

Adventure Cabaret

My Feelings Are Ridiculous

Screen: [Capybara with a peach balanced on its head.]

You know how, especially these days, we're all supposed to respect every stupid feeling everybody has? Every dumbass feeling every dumbass has, we're supposed to bow down and show that stupid feeling all the respect it absolutely doesn't deserve, and then we're supposed to...talk about it! Yuck! No way.

And what about "You hurt my feelings?" What? That doesn't even make any sense. Feelings can't be hurt. How could a *feeling* be "hurt?" The only thing that can truly hurt your feelings is a lobotomy.

And then there's that charming t-shirt. Yeah, you know the one. "Fuck your feelings."

But what a minute...let's turn this around. What about me? Somebody has to go first, so I say now, in a loud, clear voice:

FUCK...MY...FEELINGS!

...and I have a LOT of feelings.

Pause.

But what *are* my feelings, why do I have them, where did they come from, and which of them actually *deserve* to be judged and ignored or discarded?

I'm not really sure, and nobody has ever talked with me about this. Let's investigate.

For instance, I have some very deep feelings...about compost. Even now, just thinking about compost, I'm on the verge of tender tears. Yes, I am a gold digger. I dig black gold, and I dig it deeply. But more on this later.

It's so easy to see that other people's feelings are ridiculous, in so many ways. Like, you see some guy wearing a super expensive watch that he absolutely doesn't need because he's already got his phone to check the time, and you know he bought that watch to feel special, and to show off, and to make people think he's got gobs of money, whether he does or doesn't. It couldn't be more obvious how pathetic that is. He thinks he's going to get respect, but most people are going to look at that watch and go "Wow, what a douche."

So do I have stupid feelings I absolutely shouldn't respect or take seriously or act on? Of course I don't! Because *my ego tells me I don't!* All my feelings are glorious and beautiful and worthy of the utmost respect, according to my ego.

And the ego of that guy with the watch is telling him the same thing. Ugh! It's all so disgusting!

But here's something else. I was once in an intense relationship, and got very confused, because the other person had super strong feelings, and I started feeling what they were feeling, and started thinking those feelings were mine, because I was so attached to that person. I even treated other people badly, ruined some other relationships, defending awful, ugly feelings *that weren't even mine!* Then one day I woke up, and saw that those were some really stupid feelings, that they weren't even mine, and were destructive. Holy crap did that relationship end fast after that, and I'm glad it did, because now I am ashamed I was ever in it.

So which of my feelings are actually mine? I inherited a whole lot of feelings from my family, but a lot of those feelings are really stupid too. Still trying to work myself out of a lot of that crap. Yikes.

Then I began noticing a pattern. The feelings that I am under pressure to feel from other people are usually stupid feelings, the one's that are mostly petty and ugly and horrible. Also, all of the feelings that advertising tries to inject into me are absolutely awful. And social media? Nothing but a vast sewage system of ugly, corrosive feelings, the opposite of anything noble or worthy of respect.

So again, which of my feelings are actually mine? Which of my feelings have *not* just been copied from my social connections or patterns in my family or society? Do I even have any feelings that are purely mine?

I actually don't think I do. There is no actual "me." I think I'm just another random agglomeration of junk I accidentally picked up along the way, just like everybody else.

Pause.

But then I remember my feelings about compost, and I see a different world.

[To be continued.]