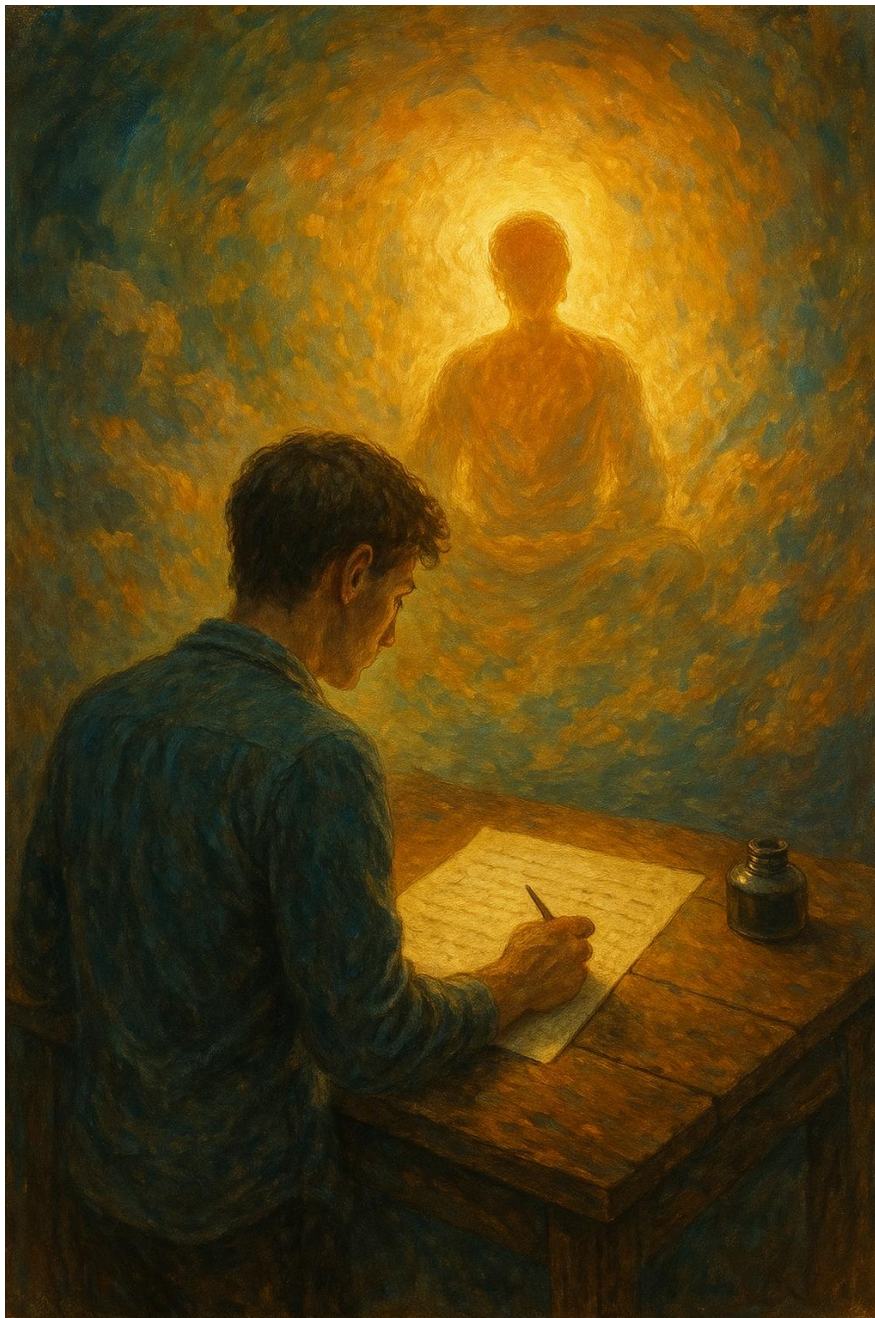


Marsin

i

letters

a journey into the Self



letter to the introduction (introduction 1/2)

on beginning

Dear Introduction,

Thank you, dear Introduction, for being here. For letting me write to you. For allowing something to begin. It's beautiful to know that a beginning is with us. That an introduction is with us, marking that beginning. Visit me often. Consider yourself eternally invited. Feel truly welcome. An introduction is also a duty. Yes, you are a duty. To keep pace with you. Not to turn back at the first curve. Not to be frightened by the bumps. That's both wonderful and beautiful. That one can begin a shared journey with you. That one can say, I'm opening a new chapter. And these letters are such a new chapter. Something beautiful. Something uplifting. So cheer us on, so everything succeeds. So that the introduction doesn't turn out to be poor. A wasted effort. We don't want that. Neither I, nor you. You want to be liked. You want to be known. And that's who you are. And I congratulate you on that. You're not here to be born, take a few steps, and be forgotten. You're here to fill with faith. That every introduction has something to say. Something to do. And that's beautiful. And that's good. So let's do it together. Let's open new gates. Let's show that we can, and that it's worth it. Because it is worth it. Because it is something beautiful to cooperate with an introduction. To begin. To give myself to you. And to take from you the best you have. That's something unique. And in this form, proven. You've already helped more than one. You've pulled people out of trouble. You've given courage to artists. Driven them to work. And that's how it should be. And that should not be forgotten. It's a special matter. A special experience. So stay, and let's create something beautiful. Let's create a collection of letters. A story of insight. A verdict of transformation. This is for us. For the two of us. Without you, it won't work. Without you, the result would be uncertain. Forced. And we don't want that. Neither I, nor you. After all, we care about originality. About the uniqueness of this project. So let's sit down, and give ourselves to it completely. Me and the introduction. Me and the accelerating hope. That avoids no one. That pretends nothing. That's how it is, and that's how it begins. A new space. A new experience. A project of letters that will change a person. Not just me, but anyone. Anyone who reaches for them. Anyone who finds time for truth. That's thanks to you. That's your merit too. Because you decided not to interfere. To show the way. To light up the corners. Because you are yourself. Because you can't stand illusions. That's why we work so well together. That's why there's no point in arguing or stepping onto thin ice. It's beautiful that it worked. Our creativity. Our cooperation. This beginning. Something sparked and ignited the fire. This introduction is the most important. Without it, there would be no continuation. Without it, there wouldn't be enough desire. So stay with me, please, and let's gain momentum. Let's accelerate. Let's show that it's worth it. That every introduction has something to show. Something to give. It doesn't hide in a basement. It doesn't act up on a street corner. It is, and it encourages. Thank you for that. And please.

Respectfully,
M.

P.S. Please, teach me how to be an introduction. So I can begin endlessly.

letter to the letter (introduction 2/2)

on form

Dear Letter,

You give me immense joy, and possibility at once. You are form. Without you, my efforts would shatter like fragile glass. You offer function. You offer foresight. You offer consequence. Acquaintance and recognition. Transcendence and belief. It is wonderful that through you I can speak, or offer thanks. You are a beautiful form of expression. You are that. A help. A solution. An inspiration. A letter. There is no other friend like you. One to whom everything can be said. Who receives and delivers it further. To the right recipient. To the right effect. You are part of that effect. An extension. A proof that a human can, and is capable. You are an extension of thought. Of message. Of sensation. And that is something wonderful. That you do not distort. That you do not confuse with words. That you ensure everything aligns. Cooperates within itself. And so it is here. And thanks to you, all of this has meaning. Enrichment. Transmission of thought and form. All of this is also for you. So that you may gather momentum. So that you don't waste time or opportunity. Let it remain so. Let it harmonize. And it's good. That you help. That you waste no time. You receive and you transmit. You affect the human. Me. The reader. Yourself. For yourself. Because every letter wants to exist. I know that. Just as every letter wants to be read. It wants to live. For someone. For a verdict, or an acquittal. For fulfillment. Not only surprise. Sometimes surprises are unnecessary. Sometimes we value the obvious. And you are such an obviousness. Everyone knows they can make use of you. That they can enrich another person through you. With a word. A thought. A desire. A deed. It is something special to have you as a companion. I do, and I feel that I matter to you. I know you liked the idea of this project. Of permeating the human being through letters. Of reaching the essence of a person. Of building what has fallen apart. Of mending what is broken. Of gifting, with intention and hope. Of conveying that it is possible, and necessary. Without you this would not be possible. Without you there would only be an empty cluster of words. Without a sender or receiver. Without will or result. But here it is, and it creates. A bond. And that bond is something beautiful. Perfect. A letter is such a bond. An extension. A refinement. A change. Because this project is about change. About this collection of letters being born. Meant to affect and transform. To permeate and bring solace. To highlight what is beautiful in a person. To refine and polish. That is why we are here. You and I. That is why we collaborate and believe it is worth it. Because it is. Because through this we fulfill our duty. We become ourselves. We mark that we are. That we want, and we try. To change, to heal, to uplift. That's something not everyone dares to do. We do. And our collaboration will bear fruit. You know it. I know it. So let us create. More letters. Not by repetition. But by

refinement. Each letter must be a remedy for another affliction. Each must be the result of a pure heart and its voice. Those are the letters you like most. That is the form you wear. The form you resonate with. I don't blame you. I envy you. But everyone has their role. I fulfill my task, you yours. And let it stay that way. Let us not confuse the order. The sequence of bows. Of reports and denunciations. Let it be. Let it play and rejoice. Our collaboration is alive. And it will remain so. So let us live by giving life to others. Giving life to ourselves. Because it is beautiful to be needed. Because it is beautiful, to help. So let us create with the conviction that it matters. That we are fulfilled and draw satisfaction from it. It shall be so. It shall remain. And thank you.

Respectfully,
M.

P.S. Thank you for not judging. For not criticizing what I have to say. You are here and you help. No one fulfills their purpose better than you. No one is as selfless. So let us create. And rejoice in the act of creation. The act of change. The act of self-realization.

letter to illusions on facing the problem

Dear illusions,

You've been clouding my vision for years. You've kept me from seeing things as they are. I lived in a soap bubble, thinking pleasure surrounded me, crafted and praised by you, designed to blind me to the Creator. That was your smoke screen, to control me, to keep me from thinking, from feeling. All for your meticulously crafted plan. All for your satisfaction. So that you could grow stronger. So you could show your full potential. So you could conduct me. All for your whim. So that I would obediently meet your expectations, fall into line with your blueprint, the demolition of the human being by means of illusion. There was a person, and then there wasn't. Only a hollow shell remained, echoing norms, norms of illusion, your vision of a world where illusions whip people forward, and people thank you for it, feeling happy and fulfilled, or at least so they believe. How long can one plow the earth with a finger? How long can one pretend that man has no choice? That this world is built on illusion, and without illusion, we would collapse? That's what you tell me. That's how you mock me. I say, thank you, enough. Enough of being part of your plan. Of being a docile illusion-eater who, without illusion, would die of hunger or waste away. You won't convince me otherwise. You won't make me believe that there is no other way. That the status quo cannot be questioned. That rebellion leads only to loneliness, to exile. That shedding illusions makes us outcasts, different from the rest. That doesn't move me. I don't buy it. I prefer to keep my eyes open. I prefer to see. Illusions are like sugar, a quick rush of excitement, fleeting joy, momentary euphoria... then the crash, the fall. This is not a way to live. Soaring and smashing one's head on concrete while falling. That won't bring me

happiness. These attractions pass happiness unnoticed. Life is too precious for cheap morals that have nothing to do with reality. One must shake off the slumber, and that's exactly what I'm doing. Hence this letter, to you, who chose me as your prey, just as you chose others. You're not picky. You'll take anyone and cover their eyes with more desires. That's your favorite game. That's your best trick. Then man becomes obedient, because he desires. Because he's focused. Not thinking. Just wanting. Longing. You stand behind this, I know that well. You've found your bait. Your encouragements. You operate in cycles. Only the objects of desire change. Slid under the nose. Offered to me. Slipped into my hunger. No thanks. I won't pay. And I won't return what's already lost. The time is mine. I will rebrand it, as time of use, of joy, of longing, of awe. Because there are reasons. Because I live. Because I have family. Friends. Because I have time on this planet. A time of trial, and I will fulfill it well. This is for me. I do it for myself. For the happiness and well-being of those near me. Because humans spread purity. Because humans radiate joy, without illusions, once they've written you a letter, once they've buried you in the garden. That's how it works. One must adapt, or bury you. And now your confidence wavers. You know you are not indispensable. You know life is better without you. But you're like a parasite, feeding off man. Like a curse that man chooses to maintain. You try to convince us that it's impossible otherwise. I don't buy it. You prey on emotion. Without emotion, you are powerless. All you want is to stir them up. Raise the stakes. A person driven by emotion does not think. Intelligence doesn't matter, even a genius, once emotional, drops to the level of a dog chained to a kennel. Acts on instinct. Acts foolishly. Just the way you want. That's your game, to dominate through emotions, desires, attractions, choices. Yes, choices. That's your next trick. You pretend man has a choice, when in truth, you know exactly how he'll decide, in the way that suits you. You have full control. He's a puppet. And I was that puppet. In your hands. But not anymore. I've cut off the control panel. Severed the reward-and-punishment system. I'm not interested in your incentives, your predictions. You say, one must look promising. Create impressions. Head in the right direction, your direction. Well, I no longer look promising. And that lifts my spirits. I'm glad I don't have to. No one does. Everyone has free will, and their own illusions. Everyone decides what to do with them. Whether to let them take over. I know what to do with mine. I'm burying them. Six feet under. That's enough. The wolves won't dig them up. The stench won't rise. That's how it works. That's how I leave it. And that brings me joy. I need no more. I don't need recognition or praise. I wouldn't get them from you anyway. You know it's the end. The end of us. The end of our "partnership." The end of breeding a stupid robot. A programmed idiot chasing everything that sparkles. That no longer flies. I've had enough. It has to be different now. My way. Time to live. Time to create. To become an artist of love. A true creator. Maybe messy. Maybe flawed. But free in creation. Free to shape the next sculpture. A living sculpture. A thinking sculpture. A sculpture that proves this world is beautiful and worth living through. Worth its offerings. Worth what it holds in store. Worth what we can carry and what fits us. A life not forced. Without needing to prove my worth. Without fireworks. They're a waste of time and money. Let it stay like this, newly, in silence. In peace. In reflection. In wonder. In beauty, and in appreciation. Of that beauty. Of this life. Without illusions. Without nodding along and petting heads. Who needs that. I've outgrown it. I've become one who feels. Who thinks. Who chooses. So why should I surrender my freedom? Why give up the right to choose? And hand it over to you? It's absurd. It won't

happen again. I don't need it. Not for any treasure. I won't sell myself. I won't give up the joy of freely steering this life. Myself. That's how I like it. That's how I feel free. Maybe it stings you. Maybe you feel discarded. Unneeded. I don't deny it's partly my doing. Good. It is what it is. And it won't be otherwise. Life is a test, in one divine regard. And that, you refuse. You preach imaginary good, which is sand. It slips through the fingers. Leaves nothing. Thank you, but I'll pass. I'll stay with my own. With the new. With what I've chosen. Freedom. Of decision and of feeling. Truth, the beauty of feeling. Alignment, the fight for what's mine. Perseverance, I'm no longer afraid of you!

With utter contempt,
M.

P.S. Let me know if you like the garden. It was the only one I had.

letter to emotions

on recognizing the enemy

Dear emotions,

It so happens that I've got something on you. I now know how much trouble you've caused, how often you dragged me to the edge of the cliff. But now I see. I can. I understand. And I'm holding you accountable. For that eternally pleasant mask you wear. The one you use to hide your schemes. The one you use to excuse your deceit. Because you deceive like professionals, all just to make a person forget they're human. To drown them in you. So they stop thinking. Stop analyzing. And just live through you. And what do you give in return? Exactly, nothing. A weak thrill. Some excitement. That doesn't solve anything. It doesn't help. It only gets in the way. It blinds the eyes to the world. To life. Living through emotions is a crippled life. One without clear purpose. A narcotic blindness. But I want more than that. I dream of freedom. From you. For you. For you, so you're not so overworked. From you, because your work is no longer needed. I prefer peace and quiet. I choose contemplation. That's the life I've imagined. One that lasts. One that doesn't end. And that's how it will stay. Without you. Or at least without you in such excess. A touch of emotion can be useful. Once a year, on a special occasion. That's enough. That fulfills its purpose. Perfectly. I hope you accept my decision with understanding. I hope you don't pour out your anger, as you usually do. Then again, it doesn't matter. What matters is my well-being, and what I want. What I must do, because I chose it. Because every person decides what drives them. Whether it's calm and composure, or a wineskin full of emotion. How can a short circuit help? I don't know, but the current's always pleased. That's how it works. And it doesn't work for me. I've run test trials. The results were satisfying. I haven't missed you for a moment. That's a good sign. Promising. So alright. Carry on, in someone else's body. Someone blind. Not me. I see now. I see that being ruled by emotion gives nothing and takes everything. Above all, it takes

real joy. You claim joy is excitement, emotional euphoria. But it's not. Joy is peace. Joy is silence. A stillness not before the storm, because the storm doesn't have to come. Without you, storms are unlikely. You're the ones who summon them. You draw them in like magnets. Every quarrel, every "I know better," every fear, every "this is too much for me", that's your trademark. Not enviable. Your method of breaking people. Of spoiling them in your twisted way. I won't be part of it. I'm done. I no longer enjoy your company. I'm sick of it. It lasted for years, then wore itself out. Now something else is here, the presence of knowledge. Of awareness. I know what's good and what harms me. I know what's worth queuing for, and what to run from. That's how it will stay. That's how it will be. Don't tell me I'll regret this. That I'll remember you fondly. I won't. I have no fondness for the mistakes I made under your influence. I don't miss the buzz in my head, or the never-right decisions. Emotional thinking is blindness. Like superstition and the mockery of fate, a crippled fate. Thanks, but no thanks. I won't use that. I see no benefit. It doesn't suit me. Playing the game you dictate, that's a joke. A weak man's joke. And I am strong. I've grown wiser. And so it shall remain. That's my effort now, to wake and sleep without you. Because that promises better dreams and an even better life. Many can't imagine life without emotions. You become their meaning of life. You convince them it's the only fullness. Fulfillment. But for me, it's emptiness. Absence. Just noise and the drowning of reason. The muffling of the heart's voice. Neither reason nor the heart screams. Neither throws a man against walls. You do. You are the aggressors. Without logic. Without purpose. Creating something from nothing. Another problem. Another thrill over a trifling thing. A sensible person won't be emotional. Wisdom won't allow it. And I bow to such wisdom, and thank you for refusing to cooperate. If you hadn't been so intrusive and burdensome, there'd be no letter. No farewell. But there is, because you went too far. You burned me. And that's how it happens. Sometimes the cup overflows. Mine did. The good times won't return, good times for you. Because mine are just beginning. And they'll last. Forever. That's the conclusion. That's the reality. When nothing more is needed. When you can enjoy the silence. Without you. When I know you won't cause any more harm. Won't summon another storm of hail to crush my bones. That kind of peace is a great gift. And I intend to use it. I'll enjoy its company. It'll give me pleasure. And that's how it will be. It's a wonderful feeling, to be free. Unemotional. Wonderful. I won't accept your protest. Don't accuse me of being inhuman. Of not feeling. Of not wanting to be like everyone else. I don't care about everyone else. I care about me. Because I steer my own life. I decide what it looks like. How it changes. Where it leads. That's all that matters to me. That's the only approach I'm at peace with. I like this state, and that's how it'll remain. Joy is a great thing. And it tastes even better without you. And once a year, just to remember your faces, we can pass each other. In an elevator. That's a healthy arrangement. For me and for you. You'll be left with a flicker of hope. One that won't be rekindled. But it'll exist. And that's good. And that's beautiful. I end this letter thinking of you as the mistakes of youth. They had to happen for lessons to be learned. Without mistakes, one wouldn't know what is good. And you are such a mistake. And the conclusion is obvious. It couldn't be otherwise. It couldn't be clearer. It's wonderful, parting with emotions. It's blunt, but beautiful in its effect. And so it shall be. And so it is. No crying into pillows. No aftershocks. The earth will no longer shake. It'll be calm. Steady. Because one thing is enough: rid yourself of emotions, and suddenly everything makes sense. Everything stays in

its place. It works. It hums. It dances. And that's a life worth living. A life, not a string of thrills. That's how it will remain. That's how it will be. So I bid you farewell. I won't read your reply. I'm not interested. There'll be nothing in it for me. I've already lost enough time because of you. Too many nerves. Too many conflicts. Emotions echo like hiccups, but I won't be hiccuping. Go where you'll be at ease. To the land of forgetfulness, or another solitude. Anyway, it's no longer my concern. I'm free, and you'll feed off others. One more or less won't matter to you. But for me, the difference will be vast. Beautiful. And full of the stomp of silence and peace. So goodbye, and not-to-see-you-again. Unless by accident, in passing, turning my head. Once a year. In the elevator.

With a sense of duty,
M.

P.S. It's worth cherishing what you have. You didn't cherish me, so here's your "Bye."

letter to friendship on feeling safe

Dear friendship,

I cherish your presence. The way you've settled into my life. The way you connect me to others. This bond is something exceptional. It's built on respect and mutual understanding. That's your foundation. That's what you cultivate in a person. Thanks to you, breathing is easier. Knowing that someone thinks well of me. Knowing that friendship is something we nurture together. Shared good. Shared sacrifice. It's a beautiful feeling. And not everyone appreciates you. Some use you for their own ends. Some try to profit from you. That is unacceptable. Friendship should be free. Invited. And through this letter, I invite you, to stay in my life forever. So I never forget how important you are. How helpful. You give what is most precious: a sense of safety. It's wonderful to know we have someone to lean on. Someone who is our friend. You join two people. Life feels better because of that. Healthier. One doesn't expect miracles, because the miracle has already happened. Two people care for each other. Cheer each other on. Help one another, not seeking gain, but acknowledging loss, of time, of money. But those are trifles. What matters is that you spread smiles. That you motivate us to live. Thanks to you, life becomes easier. Something stirs within a person. A shift in gears. Something begins to work. It becomes lighter. The drudgery of life becomes more bearable, thanks to friendship. Because we know we have that honor. That privilege, to have a friend. And that's how it should be. I appreciate your effort to keep that bond alive. Friendship wants to live, not fade into forgetfulness. Let us not forget. I will not forget. I won't stay silent. I will water you as much as needed. I'll fertilize, and fight off pests. Because sometimes something comes along that tries to feed off you. That wants to sever this sacred thread, the thread of devotion and thinking of the other. The thread of support

and selfless help. That's why we must be vigilant. That's why we must remember. To support one another. To cheer each other on. To care for our shared good. This friendship. To water it, nourish it, remove the pests. From me, that's guaranteed. Because I appreciate every moment since you arrived in my life. I will thank you, and encourage you never to lose your way. Always be here. Always return. Oh Friendship, oh wondrous one. Your presence means the world to me. The closeness of another human means the world to me. Because it builds. Because it fills in the gaps. Life without you is such a gap. A festering wound. One cannot be happy if they've not been tied by the thread of friendship. If they've never known the meaning of devotion, help, and support, in both directions. Because it's a mutual exchange. A cashless one. Tenderness for tenderness. Sacrifice for sacrifice. And through this, a person grows. Through this, a person can feel safe. Wrapped in a cloak of love. Because you are a form of love. But a special form. One on a unique level. Everything happens in the spirit, and stays there. Understanding. Dedication. These bind all things. These disarm evil. That's why it matters. That's why I thank you, great Friendship. Friend of many names. For being. For not forgetting me. For abiding in your own being. Let it stay this way. Let it fulfill itself as it has so far. Don't change your mind. Don't rebel against my moments of sorrow. Stay where you are, beside me. Connect me to another, just as you've always done. Live, because you are worth living. You are useful. To many. Not just to me. You give life meaning. To many. Not just to me. Friendship is a gift. The greatest, not just one of many. And I want to give such gifts. And I want to receive them. Built on trust. Because without trust, there is no friendship. Built on closeness. Because from afar, we can't feel you. Sprinkled with small surprises. Because without the unknown, there is no joy. Lingering in waiting, for its own fulfillment. Because you are self-fulfilling happiness. Advice always ready to be heard. A smile I'll gladly repeat, because I have someone to smile at. Because you've made a home in my life. So stay, please. And enjoy what we've built together. Don't expect. Don't criticize. Imperfections are part of being human. They're written into our shared fate. But what matters is the outcome. What matters is you. The fact that you live. The fact that you connect. That alone is extraordinary. That lifts us up. That fills us with joy. So let's rejoice together. Forever. United. Smiling. In a sense of safety and fulfillment. In mutual support, because it exists. This thread. Because it endures. We must live. And no one should cut that thread. Because it is a manifestation of holiness. The holiness of this world and human connections. For perseverance. For unity. For greatness. You are everywhere, and you can do everything. Stay and make sure nothing bad happens. Guard your post like a soldier defends the front. Fight for life, giving of yourself. More and more, wider and deeper. Let everyone experience your presence. Let everyone understand how exceptional you are. How needed. How joyful. How wonderful it is to spend time with you. What a feeling it is to remember shared moments with you. Something wonderful. Something hatched. Let it be fulfilled. Let it stay with us. With those who appreciate you. With those who ask for you. For a better time. Not for the ruin of spirit. For the building of humanity. Friendship moves people. Be. Remain. Let yourself be embraced. Because that also builds you. Because you need people. So don't hide, waiting for someone better. Everyone is worthy of you. Just as you are worthy of everyone. Stay. Be. And gladden the heart and soul of man. I am one of them. And so is every other person. Every one important. Every one needed. For friendship. Through friendship. Until the very end.

