

Tonight I am weary. Almost too weary to mourn.

Mourning requires that you lace up your shoes and put on black and walk over the hill to the house of the bereaved. If we are all the bereaved, then it requires that we be in the whole world.

I mourn that we are all weary. There is a weariness of spirit underneath the vividness and obviousness of daily bustle.

Or *do I* mourn? I could.

I am weary.

There was so much to do, but we were tired. Our day ended, and all we could do was to slump, watch TV, fall asleep. We woke up in the middle of the night for no reason, or because of our fatigue. We went back to sleep and woke up again, to face the same kind of day, that succession of days that made us weary.

And yet to mourn is to lace up my black shoes and put on my black shirt,  
walk out over the pavement, across the intersection,  
to arrive at the mortuary,  
where I find us,  
we the suicides,  
looking at each other in almost cheerful resignation,  
or mellow despair.

What did we children do to ourselves?  
We simply flourished,  
we grew  
and our growth grew out-of-control,  
and we grew wiser and our wisdom brought forth new wisdom,  
we were very well-educated --  
we had to be, life was getting complicated.  
And as powers and abilities increased, we became  
strong enough to create genocidal states,  
mechanized and impossible to forget,  
and even strong enough to create objects,  
a cloud of warheads,  
that could end life on earth.  
And this was the end of our spiritual energy --  
of our conviction.  
Or was it yet something else that was the end?  
Was it the progression of our artwork, more and more  
refined, complex, cloudy, melted, unspeakable?  
Did this haze us out?  
Artwork had to cross boundaries,  
had to erode the mountain.

Whether I have spoken the truth so far,  
whether I am in touch with reality or not  
(and I cannot grab hold to any conviction with my tired mind,  
least of all that I know the state of the whole world),  
I know that which is in me, and I know that my weariness  
is not as beautiful as mourning, and so I put my socks on in order to  
put on my shoes and go out with my black shirt on, to the graveside service,  
where I will meet the family of the deceased -- us,  
those of us who are as weary as death, being dead;  
those of us with tears still alive, gazing on the living dead.

When I look in the mirror, do I see myself?  
When I experience the world, do I see the world,  
or am I speaking myself to me?  
Oh, think of the great hope! If we can just believe the same --  
arbitrary? --  
thing, we can trust each other --  
who wouldn't trust someone else  
who came from the same place, or  
especially  
who was going forward by the same path?  
And if we trust, we will not need to stockpile warheads.  
We will not even need to rush to invent new technology, its own arms race --  
we can finally settle into a final harmony with the planet and our fellow people.  
Do you still believe in this?  
Then may God bless you and teach you better how to love.

But for me,  
tonight,  
I see no future in the present,  
this world has run out of future,  
and I am simply observing what goes on around me.  
The fact is,  
it's over,  
but we're just running out the clock,  
finishing or not finishing our individual storylines.

What is there to mourn at the end of the world?  
At the end of the world there is great beauty.  
Human history is the most tremendous and resounding story  
ever to exist (at least, of the stories featuring human characters),  
and once the manuscript is finished, it will all be a work of art,  
all its injustices and cruelties, along with its kindnesses and compassions.  
The thought that we will never get to read that story  
is not an occasion for mourning. It is a beautiful wistfulness.

I mourn that we are taken in by such wistfulnesses  
and do not love as we should --  
though the race may have an end,  
I will lift up my head and look ahead,  
far ahead, and run with good form,  
keeping to the inside of the track,  
caught up in the flow of my focus on LOVE.  
I will know no more nor less than love,  
although at the moment I am beguiled by everything else.

I could mourn my fate (in the guise of our collective fate;  
my interest and weariness in the world is rooted in my  
interest and weariness in my own fate),  
but what if I mourned what was other?  
If I mourn the world, I do so from a place  
in which I am not concerned with myself,  
although I myself am as “objectively” condemned.  
I could even mourn what affects us all, including myself,  
as in the statement “I mourn that we are weary”, but  
I can say it differently, when I am not wearily sunk into myself.  
And so I decide that now, in my weariness,  
I will walk over to the clothing store  
and buy my black dress shirt -- I will begin with that,  
an action I can even perform with a weary soul.  
And then I will be able to attend the funeral  
when it happens in 4 days, and hopefully  
I will not be lying in the casket when that day comes...  
for right now I am dead,  
but *tonight*,  
I can do *something*.

[20 second pause]

Let us gather,  
dearly beloved,  
to be mourned,  
in the house of mourning,  
let tears be shed for us.  
For we were living and now we are dead,  
we had fire and now we've been put out,  
we were clear streams and we have now poured into the desert basin,  
where rivers go to die.  
We are strangely insensitive to those who mourn us --  
not so strangely, in fact.  
And yet if we are to become bones,  
and dust,

are we even alone in that?  
We have believed that God is dead and so here we are,  
dead along with him --  
but all along,  
we believed that God was dead because something  
in us  
had already died.  
The world we experience being a mirror of ourselves.

Then God may be alive, love himself may be alive to us,  
and as soon as we live in the reality of love,  
at times as easy to accomplish as a leap of the imagination,  
at other times utterly beyond any of our efforts,  
we are lifted up to join the mourning procession.

[“Abide With Me”]

I wear fair trade shoes.  
If I must wear shoes, which I believe to be the case, then what else can I do?  
And yet weariness tells me that this in no way solves the imminent problem,  
the huge problem, the complex of problems, the big things, such as  
nuclear warfare  
or environmental degradation,  
political suicidalness and  
political homicidalness.  
Fair trade consumerism does “nothing”.

The “big things” cast a shadow over the “little things”,  
and who knows how many people never grew great  
and mighty  
in love  
because they never started down the path  
with some enactment of love  
Never starting down the path because that  
Enactment of love,  
in itself,  
couldn't “solve the problem”?  
I mourn that we are so easily discouraged.  
Let the wicked be wicked and annihilation be annihilation,  
what is that to us? To have found the path,  
the rope ladder across the ravine,  
the boulders,  
the fresh air,  
of the mountain path,  
is reward enough;  
that is, to become a lover,

a dearly-bought freedom from fakeness,  
to live life to the fullest in our love for others --  
such a rich field to labor in, in days like ours --  
this is reward enough, though we cannot save the world.  
We can aim to love people, and won't that save the world?  
But if it doesn't, so be it.  
Perhaps, like everything else we've observed,  
the human race is destined to die. And so,  
the weary can stand up -- if we are all going to die,  
let us be alive while we can.

The weary lay in their beds,  
hoping that someone else would save them,  
paralyzed by the belief in doom without the acceptance of doom,  
the acceptance which could lead to the realization that we can say,  
given that doom,  
"Okay, now what?"  
Oh, you tired children, I mourn your half-slumber,  
your restless repose. I don't count myself one of you anymore tonight,  
for now I am,  
for a little while longer,  
awake.