So, here I am, millions of words into trying to make sense of my life, and I come back to this basic question, “What is the point of life?” It is a question I seem to keep asking, because the life that I have makes no sense, and yet I keep struggling to maintain a foothold in it. I know that this is an important question, a question that gets right to the point, but it is also a “why” question and like any philosophical question, conducive to any answer I am inclined to extract some kind of meaning. That, by itself, is not such a bad thing; a meaning helps us make sense of things. The problem is, I am only driven to ask more when life gives me some glimpse of meaning. To grasp the meaning of something, of anything, is to respond to an impulse that sings out in every way that there is some point to all of this, however elusive that point might be.

The world that we live in is complex and fascinating thing, so much so that we can spend our entire lives pursuing the most basic questions and yet barely scratch the surface. We can get lost in such pursuits, striving to understand what confronts us and laboring to harness it as knowledge. As a race, we have made such amazing strides in such a short time through science, but in choosing to focus on what things are, we’ve convinced ourselves that the other questions still need asking. I have known, most of my life, that the questions I ask are often unscientific, but I have still felt the need to ask them.