

A THOUGHT: DEATH

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Death, in theory, is simple. Everything that lives must die, or else the life itself would have no value. I am not afraid of death. I have grown to accept death. Death is natural. Death is necessary. I think of death as something distant but inevitable, like a giant who lives in the hillside waiting to unleash its terror down on the towns people. That, to me, is what death is.

It is true everyone will encounter death at some point in their lifetime. Whether it is the death of a pet or a parent, until it happens to you -- you essentially feel invincible, and it is easy to drift into this delusion. Naturally, humans feel as if everything that happens in the universe happens in relation to themselves. This is why we find it difficult to empathize with victims who are thousands of miles away. We are either too physically or consciously removed to care, and if we are not the primary participants in the matter then we resort to the “things happen” scapegoat and carry on with our lives. “That could never happen to me, right?” Well, with all this being said, death now sounds ludicrous. How can one *die*? We are the main characters of each of our unique stories. None has ever heard of the main character dying in a piece of literature so why does it have to start with us?

Now those who fear and despise death seem to have almost too many questions. We cannot question something back to life, but we try so anyway. Perhaps the connotation that death is the definitive “end” is what gets people. After living for a while, a predetermined end is unfathomable. Living is all we know. We have all heard the “all good things must come to an end” or even the “if you love something set it free” drivel and we just blindly swallow it. Similarly, I learned to swallow the idea of a “higher calling” as justification for one dying, but to this day I am still not satisfied with that answer. Nope! I refuse! Death cannot be the finale! After all, where does all that stuff go? Our thoughts, ambitions, and desires cannot just vanish into thin air once our hearts cease to beat. Once you look through an omniscient lens you begin to think, “Wow that person had a life, too. They had dreams, they had hobbies, they looked forward to things. All things I expend each breath doing.” So I ask myself again, am I afraid of death? Well, yes, I am. I am *terrified*.