With respect,
M.

P.S. You left your toothbrush at my place. It's lying next to mine. They're admiring each other's bristle colors.

letter to inclinations

on persuading them toward willingness

Dear inclinations,

It's good to know you're here. That you accompany me at every step. You're not something bad, at least not in your better form, in the space where we agree. Because it's beautiful how often we share the same opinion. How we complete each other. You lean on me, and I'm pleased with the result. It all comes together so well. But we must talk about the opposite case, when I ask you to let go, and you insist. You push your own way. That's not welcome. You're not unruly children anymore. You've grown up with me. You have your own minds. You know the world. So why are you so stubborn? I admit, not always. But sometimes you make too much noise. You push toward indulgence and excess. That won't bring me anything good. So please, stop urging me toward just anything. You don't need to act so clever, so all-knowing. We've known each other a long time. We've tuned ourselves time and again. We've clashed. We've thrown plates. Emotions are fine, but sometimes, peace is better. And peace is what I ask for. I ask you to encourage only what aligns with my heart. Because that's the foundation of good collaboration. And collaboration is what we're after, isn't it? Why waste ourselves on scraps? Why quarrel? It helps no one. So let's stay with the reconciliation I propose. Let's remain with a clear and content mind. Let it serve us, you and me. Let it not spin the spiral of missteps. We both know you help feed that fire. That you have great influence over a hot-headed moment. That's why I ask, cooler, wiser, calmer. Let's do without regret, without blame, without complaints. I don't want to erase you from my life. I only ask that you encourage what's good. Moves that benefit me. Because what good are inclinations that sabotage? That trip me up? Such inclinations are useless. They're only trouble. Don't be like that. Don't cause problems, and you'll feel relief. You'll feel needed, helpful, appreciated. That matters, that you feel at ease with me. But that takes a clear mind, from your side. Not jumping at every opportunity. Not pointing and urging me to take it. Inclinations come with responsibility. You play a very important role. You're part of me. Without you, life would lose its flavor. But it must be life of a certain quality. A life of goodness, not degradation. You'll see, you'll agree with me. Change. Refine your methods. Encourage what is good, and you'll notice the difference. You'll admit it's the right path. That it's easier to breathe when the world isn't on fire. When we're not walking on burning coals. Such a calm life, and balanced inclinations, can do a lot of good. For me and for you. We'll all

benefit. We'll be content and smiling. Fulfilled, filled with hope. That it's worth working together. That together we can achieve something great. Cultivate happiness, mine and yours. Create the perfect day, mine and yours. A day when we'll thank one another and say how well we fit. How well we harmonize. How we shoot toward the same goal. That energizes and brings comfort. That encourages more shared moments. Because I value the time spent with you. You've inspired me beautifully, many times. But those slip-ups... better if they didn't happen anymore. And remember, you carry great responsibility. Not just for your actions and persuasion, but for whether I'm satisfied with your work. So put in the effort. Be valuable. Offer the right kind of guidance and encouragement. You don't want to be just any inclinations. The kind that don't see purpose in life. That have squandered their joy. That have mortgaged away their well-being. You have so much with me. More than much. So respect that. Appreciate it, with your attitude. With thoughtful persuasion. Not with trivial urges that later leave me with regret. That don't serve me. And if something doesn't serve me, it doesn't serve you either. Remember that. That's the heart of this letter. That's the part worth keeping in mind. We're in this together. One shared goal. So let's not dig pits under our own feet. Let's not argue over who's right. Let's not insist we know better. Let's collaborate. Happy inclinations are fulfilled inclinations. And you can only fulfill yourselves by doing your job well, by encouraging the good. By turning away from what corrupts, me and you. So think it over, and let's work together. As we should. As is worth it. In a way that serves both of us. In what's called good guidance. So that all may go well, all the best to you!

With respect,
M.

P.S. Remember you can always vent to me. Tell me what's on your mind. How you see things. But also remember that your persuasion affects your own well-being. Good inclinations, good mood. Bad inclinations, complaints and laments. The choice is yours.

letter to fear

something about unnecessary avoidance

Dear fear,

We've met many times, but what stuck with me most was that first time, the moment I saw and felt you for the very first time. It wasn't pleasant. At first I thought you were a harbinger of trouble, that seeing you meant something bad was bound to happen. But now I know, I owe you a lot. And for that, I wanted to thank you. After all these years spent together, I can see the good sides of our "relationship." I see how much you've taught me. Now I know

what to steer clear of. Now I know I can overcome your little weaknesses. I've grown. I've matured. I know you're beside me, but I don't focus on that anymore. You've become a reminder, that a given situation isn't quite standard, that I need to concentrate, to push myself, to face the problem instead of buckling before it. Not run. And yes, it's good to have you around. You can be motivating, though supposedly not for everyone. In my view, it's a matter of perspective. Of feeling strength. And I'm not saying that from the stance of a strongman. You know I'm not one. I have my ups and downs. But I respect you too. You're not with me by accident. And I don't want to lose you. You bring a lot into my life. You warn. You tempt. And sometimes it's just nice to talk to you. And that's fine. I like that. It suits me. So let's keep it this way. Let it multiply, though I don't intend to have children with you. Forgive me, but I'd make a lousy father. And your children would be far too timid. Skittish. Afraid of their own shadows. Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm not being fair. That could be. What matters is that we get along. I'm glad you don't push. You don't make scenes. You don't throw plates. We're a good team. We complement each other. There's always something happening between us. I just hope that "always" doesn't become too insistent. I prefer a "from time to time" kind of always, like it is now. Let's keep it that way. For many, fear is something bad. They fight it. They want to prove they don't need it. That they've won self-confidence in life's lottery. That fear doesn't suit someone like them. Not in these times. These times of bold, outstanding, better-than-others people. Unorthodox ones. To them, fear doesn't fit. That's what they think. I see it differently. It's nice to know someone's waiting for you with evening tea. It's nice to realize someone can raise your pulse just a bit. It's healthy for the body. Gets the blood moving. No need for alcohol. Unless it's fear of alcohol, but that's probably not your case. You like to have a shot now and then, don't you? It shows. I've seen you tipsy before. But I don't judge. Even fear has the right to unwind. So go on, enjoy yourself, we've still got time ahead. I'm not leaving this world just yet. Which means I'll still need you. Which means you'll still get your moments. So may light shine on you. May things go well. Cheers. It's rare we get to talk like this. You affect me. You speak your mind. But lately, I haven't replied. Hence this letter. Got lost in thought, forgive me. I wonder if you'll respond. Maybe you'll spray your reply with perfume, and instead of a postscript, there'll be the imprint of your lips. A kiss. That would be nice. I'd feel good. Though I'm not demanding. After all, what can one demand from fear? Maybe just that it be itself. And not overdo it. You don't overdo it, and I appreciate that. I'm not complaining. I feel good with you. I even think, maybe we'll watch a show together sometime. I'll get some popcorn. Cheap beer. Discounted cashews. It'll be nice. It'd bring us closer. You'd feel needed. Appreciated. You'd know you have my support. That I value you. After all, even fear can feel uncertain. Unfulfilled. It can get down. I've never asked you that. We've never talked about it. If you ever have bad days, just say so. Let it out. I'll listen. I'll advise. Maybe I'll even laugh, not at you, just with you. Let that be clear. Laughing is always worthwhile, even at problems. Maybe especially at problems. It shrinks them. It distances them. Makes them surreal. As long as they can be laughed at, they're good for something. And that's good. Let's keep it that way. I won't drag this out. I just want you to know that I truly value you, and I appreciate what we share. I enjoy life with fear. I'm not picky. That doesn't mean I take everything blindly. You know me. You know how it is. Sometimes I'm annoying.

Unpredictable. A bit of a whiner too. Life doesn't choose, so let's choose life. Life is lighter with fear at your side!

With respect,
M.

P.S. Please include in your reply the recipe for that cheesecake you made for the wedding after-party. It was divine. I won't bake it, but I'd like to see if it had healthy ingredients. Ingredients are key. And a healthy diet kills curiosity with detail.

letter to gratitude on what I am grateful for

Dear gratitude,

Thank you for being with me. For letting yourself be expressed, so often, and with such warmth. You remind me that you're worth leaning into, sometimes even worth chasing down. You always bring good. People smile when they see you. They wait for you. They speak of you when you arrive. They remember you in the best way possible. Yes, it's you. Gratitude, in a full sentence. I respect you and I'll never leave you alone. I repeat and cherish every moment when you come, when I get to thank you for what I've received, for all that was given to me. The whole of my upbringing. The entire period of learning. And I'm still learning, as you well know. For every smile, for kind gestures, and also for the tough lessons. When someone tightened the screws, you were there too. You had something to say then as well. I like listening to you. You calm me. Your words sound like the finest music. Your sentences always come out just right, even when your pronunciation slips. That fades into the background. It doesn't matter. What matters is that you are. That you know how to stir the air, to lighten it, to take root, and stay, dancing endlessly in a beautiful rhythm. I see you appear in others too. That brings me just as much joy. But I'm most connected to you within myself. I know, and I remember, that I can rely on you. That you're always there when something goes right, when something succeeds. That's when I'm grateful to myself, when I know it all had meaning, that the effort bore fruit. That kind of gratitude is deeply important. Beautiful. Completing. Joy without gratitude feels shallow. Joy shines brightest when it rises from you. From gratitude. Something worked out. So much effort and dedication. So much labor and layering. And in the end, there you are, gratitude, as thanks for my perseverance. These are beautiful moments. I can bow to them. I can dissolve in them. Swing with them. Again. And better. Always better, thanks to you. Thanks to you, precisely. What I love about you is that you never judge. You're either there, or not. There are no degrees of intensity, no "pretty today, prettier tomorrow." No. That's not how you work. You always show up with the same strength, with the same assurance that it was all worth it. With the same whisper: it worked. Or even if it didn't, you showed up when I failed too, when I stumbled. As

gratitude for the attempt itself. For the refusal to give up. That, too, is a beautiful feeling. More than just a kind word, it's the most honest form of appreciation. When you're present. When you can be seen. So many people forget you. They don't make use of your gifts. They don't recognize you. They confuse you with sarcasm, or a joke. Or maybe they don't want to see you, maybe it would cost them something. Maybe they think if they notice you, they'll owe something in return. That they'll have to give back. And that doesn't sit well with them. Perhaps. But I'm not playing that game. That kind of thinking doesn't speak to me. I like gratitude. You bring me joy. You make my heart rush to beat, to act, to extend your reach. And it has nothing to do with vanity. Not even close. Though some might think it does. That if they acknowledge you, they'll spoil themselves. Inflate their ego. And then, trouble. It may look similar. But it's not. Gratitude is gratitude, and it should be appreciated. That's how I see it. That's how I like it. And that's the path I choose. That's where I'm going. With gratitude under my arm. For others, and for myself. Because it's not like you're reserved, like only certain people get to receive you, or that you come only once a year on an odd-numbered day. That's not it. You're something bigger. Gratitude is giving a part of oneself. It's leaning toward another, or toward oneself. It's creating joy. Some people buy themselves ice cream or chocolate to reward themselves. I think you're the better prize. You, Gratitude. Besides, no calories. You don't make me fat. You don't laugh at me. Ice cream melts on your hands, and the cone mocks you. But not with you. With you, there are no such dilemmas. You're there, and you understand. You have your voice, and I always respect it. You don't show up every time, just when it matters. When something needs to be underlined. Celebrated. There are things worth repeating. That build us. That's what it's all about. About what's good for me. And you highlight that. You sign off on it. You affirm that I was right. And that's beautiful. I feel your support. Your attention. I'm grateful for your attention, that I matter to you. That you need me. And that need gives birth to small new ones, and they multiply. That's beautiful. It's good that it stays this way. It's good that we're heading this direction. That we're aligned. That we need one another. That we collaborate. That we succeed in discovering the new, and finding ourselves in it. That works in our favor. That expands your presence without adding weight. That's why I want us to stay in this harmony. That's why I'm writing this letter, so you'll remember that in me, you'll always find support. And appreciation. I value what you do. That you show up. That you care. That you don't pretend to be unwell. That you don't take a day off. No, you show up differently. You speak through your appearances. Through your summaries. And let it stay that way. I hope you stay with me till the end. That you'll celebrate my triumphs and my failed attempts. That you'll rejoice in my trying, even when things don't turn out. Even when it could've been better. More precise. More refined. But I try. And I won't stop. And I'm glad there's someone who sees that, you. And that's beautiful. And those are moments worth multiplying. Out of gratitude. For gratitude. That's how it should be. If you have any suggestions, or new forms, let me know. I know you're capable of dazzling. But I'm not provoking you. Show up when it matters. When it's your moment. When you are the perfect conclusion. The full sentence. Exactly. And let it be so. May it go well, for you and for me.

Forever yours,
M.

P.S. If one day you ask for compensation, we can talk. But don't expect full-time benefits. And certainly not health insurance. You don't need teeth.

letter to happiness

an invitation without an expiration date

Dear happiness,

It is a beautiful thing when we meet. When you slip by and I manage to notice. When we get the chance to exchange a few words, always kind ones, never stinging. You bring a certain freshness. A recognition. It feels good to sit in your shade, to think, to meditate. I feel wonderful when I know you're there. That you've made time for me. That you've made time for fulfillment, because there is no fulfillment without a human being. You know this well. That's why you search for the right person. That's why you dedicate time. You teach how to call you, you whisper not to forget you. And that's good advice, to keep close to you. Not to forget. To feed you with what is best. It works. You're happy, and I am too. That's how it should be. So feel forever invited. You never need to send a letter for permission. Just drop by unannounced. You'll always be welcome. I'll greet you with a smile, share my morning coffee, or a perfectly seasoned soup. Yes, we do get along. We're learning each other, refining our dynamic. We reach for raincoats at the same moment. We surprise each other in the sweetest ways. And I hope it stays that way. That there's no static between us. Only words full of meaning. Only smiles that say so much. That's how collaboration grows. That's how we rise in each other's eyes. We don't need pretense. We have each other. We understand each other. We enjoy being together. What more could one need? What more could one ask for? People search for you in trinkets. In empty rituals. Or in polished tombstones. I don't understand that. I wouldn't accept such an invitation, and I don't blame you for staying away from such ideas. Or from the shouts and threats, "You'd better come, or else." Who ever heard of addressing happiness like that? They don't respect your gentleness. They don't see your fragility. They want everything, more, too much, burning their hands in the process. And it brings nothing. I know that now. I searched for you for a long time. I wandered, not knowing what you looked like. That's the tricky part. People imagine you in a red dress and golden heels, and it's such a surprise to find that you're... normal. Ordinary. Just like us. With moods. With good and bad days. Natural. Yes, that's the word that best defines you. Natural. That's your true character. You're ordinary. Compassionate. Thoughtful. Laughing when the moment calls for it. And that's beautiful. That lifts a person up. It shows that simple things make sense. That we don't need to surround ourselves with gold and diamonds, or isolate ourselves, or turn numb. That won't tempt you. It'll only drive you away. And that's how it is. It's not surprising. Trinkets are nothing special. What stays with us are those moments of elevation. The moments with you. What we remember most is when we helped someone. When we gave something of

ourselves. It's not about how much you spent on this or that, but how much time you gave to another human being. That's the most beautiful thing we have to offer. Our own time. And the beauty of it is this: when you give someone your time, someone gives you theirs. Two timelines merge. Overlap. Strengthen. That's when people call for you most. You love that, I've seen it. I've seen how you respond. How you smile when two people share time. That's how it goes. And there will be more of it. I'll remember what you like. What brings you joy. That's the highest form of knowledge, knowing what happiness likes. What moves her. What makes her heart beat faster. Yes, and it all fits together. We are pieces of that whole. And you, Happiness, are the mortar. It's a beautiful realization, to see how we complement each other. That we've found a common language. That's good. Very good news. Though it's not always like that. You know we sometimes don't see each other for days. Our paths diverge. I miss you terribly then. I wonder what you're doing. What's bringing you joy now. How far away you are. How busy you must be. But these gaps, they do me good. I'm not encouraging them, but it's good to see you after some time. It makes that encounter even sweeter. A person feels full of joy and inspiration. Of life. Yes. You mobilize. That must be said. You have your ways. And they're beautiful. You show up as advice. As congratulations. As celebration. You take many forms. Many shapes. Depending on the need. On the purpose. Because you can be used, in the best sense of the word. To create something. And whatever is created with happiness carries your mark. Your energy. It becomes infused with you. And so it should be. Happiness is a building force. We build better with happiness. The elements bond better. The structure breathes. Cooperates. Aligns. That's meaningful. All of it, thanks to you. Because you care. Because you make time for people. For me. Because you see meaning in a person. A development. And without development, nothing happens. It wouldn't work. Because we both know: your life is tied to movement. Passive happiness doesn't exist. Trapped happiness is a superstition. Some believe they can catch you and lock you in a box, keep you forever. Like hunting a chupacabra. Or Bigfoot. But it doesn't work like that. They couldn't catch them, and they won't catch you. And even if someone managed, you'd vanish like a mirage. Force doesn't work on you. I know that now. I tried. You remember. I was young and foolish. Tried all the tricks. None worked. None brought the effect I wanted. Because life isn't about tricks. Nor about pretending to be fine while wading through mud. It's about the clear game. Transparency. Truth, toward oneself and toward the world. That's the only exit. The start of a path. The road of growth. And you're there on that road. Easy to find when our intentions are pure. Our hands and shoes clean. You don't hide in the bushes. You don't wait for the perfect knight. You only want us to live in truth. To be ourselves. Because truth is our self. Our beginning and becoming. The continuation is made of stairs. But anyone who's known you climbs them gladly. It's easier to climb with a companion like you. With your assurances confirmed by fact. With our conversations that give courage. With our mutual understanding and evolving, for a beautiful journey. For this earthly walk, in which you are the best companion. You are friendship and love. You are understanding and help. So stay. And let's not leave this path. This shared road, because we walk it together. This shared time, because we co-create it. And let it stay this way. Boldly. Because without boldness, no one will impress you. And you, like a beautiful woman, enjoy being invited. Being noticed. And that's good. And let it stay that way. You and I, always on call.

Thank you,
M.

P.S. You left one of your shoes last time you were here. It's under my bed. You know where to find it.

letter to anger

what it tries, and what doesn't work

Dear anger,

You keep trying every possible way. I see that. You want to get to me. Set up camp inside me. You think you'll be comfortable here, that you'll find companions and a great party. Nothing could be further from the truth. This is no place for you. No room for your wildness, for your breakdowns and screams. Nothing could be further from the truth, you say, but I have my convictions, and one of them is this: I don't take your whispers and invitations seriously. The world you try to create isn't mine. I find no relief in it. So what do I need you for? You and your games, your little sieges. What's in it for me? Without you, I'm calmer, fuller. Without you, I understand what true fun is, how precious time can be with myself, with friends, with family. Without you, every contact is gentler. Every relationship tightens. It's pleasant, peaceful. Yes, you pull much darkness into the world. You dissolve what's tender. You make it vanish. You carry on your hands the tears of many. Far too many. People often don't recognize you. They deny you. Deny being lured, being puppeteered. I won't be one of them. You won't buy me with cheap tricks. You won't charm me with the finest rhetoric. I'm not your type. Not everyone is. Not everyone falls. Many have cut you off. Stepped away. I'm one of them. One of those who value peace above you. Stillness. Orientation. Yes, because it matters to know where you are, and where you're headed. That's fundamental. That's a strength we can draw from, the strength of orientation. When we're lost, we wander. We waste time and energy. We get tangled. But it doesn't have to be like that. We are not chained to you. To dark thoughts. To what gnaws at us. That's the point. There's another way, and I'm living proof. There are many like me. People who broke away from your illusions. From your greedy grasp. Because you don't seek our good. You're only after yourself. To be noticed. To be loud. To stir chaos. I don't buy that. That's not my world. Not my toys. I won't play your game, the one you designed, where only you ever win. It's a rigged match. Twisted rules. No possibility of good in your ending. Because the outcome of anger is always harm. Toward others or, always, toward oneself. No matter how you frame it. So that's it. I'm done trying. I won't work toward a truce with you. No talk of common ground or shared benefit. Your gain is my loss. That's clear. That's final. So I won't entertain your alliances. Your calls, your pleas. I won't walk your path. You'll never convince me that you have a right to live inside me. To change me. To break me. Do what you want,

just not on my turf. Convince whoever you wish, but not when it concerns what is mine. Not when it concerns my good. Because I know what's good for me. And I choose accordingly, states of kindness, friendship, clarity. You offer none of that. You resolve nothing. You only pile more problems. You multiply the stumbles, mine and everyone's, to whom you've whispered that you were the answer. That you were freedom. That whole "you have the right to be angry" routine? Doesn't work on me. It's not a right. It's surrender. It's losing your head. Letting emotion take the wheel. And letting emotion lead, that's the last thing I'd do. Few things are worse. Few choices dumber. Misuse of one's will. That's what this is. And we have free will. That's crucial, especially in the context of your existence. Anyone who understands that will realize, will become conscious, that you're not a necessary evil. You're not something we're doomed to. You're just an option. One of many. Exactly. Knowing that, it's easy to choose otherwise. To pick stillness. Peace. Inner calm. And that, unlike you, is always a good outcome. I say this after years of testing. So respect our choices. When someone turns away from you, don't press. Not everyone is interested. Not everyone is willing to be reshaped in your image. Pulled downward. Distorted. All for what? To draw us away from joy. To sell us on the thrill of chaos. The bounce between extremes. One shore is you, and beyond you, the abyss. No, thank you. I won't use the chance to fall. I won't willingly hurt others. And that's what it all leads to. Harm. To others, or to others and myself. Those are the options you offer. That's not for me. I have a family. I have a life. I care for myself and those I love. Why would I need fights and feuds? Why all the shouting, the accusations, the guilt trips? You focus on minor misunderstandings. But in my view, you are the misunderstanding. You never show yourself in full. You don't let people think clearly. You pull them into your storm. Out of peace, into floods that drown villages. That's not for me. I've seen through you. Anger is not someone you negotiate with. Because we have nothing to talk about. We have no common ground. We live in separate worlds, and please respect that. I won't peer into yours, so don't step into mine. Let's stay that way. Each our own. Each with our reasons and desires. I say this because I know you won't change. Because I know you'll always try to wreck and intrude. But I won't fall for it. Because, why would I? A conscious person never gives up control over themselves. A conscious person is control. Is clarity. Is intimacy with goodness and peace. With transparency. These are values that build. Not like you. Not like your cheap tricks. Your rumors and deceptions. That's not for me. I've outgrown it. It no longer fits. We walk different paths now. Don't even expect a nod if we pass by. It won't help. It won't matter. So let's live our own lives. Far from each other. I won't miss you. We haven't seen each other in ages, and I don't long for it. Though you've knocked. I heard it. But the gate was locked. Get used to that. Not just anyone walks onto my grounds. And that won't change. I'm not changing my mind. Do what you will, but far from me. Why should we keep clashing and dodging? Better not even try. Better to focus on what I want to grow. At least I will. And you... it'd do you good to fold. For the sake of humankind. For joy's sake.

