

# the Meaningless ONE

*by Guru Mani H*

I lived for **work**  
I put in the hours and climbed the ladder of success  
Promoted by the boss time and time again  
I became the talk of the company  
Indispensable  
My job was my life  
In fact  
I didn't really have a life outside of it  
But I loved it  
And it loved me  
I had found my place in this world  
And it felt good  
I was valued  
And it gave me such a buzz  
But as the years turned into decades  
I needed to grind away longer and harder  
To stay at the top of my game  
What was once a thrill  
Was now a monotony  
And as I head towards the end  
Of my successful professional life  
If you will hear me  
[which I very much doubt]  
To the next generation of workaholics  
This wisdom I now pass on to you  
**Work is**  
*Meaningless*

*Totally meaningless*  
*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow*  
*Or catch the wind*

I lived for **religion**  
Spent my whole life trying to please God  
To live up to the standard  
And be good enough for heaven  
Attended every meeting  
And joined every project  
Read all the books  
And read The Book  
Sang the songs  
And prayed the prayers  
Spoke all the lingo  
But somehow  
My belief system  
Left me feeling empty  
Like there should be something more  
I had all the rituals and routines  
But they led to nothing  
No deep peace or joy  
Just an empty void  
An eternal black hole  
Ergo  
I SHOUT FROM THE ROOFTOPS  
Preach to all who will listen  
[something I never thought I would say]  
**Religion** is  
*Meaningless*  
*Totally meaningless*

*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow  
Or catch the wind*

I lived for **pleasure**  
And when I say pleasure  
I mean  
Whatever my eyes saw that I wanted  
I had  
Every carnal desire that stirred within me  
I satisfied  
[and I mean every single one]  
Every fantasy became a reality  
I had the money to indulge  
In anything I craved  
So I did  
Moving quickly  
From one gratification to another  
Fulfilling all my senses  
I have tasted sensual experiences  
That you have only ever dreamed about  
There is nothing I have imagined  
That I have not then had  
Sometimes over and over again  
But here's the truth  
[although you probably won't believe me]  
It's all empty  
For after the high comes the low  
After the pleasure comes the pain  
Externally  
Every self-indulgence known to man  
Internally

An emptiness that aches  
I just don't get it  
I really thought that  
This pleasing of the flesh  
Was the answer to the meaning of life  
But as I look back  
My advice to every young man and woman is this  
**Pleasure** is  
*Meaningless*  
*Totally meaningless*  
*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow*  
*Or catch the wind*

I lived for **popularity**  
To fit in and always be part of the group  
To deny what I felt and thought  
And go along with the views of others  
I could not bear the thought of being rejected  
Thus I perfected the art of people pleasing  
And it's been a good life  
I've always had friends  
People around me  
A place where I belong  
Sometimes I've been popular with many  
Sometimes with just a small clique  
But either way I was needed  
[and that's all that mattered]  
I could change my whole persona  
Re-invent myself time and time again  
To guarantee I would conform  
Like a chameleon

Changing colours to match my environment

It was such an effort

This membership of the in-group

Always needing to keep one step ahead

Anticipating the needs

Of whatever social circle I was then in

Being who they wanted me to be

When I was young it felt normal

But as the years rolled by

And I continued to play this game

I realized that I no longer had any idea

Who I was

Who I really was

And I felt let down

By the promise that being in the right group

Equals happiness

For a season

Yes

On a certain level

Yes

But true happiness

Lasting happiness

No

Hence reluctantly I have to admit

[in private at least]

**Popularity** is

*Meaningless*

*Totally meaningless*

*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow*

*Or catch the wind*

I lived for **education**  
Because from a young age I was told  
That this is where my value lies  
And the better my education  
The better my job prospects  
So I set my mind to study hard  
I denied other distractions and kept my focus  
For the months leading to my end of school exams  
I had no other thought  
Revision consumed my every waking moment  
And was the usual subject of my dreams  
But when I passed with top grades  
This was not the end of my schooling  
Simply the first step  
For over the years that followed  
I moved up the learning ladder  
And when I reached the top rung  
Rather than stop there  
I simply found a different study route  
And started all over again  
More and more  
Letters after my name  
More and more  
Subjects to my knowledge database  
But in my relationships  
I discovered that all my knowledge  
Didn't help me at all  
Gave absolutely no guarantee  
For wisdom in life  
And so now I say  
To every would-be student

That in the bigger picture of life  
In what's really important  
[and please trust me in this]  
**Education** is  
*Meaningless*  
*Totally meaningless*  
*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow*  
*Or catch the wind*

I lived for **things**  
I collected any possession I could do  
Ornaments and antiques  
Artwork and jewellery  
Movies and music  
But then I needed more space  
To store all my many possessions  
Therefore  
I exchanged my home  
For a larger one  
And after a few years  
A bigger one again  
Then there were the cars  
Yes  
Its plural  
For one was never enough  
And the clothes and shoes  
Something for every occasion  
[far more than I actually needed]  
But it felt great to have so many  
And when a friend or neighbor or work colleague  
Had something I didn't

Then I'd get it  
But mine would be bigger and better  
Because I and I alone  
Was the Queen of Things  
But I was never satisfied  
Every advert bombarded me with more stuff  
That I just HAD to have  
To reach that point of eternal satisfaction  
But I never found it  
Happiness was never to be found  
It was always the next purchase away  
It's all one big consumer lie  
Because I tell you straight  
[my confession of a shopaholic]

**Things** are  
*Meaningless*  
*Totally meaningless*  
*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow*  
*Or catch the wind*

So here's my conclusion  
The end of my life-long journey  
Write this on my gravestone  
Tell the whole world  
I want everyone to hear  
I need my life to count for something  
[even if it's only in these words from my death-bed]  
Don't live  
for what's meaningless  
Don't believe  
the empty promises of the world

Don't follow  
what has meaning for someone else  
But  
Find the one thing  
[and you really do only need one]  
That gives meaning and purpose  
For you  
That makes sense of life  
To you  
That leaves a deep and lasting joy  
In you  
Then  
Cling hold of it  
Fight to protect it  
Give your all to it  
For  
No matter what else you do or possess  
Without this  
One thing  
Your  
One thing  
Then life for you really will be  
*Meaningless*  
*Totally meaningless*  
*Like trying to find the end of the rainbow*  
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