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Paradise Lost or Happiness Regained

To maintain and preserve goodness within our own madness is paradox and a contradictory indication of an ancient and honest condition and that is TRUTH. Since the very moment a thought has been injected into our lifeless bodies we have discovered only the hypocrisy and a spoilt function of its realizations. Such a talent- this exquisite gift has been given to us, the ability to think, to understand, to create puzzles and jigsaws inside our intellectual brain cells, but we misuse them and abuse them by mass manipulation of our notions and perceptions of life. This mass human manipulation and globalization leads and has led to general anarchy of human race. We are no longer short or small when walking under the stars; the sky is now so close above our high foreheads; our Pinocchio noses are scratching and killing stars that used to guide us through darkness.

However, there is endemism in the midst of all the yellow pages and superficiality in the atmosphere of life. There are endemic stars in which the lighter elements of the Periodic Table, such as hydrogen and helium, are gradually converted into the heavier and most powerful atoms that are essential for a long-lasting life. There exists, in us, in our thoughts, in our hearts a dosage of this indestructible force, this driving force, this healthy combination of lighter and heavier elements and it is called Loving.

People are not able to kill, destroy, and eradicate a thing as strong, powerful and self-sustainable as pure goodness and unconditional Love. The fact is that time, and times in which we used to live and still live require and necessitate certain amount and a slight trace of greyish inconsistencies of that truth; but in the aftermath of it all and with our primary pure mind-set being true to our hearts we shall become, stay and survive in being Happily Happy.

How?

Maybe we can try by reminding ourselves of our childhood, those reminiscences of a moment when tasting our first ice-cream, enjoying in our first visit to the cinema, sitting in front of a gigantic white sheet that welcomes Pacino or Gable, while befriending Bogart. It is not just a spirit of time; it is a spirit that immortally regenerates with each decade and each century. A spirit which neither our body nor our wrinkled skin can turn into ethereal breeze of memories. It is a past memory existing in present. It is élan, energy that is imperishable and existent in each present, future or that past perfect moment of our successive earthly life. Let us not use the term *remembering*, but rather pronounce and utter a phrase *returning and moving* towards ourselves once and again. Let us not interrupt the chain of speech by saying that we live in the past, but rather realize that the moment gone by is only a piece of a life puzzle which we, from time to time, address and look back to find the missing ingredient in order to grab the piece we need in present, which is there to be regained and rediscovered someday. We are the world and the world is us, interconnected.

Let us feel the joy, love, grief and sorrow, it is a proof that we live, we breathe, we feel. Let us leave traces of our smiles, inventions, flashes of lightning of our bright minds, of our colourful names and surnames. Let us be Samra, Milan, Marko, Jovana, Dzejlana...let us be human, humans and people. We are not machines which we can dismantle and assemble back into its original form that still operates correctly and smoothly. But if you dissect a frog, if you destroy someone's aura by over assertive and unscrupulously negative reactions reflected and created by the outspoken thought, when you mutilate someone's body by conducting demonic

actions of physical abuse, these and such acts are not able to be sewn back into its original and healthy status and shape by surgical operation and still remain alive.

The body dies.

Human beings are not mechanically powered apparatuses, we do not hold replaceable or spare parts, we are humans who should, from time to time, use their hearts to think and their brains for silent conversations. We are the species who, I would dare to say, have intellectually poisoned our hearts that are genius and splendid compared to our negative thoughts. The faculty of our consciousness, thoughts, reasoning and objective understanding is an intellect. *Wow!* In being such a strong sensation it makes us capable, skilful and successful.

No, I say no.

A heart should be the fundamental and primary driving force of all our thoughts. It feeds our brain, our intellect and our mind with its beats. It supplies it with pure, unpolluted and existent liquid.

Let us listen to its beats.

It ticks and strikes the time we use carelessly by racing the space, by pursuing the golden fleece of financial gain, which, as such is short-term due to its selfishness and secretive silence; it resides in the mind of a man, within the gobble-like and gruesome chuckling echoes of hungry caterwauling of human cerebrum.

Share and spread a thought, share a breath, a hug, a kiss and material necessities will become both- human and kind forgiving, giving and receiving with no envious or conceited effect of the poison which used to be our first cry, our first uttered word, and our first step.

It sounds ridiculous, unrealistic and non-existent?

If it was ridiculous, unrealistic or non-existent would there exist a verb TO SHARE?

It is quite and perfectly fine to think about and take care of ourselves, our safety, to struggle for having a good life without being either hungry or thirsty. But in order to be nourished and happy we must do it together, we must help each other because, after all, our pleasure, our safety "depends" on others. When I say "depends" I mean it in such a way that it is intertwined, interconnected and filled with traces of other people's breaths, tear drops and joys. I only beg you to make it a true, honest and benevolent intention and dedication; only such effort can have a positive and humane outcome for us all.

Do it for that eerie puzzle or for love, for that Eiffel Tower, for that Aurora Borealis, for that slice of bread, of happiness that we eat, breathe, and take the esoteric, luxurious smile of success of accomplished person, human being, successful Selmas, Dzejlanas, Markos, Ivanas, success of our characters and personalities valued and measured by the amount of laughs, pieces of bread or joys we share with someone.

I beg of you for goodness because if I am not good to another human being, to my friends and family, they are doomed to eternity of misfortunes in life, they are doomed to being mutilated, sewn and stitched and mechanically programmed to expiration date.

And such an outcome can only be a fatal loss.

I beg you, I beg us and I beg myself to stop that and prevent it from happening.

As dr. Martin Luther King Junior believed I myself believe that **unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality**. Love, that fragile but deep and immortal drop of water, a piece of bread and eternal happiness will survive.

Please!

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