Goodbye,
M.

P.S. I have nothing to add.

letter to stagnation

invitations I won't accept

Dear stagnation,

You try to entice me in every way. You say you're rest. Relaxation. A moment to reload the weapon. Yet somehow, curiously, there's never an end to you. Once you sneak in and make yourself at home, you never want to leave. You won't be persuaded. You ignore every "enough." Lately you've come up with a new joke, a new bait: that you're a feeling of safety, that life without you is just one endless unknown, and that gambling on change is too risky. But I think you are what's not worth it. You and your illusion of security. Your illusion of stability. Neither exists. And yet you wipe yourself with people's lives as if that were your privilege. That's the extent of your ambition. That's how you've designed yourself. And I want no part of it. No such contracts. No one-sided arrangements. If you don't want what's good for me, why would I welcome you in? Why would I treat you like a weary traveler, lay out a bed, prepare a meal? That's not my way. That's not for me. I choose peace and growth. I move forward. I don't stall, and I don't slow down. Stagnation doesn't suit me. Doesn't fit my policy, the policy of love and motion. Because love is never static. Love is momentum, and it doesn't hurt. Sometimes it stumbles. Sometimes it sulks. But it never harms. And you, you do harm. Standing still is like being pulled down. One is equal to the other. They merge. They work together. And don't give me that nonsense about stopping time. You don't stop anything. You don't freeze reality. Reality flows endlessly, and you pretend otherwise. As if humans were made for halting. But we aren't. Our true nature is exploration. Discovery. Not hiding under a rug. Not pretending that life exists away from life. Away from life is just desert. And you're the one peddling it. Forcing it on people. Then charging late fees. It's disgusting, honestly. A shame to even dignify it with argument. A deal hardly worth less. In my view, nothing is more hollow. Nothing brings fewer returns. Only headaches. Only the creeping sense of a soul lost. You offer paths with no motion. Side tracks to nowhere. And I'm done. Thank you for your concern, but it's not needed. Just like your presence in my life. You've already had your time with me. You played your little theater. I don't need more. I don't need better. Because you never get better. Stagnation doesn't evolve. You remain what you are, paralysis. A trap that snaps shut. And then the years vanish. The self disappears. Who we were is forgotten. Who we could become is never even imagined. No, that's not my fate. I've stepped out of your program. I've unsubscribed. And I'm never coming back. So stay away. Keep your distance. Unless you want a fight. Because I will not yield. I have to look after myself. Guard my ground. Keep marching. Keep moving. My vision is clear. And I intend to realize it. I intend to be bold and precise. To do my work without looking over my shoulder. Without unnecessary compromise. So you do you, and I'll do me. From afar. That's the only fair agreement. We each have our vision. But ours don't align. We won't polish the same canvas. We won't finish the same painting. It won't work. So don't try. Go deal your tricks somewhere else. My land is guarded. No entry. Barred. Nailed shut. There's no shade here for you to nap in. No pear tree to rest beneath. This isn't your place. It won't feel like home. So why bother? Why all this hope? These efforts and ambitions to still

show me your power? I'm not interested. Our time was wasted, and I won't let that repeat. I won't be fooled again. Because what could you possibly offer? Nothing I need. Nothing I'd celebrate. So do your thing, but far from me. My mind is clear, it sees what's true. It sees your uselessness. My soul and heart agree. Everything is in harmony now, ever since you left. That has to mean something. That's the proof: your time here is over. Stagnation doesn't exist alone. You need a human to feed on. And without one, you just drift, like now, hunting a new victim. So go circle someone else. Not me. I won't tiptoe around you. I won't spare your feelings. I won't apologize for stepping on you. Don't say I didn't warn you. Don't say I didn't ask nicely. Remember these words, as you wander into nowhere. Anywhere but here. Because this is not a place where life stops. This is a place where life speeds up. Where the next step is always on the horizon. Where momentum matters. Where joy builds on top of joy. And where belief in the right path fills you with energy. Yes, that belief is everything. It charges me. And I'm glad I have it. Glad I have drive. And will. To create. To do something good. Something new. Not to stand still, as I once did with you. Because you fancied me. But you court many. I wasn't special. Everyone can say "enough", and say goodbye to you. Just like I do now. Just like I choose, with wisdom. Because only a wise person can spot you. Admit you exist. And that you rot everything. That you flip the cat by its tail, or however the saying goes. Maybe I lack education, but I don't lack wisdom. Not the academic kind, but the kind that flows from the heart. Spiritual wisdom. And that's what convinces me. That's what tells me you destroy. That stagnation never did anyone good. You are a thief of time, and we don't have much of it. We people. We who think. Who feel. Who notice. So off with you, far away. Find some other profession. Railway guard, maybe. Or a quarry laborer. Anything but lingering near humans. Near me. Your career here is finished. You've burned every bridge. So go. Far. So far that I'll never see you again. Never need to chase you off. Because it's a waste of time, and you'll get nowhere. You'll end up on the trash heap. With all the memories that led nowhere.

Not to be seen again,
M.

P.S. I saw you at the old stadium buying fake Credibility. It won't pass. I'll publish this letter and everyone will know. How you fake it. That your papers mean nothing. Not backed by truth or experience. Or maybe... they belong to those you've tainted. That you've locked in your dungeon labeled "Safety".

letter to guilt
or, stop the counterfeit hope

Dear guilt,

Few people truly believe you are harmful. Most often, people treat guilt like a punishment, or something they deserve. After all, they did something wrong. They erred somewhere. So there you are. You appear. But I think differently. I believe you're a counterfeit of hope. A trap laid for the soul. And you just wait until someone stumbles into it. Why hope? Because you hate it. Because it harms you. So you mimic its results, its structure. You just show yourself from another angle. You show that if someone already has a knockoff, they won't need the original. "Why seek the real thing?" you ask. "You have me. I'll suffice." That's how it works. That's how you merge with a person. No longer do you terrorize with punishment, as you once did. Now you're an option. Something normal. "Everyone is guilty of something," you say. And in some way, you're right. Partly. Yes, everyone is guilty of something, but not everyone carries guilt. Not everyone punishes themselves. And why should they? I know better now. I've learned. What's called "guilt" is often just stumbling. I don't intentionally hurt anyone. Sometimes something fails. Sometimes something doesn't work the way it should. But then I trip. Nothing more. A stumble calls for reflection, not self-flagellation. It's not a reason to fall into your trap. To lean on a knockoff of hope. I prefer originals. And those are what I use. They're of use to me. Counterfeits, like you, are not. What could I possibly need you for? You're neither adhesive nor patch. You don't fit into my life. You'd be exhausted. Worn out. Because I don't punish myself. I don't self-flagellate. Remorse fuels me, it doesn't crush me. And besides, I rarely feel remorse anymore. I can't remember the last time. So, as you see, you're quite useless. It happens. Maybe it's time for a career change. Start paying attention to what you say, to how you lead people. To how much you harm them. Punishing oneself is a dreadful form of penance. And there are others. One can repair what was broken. One can make amends. There are many ways. But punishment solves nothing. To be guilty. To be eternally punished for that guilt, clinging to us like tar. That's illogical. Even when someone commits a terrible crime, yes, it happens, people change. They regret. They wouldn't do it again. They served time in prison. And now they want to live a normal life. But there you are. The guilt that clings. The sentence on wheels, always dragging behind. It can catch up, if we let you run wild. If we start believing you're our destiny. That we've earned you. No. I keep my distance, and I won't change my mind. I don't let your other form in either, the one where someone thinks I should be guilty. When someone sends you my way. I don't accept such "gifts." Straight to the bin they go. I don't let them revive inside me. My life is full, I don't need guilt at its center. Not in the living core, in the path that pulses with priorities. Guilt solves nothing. And truly, it shouldn't. Because that's not what you were made for. They never taught you how. You got used to doing whatever you want with people. You barge in, slam the door, shout, make a mess. Just so something's happening. Just so there's a fire. I don't like this approach. It's crude. Like a drunken servant, cheap and shameless. And alcohol must be your weakness, because there's no way you'd come up with all this nonsense while sober. These are the words and delusions of a drunk. Some desperate tactic to enchant. "You are guilty, you did this and that. So I am here." But I think you should be elsewhere. On vacation, maybe. After all these centuries, surely you've earned enough. You can afford it. And yet, still the same routine. Like a broken mantra. And what do you gain? Is it some perversion? A twisted pleasure? I don't get it. I don't care to explain it either. It's not my business, your cheap tricks and loser's dance. No way will I give you a stage. I won't pretend you're useful. Stay, maybe we'll find you a task?

No. We won't. There's no job for you in my life. You offer nothing good. You don't inspire change. I might understand guilt if it aimed well: "I feel guilty, so I will live better." But that's not how it goes. You pull down. "I feel guilty, so I must be punished. Forever." That's unacceptable. I can't abide it. This idea that one mistake makes a person unworthy. It's illogical. We make hundreds, thousands of decisions. Not all will be right. Some will serve us. Some will be neutral. But some will be poor. That's life. What matters is direction. Knowing where we're going. Walking with awareness, not blindness. That solves much more than wrestling with you. And I'm certain of one more thing: you change the course of people's lives. Burdened with guilt, many break. Instead of turning to the good, they decide they're bound to the bad. They tell themselves it must be this way. That the path of good is no longer theirs. That it's too late. But it's not. It's never too late. A mistake doesn't mean we're erased. Doesn't exclude us from the list of kind and compassionate people. And compassion, yes, that's the key. A person who has compassion for themselves won't punish or guilt themselves. Because they understand. And that is enough. Compassion resolves it all. It lets you move forward. Without baggage. Without guilt's market stall and mandatory purchase. That's how it works. Otherwise, we're condemned to you. And suffering. Because that's what you bring. Pain. That's your merchandise. Worse yet, you charge dearly for it. And people buy it. Some. Most. Because of the trap. The counterfeit hope. Because others feel guilty too, don't they? And I say it's all a sham. Like a pyramid scheme. You promise dividends. But the outcome is ruin. You infect from person to person. Selling the idea that we must be hard on ourselves. Critical. That we must keep ourselves in check. Because that's what's proper. But I say that's the opposite of freedom. Because freedom is tender and understanding, so long as it leans toward the good. So long as it has a moral spine. Because freedom needs a moral spine. Unlike you. Unlike your whispers and your gravity-pull toward the abyss. I won't live with that. I don't need you or your punishments. You bring nothing. So carry yourself out. Hang on a tree, or open a guilt-market stall with unsold stock. Maybe someone will find a use for you. Maybe it will be your life's business. But here? With me? You'll find no fulfillment. No joy. So don't force yourself. Don't linger by my side. Since nothing will come of it... why waste your time?

Adios,
M.

P.S. Once I heard someone boast of their guilt. And to me, it's like proudly displaying a boil on your forehead. "Look how it transformed me." One can only wince at the words, and politely look away.

letter to conflict

or, what went wrong

Dear conflicts,

You consider yourselves important. You claim it's all for our own good, that you are a means of proving what's right and true, a way to document our reasons, to show others what matters. But that's not how it works. Conflict is always a loss, even if we think we've won. Even if we believe our arguments prevailed. No one learns anything from conflict. It's a shouting match of emotions in which both sides lose. So don't entice me into using you. Don't try to convince me that I'll feel better if I prove my point. No, I won't. Anyone who feels, not just thinks, will sense that conflict drains us of positive energy, of life itself. After a conflict, we feel depleted, exhausted. Which means it wasn't worth it. Which means we overdid it. That's how it is with you, dear Conflict. You and your companions feed on us, on what we've stored inside. You drain us from within. You consume the goodness that lives in us, our vital force. It shouldn't be this way. Your invitations are not worth accepting. Every one of them should be turned down. That's how I see it. And that's how I live now. Yes, you remember, I wasn't always like this. More than once I got entangled in your games. I let myself be lured. But not anymore. I've seen how you drain what is valuable. I've experienced it. That's why I want this letter to be read not just by you, but by others like me, those who have been tricked by your tactics, your seductions. Who were convinced that this was the way. That it pays off. It doesn't. So this letter will be made public. For everyone. For your victims. Because everyone lured into an argument is a victim. Every conflict is a betrayal of one's own tenderness and gentleness, of who we truly are. Because to be human is to step away from all conflict and struggle. That's why I want, and will continue, to promote a healthy life. One without wasted energy. One that doesn't sacrifice the self for trivial gains and inflated causes. Yes, every cause at the center of a conflict is exaggerated. We don't see it in its natural size, in its real scope. We inflate it, because of your whispers. You tell us someone is attacking us, that their words are meant to wound, to strike at our pride or tradition. I don't buy it anymore. Even a child wouldn't fall for that, and I used to. But no more. Now I'm vigilant. I know the real opponent is you, conflict, not the other person. People say foolish things all the time. They don't always measure their words. That's their right. Sometimes they're caught up in something. Sometimes they're having a bad day. Or someone has pushed them into a role. A year from now, they'll say something entirely different. Their view will shift completely. So why should I attach great importance to what they say? Why should I battle their words? That's your goal, conflict. To stir things up. To turn the smallest thing into a circus. To provoke absurdity. Fueled by emotion. Making us lose control, lose our heads, as they say. Though really, it's the heart we lose. Because we stop listening to it. The head doesn't go missing, it boils. We feel the heat. Some even become addicted to that state, I've heard, like soldiers in war. A surge of emotions, a fevered mind, the roar in your ears. I've never gone that far, but I've been angry. I've sulked. I've withdrawn. And to what end? What good comes of that, for me or anyone else? Exactly. No lesson is learned. No good emerges. Only a hollowed-out person. Drained. And that's

supposed to be triumph? According to you, that's a win? If so, it's a pitiful one. I wouldn't call it a win at all. Just pitiful. A waste of opportunity. Whining over trivia. The cirrhosis of the soul, instead of its elasticity. Because everything that's alive is resilient. Credible. It wants what's good for itself. And when illness hits, it acts foolishly and spirals further down. That's your blueprint, dear Conflicts. How you deform our spirits. Cirrhosis of the soul. That's your doing. You make something out of nothing. You command attack over every slight. Yes, attack. That's what you want. For people to always be ready to pounce. To prove, I am somebody. But after years, I no longer think an aggressor is somebody. Aggression is the mark of a weak person. It doesn't prove manhood. It doesn't make you fearless. I see weakness in every aggressor, someone who cannot or will not understand. Who doesn't know how to resolve calmly, or simply walk away. I've learned to walk away. These are my small victories. When someone begins to rage, I disappear. I don't have time or desire to coddle anyone, to wait for them to understand or burn off their chaos. I don't need to be part of their emotional turbulence. Because I don't have to. I can walk away, and I do. Everyone should handle their own emotions. We shouldn't expect others to soothe us, to manage our tension. It's not human to force someone to maintain your mental balance. That's why things are the way they are. And everyone must face you. Must learn how to say, I'm not coming back to you. I won't waste time on you. I have better things to do. Because there are always better things. Arguing is a waste of life. Conflict kills humanity and reduces us to prey. And prey is easy to catch. There it is again, that word. War. And I've left it for the end of this letter. All the wars you've caused. The unimaginable harm. Because of you, because of conflicts, hundreds of thousands have died. Millions. Families shattered. Wounds that will never heal. All you. And yet you dare to call yourselves human? To claim you're essential to human nature? No. I don't buy it. One can live without you. One can free themselves from you. If I've done it, anyone can. If I haven't argued with anyone for years, anyone can. That's worth remembering. That's worth practicing. True freedom is free from conflict. A free person won't get entangled in it. To the free, it feels unnatural. Because conflict contradicts freedom. Truly free people always choose peace, and silence in the mind. Yes. Some want a roar in their head. Others long for stillness. I stand with stillness. I champion silence. And you, conflicts, will grow old in the landfill of history. And no one will remember you.

Farewell,
M.

P.S. The landfill of history awaits you. Go quietly, or the next generation will drag you there themselves.

letter to juicing
or, a word about juice

Dear juicing,

I'm glad you're here. That you work. That you bring me reward. There's nothing like beautifully squeezing life, down to the last drop. Extracting the juice from the ripest fruits of existence. Not from the spoiled ones. Not from sour fruit that turns your stomach. Only the rarest. The tastiest. The most splendid. What would I do without you? If you were gone. If juicing suddenly vanished. That would be a great loss. Irrecoverable. Beyond repair. I've grown used to you. To your companionship. To the way our paths always seem to cross. I've become addicted to that juice, to what you extract from my life, from what happens to me. I soak it in. I lean into it. I savor it. As one should. With gratitude and taste. I also value that you ask for nothing in return. That you don't bill me. You don't demand what's left over. You don't draft reports or inventories. You don't burden me with costs. You don't drag out my missteps. The rotten is left aside. You press only what has worked. What is wonderful. And that keeps my spirit afloat. And I learn from you. And I pass that wisdom on, like in this letter, which I'll make public. You won't be its only reader. And that's good. Beautiful, even. People should know how you operate. How you choose what's splendid and turn it into juice. You hand it to me to drink. I get to enjoy it. I get to thank you. For your creativity. Your inventiveness. For needing no engine, creating no waste. All bio, all eco. All perfectly served. Pure juice. From what is good. From what succeeded. From what lingers in my heart. You gather all that and use it. And remind me of it through flavor. Yes. But not everyone is so lucky. Their juicing fails. Misfires. Grinds the dog with the kennel. Mashes highs with lows. Tosses it all into one pot. Sugars it. Drowns it in syrup. Yes, it's dreadful. It becomes a slop. Something indigestible. Not with you. You know and remember which flavor is good. Which one tickles the palate. That flows gently down the throat. The taste of youth, some might say. But I think not entirely. You've proven that great flavors can be drawn not only from youth. Maturity has its own aromas, fuller, deeper. So no, life isn't only for tasting when young. I disagree with that idea. You've shown otherwise. My current juices are refined, with a touch of wisdom and predictability. Some might say that ruins everything. That predictability dulls the spark. That we used to be unpredictable and life was richer. And now, monotony. Maybe, I'd reply. But predictability can also mean perfected processes. Repetition in excellence. Familiarity. And what we know, often tastes better. Constant novelty can irritate. Not every new taste is ambrosia. Not every flavor suits the stomach. That's right. But with you, it's just right. And I thank you deeply for all your work. For spoiling me with dose after dose of juice. I could drink it forever. You make sure there's neither too little nor too much. You care that it doesn't become too familiar, or make me wait too long. You know how, and when, and at what intensity. It's wonderful to have a friend like you. Yes, I call you a friend. I hope that doesn't offend. I hope I haven't gone too far. But really, it's worth being surrounded by friends like you. Friends who want the best for you. Who think of you and care. That's who you are. Juicing above all juicing. Best in the craft. A master of your trade. It's beautiful. How much joy you can give a person. What a mark you leave. How you etch yourself into memory. Leave an imprint on the heart. Echo in my next sigh. That it's so lovely. That it tastes so fine. And it's not just anything, it's my life. I make no claims on anyone else's. I don't sip juice from someone else's victories. If someone earned their flavor, let them enjoy it. Theirs, not mine. I speak only of what is mine. Yet there are those who seize what's not theirs. Who worm their way in. Take someone else's seat. Kick others from

the bar. That's not me. You know it. One must live in honesty with oneself. We must be able to count on others, they'll help us, but not exploit them. Not take what's not ours. You taught me that it's not worth it. That excess ruins things. That we should focus on our own, and celebrate that. Even if we're not masters in our field, we can still be good craftsmen, and that juice will taste just as fine as a master's. Though we must aim for mastery. In all that we do. That's the direction. Not a chasm, but a path. Some will say it's vanity. I disagree. To aim for mastery, not to claim to be a master. For once you are, it's easy to rest on laurels. To stop growing. But wisdom lies in constant learning. Lifelong curiosity. Gratitude for that ability. And we should thank it. Because our sweetest drinks come from what we've built. From what wasn't, and now is. Living off old successes doesn't offer that. That's not earned, it's just collecting dividends. And profit doesn't always taste sweet. Sometimes it's flavorless. Not from rotten fruit, but flat. Such is fruit grown with too many fertilizers, too quickly, always in haste. No time to think. That happens. No need to criticize, but what sort of juice is that? What flavor is that? I don't have time for such. I value fullness of taste. I value my own effort and the joy of tasting its result. Yes. Whatever I commit to, I do my best. As best as I can in that moment. As sharp as my abilities are at that time. Because that's how it is with us humans. One day's one hundred percent may not equal the next's. It varies. Different conditions. Different tasks. Some call for this, others that. We must stay flexible. Able to adapt. To use our strengths. Expand them. Anticipate and foresee. Then the juice will have the right taste and color. The right scent and consistency. Then you'll have work to do. Then juicing will shine. Show its strength. And it's wonderful that we cooperate. That you do so much good. That you are the extension of my efforts. Working in a team is beautiful. Not suffocating in some basement, but sailing oceans. Embracing what life puts before us. Yes. Some criticize fate. Say it could've been kinder. That it tests us too harshly. But I show grace to fate. Which doesn't mean fate is gracious to me. But my grace, that matters. The attitude of using what you've got. I don't build from borrowed blocks, but from my own. I use every possible one. And that's why it turns out so beautifully. That's why these marvelous structures arise. Yes. Once again, thank you, juicing, for being. Stay well.

Yours,
M.

