

A Letter to the Universe

Dear Universe,

Hello there. Or hello everywhere. Or hello nowhere. I'm not sure how it works. I'm Jamie. I realized some things about being alive recently that I can't talk to anyone about. I was driving home the other day when a thought popped into my head: 'What am I doing? Why am I here?' I wish it had just left me alone, but it stayed buzzing around. The longer it stayed, the louder the buzzing got. My work has become sloppy because of its incessant noise. I still don't think my boss has forgiven me for *The Great Napkins Incident of Last Thursday*. My studying is taking forever because the thought won't shut up. My professor gives me that 'I know you can do better' look each time a grade comes in. The thought has become so loud that it hurts my ears and distracts me from everything I'm supposed to be doing. I constantly feel it bearing down on me. If I tell anyone, it will probably haunt them too. I guess that's why I figured if anyone would understand or at least be here to listen, it would be You.

You exist. And the mere fact that You do is overwhelming to me. You are way too many things/concepts/ideas/stressors/pleasures. You know, the works. I don't have much time to appreciate and think about all of You. But I can't let You and Your buzzing question win. That's why I've decided that I'm going to understand all of You. I will know everything there is to know about You. I will capture each of Your atoms. I will dissect each one with my senses, know each one like a friend, and then release them into Your expanse. Eventually I will understand mountains, math, feet, religion, refrigerators, fear, and maybe even pickles. I will conquer You and I will finally know Truth. Somehow.

Yours truly,

Jamie

Dear Universe,

I exist. And the mere fact that I do is overwhelming to me. I keep trying to understand You, but I've run into a predicament. How am I supposed to comprehend both of us? I'm doing my best, but I don't know who or what I am. I don't know what I want to be and each time I try to find out, I come up blank. I'm just not sure I can do it all. I'm *supposed* to do taxes, and be happy, and eat snacks, and understand other people, and maintain a job?! I feel like I'm failing at all of it. I feel like I wasn't meant for this. Then again, I don't really know what I was meant for. I was hoping You would tell me.

I don't remember agreeing to all this crap in the terms and conditions when I got here. Come to think of it, I don't think there were any terms and conditions at all. You will be hearing from my lawyers (as soon as I figure out how the legal system works). I hope this is the correct address.

Mine truly,

Jamie

Dear Universe,

It would be convenient if You would write back. This existing thing isn't going too well. For starters, I couldn't figure out the legal system. Or pickles. The buzzing in my head is hurting me now. I'm always exhausted from trying to ignore it. Each time I work up the courage to take it on, I get completely overwhelmed by You. I'm thinking maybe I just need to know where You came from. Or maybe why I'm here. If I can't comprehend myself, how am I ever going to comprehend You?

It's not easy, You know? Existing. It's really difficult a lot of the time. I'm getting so exhausted and confused. I really did think everything would be okay if I could just figure You out. But I scream all these questions and thoughts at You and all You do is stare at me with Your stars. Why should I even exist at this point? It's not like You're going to answer that.

Whose truly?

Jamie

Dear Universe,

I'm tired of Your stupid games. Say something. I know You can hear me. I put in so much time and effort, for what? For You to just be silent? Stop looking at me like that with Your dark meaningless eyes. I came to You looking for truth or meaning or something and You've treated me like garbage. This is all Your fault, making me deal with this alone. I honestly think I'm starting to hate You. Please, please just write back.

Jamie

Dear Universe,

I can't do it anymore. I've looked and searched, and I have nothing. I'm just a human and You are the Universe. You are everything and nothing. I searched for Truth and all I found was this: humans depend on reliable patterns that they call "truth" and "meaning"; They stand so tall and proud on their patterns until some guy comes along and finds an irregularity. They usually kill that guy. Eventually, they find a new truth to stand on and pretend like the old truth was never true. But eventually we die and the truth doesn't matter. You know that right? I'm going to die and my family is going to die and You are going to- ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING?

WE ALL DIE.

and that's scary.

But we just do these crazy things like consume food and obey traffic laws and use a piece of paper to get more pieces of paper to get a brain chemical that makes us want to be alive. It's all so mundane and all so ridiculous. Somehow, I feel lost in my own home. I feel lost in my own head. I feel lost in You.

Truly no one's,

Jamie

Dear Universe,

I'm sorry for those last couple letters. It seems in my attempt to comprehend Your incomprehensibility, I may have become a scientist of my own psyche, desperately using big words to find some form of consistency. However, one night last week, I went outside. It was so quiet. Even the buzzing was gone somehow. The stars peered at me, but I looked back. I felt the air around me and the grass under my feet. The darkness embraced me. I was scared, but I was also comforted. I spoke into the silence. All I heard were the echoes of my voice. I realized then that I didn't need to hear You, I just needed to feel You and be a part of You. I realized that I *am* a part of You, even if I used to think I was separate. I used to think You would speak, but You don't have ears to hear me or a mouth to respond. All You give are echoes. But all I need are echoes; A way to hear and look at myself from another point of view. I try so hard to fully comprehend You and me. I try to comprehend Your nature and my place in it. But we are both so complex.

Even in our complexity, I think I've got the basics down. You are made of love, hate, and Everything. Love, hate, and Everything flow through my veins and make me human. Although I see You as dark and meaningless, I also see You as good, bad, and Everything else. This insane mix of Everything sweeps me up like a vortex. This great swirl of Everything that I see morphs into my own experience. I know that I am progressing in this grand experience, but I'm not sure what towards. I want things, but I struggle to understand what I want. One day, I will die. Then I don't know if I'll perceive anything at all.

Does that mean I should stop trying to live? Does that mean I should stop trying to understand You?

No. Because no matter how big infinity is, one more day alive is more beautiful than having never lived at all. I don't think I've found the big Truth or understood meaning yet, but I do know this. I will continue to understand more. I will continue to love more. I will continue to live more. No matter the circumstances, persevering will always give me the opportunity to love life more than I did. To love You.

Ours truly,

Jamie

Dear Jamie,

You have the wrong address.

Sincerely,

Joe from Nebraska