



Hateful of Hollow

There is a deep loathing of hollow. For that nothing that creeps in like darkness with no source, as if it were the silence between thoughts, the silence of an unspoken heart. Hollow is not the absence of things—it is the absence of meaning, the absence of connection. And that perhaps is the worst form of absence.

For when a man is empty, he begins to forget that he exists. He goes through life with eyes open but not seeing, as though mired in the space between moments, not here and not there. The empty whispers that nothing matters, that the song of the world is merely a noise, the colors of existence mere hues without substance. And it stays on, this emptiness, until one feels that the solution lies in its depths.

But no. The hollow is not to be embraced. It is to be filled, not with stuff, but with presence. A walk under the whispering trees, a note sung from the heart, a word that ignites the soul—these are the shards that push hollow aside. For it is in the plain, the tiny, the unobtrusive that life shows its greatest depth.

And so the emptiness is shed as one comes to breathe in the world, in all its quiet and its loveliness. Not to seek, but to be. To see. To feel.

-aepozi