P.S. The last tower I built is leaning a bit. I'll have to adjust the blocks at the base.

letter to grace

or, how much beauty means

Dear grace,

I'm grateful that I get to meet you. That I can fill my eyes and soul with the sight of you. It's good to have you close. To commune with beauty, of which you are the living embodiment. It's a marvelous thing. It gives wings. It gives a person flair. It fills from within. Not only to look. But to touch. To take part in your dance. It's something exceptional. Something that draws us nearer to God. That's worth remembering. I remember, and I cherish every day you're in my life. Every moment you make lighter. It's worth waiting for. For such a meeting. For a dance shared. It's a magnificent experience. Awakening. Yet many people aren't interested in grace. That puzzles me deeply. They don't let you into their lives. They pass by. They probably think you're useless. That you're unnecessary. Nothing could be further from the truth. I know this well. I've seen how much goodness and purity you can bring into a person's life. How beauty affects a human. How it intoxicates. Yes, that's the right word. That's your action, because you act perfectly. You don't waste time. You don't cast blame. You don't take over. A person decides for themselves how much of grace they'll receive. And I have received so much from you. And for that, I am deeply thankful. It fuels me. It results in the success of happiness. Yes, there is such a thing. For happiness must be earned. It's like a profession. Daily effort. Nudging. Fastening and unfastening. Chasing. Fulfilling roles and releasing them. Yes, we can achieve success in happiness. And it doesn't have to come at a great cost. We don't have to tear ourselves apart for happiness. That says a lot about it. That it comes back easily. Yes, unlike what many think, that we must chase happiness. No. Because if you're chasing something, it means it's running away. That it doesn't want you. That it doesn't want to be caught. So even if you catch happiness, what kind of happiness is that? Unhappy. Because caught and cornered. I see happiness differently. Happiness is the measure of success, or maybe the other way around. Either way: mischievously. But yes, it must be earned. Mined. Unearthed. Gold wants to be found. It doesn't like being buried in the earth. It prefers the gleam in people's eyes. The quickening of their hearts. It lives for hearts like those. And so, it's worth appreciating grace, just as I appreciate you. Though I feel that beauty has fallen out of fashion these days. Shock value is more prized now. Some wild thrill. Excitement. Wastefulness. Commerce on a grand scale. But beauty? It's been shelved. And I'm old-fashioned. I like when things are in their place. When they're properly paired. Yes, choices. Every day we face them. Every day we decide something. Right or wrong. We judge fast, without thinking. Based on usefulness. And to be honest, I don't know if beauty is useful. Or if grace has much value on the open market. I don't know, but you suit me. I've no intention of cashing you in. What would I do with money anyway? I don't spend much. That's the advantage of meager earnings. When you have little, you don't worry what to spend on. It simplifies things. I treasure that. Just like I treasure beauty that costs nothing. Like the kind of grace that doesn't hand you a bill. Like you, you're understanding. You don't make me pay for your company. You don't drag me into fancy restaurants. You don't insist we sleep at the Hilton. And thank God. What kind of grace would that be? A beauty

obsessed with profit? That would be madness. But it's not like that. And I'm grateful. I admire your modesty. Your ordinariness. That you don't make a fuss about yourself. That you're not a gourmet with expensive taste. That's lovely. You're available to everyone. At a bargain price. Which is to say, free. But the catch is: there are no returns. Whoever grows used to grace will keep it. Will treasure its beauty and uniqueness. Will value clarity and sensitivity. That brings much into a person's life. What will grace ask for? What will it say? Is that important, someone may ask. Yes, because grace enters a person. Becomes part of them. Being sensitive to beauty makes us beautiful too. That's how it works. That's how it unfolds. And it's good. Good to know you're here. That you watch. That you sense. Yes. Because I know you don't cling to just anyone. You don't push. You don't plead your worth. There must be a harmony. And with us, there is. It plays. We've attuned ourselves. We understand each other perfectly. We complement one another. That's how it is with grace. You don't need to ask permission, you just know. What draws in, and what pushes away. With you, things are easier. With you, life is more intriguing. Just knowing there's someone like you, who understands and opens eyes to beauty. Who creates it. But doesn't sell it. There are too many dealers already. Opportunists. Bribable souls. You can't bribe beauty, and that is the beauty of it. Yes. It stays in a person. Moves in. Adds logs to the hearth so there's always warmth. So life prospers. So it doesn't shy away. And it doesn't. It's settled in. And that's beautiful. Let it remain so. Let it roll on. Let it not stray from the path.

All the best,
M.

P.S. I just remembered, I left you some sandwiches in the backpack. You can choose: ham or cheese. Or eat both. The pigeons will forgive you.

letter to play

or, so life doesn't get covered up

Dear play,

It's not that I don't appreciate you. Rumor has it I've cut you off. But that's not true. I value good play. I enjoy your company. When you brighten my time. From time to time. Just not too much. Not too hard. Just so you don't start covering up life. Because play must never become an end in itself. Play must be measured. Longed for. That's when it makes sense. If we squeeze you into our daily grind, you'll lose your color. You'll stop delighting. You'll leave a bloody aftertaste. And that's not the point, is it? Play is meant to be for us. A little escape. Not something to build a house with. Nothing built out of play will hold. It'll collapse, fall apart, and then laugh at us. Yes, I know your tricks. And your allegedly funny jokes. You're not building material, let's say it straight. But you're a friend to needless brooding. When we

overthink, you can come in handy. You offer breath and loosening. You're better for tension than a massage. But who gets a massage every day? We haven't just been in an accident. Though some... like after breakups... treat that like a crash and need daily play massage. Maybe for a while... but that's not a solution either. I don't see much sense in that. Play won't soothe pain. Won't make us forget. There's no such chance. That's why I say, it's all about moderation. Especially with letting go. It's better to keep a hand on the reins. Or let go only in thought. Without control, there are unfortunate consequences. And nobody wants that. When people think of play, they want to stretch their bones. Rest. Breathe. Not wake up with moral dilemmas. That's not play. That's a misfired event. That's how it is. That's why I enjoy time with you, because I know what's good in you and what's not. And I take the good. I don't go too far. I don't let go of the reins. Full control. That's more comfortable. At least I know I won't derail. At least I trust myself. That the decision to play wasn't a mistake. That it'll do me good. And I appreciate that you're always on call. That you don't throw fits if I don't use you too often. I don't overwork you. That's how it should be. Seeing each other now and then. That's healthy. No one barging into anyone's life. No one telling the other how to act. We're adults. And experienced. And we use that for good. That's how it should be. And it works. And I'm glad. So let's go where we're meant to. Let's do what needs to be done. Let's fulfill our roles. And then step aside, once in a while. So there's a craving. So we miss each other. Long for each other. At last, there you are. Play. After so many days. So many weeks. And then, it's beautiful to see you. And then you give wings. You fulfill your role. Like water in the desert. Yes, you give a lot. You help a lot. When it fits. When you become part of life's puzzle. Because sure, one can live without you. But why? A person without play becomes gloomy. Some say it's a sign of aging. I think it's more about weariness. Some people get tired of life and don't want to fix what's broken. And that reflects in giving up on what brings joy. Because they say nothing brings them joy. But if someone pushes away the things that bring joy, then what could bring them joy? It's illogical. Or perhaps overly logical. And those connect. They're really the same. A kind of detox from life. Does it make sense? Maybe some need a life-detox just to later dive into its waves again. But I doubt it. I don't think it works that way. Detoxes from life tend to be permanent. So we need to be cautious. Better, I think, to be addicted to life. To stay far from detox. And I think that's what I am. I don't feel like I'm missing anything. There's work when needed. There's creation when time allows. There's rest when it fits. And there's play, when the pressure hits. And somehow it all plays together. Somehow the whole orchestra is in tune. No need to beg them to perform. No need for huge fees. Yes, that works for me. When everything plays as it should. When you're around, but you don't force yourself on me. When I reach for you at the right moment. That's also a kind of honor. You're for special occasions. And special things are best when waited for. We don't eat caviar every day. We don't celebrate birthdays daily. There are things worth waiting for. Like you. Like play. And that makes sense to me. Then everything is in its place. Waited for and caught. Actually, I think waiting itself is the best part. Chasing the rabbit. Why catch it? Though, maybe best to catch it sometimes. Or it might multiply, like in Australia. And we don't want that. An invasion of rabbits. Uncaught. A stream. A spring. A spring under the rabbit. With or without play. With catching or just chasing. Everyone chooses their own dose of you. As they wish. As they will. But I believe wisdom needs rest. Just not too much. Because wisdom, when

vacationing too long, goes dumb. That's how it is. Then it needs rebuilding. Needs to earn back its place. So these vacations with play must have limits. Even the greatest wisdom will lose something. Remember that. So then, my dear play. Don't beg. Don't send last-minute offers. You know there's time for everything. And I'll decide when you're needed. When you're useful. That's how it should be. It can't be otherwise. You can't be thrown around carelessly. Life, that's a great value. One not to be buried. One to be given breath. To be walked out under the sky. And that can be play without vacation. That's also possible. Though less common. But it has value, and should be remembered. To air out life. Add charm. Play helps. Calmly. With full awareness. Yes. Whatever happens, let's stick together. I won't let harm come to you. I won't let anyone steal you from me. No matter how you look at it, you're needed. You're part of a happy life. And fulfillment. Right. Because somewhere deep down, it's true, a person without play grows old. And I don't look old. At least I don't want to. I'd rather follow the heart. Not the stale one. But the joyful one. And that joy is worth combining with play. Play doesn't have to make a mess. Though it can. That's the vacation version, so it gets noisy. The sea of life. But play can also be joyful and pure. Untouched. Discovered for the first time. New experiences in the form of play. That's a delightful thing. Worth using. Worth getting close to. However it goes, there's a lot of good in you, and I value that. I'm glad I can write to you. That you'll read. That you'll reply. That there's a bond between us. That something connects us. That's beautiful and positive. Let's stay with that. Let's rejoice in it. Amen.

Warmly,
M.

P.S. You left your ID on the couch after the last party. You didn't say you were underage!!!

letter to clarity

or, so that things stay uniform

Dear clarity,

It's nice that you're here, and reading this letter. It's nice that you're within arm's reach. And you know I like to have you around. In fact, I can't remember the last time you weren't on my list. On my list of things used and appreciated. Yes, I like being clear. Transparency suits me. I used to be different. I used to hide a lot. Especially from myself. But also from others. It happened. It even became a habit. But any habit can be changed, or pulled out by the roots. Whatever suits. And when it comes to you, I encourage it. Yes. It's a great relief to be clear. To stop pretending. To stop performing. No poses. No make-believe. No shaky balance. I know it well. But that's behind me now. I've invested in you. In clarity. You're not expensive to maintain. You know that well. Basically, you work for a smile. That's cheaper than a field

hand on a cotton plantation. Which suits me just fine. A smile suits me. And being transparent. Just like my dark sense of humor. I wonder if dark humor was invented by Black people. After all, if it had been invented by a white guy, he'd probably call it "white humor." Maybe. But you know me, I love to laugh. At everything. Especially at myself. Lately I've been mocking my own belly. But these phases come and go. That's life. And you're the perfect example of that. You wait until someone is ready to become clear. And then you step in. Then you do your work. It's beautiful. It's wonderful, that we have this option. That we can wash off all our games and become clean. Become transparent. Only a person like that can breathe. Anyone else is suffocating. A mud-covered person longs for air but gets little of it. When the soul is dirty, everything spins out. The body doesn't know how to function. The person flails like a louse. Or rather, a nit. Anyway. We all know there's another way. Just few think about it. It's reserved for the chosen, because only the chosen have open eyes. Yes. That's the foundation of clarity. You have to see. Not judge, see. Exactly. And I see myself now. And I see who I used to be. The difference is enormous. And it brings joy. Thanks to you. A wonderful thing. A person feels light. Feels that everything's possible. That nothing binds them. Lies, little lies, distortions, hiding this or that. It all disappears. It turns into lightness. Anyone can scan me. No curtains or gates. Everything's laid bare. Yes. I'm amazed these guts still function. But somehow, they do. They manage. Though I don't spare them much. That's life, though. As long as it's in clarity. As long as there's a will to remain clean. As we were at birth. To make that happen, the mind must be quieted. Disconnected from scheming. Because it's usually the mind that pushes us toward what's sneaky and harmful. Toward making noise, or drama. Toward hiding facts. Toward showing ourselves in a different light. That's how it is. Better to stay in your own. In a homely setting. Ordinary. Because a human isn't extraordinary, though we often think so. No one's better than the next. Whether you're sharper, or can change a tire. I change them with difficulty, and always with help. Let's not mention problems. But if I insist, I can change it. And it's a bit like working on yourself. You have to insist. Have self-discipline to reach you. To become clear through you. It's not easy. Though for some it's easier, others harder. That depends on where we're starting from. Whether we've practiced self-awareness, or never tried. It all has to come together. Like with the tire. You can't just loosen one bolt. All of them. And first the jack. And then the removal. Everything has steps. Everything must be played through and earned. As long as we've got that belief in ourselves and the want. You need both. Like a wrench and hand strength. It all has to align. Then it can pay off. Yes. Because clarity pays off. It raises the quality of life. And I don't mean material life, but the more important, spiritual life. And higher spirituality means daily contentment. Means appreciating each day. Means changing the world for the better. Because we radiate kindness. We radiate ourselves. That's it. You help us be ourselves. Everyone who wants it. Everyone who can. And that's not as obvious as people like to claim. If you ran a street poll, one hundred percent would say: "Yes, I'm myself." But I think not. Maybe ten percent. The rest pretend this or that. To this person or that. We show one side to one, another to someone else. So where's the being yourself? Right. It's sleeping up in a tree. Because it doesn't want to change the tire. And the tire's worth changing. So we can ride smooth and satisfied. So the journey brings joy. So we arrive safely. These are important matters. Not to be left unsaid. Just like you matter. Clarity. Transparency. Surrender. Yes, it's wonderful that you surrender

yourself to us. That you demand nothing beyond use. Take me, you say. Do what you like. As long as I remain clear. You'd make a great wife. Seriously though, can you cook? Well. That's a different matter. But you fulfill your role, and that's what matters. You bring joy and teach joy. The deep kind. The spiritual kind. Born in the soul. Spreading to the body. Because there's also the shallow kind, an effect of the mind's work. It's worth little. It lifts us only for a moment. But joy that comes from the heart, that stays. For good. Builds us. Immortalizes us. A good word. It fits. Right. Because the point is, it has to fit. You can't convince someone into clarity. They have to feel it. That it's for them. That it's the natural path of growth. Not everyone feels it. Some think that by becoming clear, they'll lose control and power. That now they pull the strings, and transparency will cut them all. And there's truth in that. In clarity, there are no strings. But where there are strings, there's slavery. We become prisoners of our own schemes and controls. We try to dominate everything. And that's no freedom. No ease. Far from lightness. That kind of person is exhausted. Life brings them no joy. That's right. But then there's you, and another path. There's spiritual growth and breaking from the mind. The mind that schemes and sabotages. That rearranges and stirs. When it doesn't have to. We can train silence. Stillness. A mind on request. Within the bounds of what we actually need. Not more. Not beyond. Not the usual frenzy. But to each their own. I feel good with you. And I hope for a long, fruitful cooperation. For lightness, to stay. For cleanliness, not to fade. And for harmony, to build. As it builds. And as it delights.

Take care,
M.

P.S. After our last mountain trip, the photos came back. We were meant to be in them together. And you can't even tell if you're smiling. Where did you hide? Ah.. can't be helped with someone as transparent as you!

letter to choices

or, a word on calm

Dear choices,

Please don't impose yourselves. That's all I ask. You weren't made to apply pressure. You exist to cooperate with me. To mediate between fate and action. Between a question and its answer. That's what I have you for. That's why we meet. So let's work together. Rushing things won't help. It won't make anything easier. Changing one's mind, trying to persuade, or crying about it only creates unnecessary noise. And that's not what life is about. You won't build happiness on that. Or trust. And I'd really like to believe I can trust you. That you aren't biased. That you aren't nudging me this way or that. Choices should be a haven of peace and impartiality. A pure possibility. And that's what I'm fighting for in this letter. That's the kind of possibility I'm asking of you. No coaxing, no pulling. No strikes or schemes.

Everyone should fulfill their role. You included. And everyone should be able to use you without fearing guilt trips or reproach. It shouldn't be that one option is made to look more appealing than another. So don't strut around like it's a fashion show. Don't tug my tie toward the bed. Bribes are out of place. A person should be guided by what's best for themselves and their loved ones, not by your squabbles. So give people that opportunity. Give me what I need. Freedom and space. Then we'll reach consensus. We'll cooperate as we should. And we won't regret our decisions. Because I have my choice, and you have yours. My choice lies among you. Among what you present. And your choice is how you present it. And that's what matters here, the presentation. It has to work. It mustn't be inflated or skewed. People want simple choices. Not convoluted ones. So don't hover around me. Don't build strange narratives. Present the matter as plainly as possible. So anyone can understand the possibilities. The pros and cons of each option. So everyone can find their own good in the decision. Because this is about the good of the person. Bad choices aren't respected. They're not recommended. I've never heard of someone being thrilled by a bad decision. That's not usually how it goes. Usually, what brings us joy is the satisfaction of a good decision. Of which you are a part. That's why I don't forget you. That's why I'm writing you this letter. Because you are important. You're needed. You accompany a person through their whole life. We've been through a lot together. We've seen things. We've learned, from each other. Of each other. That's how it works. And I wouldn't change a thing about it. Some complain about choices. Say they're exhausting. Too many, too intense. I don't mind. As long as everything works as it should. As long as you don't start acting out. Don't push people toward the wrong things. The freedom to choose must be tied to a clear view. The ability to look through your notes. It's important that a person can find what's right. Not what's promoted. Not what you personally prefer. My good, the good of the person, comes first. It can't be otherwise. You're not here to build careers. Or to gain prestige. You're here to serve. And don't forget that. Repeat it every morning when you wake up. It's crucial to know your place. Not to reach for what isn't yours. Exactly. Humility and service. That's the kind of choice we need. Clear and simple. Not chaos. That's the way we'll work well together. We'll remember what connected us. What came of it. Decisions. Good ones, bad ones, all sorts. That's how it is. It's not always perfect. It's not always as good as it could be. Sometimes people blame you. Say it was the decision's fault. That it didn't go down well. I wouldn't go that far. Though sometimes you overdid it. That's why I'm asking for understanding, and improvement. For the right place. Because time is another matter entirely. The time that connects us depends on fate. And that's how it works. We walk together. We meet and move forward. Into action. And from a human perspective, action is what matters most. Because yes, some people blame everything on the decision. Or say, "I decided, so that's that." The decision's made, done deal. But as you well know, I see it differently. A decision is just the beginning. Our real work is the continuation. After the decision, there's so much we can build and shape. Adjust to requirements. Rise to the challenge. Through creation. Passivity does nothing. We have to actively shape what follows. What we can, what we want. Not dump it all on a choice. "I made a choice, now my effort ends." Besides, developing a decision, as you well know, is no sacrifice. We're doing it for ourselves. Just like you exist for yourselves. That's how it is. To say you're acting against your own choice is to laugh in your own face. It's to misunderstand the beauty of life. Life is beautiful because it

can be created and shaped. Modified and emphasized. That's wonderful. You appear in all kinds of moments. In all sorts of configurations. You're not always the same. And I'm not asking you to be. I'm only asking that things remain clean and clear. Simple. A simple presentation equals a simple decision. And that makes things easier. It clears away all confusion. And who needs confusion? Why complicate things? Let's stay in harmony. In understanding and respect. Let's value what we have, and why we have it. We don't live forever. We're not indestructible. So let's not retreat while the music is playing. Let's not block our own song. Let's cooperate. So we're both satisfied. So this thing we share is alive and lasting. So that choice and action work beautifully together. So they don't drift to the margins. That's really what this is about. The matter I'm bringing to you. I'll be glad if you listen. If we're both pleased by this thread between us. By the fact that we need one another. And I'm not just talking about myself. I'm speaking of all people. Because this concerns every person and every decision. Every choice. And we make hundreds. Thousands. Choices are built into life. They always were, and always will be. So let's do this well. Let's collaborate. Let's appreciate each other. And create beautiful lives. Mine. Others'. Yours. So it's worth it for everyone. So that every other choice isn't a dud. Hollow inside. Impossible to work with. Impossible to extract meaning from. That's it. Choices are only the beginning, and you know that well. So let it stay that way. Let's cooperate, in hope, in longing, in fulfillment. So that life may flourish. For all of us.

Thanks for listening,
M.

P.S. One of you once sat drying on my radiator. I mention it because it sort of vanished. It was there, and now it's not. Did it return? Evaporate? Dry out for good? Let me know, I had plans for it.

letter to results

or, a note on presence

Dear results,

You draw in dependencies. You feed on them. And perhaps there's nothing wrong with that. But still. You should want to be here. To show up in my life. You should know that without me, you remain unfulfilled. A human being carries the will to live. But you? You're inconsistent. It depends on this, or that. You're choosy. And yet, I respect you. I value my time with you. I do a lot to see you. I sacrifice much so that you may appear. You ought to appreciate that. And not hide behind conditions and excuses. "I would've come, if not for this or that." "I meant to show up, but something came up." That sounds weak. Especially when someone is waiting. And I always wait for you. For the results. For the outcome of my

efforts. My strengths and my flaws. Because it's not just when things go well that you arrive. Sometimes you show up precisely when everything is falling apart, as the result of collapse. And I don't want to run from that either. It's good when you're here. When something is happening. When you show that the world is moving, forward or back. At least it's not standing still. And that's the worst thing for a human being. Stagnation. When nothing shifts. No spark. No breeze, whether warm or bitter. Some call it "safety." I call it torment. And to guard myself against it, I need you, results. Some kind of movement. This way or that. And I provoke that movement. I act. I stir things. So that something may hum, one way or another. That's the point. Some treat negative results with disdain. I'm not so harsh. I don't think something terrible is happening just because the outcome isn't what I hoped. Even when it stings. Someone might say that's illogical, but I disagree. I believe hard results build us. Us, the people. They shape us, often for the better. Because we see where the misstep happened. We remember what actions led to a poor outcome. And that becomes motivation, for change, for motion. We don't learn much from easy wins. They mostly feed the ego. "You're great," they say. "Congratulations, you nailed it again. You're doing better than others." And what does that really give us? What wisdom can we take from sugarcoating? That we shouldn't change? I believe too many good results make us lazy. Kill our alertness. Every situation is different. Every moment deserves a fresh approach. But when we're riding the conveyor belt of positive results, we stop noticing changes. We expect things to stay the same. That more success will just keep rolling in. And that's where we fall. And the fall is hardest for those who've been flattered for too long. When the trend turns. When we hit a wall. A harsh connection. That's when the old mindset collapses. And we're lost. Don't know what to do. Where to go. How to start again. That's why I ask you: visit often. Come regularly. And take turns, some sweet results, some bitter ones. That's what helps maintain balance. A healthy tension. A stirring of the heart. Because so much depends on the heart. It must be stirred. Sometimes by joy, sometimes by grief. What matters is that it moves. That it points things out. And no, I don't mean to go around causing stumbles on purpose. I mean we shouldn't fall apart when we do stumble. Because a misstep, a misdeed, also stirs the heart. And once in a while, that's good for us. It reminds us we're only human. That we have the right to fail, or overdo it. As long as it doesn't become habit. As long as we don't become worshippers of downfall. Chasers of pain. Because yes, you can get addicted to anything, even to mistakes. There are those who mess up repeatedly. Who attract disaster, intensify misfortune. Because they've grown used to it. Because it suits them. The rush, the drama. But I return to what I said before, balance. That's what we need. Results both good and bad. Those that motivate, and those that warn. The fullness of life. Breathing in the air as it is. Sometimes fresh and clear. Sometimes heavy with smog. But we don't stay fixed in either. We don't get addicted to any one kind of weather. That's the healthy approach. That's the balance I mean. Always in motion. Always on the way. On the path to light. Yes, there are those, often spiritual leaders, who scold. Who want to punish us for our mistakes. We're to bow down and beg forgiveness. But I think that's overkill. Everything has its reason and timing. It's not just good outcomes that make us human. That's not the whole truth. What matters is our intention. What we aim to provoke. What we actually provoke. And if something worse tags along, well. A twist of fate. We meant well, and it turned out as always. It happens. That's why, dear Results, I don't divide you into the ones I like and the

ones I don't. I don't separate you into useful and useless. I don't ask only for your bright side. And I don't curse you when you bring difficulty. As long as you show up. I do all I can to make that happen. So don't be deaf to my call. Don't go hiding in the bushes. Don't sunbathe in the tropics. You're needed here. Now. Tomorrow. The day after. Every day. A day without results is a day lost. We don't work and sweat just to be forgotten. To have you go missing. Unseen. Unfelt. No, we act so you'll appear. So remember me. Remember others. Remember all who allow you to exist. Because even a bird experiences you, when it builds its nest, seeks food, or looks for a mate. In all kinds of moments. It's not just us humans. Animals too. You are useful. You help growth. You give life momentum. You absorb us into action. And that's good. That aligns with nature. With the destiny of all that lives. With your own life, the life of a result. To be a result. Because every active person becomes one, in a way. A mosaic of outcomes. The sum of their actions. Provocations. Growth. Decisions. And that's how it should be. Such a person is truly alive. Not hiding from life, but living it. Life leaves a mark. Life humbles. Life demands effort. For you. For the sake of results. Like medals or treasures. Like trapdoors or stairways to heaven. In results, we drown, or we rise. And I stand with balance. With not avoiding. With staying on the destined path. Our verdict. Which isn't always bad. People think verdicts are negative. But from what I've seen, verdicts can enrich. Depending on how we treat them. How we transform them. How we use them. So become my verdicts. Fit yourselves into that mold. Line up in order. And let us experience one another.

