

Live

Jayben Matiang

Life is like an eclipse. Enigmatic, yet rare and exceptional. We're like a sojourning comet lost adrift in the cosmos with no assurance of what domain to fall into. Our existence was probably the fruit of a roulette game of nature without crystal-clear objectives. We're aimless travelers in this vast universe, caught in the arcane matrix hastening towards the end of time.

We're not destined to live forever, nor was our intellect biologically programmed to fully perceive the obscurity of our existence. Besides, that's the beauty of it. To leave us wonders to behold. For us to set out on a quest to find answers for our curiosity. For us to decipher the poetry of this life. To belittle those triumphant rulers of the empire, knowing how infinitesimal they are compared to ethereality. To teach us how to grasp even the smallest things and seize the moment before death knocks on our doors.

Paradoxically, life exists, as does identity. There's you and I, folding the same calendars every month and breathing the same air at this certain point in human history. We have a chance to experience what a life is: to feel euphoria, to see beauty and read poetry, to hear stories, to caress the skin of someone we love, to meet new people, to sip a cup of coffee and taste its bitterness, to feel the warmth of an embrace, to feel the spark of nexus as we fill the spaces between someone's fingers, and to feel the breeze of night as we awe upon the sparkling fireballs of the sky.

It is inevitable that we'll meet our fate at some point. But before we vanish like a beautiful sunset, don't just exist.

Live.