fucking same. It's all the fucking same.

It's all the fucking same. It's all the fucking same. It's all the fucking same. It's all the fucking same.

It's all the fucking same. They're all the fucking same. You know that, don't you?

I didn't.

If I'm me, and if you're you, then how can we be the same, I thought.

Fucking cynics.

You've got to be fucking kidding me, I said.

The world is huge, vast, beautiful. How could a thought like this even cross your mind?

Open your eyes, I said.

Whose eyes, he asked.

My eyes, your eyes, his, hers, theirs. They're the same eyes. You know that, don't you?

I didn't.

We looked down. We blinked. I was confused, our eyes showed that.

It was true that the same marvelous shade of blue rested twice in each of our heads.

I've never considered that, I said.

But have you never considered that perhaps our eyes do not represent our greater wholes?

Although my eyes are yours, does that have to mean that my soul is yours as well?

We looked down. We blinked. Our eyes showed his confusion.

I've never considered that, he said.

The Cynic kneeled down and looked through his bag. He found a tablespoon, removed it, zipped up his bag and stood back up.

First, he removed his right eye. He pushed the spoon into the socket from the side closest to the temple, and with great force it popped out and fell onto the dirty ground.

We cried. I could see the pain in his left eye, and his left eye could see it in both of mine.

Next, he removed his left eye. It came out just like the right. The beautiful blue eyes rolled on the ground like marbles.

The Cynic tilted his head up at me, as if to look into my eyes.

This is how the Cynic became the Unique Man.

I said goodbye to the Unique Man, and wished him good luck on his new life.

I did not follow him and I did not remove my eyes.

It is important to be Unique, but I prefer my vision.