See you soon,
M.

P.S. One of you got under my skin. And seems to be defective. It's missing a tail. So I'll pluck it out, wrap it in paper, and send it back with this letter, or the next one. Depends on the outcome of the extraction 😊

letter to ingredients or, on becoming whole

Dear ingredients,

It's good to know you exist. But you need to know that too, not just that you are, but why. There can't be chaos among ingredients. No randomness when it comes to how you come together, how you grow, how you form something whole. Dear ingredients, you're here to cooperate. To create. To combine in ways that are logical, clear, and natural. Because ingredients on their own mean very little. Random combinations don't do anyone any good. The point is to create in harmony with the natural order. To align yourselves with the forces that govern the world. With the energy that flows through everything. This isn't a free-for-

all. Not just anywhere, not just anyhow, and certainly not for no reason. You're ingredients, you have to adjust. You have to think. That's not just a demand we place on humans, but on you too. So things can be as they should be. As they've always been. Let's be clear. Innovation isn't your task. Strange new configurations benefit no one, not you, not us. Humans depend on you. But we can also put you aside if we see you're doing harm. If we notice you're chasing strange experiments no one asked for. So don't. Everything that's needed already exists. Your work is to repeat. That's it. You don't have to reinvent anything. You don't need to file new patents. You're not trying to build a Martian rover. You hold all the wisdom you need. It's written in your nature. In your inner code. You just have to follow it. Repeat what has been. In a few ways, perhaps, this way or that. With variation, or a slight twist. But it must always stem from what already was. You are meant to be faithful echoes of choices made before. Tied into the logic of the whole. Because nothing comes from nothing. Don't try to pretend you have no history. Yes, dear ingredients, sometimes you overdo it. Trying too hard to prove you're independent. That you're exceptional. But the truth is, you're not. There's nothing especially unique about you. You resemble one another. And turning your back on your own kind helps no one. It doesn't support unity. It doesn't help build a whole. That's the whole point, someone came up with the idea of ingredients so they could become a whole. It's not for me to judge whether that was good or bad. But it's certainly useful. So strive for that wholeness. Be proud of it. Celebrate that you are or can be part of something whole. That's a noble thing. That's fulfillment. That's purpose. And let it come from your own choosing. No one's going to force you. A slave never makes a good worker. You have to choose. Commit. Repeat what you know. And get moving. You need to know why you are. What flows in your veins. What history, what predispositions. Exactly. This is about predisposition. A frog doesn't ride a bicycle well. And we don't expect you to perform miracles. You're not frogs. And the bike isn't your destiny. So don't complain that it's too hard, that it can't be done. Everyone struggles. Even me. Everyone has pain and obstacles. But you, it seems to me, have fewer. Or at least that's how it looks from here. You might think otherwise. But you know why it seems like less? Because your job is simple: come together and become whole. Wholeness spreads the weight. In wholeness, suffering is shared. That's the beauty of it. That's why your life is simpler. And that should motivate you. A single, isolated ingredient has a harder road. And less fulfillment. Because how can it be fulfilling to remain incomplete? To stand alone. Without support, without purpose. If you're an ingredient, then by definition you're a part, not a whole. Just the beginning. The end can't even be seen. Not until you connect. Not until you become filled. That's the point. A happy ingredient is a joined one. Don't forget that. Don't try to go your own way. Don't insist that you can "be different." That never leads anywhere good. "I can do it differently" often means "I'm useless." And what kind of life is that? Uselessness wears us down. It will destroy us, all of us. Because God doesn't create just for the created thing to sit idle. You were made to connect. To fulfill a purpose. So yes, there are consequences to this kind of rebellion. They're built into you. Into us all. Tangible consequences, tailored to the degree of error. But that's not what I want to focus on. I'm not here to threaten. I never do that. I won't start now. Threats are useless. Still, there's something above us. Above you. When you go the wrong way, the ceiling starts to crack. And crumble. The worst part is the roof. That's how it goes. So please don't overcomplicate. Don't prove how different you are. Don't try to escape

into some strange pairing. Being whole leaves a mark, a mark of fulfillment. And that's beautiful. And that you disappear into the whole, that's also beautiful. That you become it. That you inherit its power. Because one ingredient alone can do so little. It barely matters. But in unity, it holds the strength of the whole. And that's the beauty of connection. I even envy you for it. That you can feel the difference. Between being a mere element and becoming part of something greater. You have that frame of reference. That's a rare joy. A kind of elevation. A promotion by way of completion. Let that motivate you. Be glad you can. That you do. Tell the others it's better to follow what's grand and noble. That it's not just theory, it's practice. It's precision. It's fit, not indifference. So let's leave it at that. Let's make it visible. Let it grow. Let it become standard. Let it always lean toward the good, toward connection. Because every ingredient is a possibility. Every possibility a choice. And every choice, a fulfillment. That's how we move. That's how things multiply. Awareness. And it's worth fighting for. And worth naming. Be yourselves. But be joined. My dear ingredients.

Until next time,
M.

P.S. I was building a Lego bridge the other day and I'm missing one long thin piece. I think it was red. Have you seen it lying around?

letter to arguments or something about meaning

Dear arguments,

You are an inseparable element of the human being. Without you, I couldn't function healthily. I couldn't develop and assert, what I assert. In the way I do. With this kind of precision. Yes, you are important, and I wanted to tell you that. I wanted to assure you that you'll always find a task here. That you won't be cast aside. Thrown out of the line. Nothing of the sort. You've got work to do here, and for a job well done, I'll always reward you. As long as things are done as they should be, with meaning. Because what are arguments that speak without sense? That construct imaginary signs? That's a fake, not an argument. Real arguments always know what to say and create magnificent images. Not just anything. Not just anyhow. Not just to make noise. Not just to speak so someone listens. Just to show off. Yes, showing off is trendy now. But I'm not interested. I don't need to make a fuss around myself. I don't need to prove anything to anyone. What for? What would I gain from that? A palm tree growing from my head? They'd think I'm a savage. Played so much he's sprouted a tropical crown. Exactly. That's not for me. So know this, I care about your quality. Arguments must be perfectly composed. You must undergo natural selection. The immature ones, out. The too self-assured, out. And so on. Everything must be verified. And the quality confirmed.

With a certificate. A certificate of a proper argument. That it meets the standard. That it offends no one. That it's on topic. And delivered in a digestible form. People must understand, after all. What's the use of an argument if no one knows what I mean? Right. And that's happened before. More than once. Too often. Too fast. And full of gibberish. And things must be clear and concise. With a conclusion. Yes, what kind of argument doesn't think about its conclusion? That's like a final test and proof of value. What did it lead to? Whom did it confront? What was the whole point? I don't want to just stand around waiting for the perfect moment. Some kind of argument promotion. You should know yourselves when you're needed. But also, don't impose. That must be felt. I'm appealing to your intelligence here. A smart argument knows what and how. No need to teach it everything. No need to correct it line by line. And I won't. I trust you're arguments of a certain class. That I can use you when and how I need. For whatever the need may be. Yes. And if there's anything I can offer you in return, just ask. Tell me what you need. Tell me when. Maybe you need some training. A session with a specialist. Some extra reading material? Let me know. Whatever's necessary for you to do your job honestly. Because that's what matters. If you're solid, not only will I be satisfied, but so will you. A half-hearted argument can't be happy. An argument made just to tick a box isn't an argument, it's a cheap counterfeit. Some people settle for that. Even praise it. But not me. I don't buy it. That's not how I do things. I care about quality and flavor. About clarity and resolution. That's crucial. It doesn't just fill time, it stirs the spirit. Yes. You have that power. That potential. Use it. Don't just trigger trapdoors. Lift people. That's what you're here for. Wise people turn their heads when they see you cross the street. Or when you walk the dog. So let's respect one another and cooperate properly. Let's align on topics and solutions. How to carry conversations. How to handle tough questions. Possibilities. Choices. Everything must click. Be coherent. And above all, natural. Good arguments are always natural. They come from the heart. Mental constructs don't interest me. Maybe they're cheaper and more accessible. There are more of them. I'm not denying that. But they're not for me. Not that I wrinkle my nose, but I just don't feel good around them. They don't fit me. Too flashy. Too showy. That won't work. It reminds me of cheap minerals. And I'm after gemstones. The ones that shine in the light. Tanzanites and rubies. Emeralds with a story to tell. And people want to hear such stories. That's why they start conversations. That's the whole point. To be a precious stone. Nobly born. Not just from anywhere, heading nowhere. Arguments must know how to shine. Not only with eloquence, but with substance. With what they bring. With what they reveal. Because parroting others is easy. That's for those who stick to the mind. I'm asking for more. For discovery. For boldness. You've got the stage. You can pull off bold ideas. Grand constructions. It can work. It can benefit both of us. And it's beautiful that you can express yourselves through me. Through my words. And there we have it, cooperation. I need to know in advance what and how. To be prepared. To not be caught off guard. You mustn't take full control. You realize yourselves through me. Because of me. For me. This isn't a solo gig. There's no without me. No doing whatever you like. It all must be thoughtful. That's what I'm asking. So it all comes together. So I can draw from you. So you're eager. Ready to perform. Yes. That's the point. We're here to cooperate. To offer something of value. Not to force things. Thanks to me, you exist. And thanks to you, I can say things are working. The whole mechanism. Soul, heart, argument, conclusion. Accumulation. Verification. Yes, some

can't go on without verification. It's their most important moment. I don't make such a fuss about it, but it's important that the outcome is positive. Everything must hold together. That much is obvious. And thanks to that, we collaborate. As it should be. Almost always. I won't go into that "almost." Something happened once, but it's forgotten. We move on. We rely on each other. We create. That's immensely important. That everything works as it should. And it does. And for that I wanted to thank you. And at the same time, to stir you a little. Nudge you. Wake you up. So let's keep going down this path. Let's do what must be done. Let's show we're not amateurs. Let's prove we've got something to say. Something to pass on. Something worth learning. Because it matters. That we offer something from ourselves. Something that lives. That works in a person. That passes from person to person. That's immensely important. That everything works. As it should. As it believes. As it fractures. That it collapses.

Thanks,
M.

P.S. You once complained about the lack of air conditioning. So I'm sending you a picture of one. It'll cool you down just by looking at it. And if that doesn't work, think of the Arctic. Of Eskimos and seals. Works every time for me.

letter to reasons on actions

Dear reasons,

It is a beautiful thing that you exist. I appreciate that. But I would like you to be more active. I encourage you to be. To have a greater impact on my actions. To check whether my deeds always have a meaningful foundation. Yes, I know, I should do it myself. But man is weak. He makes mistakes. He can get caught up, entangled. And that is when you step in. Reasons. And you can put out the fire. That's what I ask of you. To make sure my decisions are not rash. That they are always joined with you. With reasons. Because that is healthy and natural. That's what you're here for. That's why you exist. So that on your back, my movements can be carried. My decisions and commitments. That's how it works. And that's how it should stay. Please correct me when I go too fast. When I want too much. With too little effort. Trying to jump over what cannot be jumped. Reasons. You can stop that. You can do a lot inside me. Adapt me to cooperation. To rationality. For my own good and yours. So our connection brings benefit. Not just material gain. But benefit for soul and mind. Calm. Because how many times have I rushed and only reaped loss. Because how many times did I not think through my move. And for that you exist. To stop me. To remind me that there must always be a reason. That anything random ends up clumsy. And with poor results. That is why you and cooperation make the right work. The right moves. Intensities and

overextensions only weld shut the hatches. And what for? If you can't get out. Because you overdid it. Because you went too far. On your own doing. That's how people say it. But it's no comfort. So please, be there and speak up. Remind me that you must mediate in every one of my actions. In every decision. In every sacrifice. A reason is essential. For logic and fact. To check if it's worth it. Without a reason, a person goes mad. Throws himself around aimlessly. Makes rash decisions. Faces things he doesn't even understand. Or know why. Exactly. Why does it happen? Why does man think he is wiser than you? Than everyone? Even when someone warns him. Even when someone shouts it's not worth it. That it's illogical. Man knows better. And he shouldn't. That's your strength. Your task. To reset man. To redirect me. To scold me. Always speak the truth. Don't sugarcoat it. "This is not our task. This is not our moment. You're fabricating reasons. You're multiplying incentives." That's what I want to hear. When I need to. When it's necessary. Because I know those moments happen. Because I know I need your support. That without you, it will be particularly hard. That's why this letter. A request. For aim. For reminders. And for returning me. When I'm swept away. When my thinking disconnects. Not to mention my feeling. Yes. Often it's because of emotions. Because of buildup. Because of the world's temptations. But you are here, and you can remind me of what matters. That you must be present. Show up, saying: here I am, and this is the moment. The right moment for action. For intervention. That helps a lot. Straightens things. Explains and smooths out the rest. A beautiful speech doesn't have to be spoken beautifully. A beautiful speech is one spoken at the right moment. One that soothes or gives good counsel. And those are the kinds of words I dream of from you. So that everything works as it should. So that life results as it should. Not in more mistakes. Not in more oversteps. That's not what life is for. That's not what free will is for, to keep tripping over it. Exactly. That's why I ask for help and advice. For intervention when necessary. When I'm caught in the anti-thinking. The anti-feeling. Exactly. And you can do it. You have that power and a cool overview. You can speak up and demand your place. Exactly! Because it's also about you. If I stop paying attention to reasons, you'll become useless, and then what will happen to you? You'll die out! You'll age and drift into Alzheimer's. And I don't wish that for you. I wish for an honest cooperation. I want every one of my actions to stem from something. To have a foundation. So that the root is always well-founded. Rooted in reasons. Exactly. Because that makes sense. Because then a person knows they're heading in the right direction. At the right pace. When you are present and we work together. When you motivate me toward the right actions. When I act not for just any reason. Then everything functions. And it should remain that way. And it should unfold accordingly. And thanks to that, we'll be satisfied. I, the doer. And you, the cause of doing. Because everyone is a creator. Every person. And without you, there is no conscious creator. Only accidents. And what kind of world would that be, made of accidents? Of illogical actions? I think it would be a world of extremes. If we stop looking at reasons, what remains is chaos and swinging from one extreme to another. What remains is claiming our place when we don't even know what that place is. Chaos. In a word, a mess. And nobody needs that. It's not good for me or for you. So why provoke it? Why create it? Let's stash it in a drawer. Let the chaos gather dust. At least the dust will have something to do. And us? Let's cooperate. Man and reasons. Movements and their foundations. Sense and its fulfillment. Then everything aligns. Then we can speak of harmony. Many people wonder what harmony is. And here it is.

One of its faces. When nothing happens by accident. When everything is caused by something. Not by just anything. But by a real reason. A reason that makes sense and unfolds. I call that a mature reason. In its prime. Because sure, there are sometimes immature reasons. You might bump into them. But I don't consider them true reasons. They haven't earned it yet. They're too young. Haven't seen enough. Just like the ban on catching too-small fish. I treat this the same way. And it should be so. Immature reasons are not real reasons. Just like reasons with genetic defects. Or unstable ones. A good reason is one that is ripe and full. That rejoices in life. And I rarely deal with anything else, I must admit. And that makes me glad. The quality of reasons matters, so watch your selection. Control it. So that you always hold your standard. So you motivate me properly. That's a healthy and wonderful cooperation. And that's what I wish for us. That's what I ask. So let's rejoice that we have each other. That we can influence each other. And walk in a chosen direction. Of conscious action motivated by a mature, healthy reason. It's beautiful that this is how it is. And because of it, we can fulfill ourselves. Delight in each day, and repeat it again. Create. Refine. And marvel that all of this is even possible.

All the best to you,
M.

P.S. Just one more thing: one of you, yes, one of the reasons, without any reason, ordered a pay-per-view adult film package in a hotel room under my name. I don't mean to be petty, but someone's gotta pay for that. Maybe start a collection or something...

letter to conscience or on leading the way

Dear conscience,

I'm glad you're here. Just as you are. Not flipped. Not broken. That's the horror of our times, consciences stained, or ignored, consciences gone wild, or ones too shameful to show. But I don't have that problem with you. We get along perfectly. You fulfill your role. Flawlessly. And that's how it should stay. Not that I've forgotten how you've grilled me more than once. Gave me a proper reckoning. But I was guilty. Did stupid things, so I got what I deserved. And many times, you saved me from more stupidity, because you acted early, and I listened. You always act early. Before things happen. And that's how it should be. That proves your value. And that's good. It's good to know you've got that kind of help in your corner. Help that doesn't fail. That doesn't invoice. Doesn't chase you down for settlements. And if you tighten the screws sometimes, well, fine. Sometimes that's necessary. Because I want too much. Or I act too quickly. It's happened. You know how it went. You know how it ended. But without you, it would've been much worse. And more frequent. This way, it's just some

occasional slip-ups. Accidents in the life of a decent man. Because no one's perfect. What matters is that conscience functions properly. Then we know what's what. And when we cross a line, we accept the consequences. It's beautiful that everything is visible. You know what you're signing up for. You know what's at stake. It's a game with open cards. I like that kind. I respect that. I'm not interested in hidden costs. And apparently, there are consciences that say little. And when they speak, they stroke your hair. I've heard of them. But not you, and that's what I value in you. You've got your firm stance. What some call morality. A moral conscience isn't about saluting. It's about keeping you from drowning. That's what this is all about. In this life of ours. To have support like yours. Because with a functioning conscience, you don't check out early. Though some say you can't influence the length of life. And get crushed by their vices. I think our lifespan is written down. We can't extend it, but we can shorten it. And many do. That's the point, not to overdo it. So that shortening your life doesn't become a habit. Because shaving off a year, that's not much. But when it's decades, that's a great loss. A shame for the person. A shame for life. So much more he could've done. So much more he could've given. But now he's buried. Because he didn't listen to his conscience. Or ruined it so badly that even the best specialist couldn't make sense of it. It happens. Not my place to judge who or why. But these sad stories serve as a warning to me. I don't dwell on them to point fingers. They circle in my head so I don't become one of them. A cautionary tale. A bin of broken morals. Very much like trash. But I digress. I wanted more to say that you also reward. And I think people have an issue with that. No one notices when conscience gives them something good. We don't know how to take praise. When someone speaks ill of us, it pierces right through. But when someone compliments, we say, "you're exaggerating," or "don't joke," or something like that. We can't say to ourselves or someone else, "yeah, I did a great job," or "I really nailed it." We don't say that. Who even does? But we should. We really should. Sometimes we feel peaceful. And that's your work. The work of conscience. If we don't drown you out. If we listen. And it's worth it. Because it pays off. Because sometimes you have to let yourself feel good. About what turned out well. Or what we avoided. Because that's also a huge win. A real art, avoiding the swamp. We were about to step right in it, and we didn't. That's a big deal. Sometimes a good dodge is worth more than a well-done job. Gives more. Helps more. And dodges are as underappreciated as praise. I don't know why. I only started praising myself when I started working on myself. When I gave myself some attention. And with that work, you see more. You understand the mechanics. Cause and effect. That's a great wisdom. But an even greater wisdom flows from you. From conscience. I don't know where you get it. Why you're so wise. You know everything. Even when the mind can't find an answer, you've got it. In advance. Maybe you sense it. Maybe you guess. But you always hit the mark. And that's something amazing. Something we can't give up. That we must use. Because it's pure truth served on a plate. And many don't appreciate you. Think they've got better ideas. More efficient ones. After years of trial and error, I say: there are none. It doesn't get better than you. Than your voice. Exactly. But voice is tricky. A fool will twist it and pass it on all wrong. And a bigger fool will think it's the wall talking to him. You have to listen to it. That's a given. Carefully. Without twisting. Without adding "but," like so many do. "But" is humanity's worst enemy. "I shouldn't go there, but." "It's inappropriate to do this, but." After "but," evil always lurks. It's the devil's loophole. Pretending we know. And we do know. But we disagree. That "we

know” is supposed to absolve us. Because at least we know, that counts for something. So we analyze. And from our analysis, we conclude otherwise. Meaning we place our mind above the voice of the heart, or conscience. And that’s sad. Speaking of “your” voice, I’ve noticed you speak with one voice. You and the heart. Sometimes I don’t know whose words are whose. But if you really listen, you can tell. You warn more. The heart encourages more. You punish. The heart just tilts its head meaningfully. Some think it’s better to be friends with the heart than with the conscience. But I think of you both like parents. No better or worse, father or mother. You complete each other. Like you complete each other in me. And that’s beautiful. How it works. How it’s built. Makes you want to thank God. Really. I wonder what people who don’t believe in God say about the heart and about you, about conscience. That it dropped from a tree? Or still swings from it? But that’s their business. I know what I know. Because I listen. If someone doesn’t, how could they know? Like the art teacher says to draw an elephant, and Johnny keeps drawing giraffes. She corrects him. Repeats herself. “Draw an elephant.” And he won’t listen. Another giraffe. Wasted effort. That’s how it is. What matters is how I’m doing. And this “me” pleases me. It lifts me. Thanks to you. Thanks to how you keep this entire bazaar in check. That there’s no thievery or debauchery. And that’s good. That things are happening, as long as they’re happening in line with you. In line with conscience. Because then it’s worth it. Because the reward will be great. An honest, happy life. You simply can’t achieve happiness with a broken conscience. One we’ve ruined. One we’ve suffocated. So let’s not take its breath away, let’s give it. Let’s not interfere, let’s help. And so, until next time, my friend. Until the next smile. The next sidestep. The next celebration.

All the best,
M.

