

I asked for wonder

On the brink of despair, beyond the point of hope, there the redemption begins.

We live within our self-prescribed, self-imposed boundaries, separating the possible from the impossible, the real from the symbolic and imaginary. From the vibrations of times pendulum, our subjective laws of self-measurement slowly become the objective reality. I feel it to be so, and therefore it must be so. From within my perception, violently informed by my unconscious self, is born the objective reality of my external reality. I think, therefore it is.

In the face of being effaced, in the shadow of utter obliteration, כנסת ישראל, or on the subatomic level, every individual was given a choice. To approach the coming end with hopelessness, with a sense of objectivity born from a subjective understanding of God's will, proving once and for all that man has replaced the will of God, or as Nietzsche, the prophet of doom proclaimed, "god is dead, we have killed him".

Or, to relinquish our control, to undo the process of centuries past, who have strove with all their might to replace God with mans subjective sense of how things work. To enter into the impure palace of despair and to scream out כאשר אבדתי אבדתי, to shatter our sense of self, of cognition, of I think therefore it is. To embrace the light of God's unbounded will, רצון בלי טעם, where reason is swallowed by the unreasonable, the possible by the impossible.

On the brink of despair, at the edge of reason, we fall into the infinite. We let go, we enter, and we find wonder.

ומפליא לעשות, דא הארת מרדכי