

NOBODY IS THINKING ABOUT YOU (AND OTHER FREEING THOUGHTS)

SEPT 2025

... My brain has been chewing on the idea that I don't quite exist in other people's minds as much as I assume, well, not just me, but you too. People don't care too much about others (in a very benign way). We're all self-obsessed and focused on what's right in front of us — relationships, jobs, cellphones, a bacon/egg/cheese bagel of biblical proportions. It's quite ironic really, to think about how nobody else is thinking about you. To gift your valuable time away to an unknowing receiver. A rooster won't stop singing at the sight of morning sun simply because someone may be sleeping on the shaded side of the hill. You must be you regardless of invisible consequences because there's a fine line between consideration and erasing yourself. *Who are you when nobody is around? What kind of human would you be if outside opinions didn't matter?*

... I try my best to see myself as a little flame in a quiet forest, or perhaps a sun in an ocean of stars. *Isn't it lucky for me to be here, all bright and beaming?* Life only exists on planet Earth (as far as we now know), so I'm trying to celebrate that anomaly rather than lay waste to doom and pessimism.

... It's the first Sunday morning in September, and I've been mulling over this hyper-awareness since the early hours of the year — at home after my knee surgery, on a rainy walk, amidst IPAs with friends, on a swim in the salty sea with only waves to witness me. The thought of how much I don't matter, and how beautiful that insignificance is. It's like that meme of the guy on the bus deciding whether to frown or smile over the thought *nothing matters*. The sooner you free yourself by leaning into the paradox of nothing and nobody, the sooner you can savor the peace of carving a reality you personally want to exist in. Act boldly, experiment perpetually, and always remember: *you can fail without consequence*. I can't scream it loudly enough. (*Give me a megaphone and put me in Times Square!*) Liberate your conscience from the fallacy that anyone else truly has a say in who you are and what you do. And, suddenly, all at once — everyone of us is smiling on that dumb meme bus — proof that joy doesn't need an audience or acknowledgement to merely exist.

~XOXO