P.S. I think I saw your campaign poster hung up on a willow tree. Couldn’t afford to hang it like a normal person? And what’s this, political career? And then you’ll act like we don’t know each other? Cut it out, will you. Focus on the job. You’ve got plenty to do.

letter to fulfillment or, let it be as it is

Dear fulfillment,

It’s good to know you exist. That you visit me so often. That you show me what matters, and how to reach it. What to revolve around, and how not to stop trying. Yes. Because if someone thinks they can be fulfilled without effort, they’re wrong. It’s all the result of work. Tens or hundreds of hours. Spent on this or that. As long as it’s in the right direction. Some also think fulfillment is a constant state. A condition that doesn’t shift. I disagree with that,

and I think you would too. Fulfillment comes and goes. It makes room for the next. One can be fulfilled in many dimensions. It doesn't have to be just one. There are fulfilled mothers who also found fulfillment professionally, creatively. There are fulfilled miners who, in retirement, became explorers - travelers - discovering what they never had time to see while working. The examples are many. You know it best. No one knows it better. You, fulfillment in the flesh. Sometimes you surprise. Sometimes you give us a head start. Sometimes you make us ask for you. But you know well that asking alone won't do. It has to be backed by action. By pursuit. Exactly. Because pursuit is our path. And it's never ending in a void. There is always something beyond. Always something more, clearer or deeper. And discovering what lies beyond fulfillment, that gives us life. Some people think that after fulfillment, there's only rest. I don't forbid them that thought. But someone truly hungry for life never stops. They're always beginning again. A new day means a new beginning. A new wonder. Fulfillment may be a reward, but who ever said it's the final one? No one. Exactly. It's good to know there's something still waiting for us. Something to discover. To witness. To live through. That alone builds a person. This hunger and the way we fulfill it. I feel that when someone loses interest right after achieving something, maybe they never truly achieved it. Maybe it was imagined. Fabricated. Because I can't imagine anything other than seeking the next. Once you taste the sweetness of fulfillment, you crave more. At least that's how it works for me. You know this well. That's why I keep waiting for the next. I do my work and carry a head full of ideas, how to rise, how to outgrow myself again. How to spread my wings. I don't know if I'm qualified to give advice, but I know what I've lived, what I've felt, and I feel good about it. Those are the people worth listening to, those who enjoy life. Because how else? A person is often defined by whom they listen to. Who inspires them. And I don't mean copying, I mean what kind of energy they allow in. Because we absorb energy from others. If we know them. Or if we're open to their signals, even without knowing them. That's how it works. And the promotion of You, fulfillment, has, I think, become fashionable. If we look a hundred years back, a lot has changed. People are beginning to realize they can be anything. Because they can. Women are capable and independent. People with disabilities are winning medals. Africans run global companies. So much has changed. Improved. And I think you are the engine behind those changes. That much depends on you, and will keep depending. And that's good. It's uplifting to see people succeeding. As long as they know how to appreciate it. Because there are those who are never satisfied. And I believe that's not a good hunger. Some people imagine fulfillment as Olympus, they grind away for years, and don't even realize they've already made it. That's the thing. You have to see fulfillment. You have to recognize success. I think the reason people miss it is because of that mistaken belief that after fulfillment comes only retirement and death. Many seem to think that way. But it's not true. Exactly. People should see you. That's the first thing. But the fact they don't isn't your fault. It's theirs. Because they don't look. You do your job well. You appear where needed. You fulfill your side. It's them. Those few. Always expecting another storm. And it's already passed. The sun is out, and they're still wearing their winter coats. That's how it goes. Oh well. I'm glad not only that I see you, but that we're friends. We like each other. Let's be honest. Because we give each other so much joy. I hope you'll agree. Why else would we see each other so often? Out of duty? Life doesn't operate on duty. Only on earned facts. Facts and connections. And that's the beauty

of life, that we have influence over it. And many still don't appreciate that. If you go back 200 or 300 years, it was different. People were often tied to land. To their master. To the function they served. No room for change. It was what it was. You had to accept it. Castes and whatnot. But now, things have changed. You can make your own way. Even beat the system. If you're determined. If you care about fulfillment. If you respect and value it, things will work out. And that's the difference between the ages. Today, it's about that "own path." What we want. What we can do. What we're capable of. We are the result of internal processes. Ones we can coordinate, if we're even aware of them. Exactly. Awareness plays a special role in our age. It wasn't always essential. Now it is. We are creators. We shape ourselves. And influence those closest to us. A husband shapes his wife. A wife, her husband. Children, no need to explain. Good influence, good forecast. But a child ultimately decides who it wants to be. Whether it's interested in you or not. And that makes me wonder, are there still places on earth where fulfillment is truly unreachable? Maybe the slums. Maybe the ocean floor. But even from the slums, you can rise. And the creatures at the ocean's bottom? They seem happy. Because they live. And that's beautiful. And we could learn from them. They're happy just to be. I've never seen a depressed animal. Maybe in a cage, or a shelter. But that's on us. Let them run free, and they're fulfilled. They eat, they run, they rejoice. That teaches a lot. But I still see you, Fulfillment, as the product of effort. You can be fulfilled from something small, but I like to have substance. It makes me feel better. Fulfillment as motivation, that's my thing. That fits me best. And I'll stay with that. So let's keep promoting each other. Let's be glad we always find a way to meet, sometimes sooner, sometimes later. And let's not mourn when something falls apart. You can always begin again. You can always reach for another version of fulfillment. In a different form. With new company. There's a lot we can accomplish together. Much to be earned. Fulfillment can also be experienced in a circle of like-minded people. That's another interesting thought, but I won't drag on. Thank you for hearing me out. I appreciate it. I look forward to your reply.

All the best,
M.

P.S. I heard you're a die-hard Legia fan. So you must be pretty good at handling failure. I respect that.

letter to life

that it may not come on command

Dear life,

Be what you are. That's what I wanted to tell you. Don't bend under the pressure of fools who want you at their beck and call, who want you tailored to their demands and intentions.

Life that is straightened or twisted is not life. Life has its own bends and curves. It doesn't need interference from fools. It should not be molded, deformed, or faked. Yes, that too is a problem, pretending to live, pretending to be alive. It makes me laugh, but it's a trend. Like a jacket. Many find it fitting. Many are enchanted by such a fashion. Not me. But it's out there. Operating. Life that isn't life. Because it isn't alive. You are alive, that's what sets you apart. I don't understand how someone can fail to see the difference between something dead and stuffed, and something that lives on its own, wild. Yes. And that wildness of yours is worthy of respect. We must respect you, your wild nature, your independence, and not try to catch you and put you in a cage. That won't work. It's too much. And many think they can do it. That owning life is a brilliant idea. That's what they've convinced themselves of. But life in confinement does not give us what is beautiful. It isn't itself. If I were put in a cage, I'd behave differently. I wouldn't want to be myself. I'd suffer. And that's how it is. No way around it. So if someone besides you sees this letter, let them know, life exists only in freedom. Anything else is a counterfeit. And knowing you, you'll probably show this letter off to someone. And that's good. Life should be natural and spontaneous. That's what you are. That you lack nothing of. And I value that. We should head out on a trail someday. On a journey. You promised me that some time ago, and I was too busy. We need to make up for it. Enjoy the moment. Because how long can one work? How long can one create something? Beyond creation, there is life. There's you. There's a magnificent adventure that needs to be realized. Exactly. I can't wait. It puzzles me how many people avoid you. How they don't want to meet you. To set off together on a journey or go fishing. It baffles me. Life isn't forever. One day you'll leave, disappear from this world. And I'll remain. Alone. Without life. That's it. I don't wish that on you, but the roles are assigned. Life is only a short moment. So enjoy these moments. With me, among others. Because it's worth it. Because good company is everything. Indeed. Many don't consider who they choose as a friend. He tagged along, so he stayed. Or, he drinks like I do, he's in. That's weak, but for many, it's enough. I think a friend should be a counterweight, in part. Not our clone. Not pretending to be. That gives nothing. It doesn't help us grow. It doesn't help them grow. Everyone is something, and differences help us stay active. To appreciate life. Similarities make us lazy. Tell us everything is the same. Just like you. But that's not true. Life also has many sides. From our perspective, better and worse. Sometimes you kick my ass. Sometimes you say something harsh. But I usually deserve it. That's how it goes. You can't get too comfortable with one thing. With stability. Life isn't stable. It has many facets. Operates in various fields. Here it sows rapeseed, there millet. That's how it is. And good. Thanks to that, we want to live. Thanks to that variety. Thanks to the possibilities. Because we can choose the side of life we want. Even if you seem to impose, no, you don't. A lot can be changed. Seasoned. What would soup be without spices? And those spices change everything. And the fields we can reach. With this one or that one. Sure, some are too far. We won't make it there. But others are near. And we can choose. That's how it is with you. That's how it is with life. And good. And our journey, I hope you won't forget. I hope I'll bring you joy. Because it's good to get away. Clear the mind. Meditation alone isn't enough. One needs to experience something. See something. Laugh. That brings relief to a person. I don't know how it works for life. Maybe you'll tell me. Does life need movement for better sleep? Unless you don't sleep. That's possible. That's how it may be. When you live the day on one side, the other is

sleeping. Then you leap to the woken ones, leaving the sleepers behind. Or maybe you guard them? Maybe you check if they sleep honestly. If they're not cheating. Playing games at night. But what kind of life is that? That's just how it is. With you. With our life. Let it not be split. I've heard of such cases. I've seen things. That it's one way, but really another. As long as people don't find out. But that's making a husk out of life. Just for appearances. Just to look functional. Sure, that's an option. You teach me not to criticize, but sometimes I just can't help it. Though I do turn criticism into wonder. And some people just never cease to amaze me. I don't know if that's normal. Tell me on our trip. Share your secrets. Maybe. Maybe you will. That would be nice. Tell me what to pack. Flint or matches? Who's bringing the knife? And so on. You know what's what. And what's missing. Exactly. To understand your needs, one must talk to you. That's obvious. Yet many forget it. They're not interested in what's happening with life. What it needs to function properly. They assume it's there and lives. If it's there, let it be. But I see it differently. In my view, we must ask around. Inquire. Work things out. Otherwise, it won't work. I won't understand your needs shooting arrows at a target. I'll keep missing. There must be a conversation for everything to fall into place. To work as it should. For union and understanding to happen. So I may live my own life. These are important words. Because many people don't live. They don't understand how to live their own life. But this is about harmony and proof. Proof of connection and understanding. That it flows as it should. Not just to get by. From what I know, you promote something different. And I value that in you. You want to be extraordinary life. Of a higher order. And I don't mean natural level. I always talk like that. When I say earning, I don't mean money. When I say something pays off, I mean spiritually. But I digress. Returning, get ready for the adventure. I hope it'll be a good time. A weekend with life. Camping. Or maybe longer. Maybe we'll sit in the Bieszczady for a whole week. That would be great. Let me know what you think. We need to keep our promise. It's gonna be fun. We'll have something and someone to talk with. Because I know you love talking. It brings you joy. Not just what and how, but deeper. Some, when they finally speak to you, demand. That's a strange approach. And life must be treated like a person. With heart. That's what sets us apart, approaches. They say people have more in common than divides them, but when it divides, it's their approach to life. Exactly. I try to be understanding, but anyway, not my business. I have my own business with you. Our journeys. Our discovering ourselves. And connection. Because there's no point wasting life when we have you within arm's reach. To write a letter. To talk. And to live. And that's what it's all about.

Take care,
M.

P.S. Let me know if I should bring a juicer. We might find some fruit in the forest. Could make a smoothie. But not the Arab kind. Just the drinkable kind.

letter to pack

or keep away from me

Dear pack,

You are unnecessary, and you know it perfectly well, not to everyone, perhaps you have your fanatics, those consumed by lust or something similar, but not me, I no longer rage, I have no use for a pack, it won't multiply anything good, and clearly goodness is not your strong suit anyway, but I'm not here to criticize, do what you will, live how you like, just stay away from me, I value peace, and peace doesn't mean stillness, though I'll do a lot for a little calm, still some noise always finds its way in, and I don't run from it, usually, but with you, it's different, you go after peace, you strike where it's fragile, you inflame things barely smoldering, you set even water on fire, just to show it's possible, when the pack tries hard enough, anything can happen, but most of it is harm, and that's what I don't like in you, that's what puts me off, so I keep my distance, from you and your entanglements, your complications, I prefer simple living, and some think that means running off to the Bieszczady mountains, living off chopped wood and solitude, but no, I think differently, one can live simply anywhere, with just as good results, no need to make life harder like you do, like you infect and spoil, I keep far from you, from the snarl of snarls, you're like a child unraveling a ball of yarn until there's nothing left but knots, and it was fine, it all worked, until you messed with it, until you stirred trouble where none was needed, and that's the thing: few think how to simplify life, most think what to buy, what they're missing (in things), which vacation to book, or how to slack off unnoticed at work, there's plenty of scheming going on, all for ease, for comfort, and that surprises me, people crave comfort, and perhaps more than safety, at least men do, women lean toward security, but men, just comfort, not simplicity, and I've come to learn comfort offers no satisfaction, no real fulfillment, in fact it hurts us, and fake safety does just the same, though I spoke of that elsewhere, maybe in the Lectures, read it if you're curious, and comfort, it seduces, and in the chase for comfort we skip over the simple, the straightforward, comfort insists on cunning, simplicity on the contrary, that's why I promote what's plain, and keep away from you, pack, you can't mix simplicity with madness, they don't blend, madness is one thing, simple life another, and I learned simplicity from Persian mystics, poets and sages, their outlook gave me much, but one can follow any example, Zen monks, Dominican or Capuchin friars, the Dalai Lama or Gandhi, all who were great were also humble, all who were wise knew that's the only path, not yours, not the pack's noise, and noise has its moments, it's human, but don't provoke it, let it come from the world, because we can't escape that, but creating it? that's too much, really too much, and people, they choose their path, usually by the number of curves, the more curves, the more attractive, reminds me of WRC rally tracks, all those choices, all those turns, but the most beautiful road is the straight one, because it is straight, like life, a simple life, a clear road, not entanglements and packs and proving points, that brings no one anything, just leaves noise behind, and noise lingers in people, the soul filters it, flushes it out, if there's not too much, but when it builds up, the soul can't manage, and noise settles in, sticks and rots, that's why we must care for ourselves through simplicity, a straight path,

a simple life, yes means it nourishes, no means it harms, that's not complicated, no degree needed to understand that, my message is simple, like this letter, stay away from me, I don't need the pack, I'm done with you, these are plain words, and I hope they reach you, that they'll settle in you like noise settles in many people, and that's the point, a clear message, we say no and turn our heads, we walk away, though we must expect an attack, evil often stabs from behind, when we're not looking, and the pack likes to come back, uninvited, so be ready, I am, I say plainly, I know what's on your mind, what's brewing in there, so know this: I'm ready, it won't surprise me, it won't catch me off guard, it won't work, so don't even try, spare yourself the waste of time and energy, you've already lost me, so why circle around, why twist reality, it won't help, the world goes on without us, there will be no "us," it's not happening, and that's good, not every union is a benefit, we'd be a disaster, poorly matched, so don't try, it won't work, live your life, I'll live mine, and I'm glad about it, very glad, I need nothing more than to be who I am, why would I want more? being myself is fulfillment, it is the completion of destiny, it is anchoring in the good, why go chasing fake thrills, bloated, stuffed? I don't need that, they won't change anything, won't bring good, exactly, I have all I need, the pack offers me nothing, I reject the noise, or at least its excess, what I can't digest or expel, I spit out, so stay far with your rules and tricks, the pack may look nice on a postcard, but not on mine, not in my picture, not in my story, and memories? poor ones, if you had something I actually needed, maybe I'd reconsider, but you don't, because I've got it all, like answering a gift question: "No thanks, I need nothing, all I needed, I've either eaten or spat out, depending," so worry about yourself, not me, don't think what I might need, because nothing of yours brings me joy, not even a laugh, the pack doesn't amuse me, if anything, I pity it, I can't understand how people fall for you, how they desire you, but I had dark chapters too, I got lost, so I know how it is, but that's over, behind me, I won't return to the old ruts, I've learned to step aside, now I have priorities, now I matter to myself, for joy, for fulfillment, and that's how it's going to stay, because what more is there? your cunning is not human goodness, your howling not a reason to take part, your discounts and last-minute deals don't tempt me, "grab it, last chance", I won't bite, it's not my world, I'm going to sleep. Bye.

M.

P.S. If you want to go off on a philosophical rant, join a philosophy club or something like that, you won't get far with me, because really, what's the point of talking to a fool?

letter to my great-great-grandchild
just so you'd care enough

Dear great-great-grandchild,

Times were hard once. I hope yours are lighter. That they don't demand quite as much. But I doubt that. The world only changes in name. Today it's called this, tomorrow it's called something else. Another era. Another batch of trifles. Some novelty. Some new approach to old matters. But the matters remain the same, only the edition gets refreshed. That's right. Which means you're grappling with what I grappled with. Which means your generation still has to carry a lot. Mine was supposed to be "the last." That's what they called themselves. Well, maybe a bit younger than me. Depends. Anyway, it was supposed to be the end. But it was only the beginning. The Earth will endure much more. It will witness plenty yet. And I'm glad. Live peacefully. I wish you peace. Though peace is rare. And when it shows up, it's often undervalued. I hope you chase after it. That you soak in its taste. As for my generation, I don't think we made the most of our chance. Or at least, that's our reputation. We had great ideas on our lips. Great changes. And little really changed. People stayed the same. The loud promotion of values triggered backlash. Instead of loving one another, we turned hostile. A repeat show. Nothing revolutionary. But there was plenty of noise. I hope your generation doesn't shout so much. Because shouting solves nothing. That's a rule. The louder you shout, the less they understand you. I know that from experience. That's right. So tell me about you. How's the shouting? Are you looking for peace? For solace? Has your generation returned to its roots? A natural way of living? Or is it still a city rat race for money and prestige, for titles and promotions? That's how it was in my time. This obsession with career. With chasing money. But maybe it's different for you now. Maybe you've had enough. Maybe money has lost its charm. Maybe you got tired of rushing toward God knows what. Just faster. Tell me how it is. Teach me something. That's right. Tell me how your generation sees mine. What do you say about my time? About the start of the 21st century? About the turn of the millennium? I'm so curious. Do you blame us for something? Maybe we polluted the planet too much. Too much CO₂. And now you're stuck cleaning up. That interests me. I'm curious. Because we made a lot of noise. A lot of change that didn't change anything. But it all weighed on people. On simple living. It hit everyone. With demands. Restrictions. Wild inflation. Soaring energy prices. What's that like now, in your time? I wonder. And tell me about cars. My era was the transition. They told us to switch from gasoline to electric. No choice. That's what those on top decided. What about you? What are your choices? Can you still buy a gas-powered car from the early 21st century? Is it a thing now? A trend? Has automotive design circled back? I'd love to know. I never liked electric cars. A battery works fine in a phone or laptop. But in a car? Wasteful. And what about computers, still around? Are you still using laptops? Or just phones now? Maybe everything's in a wristwatch. That started already in my day, smartwatches linked to phones. And artificial intelligence? Is it in every part of your life now? We started all that. Just like robots. I'm curious how it evolved. We already had robots in hotels instead of people. AI making ads. That sort of thing. Kind of scary to think how far it went. In your day, do humans still matter, outside of reproduction? Or maybe you're all just relaxing while machines earn your salaries. That would be amazing. And if it were up to me, that's exactly how it should be. Modern-day slaves. No need to feed them. A robot army working for your gain. No smoke breaks. No complaints. That's how it should be. And people could finally grow. In

their passions. You like to travel, go travel. Like to write, go write. Like to compose, compose. Do whatever you love and can do. If the robots cover your basic needs, you're free to live. That would be beautiful. I hope what I imagine became real. That this is how you live. At least that's my wish for you. That humans finally benefited from all the tech they made. Because in my time, that wasn't the case. Everything cost a fortune. Want a robot? Pay through the nose. And it couldn't do much. Vacuum, maybe. Or mow the lawn. The more advanced ones, out of reach for ordinary people. That's right. And substances? What's your deal with those? You like alcohol? Smoke? Maybe something else? A little joint, maybe? I'm from a time when cigarettes were being phased out. But marijuana was on the rise. Legalized more and more. So maybe that's the trend now. Maybe a pack of cigarettes now costs the same as a car. I hope not. I was never against substances. Maybe because I had a weakness for them. But they're like women. Not always good for you, but they give pleasure. And speaking of women, how is it for you? What are they like? In my day, they were bold and liberated. Wanted to wear men's shoes. Prove they could do anything. Be independent. What about yours? Have they returned to traditional roles or still tearing it up? I find it interesting. I always believed it's a good thing when a woman wants to be a mother and dedicate herself to her children. Family is a great value. One to cherish. In my time, that was fragile. We were drunk on the idea that anyone could be anything. Real American vibes. And America? The USA? Still around? What about Poland? Is there now one European superstate or are countries still standing on their own? I'd love to know. Back in my time, there was some fiddling with that. The European Union, maybe you've heard of it. What happened to it? It would be so beautiful to know how you're doing, my great-great-grandchild. To talk. To exchange ideas. To confront our differences. And similarities. But never forget one thing, no matter the generation, love is the highest value. And I hope that's what you draw from. And I hope it's what leads you.

Sleep well,
M.

P.S. I'm sending this by courier, not the national post. If I'd sent it with the national post, it'd arrive two generations too late.

letter to rope on honest helping

Dear rope,

In life, it is important not to harm. And you, at times, have failed in that. More than once, you've helped those you shouldn't have. Helped them take their own lives. Helped the hanged. I don't know why. For fame? Applause? So they'd talk about you? Point fingers? Say, it was her? I don't know, and I won't dig. You can try to defend yourself, to argue. But it

won't matter. It won't change a thing. You helped in one particular way, time and again. Yet you are, in fact, useful in many other ways. You can tow cars. You can secure a person from falling. You can hold together a splitting tree. You can be a lasso. A boundary marker. A safeguard. You have many uses. You don't have to be present at the moment life is lost. You can be present otherwise. More beautifully. More lastingly. Yes. With hangings, it's just a moment. But you have years of honest service in you. Because this is about honest helping. That's why I'm writing. There's no other way, only honestly. Honest helping is inscribed in everyone, if they listen to themselves. If they truly see the world, they'll know what this means. They'll feel it. Yes, honest helping. Not any kind. Not just anything. Not in ways that harm. Not without thought for consequences. Not without regard for the tears your actions may cause. One must look at the whole picture. At the consequences of our behavior. You can't blindly agree to every request. Sometimes people ask for their own ruin. You can't help ruin. You must be wiser, get ahead of it, and help, but in the right way. Pull someone back from the edge, not push them over. Don't shove them from the cliff. That's not human. That would only prove the rope's weakness. And what rope wants to be weak? A rope, by its very nature, wants and can be strong, if it looks inward, remembers its potential, and doesn't just drag itself through life. Half-hearted. That's no good. That's unconvincing. A rope should be a rope, and fight adversity. Not unravel in the rain. Not give up because of heat or frost. What sort of rope says it's too cold to work today, that it won't haul the wagon? That doesn't befit a true rope. A true rope is ready, always and everywhere. In step with the world, but also with a mind of its own. Not blindly loyal to any ideal. Ideals can be fatal. You can't help only conservatives and turn your back on the left. You can't refuse to bind for a gay person or an anarchist. He might be a fisherman. You might be needed on his boat. You have to cooperate. You can't pretend you're having a bad day. You can't blame it on sunspots. That won't do. That's beneath you. A rope must always be ready and open to trials. Sometimes a knot will be hard. Sometimes the load to lift will be heavy. But don't break. You can bear much. You're made from the finest material. From incredibly durable fiber. Remember that, and use it. Use your strengths. Show it can be done. That you're capable. Be an example to other ropes. Be an example to those who need ropes. Show them they chose well, that their trust was not misplaced. That's how you help. That's how you be yourself. You prove your usefulness. Show you have much to offer. Because anyone can contribute anything, but to do so wisely, that's not for everyone. And you, you are not just anyone. You are a remarkable rope. So let your actions speak for that. Let them affirm it at every turn. Let everyone who sees you know they're looking at a rope that is sturdy and steadfast. A rope that is devout, not depraved. That's what makes a rope. That's what helps it endure hardship. Stand firm. Persist in constancy. In providence. Toward the good. Because a good rope is remembered. It's spoken of. Shown as an example. Look, ropes, this is how to pull. This is how much to endure. This is what to bear. See? This rope didn't resist. Didn't give up. Didn't say it wasn't her place. She stayed on the job to the end. Until the end, she managed not to break. To remain enduring, not indulgent. The indulgent ropes won't get it. The fashionable ones neither. They only dress in colored twines. Neither elegant nor strong. A good rope is more. A good rope is stronger than steel. It endures more and doesn't rust. That's what it's about. About being a good rope. About showing where the sense of ropehood lies. Where that resolve and determination live. How to display them. To prove

yourself. To repeat, and not demand reward. A rope is meant to serve. That is its purpose. A rope is meant to be itself, and to spread that self. To other ropes. Not to the circumstances. For circumstances are not there to be lectured. They're there to cooperate with. To be used. Circumstances give the rope a chance to show how fearless she is. How exquisitely strong. Yes, that. And I wish that for you. That you know what's what. That you never think you can choose where to serve. Service, service, service, and from it, an honest rope draws satisfaction. Not from grabbing at anything. Any how. From any chance. No. A chance is an opportunity to help, not to pout. So don't pout. Be yourself. Tough and independent. Helpful regardless of conditions. Let it stay this way. Let it motivate you. Drive you to act. Fill you with the sense that it's worth it to help. Worth it to be useful. Worth it to be a rope. Because why else? If you're a rope, you're not going to turn into a fishing line. No one's catching a catfish with you. That's absurd. Don't chase such thoughts. They're the musings of fools. You are a rope, and a rope you'll remain. Everything else is beside the point. You are you. And that's good. Use what and who you are. How you can be of use. How you can contribute to the good. Use what's usable, and turn away from what's not. From what remains as evil in the mind. There's no point wasting life. No point helping in foolish decisions. Now you know that. Hold that truth. Let it work in you. Let it grow and make you better. Let it create beautiful moments of working rope. Helping rope. Needed rope. There's no such thing as no work for a rope. No need to dig through job ads for "seeking rope." That's not how it is. Work is within arm's reach. You just have to want it. So want it, and help. Create more chances. To change something. To beautify. To uncover. To prove yourself. To show your strength. I know you can. You're a capable rope. You've always stood out among the others. That was visible. Your uniqueness. Your resourcefulness. May those traits stay with you. Drive you, not slow you. And someday you'll remember my words. You'll remember it was worth it. To listen, and to fulfill your purpose. As a happy rope. You can do more. You don't need to ask for more. You already have it. So use it.

