

## On Chaos

We live in a dream state. Our lives are so unpredictable and erratic that we couldn't even dream up our future. We are a different kind of mess: a different kind of alternate reality. We cannot be contained or controlled. Even Earth can't handle us.

Chaos is something we imagine happens in bars, in street corners, in our minds, but never as our whole world. And yet this spinning orb is full of chaos. That's all it is.

You blame yourself for being chaotic. You have never been a get up early and take a shower kind of person. You do your best writing at 2 AM in the morning, especially on days you have to get up early for class the next morning. You are a paradox, a contradiction. But I'll give you a hint.

We all are.

The Earth spins and we spin with it. Our minds, our hearts, our lives, a spinning mess. From the beginning to the end, we chase chaos. The moment our life seems to be going perfectly, beautifully, we find a bump. The coaster plunges. Each of us scream as we follow the pattern of waves. Highs, lows, in between. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

We will never find the answers because we have constructed a world without answers. We were born into a world without answers. We chase answers because we believe it is a way to tame the chaos.

The chaos cannot be tamed. "You are going to be you, the same slob you've always been" Alan Watts. You are a mess inside, and no amount of organization or maintenance will change that. Not to say the struggle is useless. Only that the world is useless.

The beauty of thoughts is that we all chase them. No thought is original; it all stems from something before. So then what is the beginning? Is there, once again, no answer?

Dreams are a path towards cohesion. We feel closer to truth when we see distortions. But if there's no truth, how can we feel close to one? If there's no order, how do we make peace with chaos? Do we need to make peace?

Questions arise because we rise without knowledge. We look towards others, towards each other, towards the chaos because there is no away. We can distract ourselves, distract, distract, but we can never look away.

We have to live with the chaos, but who says chaos can't be beautiful? The ocean is in perpetual turmoil, goes through a thousand emotions all at once, and we feel more attached to it than ever. Thunderstorms exude chaos and a messy power, and we race to consume and emote them.

Chaos is central, and in being central, becomes important to humans. We relish in it, yet always try to push it away. We rise and fall and rise to fall and fall as we rise. Each ebb and flow creates our chaos, shapes our world, makes us part of the universe. What can we say other than embrace the chaos, embrace the flaws, the loose ends, the ugly truths. If the world is a stormy sea, we will find the restless sea within us.