

only the rigid can break

our culture praises and rewards those who are defined and certain;
and by contrast, we punish the lost, the undefined, the unclear.

from our survival nature,
it is natural for the human mind to seek safe paths;
to grasp, set in stone, categorize,
and define.

however, life shows us that even the safest paths, at times, will produce the most horrific outcomes.

thus, it is in the known, the rigid, and the unbreakable,
that our minds attain a false sense of security.

all that is rigid is in its nature, breakable.
the more certain and defined, the more we are constrained to the parameters;
the price for security is limitation;

as I attempt to define myself,
I am also closing the possibilities of growing beyond my own definition;

we have thus misaligned ourselves from the uncertain nature of life,
and have become intolerable to the mystery, the unknown, and the chaotic.

is it not true that water,
the most basic of all resources,
is formless?

is it not yielding to any form it is placed in?
it is fluid, everchanging, unrigid:
by becoming formless,
it has become unbreakable.



we must remain open, fluid, undefined;
for only the formless cannot be broken;
and only out of nothingness,
can anything be born.