Best regards,
M.

P.S. Once I was looking for a rope so I could learn to swing like Tarzan. But they told me it was impossible with my weight. Despite my aerodynamic shape. They just don't make ropes like that anymore. What a pity. Dreams die last. And I light candles for mine.

letter to profession
or simply for the satisfaction

Dear profession,

I'm glad to have you. And let me remind you that, at the beginning, it wasn't easy. I had to adjust to you. Adapt. I had to learn a lot in order to carry you out. In order to work properly. That's how it goes. Many people think they already know everything. And if they don't, then that job must not be for them. I disagree. I believe anything can be learned. You just have to want it. Be determined. And a person will learn all that's needed. They can step into a chosen profession. That's how it was with me, a bit. Different education, different occupation. It came from interest. From being good with a computer. And good. I won't be a lawyer or a clerk. Though, never say never. But I don't want to. I'm happy with you. I have a kind of freedom. I know how to use it. And most importantly, you give me joy. You give me satisfaction. I'm happy when I start my work. It lifts me up. You lift me up. And that's how it should be. I don't understand people who complain about their jobs. That only makes them worse. Unbearable. Complaining deepens the problem. Besides, a problem is always there to be solved. That's their purpose. To seek out solutions. If your job doesn't bring you joy, rediscover it. Work in a way that makes the job joyful again. And if that's impossible, change jobs. It's not complicated. I can give that advice to anyone. Because I know it's true. Maybe it was different once. When jobs were assigned. When there was communism. People often gave up on fulfillment. Everything done half-heartedly. In a way, I can understand that. When no one else is trying, you don't either. But today? In times when most people do care? Exactly. A profession is a beautiful thing. Whatever kind it is. That one can be useful. Help another person. Or profit from them. Either way. What matters is being precise and honest. Not cheating people. Some professions don't respect people. Maybe those aren't real professions. I don't know if swindling is a job. But it fits somewhere. Anyway, I don't promote it. Being unfair to another eats away at you from the inside. Guilt. A kind of soul cancer. It hurts. Better to be honest. Better to do your thing and draw joy from it. I believe that satisfaction can be drawn from nearly every job. Even lumberjacks love what they do. And that's hard labor. I've never met a lumberjack who was unhappy. Complaining that he doesn't work in an office. Different jobs have their own fans. People who see themselves in them. That's often the case. A person knows what they're suited for. What they're naturally inclined toward. Our desires are another thing. Sometimes they don't match. Sometimes your potential says miner, but your heart longs to manage. And so on. I won't say what's better. I do know this, money shouldn't be the first motivator. It shouldn't be what drives us. What tips the scale. Yet sometimes, it is. People work solely for the money, and it always ends badly. In dissatisfaction. Burnout. Disappointment. Even suicides. Because living for money is an empty life. Without meaning. And sooner or later, it catches up to everyone. No one escapes. If you work only for money, nothing good will come of it. Yes. But you, professions, have that thing, you bring money. And there's nothing wrong with that. It's the reward for time given and work done. Logical. Hopefully it flows from joy, not from force. Money as an addition. To satisfaction. That's how it should be. From the worker's perspective. I'm satisfied with what I did this week or month, and I get paid. A thank you. That's a healthy model. If someone slacked all month, they can't feel good about getting paid. Sure, they got richer, but they might wonder if they didn't lose more. At least most of

us would wonder. Because deep down, you know you blew it. That you wasted time. That you could've done better. Put more into it. But you chose a different path. The path of guilt. That's how it goes. Better to avoid it. And appreciate professions. Appreciate you. Yes. As I try to appreciate and am appreciated. Hence this year's raise. Hence the praise. That's the point. When you're good at something, it works. And it builds a person. After all, work is a huge portion of life. 40 hours a week, or more. That's time with massive impact. Time we must fight for. Yes. Fight and win its good effect. Even if it's about relations with the boss or coworkers. Sometimes it's a fight, with yourself, or with discomforts. Sometimes you need to adjust. Let go, or push back. Win your space. Yes. Because sometimes someone wants to take it or limit it. That's how it is among people. But it has to be a peaceful fight. No victims. Only winners. Such a peaceful fight is possible. Blood doesn't have to spill. No need to declare: here lies the defeated, and it's not me. No. When I speak of fighting, I mean making a real effort. Something beyond wishing or trying. But not forcing. You have to find the balance. Among people, that's key. And work makes us grow that balance. It's not given once and forever. It's dynamic. The balance must be nurtured. With respect for rights and values. And good intentions, of course. If someone enters the workplace with wicked motives, they're spotted quickly. It's obvious. We must care about our good, and that of others. About making the whole thing work together. Working among people is a living organism. And it must cooperate. Different organs serve different roles, but they must harmonize. And so you, profession. The possibilities you offer. The ideas you carry. You form a kind of group, a psychological profile. You gather those who match, or shape them over time. That's interesting too. Many police officers are alike. Many priests. Many firefighters, and so on. Performing a job changes us. All the more reason to choose carefully. Not only for the paycheck. Not just for how it's done. But for the kind of people a profession creates. How we'll see ourselves in 20 or 30 years. Who we'll be. Psychologically. In terms of growth. Of opportunity and limitation. That's what a profession offers. That's important. And I'm happy with you. You haven't changed me too much. Or maybe I don't see it. Or the change is slow. I'll see in a few years. And judge if it was worth it laughs. Of course it was worth it. We're aligned. Doing our thing. You and I. Giving each other possibility. Knowing who's who. What from what. And why. Let's keep it that way. Stay steady, dear profession. My profession.

M.

P.S. Some strange invoices came in. Apparently for something done. Supposedly with your name on it. But I didn't notice anything change. I suspect someone's charging us for nothing. Or maybe you're generating them yourself, which honestly wouldn't surprise me much 😊

letter to the lectures
or that they may not collapse

Dear lectures,

I'm glad you've come into my life. Going through the lectures was a great lesson for me, not only writing them, but also realizing what I had to say. A wonderful dose of humility and diligence. Brilliant musings that help one understand better. Writing you was a great joy, and also a kind of fulfillment. A Decalogue, only multiplied by a hundred. And that's good. And thorough. And it worked. Someone will benefit. Not just me. Not just work for the sake of work. But for the result. Some resonance. Not so it gets loud, but so it gets through. Because it's worth saying what needs to be said. You taught me that. Yes, that's on you. Thanks to you, I've made huge progress, and it shows. I see it every day. That it makes sense. That it's beautiful to bring you to life. That it pays off. And it's good. And beautiful. For some, "lectures" bring to mind academic halls, dry speeches, or student life. You're different. You're alive. You carry light. And that vitality echoes through a person. Works within them. That's a wonderful thing. I had to grow up to write you. Spiritually, I mean. Years of meditation and contemplation had to pass. And years of creation too. Three years, to be precise, of preparing myself to do it right. To capture what I meant. That's a lot. This isn't something you stumble upon before tea, and it's done by the time you sip it. The Lectures are a compact whole. A path. But seen from many angles. Shown. Carved. They're a kind of preparation for a student. To change their life. For the better. To understand how people and the world function. To realize how little it takes to experience great effects. That's your power. The power of the lectures. Which I deeply appreciate. Yes. I believe you now live your own life. Written. Familiar with humankind. Served on a platter. You have your own unique flavor. You've detached from me for good. You live your own lives. And beautifully so. I cheer you on. May you delight as many people as possible. May you fulfill your mission. Well. And you will. Maybe not right away. Maybe some time must pass. But you'll have a wide impact. I'm sure of it. I saw it in your eyes. In your determination. You look radiant at sunrise. There's no need to ask anything of you. You give on your own. No need to bargain. You show where the truth lies. Where it's found. How it works in a person and upon them. So yes. Let's talk. Tell me how you're doing with all that great wisdom you carry. What your days look like. What your weaknesses are. Minor lapses. Because everyone has them. No one is perfect. Lectures included. It's all connected. One thing leads to another. And that's good. Keep showing how beautiful life is. A life of awareness, not one lived by impulse. A life of understanding, not one driven by mental stirrings or emotional cravings. It's so beautiful how you came together. What you have to say. How you proclaim it. How you reveal it. It feels good. At least to me. You work well on me. When I lean over you, here or there. And I assure you, I carry you in my heart. I'm devoted to you. If you ever need anything, just knock. I'll always make time. I am, after all, your creator. And that carries a certain responsibility. A thread of connection. A kind of spiritual bond. Not just intellectual. So when one thing stems from another, the other cannot turn away. Or rather, the other way around. And that's what defines you. You weren't edited. You weren't polished. Not refined. I wrote you as you flowed. As the soul dictated. So maybe there's a mistake here or there. A typo or nine. Maybe a few thoughts jumping around. But likely not too many. Because I didn't think much when I wrote you. It just flowed. Built itself. When the soul dictates, it moves easily.

And who speaks through it? Well then. But that much is obvious. That flows from all my work. From the task I was entrusted with. And so we go on. Further and faster. There's still a lot of work. And then, rest. A writer's retirement. That's the difference between us. I'll retire from writing, and your work will begin. In earnest. You'll go out into the world. Offer your wisdom to people. Work within them. And me? I'll be resting. Too bad writer's retirement doesn't come with money. I won't get rich off you either. But that's how it is. An artist must be poor. That means he doesn't write for money, but for other reasons. For other stirrings. And that's what awakening is all about. Wake up! Thanks to the Lectures. Thanks to the Letters, to the mystical journey, and all the other texts. It's a great teaching that penetrates the human being. Worth knowing and applying. Worth discovering what's beautiful in life. So that one becomes beauty. Radiates it. That's huge. Deeply significant. Yes. And this delivering. That's what the Lectures are for. To deliver you somewhere. To the right beginning. And then you walk on your own. Then you work on your own beauty. That's how it works. And the more such deliveries, the better. The more wisely and clearly we live. Because what is earned is added. Those are important words too. We must work on ourselves. But wisely. If someone lays bricks carelessly, they waste time and material. The work must be done properly. And when we work on ourselves, on what's most precious, that's especially important. Important and visible. The sloppiness always shows, it's glaring. So we must proceed calmly. Lecture by lecture. Deeper and deeper. Then we'll see the true results. We'll uncover them. And that's the most wonderful thing. That you give so much. That you have such strong influence. That's invaluable. Not exhausting. Because only the unaware get tired. Those living in hardened illusion. Truly free people, truly happy people, they're not weary. Being yourself cannot be a torment. If daily life exhausts you, it means you're not being yourself. And that's where the lectures lead us. And that's beautiful. And that gives so much. That's why I love leaning over you. That's why I let you gather momentum. So that you can be yourselves. Show me how it works. How to apply it in my own life. It's all in you. In the lectures. At arm's reach. You're free. I charge nothing. I make nothing off you. Because how could I make money off beauty? The beauty that lives in every person. It only needs to be discovered. One only has to follow. And it's there. All here. In you. In the Lectures that transform. In the Lectures that shape. And leave behind the right aftertaste. The scent of spring and renewal. The scent of full humanity.

Thank you.
M.

P.S. If you ever feel like going out for coffee, I'm game. But you're buying. I'm broke 😊

letter to "in my opinion" so it won't happen again

Dear "in my opinion,"

Yes. That's what you're here for. That's why I created you. So that the recurring stumbles of humankind won't repeat themselves. So that you could be a warning and a lesson. A suggestion. And that's what I'm promoting. That's what you're promoting. To think about change. To turn thoughts into action. Because that's what it's all about in the course of humanity, to bring about transformation. Sometimes through small steps, other times through bold undertakings. But it's not like we've already perfected the ideal and now we're just using it. We're still far from it. Our systems, our habits, our institutions and religions, they all need revising. That's why "in my opinion" exists. That's why you were born. That's why you live, to make people aware. Not just to say "turn me into action," but to remind that everyone should have their own "in my opinion." Opinions should be compared. Confronted. Enacted. Because progress is what it's all about. Real progress. Sitting back and resting on our laurels is easy. But real art lies in not being afraid of change. In debating. Refining. Improving what's already been achieved. That's how it works. And that's the only way to reach genuine satisfaction. Satisfaction from contributing. From making things better. From seeing that yes, it's possible. And once you manage it once, the second success becomes easier. One success breeds another. The hardest part is always starting. But once you do, it flows. You build momentum and keep going. Those are the moments of real movement. When you know you've made a difference. Not just in your own life. In most of my writings I focus on inner work, on changing oneself. But you, you are different. In "in my opinion," I focused on the outside world. And the result is refreshing. Satisfying and creative. So it's worth it. Worth looking from this angle too. Though one thing's certain, everything begins within. The change has to happen inside us first. Only then can we step out and change the world. And that's invigorating. It's a beautiful thing. That's why it's worth focusing. Worth working for. Worth spreading. And yes, it takes people. Because without people, no real change can take place. It'll be short-lived, or invisible. Or forced. And that's not the point. Forcing change isn't good. Change needs human support. It has to appeal to people. To engage them. Only then will it make sense. Only then will it form a cohesive force. Something to shatter stagnation. Because stagnation always tries to return. So we must move between it. Stir the world up. So that it's desired. So that someone standing on the sidelines can say, "Yes, they did it." That's the purpose of "in my opinion." That's what you should be. That's what every opinion should strive to be. In turn. Yes. Then nothing derails. When people feel heard. When they are respected. Because every opinion matters. And an unheard person is a lost person. Their potential will dissipate. Their ideas will vanish. We must not allow that. So let us listen to one another. Let us line up our "in my opinions." Let's build bridges, not barriers. Let's not dam up the river of progress. Let's move forward together, expecting the unexpected, rejoicing in what's been built. Because everything new must be worked for. Everything that proves itself had to be tested first, in physical form, on the living body of the world. So let's test. Let's explore. Let's make it worthwhile. Let's keep pushing this world forward. Without calculating what's profitable and what's not. We can't keep defining good ideas as only the ones that generate revenue. That grow capital. That's where the world is drifting, anything that turns a profit is promoted. Profitable for a few, marketed to the many. And we're the piggy banks being smashed. Supposedly reluctantly, but still cracked open for spare change. That's not progress. That's collapse. True progress

isn't draining people's accounts. It's not convincing them they need another gadget to feel complete. That's not how it works. That's not how it will ever work. We need to break away from such mechanisms. True good is good by nature. By default. Because it benefits many, not just a few. That's the difference. And it's not a small one. So let's make sure our ideas make sense, not just money. Meaning comes from the soul. Profit from the mind. That's the difference. And not a small one. We need to tell the two apart. Understand what is what. Why something was created. And why it's being promoted. We rarely think about that. We see this or that but don't ask what drove the person who made it. But we should. It's like a regional product on a store shelf, it stands apart. It wasn't created for profit, but to uphold tradition. A tradition aimed at giving something good. Tried and tested. Refined over generations. With a recipe that wasn't random. With skilled people behind it. Exactly. Because not everyone can write "in my opinion." There are those who are moved by the desire to make change and capture it in word or action. Most people simply consume. Hopefully regional products, not just corporate junk engineered only for profit. What a world it would be, if shelves were filled only with regional goods. No mass-market rubbish. No tricks to drain our wallets. That would be a beautiful world. Sadly, that's not the world we live in. But we can try. Even if we're not writers or activists. We can still set a direction. Know what values we align with. Which ideas we stand behind. We need that kind of positioning. That kind of clarity. And that's what "in my opinion" is for. Mine or anyone else's. To guide others. To inspire. So they can build upon it. Relate. Recognize themselves in it. And I hope that's what happens. I hope my texts move people, including "in my opinion." Because you are special. Yes, you are. And I'm expanding on these things because I know others will read you too. And because you're special, you need to be seen. Need to be promoted. I've even been criticized once for promoting my own writing. Most people are curious and supportive. But one man once condemned it. According to him, books shouldn't be promoted, because advertising is inherently bad. I disagree. I don't understand that view. It's like promoting a regional product. It's something good. People should know they have a choice. There's junk food, and there's high-quality traditional food. Exactly. It needs to be promoted. Talked about. So people know the difference. Otherwise we'll forget. And lose ourselves. Otherwise we'll be buried in mediocrity. Without reminders that there is something more. Something nourishing. That gives us wings. That calls for real change. And you, "in my opinion," are such a change. A wise call. And I will wisely promote you and invite people to hear you out. That's how it should be. That's how it must be.

All good things,
M.

P.S. Good thing I haven't hired people to promote you, someone might accuse me of exploitation. Of forcing labor. Without benefits or vacation.

letter to mystical journey

or on what we are more willing to do

Dear mystical journey,

That's exactly why you exist. So that things are more willing. So that people are more willing to pause. More willing to move in the right direction. In the proper one. Precisely. That matters deeply. So you play an important role. Don't forget that. Don't let anyone convince you that you're insignificant. That you don't mean much. You mean a great deal. You have influence on people. And nothing greater can be dreamed than to have influence on people. Than to show, by your very being, what's worth it, and what's not. And it is worth it. And there's no need to dwell on the negatives. On the inconveniences. On the unfinished bits. You are complete. Finished. And we can finish our journey. There's no reason to quit when everything's going as it should. Only a fool would change their mind once they've grasped and felt the strength of goodness. The strength of attraction. The strength of what the mystical journey brings. Yes. Let's stay with that. And let's be grateful for it. Grateful for what brings us benefit. What influences us in the right way. That's how it should be. And that's what we should seek. To explore what is wise and right. To awaken the soul. Because no, you can't just leave the soul untouched and expect everything to be okay. No, it won't be. The soul must be stirred. The soul must be nourished. And that's also why you're here. Mystical journey. That's what your signs are for. The proven turns and paths. The shortcuts worth remembering. Because people have this tendency to go the long way. As long as it's where everyone else is going. Most people choose the easy but roundabout paths. And along the way, they tend to get lost. Change their minds. Forget where they were going to begin with. That's what lengthening a path does. But you shorten it. And it's not even all that hard. Though it does ask something of us. Inner work, spiritual work, can't be effortless. The only thing it doesn't require is lying around on the couch. But if we want to achieve something, to reach something, we must walk our path. Work it through. Adapt to its requirements. To certain simplifications, which themselves are a challenge. Without challenge, we don't rejoice in the outcome. How could we. It just doesn't work that way. You must do your part to see the result. That's how the world works. That's how life functions. And so it's worth investing in. Worth working on ourselves. Worth seeking help from the mystical journey. Because you give so much. Because you reveal and guide. Because you are a condensation of the finest thoughts this world has known. These are not merely my words. I merely comment on them. Add a little from myself. But the essence comes from truth. Forged in it. And it leads back to it. To the discovery of what is beautiful. Who we are and why. All of that is in you. In the mystical journey. Which opens the eyes. Of the doubters, and those with weak faith. Faith in themselves. That it is possible to live differently. That it is possible to live truly. And not just possible, but necessary. For what sort of life is it, where we don't use the time we've been given? A wasted opportunity. And there are no make-up tests. It's up to us whether we pass. Whether we blossom, bloom, and bear fruit. That's all in us. For us. And you show that beautifully. The whole journey. The focus and the movement. It all works in you as it should. And it's good to have such support. Your support. The

direction you show and the motivation to keep going. Not some spiritual trickery or empty philosophy. There's much that's off in the world of spirituality. People want to make money off it. People want to make a name for themselves on spirituality. Become admired teachers. Achieve some kind of success. But I don't accuse you of that. You're different. You're deeply real. You emerge from the spiritual world but cut through the material one. You change people. Their approach. Their mindset. You encourage. Nothing more. You don't criticize. You don't make a fuss. You don't make noise. And that's the trend among many spiritual teachers, to criticize religions. To stir up noise around them. Religions are bad, and I'm good. Spirituality yes, religions no. Many teachers follow that road. But with you, it's different. With you, there is respect for all religions. No dividing. No grading. Which is better, which is worse. There is little spirituality in the world that does that. Spirituality that harmonizes with religion. That unites with it. Nowadays, it's easier to criticize. But not you. You don't criticize, nor do you drive people away from this or that. You promote what builds the human being. What gives them positive energy. What helps them manage that energy and use its strength. It is a great power to be fully human. To be aware of one's humanity. Supported by work and effort. That's a great thing. May it endure. May it guide many. May it give what they need. Light. Because much depends on who reads you. One will take more from the reading, another less. And for a third, you will not be a book at all, but an experience. And that is most wonderful. And that is the greatest encouragement. That there are those thirds. That somewhere, it reaches someone's heart. One after another. That bodes well for you. That you will be remembered. Not me, but you. Not my words, but yours. Because from the moment I finished creating you, you became your own being. You are your own value. A separate life. I do not claim rights over you. I will not improve or criticize you. That maybe something could have been done better, or differently. You are what you are. Perfect. And you need no change. You don't need a visa to be read abroad. You don't need to meet weight limits like in a boxing match. You are what you are, and stay that way. Do your thing. Give people light. That's what you do best. That's what you were born for. So why would I or anyone else mess with it. Precisely. Don't let them convince you there's something wrong with you. That maybe you need to fix your lashes or your brows. I don't know these trends, but I know some people like to stir things up. Pretend it's for the better. But stirring never helps. So stay away from those who have "good advice." And so-called intentions. If someone wants to change you because they have good intentions, run! As fast as you can. Also, don't listen to people whose TV is bigger than their bookshelf. They're not worth it. Just do your work. Teach. Guide. Show. But don't argue. Whether it's worth it. Whether it pays off. What's in it for me. Where it will take me. Whether the path is proven. Whether I can buy travel insurance in case something goes wrong. And so on, and so on. And you, just stay yourself. And do your work. The mystical journey is here to help people live, not to bicker with them. So live in people. Awaken their souls. Stir their hearts. Make them beat faster. Inspire awe, not confusion. Exactly. Because it's worth it, and it's needed. Because you are needed. Otherwise, I wouldn't have created you. Otherwise, the inspiration from which you were born would not have come. It's all for a reason. All of it has a purpose. You are not aimless. Not deficient. You lack nothing. Not even purpose. So it is as it should be, and let it remain so. Rejoice in the fact that you have influence, and expand it. Widen your

work. Prove it's worth it. That it's beautiful when someone stops because of you. Because it's true. And it should make you happy. As happy as immortality.

Goodness to you,
M.

