

# Nothingness, Being, Life, Thanksgiving

By George Palczynski (November 2017)



*Parade*, Don Li-Leger

*“Thou must now at last perceive of what universe thou art now  
a part, and of  
what administrator of the universe thy existence is an  
efflux.”*

– Marcus Aurelius, *The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*—Roman  
Emperor

## A Mal Mot—When A Bon Mot Just Won't Do

**A**dvice; I am compelled. There may be, in our postmodern malaise, no more edifying piece of practical advice, I think, than:

If you come upon the beast who is of the disposition “life sucks, then you die” gather up your children, take hold of your dear beloved and run, Run fast, RUN until the beast can no longer be heard. That beast is the devil's own pet.

Imagine so gauzy a cloak so thick in the warp and weft of despair as . . . “life sucks, then you die.” It is a most favored locution of the indubitably healthy, the obviously well provisioned, and the sort who could not describe one misery of their own to lament, even if a cocked revolver was held to their temple.

Now it's evident that most such utterances are merely attempts at blasé airs. Indifference to the great things in life is, presently, most always has been, the height of sophistication. “Life sucks” drips off the tongue like saliva because it's difficult to swallow that what we ought confess is our character and its own skew. But . . . it's better to give life a slap across the mug than get one, deservedly, across one's own.

Of course, few give consideration the conclusion that dogs the trail of such bantering observations . . . but some do—to