

Stubble

Before Target

What happens when it's all over. Will we still be there? Or have we left for another instance of matter? There are several anthropological traditions that defend this idea. But no one has ever come back to tell, as the people say. So it is distressing when you are aware of death, especially your own, because you bear the death of the Other in one way or another. So we live blind, knowing that we are going to die, and that does not make us better human beings, there is something strange going on with us, with the human race. We can reassure ourselves by thinking and saying that the human race is evolving and that all evil is justified in view of that end....

Yes, when we are near the end, there is always a goal to cross, look at Cristiano who defines himself in his genius effort and dedication, as an individual who works by goals, by purposes, by objectives. It's just an example, it's not that philosophical. Then you realize that you are contingent, that you will end one day and that it is not worth thinking about it too much, leave it to the philosophers and remember the Philosophy classes with Father Costa in the seminary and the myth of Achilles and the Tortoise, by Zeno of Eleia, that is, in a tiny, limited space, you can be and fulfill the infinite. Because there are always objectives to achieve, goals to set and where to go....

Far from the e-laborations and e-fabulations of yesteryear, you try to be practical. You live in the moment, you sip the moment. It's a good thing you don't have money, at least you're happy, no one can take that away from you, that feeling of completeness. And God is there, there, with you, walking beside you as Christ, carrying you when you feel tired. He is your closest companion on the journey, because dogs don't talk. In fact, many

they stopped believing in God and started believing in canids as guides or something else that I never figured out. With cats, the case is different, they are cleaner and more conceptual, they come to you when the evemerick reality is torn and you enter that fission, fissure of time, as long as you are not too fat....

Victor Mota