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Under the setting sun

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Under the setting sun, a hoary-haired person is sitting on the courtyard after placing their walking stick by an earthen wall of the house. They know that there's little time left for them.

Everything is orange under the setting sun. Around the house, the tree that is of fair age, the weeds, the unpaved floor, the earthen house itself and beyond — it seems that nothing can escape from the dead end of being orange, with the shadow being the only exception.

The whole landscape is orange, its brightness absurd and glaring. The shadow is pitch-blackness to an extent that human minds are drawn into it and captured there forever.

Dirge that is uplifting and progressively reminiscent reaches here from afar. Not all memories left by the past were enjoyable though: the passing of friends and family, whose funerals were held by the old person themselves. And now, they are left to die alone in the desolate hamlet, without anyone to hold a proper funeral for them.

Thus to them, the dirge is reminiscent of buddies and family, and things that once amused them, all left in the past. Now, with joyfulness of the old time and of the life gone, everything is going to be returned to void...

Now refrain of the song is met. The old person is still unreconciled to shortness and fragility of life, and pain and powerlessness inflicted by the coming end of everything. They grab the walking stick tightly by all their might, standing against it suddenly, for that they know well that if they don't clasp and strangle the chain of destiny, there will be no chance for them to remain in this world.

At the end of life, death awaits. Void is everything's end. "Am I afraid of death for fear to death and void?" The old person asks themselves. Many are panicked by that dark, unknown, vast absence of lifely stir, but regardless of why they fear, they all end in ashes and void. "Is such fear the reason behind my will to evade from death?"

"No. I don't fear death for sure, that what makes me alive is my will to live, a will of mine, not fear to death. What makes life genuine is confrontation with the downright void and absence of vitality, and in addition to that, such confrontation is also the only way for me to know that my will is always high above the will to "live", will to die, will of "life", and will of death. While power of life is so fragile to blatant death, "the I" is simply beyond death, life, and anything and everything! The existence of the I is absolute, giving rise to all powers and values, itself the absolutely supreme and a boundary unpassable for all. Will of "the I" exists eternally, as a undistinguishable, indiscriminative plane, so does it matter that death is destined end of everything? Although there's no need for "the I" to realize itself, I'll make permanent attempts to realize "the I", and only if I'm aware of its existence, will I rise it to its own completeness. "The I" is a being that is absolutely real as well as absolutely unreal; because that "the I" is the distinction and meaning themselves, and every distinction is rendered meaningful by it, distinctions between the so-called reality and unreality, except those related me, is just pointless within it. So even the looming death will never be meaningful until "the I" renders it so, as there's no "meaning" or "distinction" in such utter void."

Their footprint, their train of thought reaches here, where the satisfying answer is close, or they has arrived at the destination the origin of all that they've been longing for.

They have found the truth for them... right? Nope! The truth is either absolute or non-existent!

So now,

either it is simply non-existent, or

““The I” is the truth!”

““The I” necessarily exists, so then it's the absolute, indubitable truth!”

They tighten their grasp on the walking stick, an old friend of theirs. They tremble, and their conviction is crystallized at the moment the flow of thoughts arrived here.

The dirge is going to be finished. The sun has set. The doom drawing to them has been so close that their urge to witness the finale of twilight ends up in vain. Despite all these, they are now avatared by fervor, their mind involuntarily set fly, becoming independent from them and exterior to them.

“At the same time “the I” is not differentiative, ” They think then, “that all distinctions except those related to “the I” are meaningless to me. “The I” encompasses all the meanings. All sentient beings, regardless of species they fall under, have similar awarenesses of “the I” that is self-determined and autologous, and the way by which they arrived at “the I” and thus become aware of their absoluteness and supremeness is similar to that of human, that is, permanently exploring into the environment for comprehending everything exterior. Besides it's a fact that “the I” is high above everything, it just should be at such position.” “If I'm not aware of that “the I” is supreme, then it's impossible for me to change anything. Even if I confront something seemingly undefeatable — for example, death — , once I'm aware of supremeness of “the I”, a ripe victory will be on my side, since that the death alone is absolute nothingness, which is void off anything, and only becomes meaningful when “the I” makes it so.” The old person make a vague,

unnoticeable smile. They know it now, that they've won a clear victory, not over death, but over themselves.

Now the doom is coming. The dirge has met its end. They finally failed to witness the finale of the twilight. In the courtyard, there's nothing but a stiff body clenching a walking stalk left.

It was until weeks that someone by-passing their house noticed their body. Somehow, no one noticed the vague smile on their face buried under wrinkles.