The old horse at Turin was being whipped. Zarathustra stopped his teaching. I looked out the window to hear some people crying—some laughing. A man tried to hang himself, and another ran in front of the train, smashed into pieces, blood, brain, and internal organs everywhere.

Cogito, ergo sum. I think, therefore I am. Manifesting my thoughts on paper seemed somewhat irrational, as the very existence of words limited my thought; no. I was better off simply thinking about them. All the same, my despair troubled me, and I could not even vomit. Then again, nobody was there to listen. I think, therefore I am. Immanuel Kant suggested the existence of a priori knowledge, something independent of the universe, something that exists only in our mind. I think, therefore I am. George Berkeley argued our existence is a priori, it exists only when we think it does - if a tree falls in a forest…

I think, therefore I am.

Sleeping, awake, all the same. I cannot reconcile with myself, or at least, what I’ve become. Scoundrel! Prick! Leech! I dreamed of greatness when I was young, when I was hopeful, when I still possessed a little more than this meat sack. I wanted to help everyone, create a better world. Justice’s best pal, they called it. I pointed some fingers, (“bastards!”) then I figured it out. It was me. It was you. It was always impossible. We had it in us, didn’t we? It’s too late to turn back. We can’t turn back. Well, this world is doomed. The button is pressed.

Kill me now. Do it. Point that gun to my head and pull the trigger. Watch as my brain explodes into the most beautiful firework you’ll ever see. Kill me. End this disappointment of a clown show.

On the other hand, in that world, nobody had to die, no - certainly not me. Oh God would that be awful, ceasing to exist, not being able to experience, well, anything, pretty much. Oh Lord would it suck to be dead.

Please, please. Save me. I don’t want to be dead. I don’t want to.

Cursed is our existence. “What does this mean?”, was the question I asked myself the most throughout my life. Yet, we will never be able to answer it. Zizek, Camus, Marx, Hegel, Descartes, Plato - all meaningless. What has my life led up to? Why do I have to exist - oh in this world? Absurd, so absolutely absurd, nothing makes any sense.

I think, therefore I am. Worthlessly existing. I think, therefore I-

Why?

800 million starving. 6 billion in poverty. I’m not one of them.

3 billion working 12 hours or more a day. I’m not one of them.

Disgraceful. Disappointing. Worthless. What have you achieved with your resources? What have you? Why do you continue to exist? Stop. Stop existing. Kill yourself. Stop thinking. Stop thinking. Stop. Be that horse that was whipped. Be the dead Zarathustra. Be that man that hung himself, or ran over by a train. Kill yourself in each and every way possible. You scoundrel! You bastard! Yes, you bastard!

Please, God, oh God, if you exist, if You would so kindly…

A robot, ay, a robot. Nothing more than that. Rube Goldberg machine, that’s it. Mechanically repeating one keyword: justice. What a joke! Hilarious! How easy it is, how comfortable it is to be a cynic! Complain about the darkness, but don’t even try to light a candle! Stop thinking! Cease to think. Thinking is the source of all pain. Thinking makes your entire life miserable, buddy. Just be a hedonist, or a utilitarian, or ANYTHING. JUST. STOP. THINKING.

I think, therefore I am.

Kill me.

Please, I don’t want to die.