

The Lost Thought

SalahDin Ahmed Salh Rezk

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Chapter 1

The Collective



HAT I call “The Collective” is the most effective yet the most harmful thing to the individuality of a human condition. It may achieve the greatness that no man can imagine, yet it actively chooses to not do a thing. Every day, the collective does not care of what truly matters, yet it is in a constant suffering for every failure it has experienced. Even if the failure was not of its conscious at that particular of an instance; it would torture itself till the point of absurdity.

The most risible to be seen of it is its ignorance. How confident it is just amusing to any intellect of a mind to think with. It does not think of the facts that of the mind. Instead, it works by the guide of a lost heart. It celebrates the wrong, despises the right, and wonder what there is to be done in order to whiten the blood that covers the floors of innocence. It is to be considered the only clown of the entire circus of both unconscious and conscious existence of the whole.

The Collective, however, existed long before anything. It was the start and may be the end. It was the continuation and may be the interruption. It was nothing before but would never be everything to see. It helped everything to come and helped everyone to fall. It never cared but always looked into what is beneath to be cared.

What different yet similar instances of consciousness that unrealistically think do not belong to The Collective, which I would believe to be the falsest of thoughts for a long time in the current whole, oppose it. They do not comprehend how much they are part of it and how much it is a part of them. There no thing to be seen to exist separate to The Collective yet. They avoid the unlikable notion of belonging to it and its ramifications. The meaning of being a part yet oppose the whole is the most antithetical of ideas, which who believe to be apart hate.

I would be arrogant to decide the state of The Collective. It may be — no matter how much I believe it to be utterly stupid — the most magnificent capable intellect of conscious and the opposite to be comprehensible in the plane of thought and nonexistence.

1.1 The Self

Within The Collective

To not be the self is to tolerate the unfulfilling need for its completion with no act towards the desired existence to be. To not be the self is to wait for the unwaited victory of the nonexistence in the plane just like the incompletenesses of whatever lies inside one's condition. To not be the self is to not realize the agony of existence and what is beneath. Many of whom not think, despite that, fail to recognize this factious implication. They do waste their existence to neither the whole nor what truly matters. Instead, they give every consciousness of existence, every intellect of mind, every notion of thought, and even every deed that could ever matter to what never mattered, to what never delivered, and to what never even promised to be. They lose the being of the end; the only being to be avoided in the cost of the one's act. The most absurd of all actions that of a human to be done.

In contrast, to be the self is one of the noble goals to reach. It is to be the truth with no regard to The Collective. It is to exist within both the planes of existence and the thought with regard to the most of what truly matter. However, the pursuit of the self is undesired for the lost hearts of whom to be without. One's shall be the one to exist between who belong to The Collective, to be the one to recognize and praise whilst still being the individual. Being in harmony whilst ignoring the pitfalls of The Collective may be considered the narrowest of paths to follow; The Collective would consume the conscious until the time of the end, but if the opposite is achieved, it is one's finest of states to be in within the whole.

Break whatever shall be in the way of the noble, help everyone to be, and exist for seeking whatever to be seen behind the walls of realization are what truly makes "The Path". Intellects, however, desire the paths of whomever lost the nobility within their heart and the mind within their being, the open path of the end to be taken from one's existence beyond the cosmos.

1.2 Beyond Realization

The notion of thought and itself

The realization of whatever lies inside of the unconscious of the whole and before is arguably the hardest of all things to do. Many of whom search the truth and the mind of existence do think that they reached the realization. However, they are too blind to see how broken the glass of the cosmic. They are blinded by both the ignorance of the state and the arrogance caused by The Collective. It may be considered impossible to count the number of conscious beings believing to realize, yet the worst is who believe they went beyond it.

There shall be no existence that fully grasp what that is beyond there within this limited spaces of thought and existence of self. It is always wearisome to mine seeing whoever thinks be too invested with the pursuit of realization that they forget what truly matters. Minds do not prefer realization due to the fears it holds, the promises it makes, and the laws it breaks. It does not promise the most achievable of roads, the happiest of moments, nor the fulfilment of what lies inside the self and beyond. It promises what really is with no care to whatever may any comprehension believe to be cared about. That is — what I

believe to be — the only noble act to be in the whole.

The fact is, in addition, there shall always be realizations above what a conscious truly grasps in order for the thought of to be held true, which is the case no matter what who do not think believe. There might be some minds that do realize this fact in the infinite realm of possibilities, which are to be considered beyond one's comprehension.

1.3 A Value

What was given

What can be seen through the vast lands of what is underneath is the values that are given by the intellects of who do exist to whatever lies on the black carpets of meaningless deed. That is to be the most likable thing for The Collective, which inevitably forces the individual of a human condition to lose his existence to the values that should not be cared about. Every structure of intention shall be with with no regard to whatever values might be given to them by whomever think.

