

Confusion

Would life be worth living without confusion?

What purpose would then require our rising from bed each day?

Or maneuvering for legions of hours along life's jagged pathways?

If content, then what would be our impetus for confronting, waging war with all that perplexes, and even exhilarates us?

Our hubris endeavors to put confusion to rest once and for all.

We pray to awake without ambiguities, issues to confront and coerced into contesting.

The child naively relishes adulthood's onslaught and its perceived freedom to choose.

The adult contemporaneously appeals for security and liberty from maturity, marriage, parenthood, and the drudgery of chasing the almighty dollar.

Inevitably, the child encounters adversity so stalwart it craves for its impenetrable long-abandoned womb.

The adult after seemingly conquering all, awakes only to feel pain's sting manifested through aging and bodily wear that annihilates one's nirvana, as if it ever existed at all.

With the obscure, the troubling incessant until replaced by only more chaos, isn't it preferable to coalesce with confusion instead of channeling one's efforts to conquer it?

For if disarray is continually replenished isn't then engaging in battle against it favorable to winning the war?

If through confusion we grow, are forced to endure, then aren't the most seasoned, hardened warriors our most precious?

Those who joust against disorder without succumbing the ideals for others to emulate?

What of combatants whose lives demand tumult whether their spirits are bellicose or not?

Those who contend against not just life's archetypic challenges but conflicts yielded from miscues during one's arduous transit through life for which the biases of others are patently expressed?

Does one ever receive credit or at least absolution from those personal embodiments of disorder?

For the prisoner and others whose errors and subsequent confusion are granted, one can only pray credence will arise, assuage, and permit mistakes to pass, leaving only the qualms of aging and our eventual passage into life's next dimension where failures are hopefully forgotten, forgiven forever.

To eschew confusion-induced angst, one must steadfastly focus on the journey, not the destination.

For a care-free, problem-free life is unobtainable for the guilty and guilt-free alike.

Only by pursuing and contesting confusion can one's life produce value; value to us and others struggling with complexities of their very own.