

The Sisyphean Happyness

Why do we live? The purpose of life?

Many lived asking the question and died, some died searching the answer to the question!

Is there even any point to even give a thought to the question? Is it that worth it?

Maybe it is the most important question to be explored, or maybe not.

The Ultimate purpose of life, "Love?"

we born, we live, we die,

the before, the between, the after,

the start to every end, end to every start

it's: honest, humble, heartwarming...

it's: cunning, cocky, clueless....

it's kind and it's selfish

one does the impossible,

even so the Sisyphus seems small,

one gives it all up and all of it

just a moment with her, then the forever Absurdism

in autumn's abscission, in spring's enclosing,

in the silence of her withdrawal, in the sweet sound of her giggles,

she is in every of the existence, and all of the everlasting void,

nowhere to see, always in the feel,

it is simply the most complex exploration

Love is it, it is her, her is the Happyness!