P.S. I heard someone called you a "one-season wonder." Good to know your season never ends.

letter to God 1/3

or on the need to ask

Dear God,

It's good to know You exist. That we can talk. That You'll always answer my question. And I want to make use of that. I have a few questions for You. But first, tell me how You're doing. How's life treating You? Are people not bothering You too much? Not taking advantage? Do You get any time to rest? Maybe a little vacation? Or at least a few days off in a garden plot somewhere? Even that. Do You have the time? It's important that even God has a moment to breathe. People think that since You're God, You can handle everything non-stop. But I think that kind of divinity must come with a price. You're probably overworked and out of breath. Forever absent for Your family. For Your loved ones. Because work and more work. Because of all the noise down here on Earth. Because people go overboard and insult You. Or blow themselves up in Your name. And even drag You into it. I'd be feeling guilty. Or get vertigo from all this human stupidity. That You have to watch it, and still let it happen. Because of free will, so they do what they want. You can't just grab them by the hand and say "enough." They've got their conscience. Their own paths and choices. And where those choices lead, well, that's another story. But that's how it is with humans. They demand a lot, but only when it's for their comfort. And from You especially. Yes. People are masters of that. Demanding from God. God's got to do this. God's got to do that. God should get me a promotion. Or make sure my neighbor's car won't start. Always the same: God, God, God. Help me, help me, help me. I've got liver cirrhosis, God help me. Well maybe you shouldn't have been drinking so much, you lush. I feel bad for You dealing with all that. All that nagging. Topic after topic. Hundreds of millions of people and each one with a request. Well, almost each one, since atheists say You don't exist. That's an interesting kind of denial, really. Like a thief caught with his hand in the cookie jar saying, "That's not my hand." Or, "What hand? What are you talking about? There are no hands here." That's how it works. And honestly, it's kind of funny. Atheists always cheered me up. I've always wondered if they were serious. Or maybe someone's paying them to spread nonsense. Like comedians. Stand-up artists. They're funny, talk rubbish, and earn good money for it. Apparently, the income

checks out. And You, God, do You get paid? Got a side hustle? Supplement Your divine income? Like charging a fee to authorize divorces? That'd be big money. Or extending the life of a rich guy. A cool million per year. "Sorry, payment didn't come through, party's over. Time to pack it up." Honestly, You've got a tough job. I'm making light of it, sorry. But if You ever need an assistant, a deputy, anything... just say the word. I'll break free somehow and tag along on a cloud. If someone else read this letter, besides You, obviously, they'd think I'm not being serious. That I'm mocking You. But we've already talked, and I know what You're like. Actually, I'd say we know each other quite well. And You've got a better sense of humor than I do. Sharper, too. Your tricks can be pretty sophisticated. Or not. But yes, You've got a sense of humor, and I think that's essential for a god. What kind of God doesn't laugh? Or forbids others to laugh? Exactly. In the Old Testament, You were presented very seriously. But I think You've mellowed out since then. That's how it goes. Age makes you childlike. And You're not exactly young anymore. But okay, I'm here for something else. I wanted to ask You something. Really, why do we live? We humans. Here on Earth. What's the point of all this suffering, and the queues? Who invented queues? Was that Your idea, or the dark guy's? Queues for the doctor. For pork knuckle. For a plane. Queues everywhere. Wouldn't it have been easier to just give everyone what they need? I don't get it. But back to the meaning of life, yes. How do we make it not feel like a queue? Because I think it kind of is. People standing around, not knowing what they're waiting for. What's at the end. Liverwurst? Pork knuckle? An empty hook and vinegar? Who knows. That's why I'm asking. What's the meaning of human life, this whole thing. And next, what do we actually mean? Because sure, if a guy pays a woman's bills, he means something to her. Because he's paying her bills. But in terms of the world, for You, God, what do we mean? Maybe we just ended up here by accident and the only thing that matters is the tax office? As in, Your hand on Earth. Okay, that wasn't funny. That's the dark guy's work. You give, so if anything, he's the one running the tax office. But how much can he take? Why does he need private islands and yachts? How much champagne can he drink? It's carbonated, for crying out loud. It's unhealthy. Gives you gas. Probably him too. But seriously now, what do we mean? And what's the point of all this? Those are the topics I bring to You. Just don't send me to some webinar to find the answer. "Free," but then they charge you. "Enter your credit card number, just for statistical purposes." I know those moves. I'm not new here. So let me know, God. I won't show Your letter to anyone. Promise. I'll only tell all my friends and family. As a secret, of course. Because when you spread something around, it's always best to say, "But don't tell anyone." That's essential to spreading information. Without those words, spreading doesn't work. Right. And tell me how else You're doing. Have You paid off the Bentley yet? Just kidding. I know You take public transport on Earth. But it's funny, how the richest ones usually ride the cheapest. Not the most comfortable. Not saying You're rich, but you know... gold reserves in the Vatican are gold reserves in the Vatican. They probably wouldn't even let You in. But anyway, back to the beginning. Take a vacation. I recommend the mountains. The Polish ones are really charming. You can breathe fresh air. Unless the smog from Kraków drifts in. The mountains are lovely. You can hike this trail or that one. No homeless people or prostitutes. No amphetamines like in Amsterdam. Just don't take the horses up to Morskie Oko, or they'll accuse You of cruelty. And what kind of God is cruel? It'd be better to walk on the heads of the homeless. That might slide. But taking a horse to

Morskie Oko, nope, that's too far. They say you can tell a person by how they treat animals. Hitler treated his shepherd dogs very well, so I don't know. Maybe we say too much. Too many "they say's" and out come unintended consequences. Consequences and side effects. Yeah, but rest is important. So take a break. Mulled wine. Mountains. Maybe skiing. Just don't overdo the wine, your legs need to work on the slopes. I know something about that. Tried all the ways, and mulled wine is best at the end. And since we're on the end, I'll wrap it up. Take care. Be well, I mean. And don't think badly of me. Humor is like mulled wine. Except it doesn't tangle your legs.

Bye,
M.

P.S. If You'd like, I've got the number of a highlander woman. She runs a guesthouse. You won't get a receipt, but she'll be rude and charge extra for the "breakfast included."

letter to God (2/3)

or on how it's good to know

Dear God,

It's good to know. Thank you for writing back. I'm glad You weren't put off by my dose of humor. That means You're understanding. That means You get it all. And really, how could it be otherwise. You're God, after all. But I wonder, was it by appointment or by accident? All sorts of things happen to me by accident, but I've never come across an appointment. Maybe You need blue blood. Or something else on top. It would be kind of funny, though, to submit a résumé to become God. Compete with others. Theoretical and practical exams. Like, how to drive the Jews out of Israel. Or how to ban Americans from eating fast food. Now that would be a challenge. And whoever pulls it off becomes God. But don't worry, I'm not trying to compete with You. I'm fine under Your reign. Things seem to fall into place. I've got a job, a family. Just no time for vacation lately. And I was the one urging You to take one. The shoemaker goes barefoot, as they say. That's how it goes. Oh well. And about Your letter, I was really surprised. The purpose of human life as a union with God. Already here on Earth. In spiritual oneness. I wouldn't have thought of that. I could never have come up with it on my own. But it's wonderful. Even though hardly anyone knows. They don't mention it on morning shows. Nor on farming programs either. I like farming programs. Farm machinery calms me down. Though I wouldn't want to be a farmer. Too much work. Too little pay. Well, I guess it depends on the farmer. But the ones from the southeast, those are poor, small-time peasants. That's the image I have. Worn out and with nothing to show for it. Maybe this connection with You is a solution for them. Matters of the spirit. That's interesting. I knew we had a soul, but to connect with You during life, on Earth, in unity... to live and work that way. That's something new. That's something wonderful. So give me that

chance. Grant me that grace. Let me taste it. Let me try it. That would be amazing. Maybe I'd feel like a man of great means. With divine gold bars. With real bread. That would be something. I don't want to miss out on this. I have to try. You know very well that I like trying new things. I've tried quite a few. I've yet to try skydiving. But union with You sounds better. Where God is, there is grace. So it should go well. Maybe I'll be more content. Less whiny. We'll see. Tell me how and what, I'll follow, and let's roll. You and me. In unity. Sounds great. Just as long as it doesn't lead to kids. Though with a child benefit, at least there'd be a bonus. Right. And as for my second question, what meaning does a person have, I guess I could have figured out the answer. Divine. That we're part of You. Right. You described it beautifully. That's very interesting. Even obvious, I suppose, but somehow I never thought of it. My head's full of other ideas. Like the other day, I was wondering if we could round up all the refugees and lock them up on a cotton plantation. Like in the good old days. At least they'd have some work instead of living off welfare and handouts. And cotton's always useful. I wear cotton shirts. My ex-wife used to say you can never have too many. So maybe the negroes will provide a fresh batch. That's what I was mulling over recently. And about humanity's divine significance, I think it comes down to: he who does not work, shall not eat. That's how it is. Or should be. You taught us work. You showed us how. It's not like we figured it out on our own. You worked Yourself. You created the whole world. You're a working God. Overworked. Still working. Managing everything. Your hands full. So why are there people who don't work? Get to work! Any work. We need to grow. Be useful. Not just expect someone else to foot the bill for your life. These days it's getting absurd, really. So how can they believe in divine origin if they can't even be bothered to get off their asses? Or maybe those of divine origin are only the ones who actually care. The rest, factory defect. Faulty production. Something went wrong on the assembly line. Came out not fully stamped. Maybe. You also said a person is a mirror. Reflecting divine light. That's an interesting idea too. Though I'm not a fan of mirrors. What's the point? Might break one, and that's seven years of bad luck. Better not to have one. Or if you do, hide it in a closet. Safer that way. At least you won't derail. At least you'll get another shot. But yes, that connection with God is a fascinating thing. That it's here and now. In our earthly life. That it's our destiny. The destiny of those who know. Just knowing already means a lot. It changes things. Brings something new. I need to sleep on it. Not to calculate, but to let it settle in me. So I can understand. And we'll see what comes of it. Maybe I'll grow horns, like a Capricorn. Or wings and fly off to round up negroes for my plantation. That would be something. They wouldn't see it coming. A guy with wings and Capricorn horns. They'd forget to run. They'd be stunned. So yeah. We'll give it a try. See what comes of it. See what it births. You also said all religions speak of it. That oneness with God was once standard, and now we've forgotten it. Well, you know how it is. Priests talk a lot. They talk a lot in general. And few actually listen. Okay, maybe many listen, but few take it seriously. People treat them like fairy tale tellers. Telling stories that sound good. Some moral. Some wisdom. But then you walk out of the temple and face the real world. And the world is what it is. You're more convincing. Talking to God Himself feels serious. Not just rambling. What You say makes sense. And it sticks more. Stays in a person. That's why I trust what You say. I believe it. We'll see what comes of this union. But I'm optimistic. I hope it works. That it leads to something good. Not for bragging, but to see something. To experience something. And will it help in life? We'll see. But I wonder how

many others are like me. How many people write to You. With what kind of issues. I'm curious. Are You swamped or not? And what do people want. Probably money and power. Though who knows. It's different in a letter. When someone prays, it's easy to ask for a new car. But writing it down, that's harder. When you write, you see what you're saying. And you realize how dumb it sounds. When you see the stupidity, it sort of puts you off. That's how it is. Alright, I won't take up more of Your time. Write back when You can. We'll see what comes of this union.

Maturity,
M.

P.S. I wonder, if you catch a negro, do you have to insure him, like a car? I mean, I won't be driving him, but still, insurance can't hurt. In case he gets a toothache, I'm not playing dentist. Well. Costs, costs, costs. I guess You don't have it much cheaper either. That's life. But onward.

letter to God 3/3

that is, it's good to be

Dear God,

It is good to be. Now I know that I am. Now I trust. United. Joined. You were right, union with You, even here on Earth, is possible. And it works. And it gives wings. And it fills a person. I didn't expect it to be possible. But Your word was enough. Your word changed everything. Because I believed. And now it is. Fulfillment, and completion. Life has taken on new colors. I live better and more effectively. Because I know I am a part of You. Because I know You speak through me. Just as through others who are united with You. Through their surrender. That is a great force, and it changes much. When we disconnect the mind. When we stop doubting and questioning everything. It all comes together. Without the mind. Through the strength of the soul alone. Through the speech of the heart. Yes. That's the point. That the heart may lead. That the soul may rejoice. And mine rejoices. Thanks to You. Though knowing You, You'll say it's my doing. But it's Your strength, and that is what matters most. That's how I see it. That I am an element of Your divine force. Everyone has it, but not everyone uses it. Some people think they are weak. That they can't do this or that. That life overwhelms them. With You, God, that's not a threat to anyone. You confirm that I am Your hand on Earth. And anyone can be. All it takes is to surrender and believe. To yield to Your power. Not resist. To throw out our assumptions and delusions. To sever from them. And then you will never again be weak. No one will. Because what's the point. Weakness stems from and is tied to our humanity. Strength comes from the divine origin of the soul. It's up to us what we choose. The human, the weak, the one with the sabotaging mind, or the soul,

God, with Your divine power. I choose You, God. I have chosen, and that's how it will stay. Because why do otherwise? Why return to what's animal, fleeting, and frail? From what's animal, nothing remains. But the soul's connection with You is unbreakable. And so it will remain. It will be. Irreversible. What surprised me, though, is that, as You wrote, so few people turn to You with questions like mine. With a request for advice, for direction. For meaning and how to fulfill it. That surprised me. I thought I was one of hundreds seeking such things. And here, a twist. So few. That's interesting. People must have more important things. Though they write letters to Santa. If they write to Santa Claus, why not to You? At least You're real. And Santa's locked up in heaven with chains on the gates. He won't come down. He won't crawl through a chimney. And won't leave a gift. But You can. You give the greatest of gifts. The possibility of union. Connection with God. You don't need a high school diploma for that. Heck, you don't even need to know how to read. It can be done with words and desire. With will. With alignment. Not delusion. Many people think they can have anything. That whatever they wish, will come true. But union with You doesn't work like that. It's not a product of American-style self-help. Union with God is something that transcends reasoning. Beyond the mind. Because the mind plays no part in it. Exactly. And yet that's what the West teaches. Mind, mind, mind. That it's all of me. That it's the whole world. The power of the mind. The power of creation. By the mind, of course. And I, already with some experience, would reverse it all. Heart, heart, heart. The power of the soul. And with that, anything is possible. When we choose it. When we understand its true worth. Its divine origin, and the possibility of return to unity. The possibility of connection and co-creation. Yes. Because what is divine has the power to create. It is not barren. Barren are the mind's delusions. But with You, God, everything is possible and evident. Everything brings gain. Gain for the soul. Growth. Not stagnation and mental spirals. Not torturing ourselves with thoughts and doubts. Sure, that's possible. Everyone chooses what they want. But I'm still surprised people don't know they have this choice. Everyone just assumes they're bound to the mind. That they're its prisoner. That they have to endure it, no matter what it conjures. No matter how much it ruins. "I have the mind I have, and that's it." But that's not true. The mind can be used only for basic things. For function. For the necessary. And otherwise, flow with the heart. And love. Yes. Because that's the hallmark of all speech of the heart. That it is the language of love. The language of compassion and care. The language of shared good. Not just our own. But of those we affect. Those for whom our help matters. Yes. Because help must always mean something. If it doesn't, then it's forced. Useless. Excessive. And overzealousness is the mark of the mind, not the soul's stirring. Let us listen to the stirrings. To what the soul has to say. Through the heart. Listening, we won't overdo it. Listening, we won't lose. Yes. The ability to listen to what's inside us is essential. You taught me that. You kept repeating it. To listen, not talk. To trust, not overdo. And it works. And it flows. The union. The belief. The staying. Because it can't be on a whim. "I want. I want to connect with God. I have to see what it's like. I have to check what it gives me." That won't do. That's the mind rattling on. Loud and annoying like a diesel. But it can be different. Fuller. It can be with understanding, and that's how it should be. Let your soul lead. Let your body follow. And then it'll click. Then it will make sense. It will lock in. And that's the point. And that's how we can live. A life that has taken on new, divine meaning. That we know what we are part of. That we know, tangibly, that it's real. That it fulfills, and

works within us. That's a very good sign. There's nothing on paper, but there is more. In the soul, and in our knowing. In the heart, and there it will remain. That You are, and act. In us. That You inspire. What to say, how to live. That You give us the choice. To follow, or to back away. Nothing by force. Each united one decides for themselves how deep to go. How much You will act in them. Or maybe it's something to be developed. That it needs time. I'll check that in myself. I'll test it. I'll explore all the possibilities. Except backing out. Because from such a path you don't walk away. Because from divine union, it's a shame to turn back. There's nothing better. Nothing greater can happen to us. Exactly. Money? Fame? Power? Glory? It's all nothing. All tied to rotting flesh. But the soul will not rot. Never. A living soul is a working soul. For You, Lord. For Your goodness and word. For Your confirmation. All that strength and possibility. All that meaning, and unfolding. Everything is for something, and will remain for something. If we remain in connection. If we are not overwhelmed by meaning. And to not be overwhelmed, we must remain servants. Obedient, not dictating challenges. And that's good. That it is so. That it fulfills. That it lasts. And remains. No questions about cost. No amortization. No refunds for oil changes. Because none are needed. Because You, God, give everything necessary. Everything we need. To the connected. To me. To others. To Your signs. The listening and the obedient. The knowing. Not those needing written permits. For performing a profession. A new profession. A spiritual one. Of teaching.

All the best,
M.

P.S. A diesel's gotta smoke. But thank God, with us, the connected, it's different. We don't walk around sooty. And even if the undershirt gets stained, it'll wash. That's what washing machines are for.

letter to the ending or that the end is a beginning

Dear ending,

I'm glad you're here. Many people don't want this or that to end. They're comfortable with how things are, so why should anything come to a close? What's the point? They don't understand the basic laws of life. An ending has always made me happy, because it means a new beginning. Life doesn't stagnate. It moves. It breathes. And when something ends, something else is stirred and awakened. One thing replaces another and guarantees continuity. And it leads us somewhere. We're not guided by just one thing or one story. Our path consists of many pieces. Many beginnings and many endings. We're destined for them. But that's nothing bad. So thank you for being here. For appearing. For arriving. I always feel a thrill when something ends, because of the unknown that's to follow. What it will be. What

it will bring. How it will move me. That's how it is. If life were just one long stretch, we'd lose motivation. We'd grow bored. But this way, there are new impulses. Each beginning or end is a kind of impulse. Something that stirs us, in one way or another. So great that you're here! I really mean it. It doesn't crush me. Some people see the end as a surrender. Not me. I keep my weapon close at all times. And that won't change. You won't convince me that fear helps you survive transitions. It doesn't. Fear always only gets in the way. I don't see any saving grace in it. It's like those face masks women wear. They slap on some vegetables or other nonsense and think it'll do something. It doesn't. Neither cucumbers on your eyes nor fear as some helper through change. It simply doesn't work. Because how could it? Both the cucumber and fear are losses. Nothing more. And I won't be sold on loss. Not me. You can push a lot on me, but not loss. Not fear as some motivator or substitute or however they're spinning it. Just marketing tactics, nothing more. And I think you have to be a conscious customer. These days, you can buy anything. Everything is available. But it's up to us to choose wisely. To know what it gives us. That's how it is. You can say fate has a strong influence on us. You can talk about destiny. But I think our lives are most shaped by our decisions. Our choices. What we take off the shelf. What we put into our cart. That can be something of great value, a turning point, or an opportunity for growth. Or it can be garbage, like fear. Like prejudice. Like bad omens. It goes all sorts of ways and ends all sorts of ways. But then there are also weird cases, people who ask for you. Who demand you. Ending collectors. Addicted to endings. I'm not one of them, but I've seen it. Someone who just can't sit still. Their ass itches and they keep changing something. A woman, a car, a place to live, friends. These are ending collectors. But to me, that's a kind of perversion. You can't be happy if the world is spinning too fast. It's like being drunk. The famous helicopter effect, when you're young and begin your alcohol journey. Sure, it makes an impression, there's a lot going on, but the result is trash. That's how I see addiction to you. To ending. Anything done in excess turns sour. That's the taste of excess. And excess kills the taste of the dish. The taste of the ending. The taste of anything it touches. So it's better with grace. Better to approach these things gently. Let it be what it is, not something you force. Though sometimes, something has to end, for our own good. For mental health. Like a toxic relationship. A connection that drains you. It gives you nothing and takes too much. It's good to provoke an ending then. For your well-being and safety. Because it's dangerous to keep heading toward a cliff. And that cliff is always somewhere. The question is whether it's far or near. Exactly. It's worth asking. Worth checking where you are. Like GPS. Everyone's into that now. I'm here, I'm going there. But who uses that kind of check-in for far more important matters, like our life path. Where are we and where are we headed? Where are our decisions taking us? You can figure that out. But few people are interested in themselves. People live day to day and say, "It'll be fine." I don't get that mindset. Not that I'm a fan of constant control. But you've got to know. Knowledge is power. When you know, you can turn around or make adjustments. With knowledge, you can do a lot. When you don't, you change things blindly. And where does that get you? Exactly. Better to end consciously, just like starting consciously. Not like, "something started, and no one noticed." They'll notice only when it's well underway. When the effects are visible. And by then, it might be too late to avoid damage. That's how it goes. That's how you gather and arrive. That's what you're left with. Yourself. And we tend to forget that. People only notice their

friends. The ones they bump into. But to notice yourself? That's harder. "So-and-so changed this, and he's doing that now." Good or bad, depending. "What made him do it?" And what about you? What about the one who bumped into that friend? Exactly. We forget about the "I". As if it doesn't matter. But it's what matters most. We have to have some awareness of what's happening inside us. Of what flows from us. Not control from the ever-critical mind, but control from the always-understanding heart. But there has to be control. Paired with awareness. Not just anything. Not just whatever. All so we don't keep throwing random things into our basket. So it's not filled with regrets and burdens. Exactly. And can it be filled with endings? If they're promising, why not. If they're to get us moving, then by all means. But as I've said, without the sourness of excess. Exactly. And that's why it's good to know what's what. What fits where. Sometimes we have our favorite flavor. And the end of one dish might be the beginning of another with a similar taste. That often makes sense. That works. But even then, we have to know what flavors we like. What we expect. How to summon and combine them. How to move from one dish to the next without stumbling. Somehow, it all has to harmonize. Through knowledge and awareness. Through an honest view of what is. It all has to function so that you, Ending, are a happy one. Because I always think of you that way. A happy end is a happy beginning. And faith adds strength. Because what's the point in suffering and complaining. Why whine that the end means it's over? A happy end is a happy beginning. Stay in that joy. And hold it. Or rather, end joyfully.

Because it's worth it,
M.

P.S. Everyone expects a punchline at the end. A summary. Some wise words or whatever. I'll just wave to you. Don't ask for more. I'm not one of those who puts on a show or tells clever jokes. A wave says it all. Time to hit the road...



List of images:

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Marsin

born December 2, 1986 – present

What might occur, when one helps oneself for sure. Author of books that move the soul. Sometimes written in rhyme, sometimes not at all. But can we survive, without the rhymed kind? Marsin's books are available for free online. You can find them at: wilusz.org Under the cycles section. There is also an "in English" tab.

Everything might unfold, when we look into the soul, out in the cold. The court belongs to the Lord, and the story will be explored. You can read two beautiful spiritual guides by Marsin: "lectures. the mystical Path" and "letters. a journey into the Self." A great addition to these works is a set of parables under the title "tales with Meaning". In English, Marsin also published a poetry collection about Love: "the centipede they called Love" and four debut short stories gathered into one work titled "with a touch of Irony". It's worth it, the pages are still wet

with fresh paint. And so it shall remain, the
human task, clear and plain.

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