

A Short Story

THOUGHTS

ADULT



Thoughts on Being

Despair and pain. Fear and a hunger. Loneliness. These are the tragedy of humankind. Love, hope, empathy and vision are the triumph. And somewhere there's comedy.

The nature of ourselves, of being flesh and blood, simply forbids the touching of other minds save by a very imperfect means of verbs and nouns and funny sounds. It is a perverse humor, cruel perhaps, of entropy that each of us is thrown into, but briefly, then out of this world so very alone. And while we are here that neither ability matches the limitless ambition, nor that eternal hope overcomes our ephemeral lives.

Why is the Universe as it is? Why am I here? Why am I so alone? The eternal unanswerable questions. But it is the perpetual striving to know in the face of failure and futility that makes us more than we are. To persist is to be human!

Must one turn inward to mind and soul to seek these answers that perhaps lay nowhere else?

Aug. 1984

Thoughts on Love & Marriage

My dearest,

I have been thinking of you a lot and consequently thinking of love and marriage. Love is truly new to me. Not love of parents, siblings, close friends and country, but for someone with whom I want to spend all my days (nights, too). This love is not just a fireworks burst of passion and satisfaction of the flesh, but a quest for oneness that will deny self and affirms a unity that is the goal beyond all else.

I visualize marriage to mean a duality of being, a doubling of self that broadens and expands the limits of a single life. A blending of spirit, wants, desires as well as sorrow, flaws and faults, but mostly strengths.

I desperately desire a blending with you, a oneness, you and I.

Thoughts on Aging Part A

His name. What's his name? I have known him for years, but I can't remember his name. We worked together at two businesses and were even partners in another. Yet I just can't recall his name. I am drawing a blank; it somehow has slipped away and is just out of reach. I know I am old. Yes, I am unsteady on my feet and have to worry about falling. I no longer can do some tasks that a year or two ago were merely routine. I can accept the physical weaknesses that come with old age, but please not this forgetting, the loss of memories of who I was and what I have done and with whom. I am not afraid of death, but I am terrified that my mind will wither and turn to dust before I die.

Thoughts on Aging Part B

The grandkids call me ancient. Yes, I know they're teasing me and I reply, "no, the pyramids are ancient; I'm just old".

As the saying goes, getting old is not for the faint of heart. So many procedures, intrusive and otherwise. Radiation for prostate cancer; both hips replaced; surgery on the knees; surgery on the wrist for carpal tunnel; multiple surgeries for skin cancers and it goes on and on. But there is one surgery I need and want, but I can't have.

I am now in my middle seventies. As I said, I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid of what may be coming prior to dying. The thought of reverting to a child or worse an infant is more than unsettling. To be helpless, if it happens, will be awful, but the possibility of losing my memories is absolutely shattering. And I am beginning to forget things and there is no surgery for that. I would gladly suffer physically to retrieve the memories that have gone, that have slipped away when I wasn't looking. I can still recall most of the faces of the past, but many of the names to those faces are now a mystery. The names of childhood friends, school mates, teachers, college fraternity brothers, business partners have faded away. I try hard to retrieve them and often times I do, but hours or even days go by first. It's getting harder and harder, too and that makes me afraid.

Thoughts on Death

We all think about dying and death in relation to ourselves. Life has a beginning as well as an end. So reflect well that, simply put, there was a time when you and I were not. That thought has never given me any pause for concern. Then why should it trouble me that a time will inevitably come when I shall cease to exist? We fear death because we are self-aware. We know we are going to die; death is inevitable, but it's an unknown that makes it scary. When, How, Final? And it's love that makes death really significant. Without love, living is meaningless and so is death. Without love there would be no sadness, no mourning, no sense of loss.

It's humbling to say the least to know that all that's left of me will be the memories of my friends and family. The memories will be vivid for a while, but then they will start to fade away until no one alive had ever known me, or even cared.

Also see [Burden of Love](#)