

# *Ignorance is Bliss*

1:22 AM when I'm writing this. Only thought being that I need something to write. To fill these pages and to get this mess out of my head to attain, hopefully clarity.

I've lost my purpose in life. I feel like Shashvat has cursed me with knowledge. *Here I am blaming the one greatest thing about my life, way to go pal...* Correction: I have cursed myself with knowledge. To look for answers that didn't matter to anyone, for anything. To think.

Every thought I go in detail leads me to the inevitable gray. Nothing is right, nothing is wrong. Nothing is good and nothing is bad. It is all in-between. Its all gray.

## *Gray. It's all Gray.*

A human is such a wasted species, a cursed one thereof, it seeks thought when everyone else seeks survival. It is curious, and it believes. These two qualities have cursed it to constantly be asking the now corny question: 'What is life?'. I once wrote in a previous diary of mine, "The meaning of life is the reality of asking such questions.". It isn't right, but it isn't wrong. I'm sure Franz Kafka had an answer to that question as well, and it probably had a lighter shade of gray than mine.

I'm not even concerned enough to write about my current life right now, because you can only know something when it's gone. The only reason why I want to write about my life is because I seek clarity and control.

## *Clarity. Control.*

Since taking admission in Shikhar, my old life has been degrading away, and I don't like that. I have become lazy, doing what I want, or maybe I'm too delusional.

I know in my brain that I am doing the right thing by going to Shikhar, but my heart isn't happy about it. Is this what depression looks like? Probably not, or maybe I'm delusional again.

I want to think I like electronics but I am not seeming to understand it like I do other things, maybe because it's a little too complicated, or maybe because I'm lazy. Gray.

My current plan is to go with the flow and henceforth take any decisions only influenced by myself and things I loved at Shashvat. Things bind me and I know I can break free, but I just don't seem to.

## *Why?*

Think. Remember, I wanted to write a topic for something to be written another day, but I forgot it. Why must all good things be forgotten? Why do us humans value being remembered? Survival instincts.

It seems to me that I have written so much, yet my mind continues to rumble, with thoughts and theories, memories and quotes. Should I hold on to old memories like I do now? Or do they prevent me from creating new ones? Is ignorance truly bliss?

1:55 AM

*"The point of hiking isn't to have hiked, it's to hike."*

Thank you.