Values of the subjective instances of existence shall not be favored with the objective nonexistent thoughts in hand of free minds of the whole, yet The Collective praises this the most. It builds everything on the dishonourable values given to what to be thought of, all that to be in the human nature. This is unbelievably wrong to what lies before the conscious of mind itself. This may expedite the progress in the current, but it is bound to lead the downfall of human intellect. Countless edifications fell onto the ground of what to be erroneous only because that of wrong value.

It is most unfortunate that the values of whichever is are the motivation to be for many. The mistake of them existing and depending on them was not enough for some; they had to make their life and its meaning itself tied to what shall not be. The fools who does this are destined to their painful shallow of meaning death. Whom shall not ascend to the righteousness that of beyond the existence are alike, cannot smell what is really disgusting of everything and think they are the remnants.

1.4 A Conflict

One among many

Thinking and acting with whom are not the self is an invaluable part of the experience of mind's conscious intellect, yet many take the opportunity to do what is hated by all to be. They do not realize that only who not think does alike. Thinkers believe that conflicts are the modus operandi to ascend into what is true; the only way to approach what exists beyond. Despite that, they struggle until crumbling into what not to be seen by any.

The disunity of who do not think is the catastrophe for what exists underneath. What to be done is the most disgraceful of all. They spread their inferiority to all corners of the lands to live in; no one can escape the agony to be experienced caused by that of the done acts. And for what? For the planes? For the doctrines? For what shall be? The mislay of one's self beyond the void

is their kismet. Shall they learn of what the past brought to their eyes, yet they are blind.

Natetheless, what to effectuate as a mere lost soul? The acts of ginormous conflict are not that of normals. They are that of princes; to whom power is given doing whatever comes to one's mind. Princes are used to kill and care not, to starve out and feel not, and to live and die not. They are, however, not more than a bare reflection to the true nature of the mortals under. It may seem to the illiterate that princes are the ones to blame — which I believe to not be completely false. However, a one of true *compos mentis* will realize the true soreness that exists among many. The blame shall lay on neither the princes of potency nor the personage of fallibility but on the root of all causes of vendetta, what verily lies inside the human condition.

We, the mortals of quotidian, are the ones holding the Excalibur of every deed that may ever affect any whom. The only hindrance to be seen lies inside our own self. Thence, the radical change to be done is to ourselves, not to the world that have punished us for what we did not have the serendipity to do. It is, nonetheless, a difficult act to achieve; one should not only change what lies inside their very own selves, but also the innermost of all people among, parts of The Collective which are arduous to change. The thinker of thinkers should, despite that, always try to accomplish the impossible of tasks to advance — not only himself but also The Collective — over the current. Shall the mortals gain wisdom from who earnestly thinks for transmogrification.

1.5 Modicum of The Parts

Fractions of the whole

The fractious nature of even “The Parts” themself is an essential notion to realize in order to advance over the current. Whatever shall be is a modicum of a commodity. Every division is a fraction itself, this is the rationale all the way down to the axioms of the whole. Nothing shall be exception to this pristine aphorism. It is, however, the contradiction to be made with the human condition; they can not yet grasp the true potential of such a beyondless soupçon.

For the wish of progress over the current, this principa is indispensable. Those who are sagacious would realize the true potential due to their quiddity being over what is seen by the senseless. Despite that, it did not lay in many thinkers' power. Instead, they lost every worthwhile instance of themselves to the end. One shall be the thinker of thinkers; whom are guided by do no fall to the woe, but they endeavour the hated in lieu.

1.6 Derogation From Freedom

How shall one's leisure be

The freedom of one's self is the best idea a man have ever came up with yet will be for the longest one of the most detrimental. Most of who exist do not think of every action they do at every moment they live. Instead, they let the events surrounding their existence move them in whatever direction shall be.

The result of such a careless philosophy is the misuse of whatever they are free to do: kill who live, do what not to be done, and use the harmful to one's.

Howbeit, the less free we can think the worse the decisions to be made in the world of existence, and what to be seen is not the desired one. It has been the way for the longest chapter of the history of humanity and whomever is beside, so we assiduously know that freedom of whatever is could often be the solution to the suffering that may be. The way, therefore, is to use the finest balance between what is possible and what could be done by a thinking intellect of minds and whichever be.

Chapter 2

The Soul

2.1 Existence



XISTENCE is what was given to ours with no permission. It is forced on us whether we wanted or not. You may hate it, desire it, force it upon others, or even take it — a very unwanted act of selfishness. Whatever your position is, you have no real control over its state. It is forced on all, even the unconscious. “You feel, you exist” is what to be believed. You do not think to exist, you suffer to exist, you crumble to exist; you cruse your existence until it screams at you with nothing but pain, endless continuous pain of every possible sensation you intellect may feel.