Vanity of Vanities

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There is the absence of love and a vacuum of nexus. There is no lasting friendship and water always finds its level.

Do not fool yourself with illusions of fraternity and impetuous love or worthless oaths of loyalty. Let not your noble heart burn with desires of amity and deceive it not with the allure of fealty built on a sandy shore.

For loyalty is a comfort word designed to pacify the vulnerable and feeble mind, reassure the shallow graves of reason and excuse the gormless. It is a strange thing that life presents sometimes and on the judgment seat, who can sit?

Mother Nature cares for no one except its own and pays allegiance to none but itself. Self-preservation, is, therefore, inherent and self-gratification, innate. Though you search the high and the deep, there is none that will not adventure at your expense if given the chance.

Give your feelings to none if you must keep your heart. Avoid the waste-land of the false grandeur of friendship and feather not your cap with the fleeting and transitory rogue of union terse.

Do not lose your heart to anyone unless you are well acquainted with the repairs thereof and the bill you can afford to foot. Expect nothing of anyone and disappointment absenta.

Give of your own and of yourself too if you must and are so inclined, but learn to let go and the attendant emotions, keep indifferent. A good sense of duty is paramount for all else is burden inducing.

Render no man evil for evil but let your affection lie in suspension deep. Love, if you must but without desire and live at peace with all men if you can. Extend the hand of friendship if you must but eschew closeness and let the respectable distance attend. Above all, never appeal to friendship or love.

Destroy not yourself with the exhibition of affection for it never comes back like an investment. When and if it does, it never endures. You must buy friendship in some form or another to keep it and the payment is never quenched. To your own self be true and deny yourself nothing desired if it lies in your powers.

Avoid flexible morality for it is a slippery slope, but build up no bile within and let the days of irresponsibility linger long.

When age attends you and the heat of life runs lukewarm through the life-sustaining flow, let the passion for the self endure intensely and the heat thereof sear.

Let they that will partake of your bread proclaim, first, their self-interest and swear no abiding allegiance. In the company of Bibendum and Amora, let not their flattering words, though pleasant, dull your discerning senses.

Do not constrain him that will drink with you to make oaths of loyalty and be mindful that he that will be your friend remains an undeclared enemy.

Share your water with the thirsty not for love or fealty but for need. Love, itself, is a sham and friendship is an illusion. They feed on the vagaries of hope and are sustained by the collective deception of man. In the greater reckoning of things, you stand as an island, alone and solitary.

All men seek the desires of their own hearts and all hearts beat to the rhythm of their call. When the needs are met, the embers of affection no longer shall smoulder. The moment independence is achieved, camaraderie becomes a burden for all feet will sooner sustain their weight but for the fetters that bind the torso. For life and love are fleeting and subjective and there is, surely, no joy in the company of men.

The gift of life is a cruel joke played on those cursed with a heart. The curse of love is an amusing comedy played in the celestial court for their entertainment. The attendant bruises only you can feel. The mocking laughter, all who see you and all you do not, can hear. There is no permanence of joy and life, exciting as it is, awaits the chill of your veins.

For in the midst of all that placate and enchant, the abundance of our hopes, frugality of our deceptions and persistence of the harsh realities of life, in the array of self-gratifying nuances and the diverging images of our existence, in the priggish Narcissian race and the tragedy of the display of Achilles’ heel,

In the animus of all that will pluck at the harps of the heart, Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.