

## Defiance to Logic

By Adam Schirling

It is an odd thing, to crave death. I almost took my life once, on Easter Sunday 2011. I purposefully overdosed on almost 50 Xanax and Ambien, and lay myself down in the shower to await the end. Luckily, in my stupor, I phoned a friend to tell him what I had done, and his early intervention made sure I arrived at the hospital in a prompt fashion. The funny thing was, they didn't even have to pump my stomach. Apparently my 6ft 5 275 lb body was able to take the abuse of such an overdose, where a smaller man may have fared less well.

I now see just how foolish this act was. For when it comes down to it, a suicide is merely a confession. It is you throwing up your hands in anguish, and confessing to the universe that you can simply not continue on any longer. It is you admitting that the overwhelming onslaught of human existence is too much for you, and you fucking quit. How this is wrong is that you are giving the universe EXACTLY what it wants.

Nihilists would have you believe that there is no purpose or direction for any of us, so offing your self is a logical answer. Religious fundamentalists would have you scared to do such a thing, citing a mortal sin in your act.

The simple fact of the matter is, living is a DARE. The cold and calculating cosmos are literally taunting you with suicide as a side effect of your human logic and reasoning, a luxury most mammals don't enjoy. To live is to be defiant. To live is to rebel against the vast nothingness, and scream out that you will NOT give in to such foolishness. To live your life as a daily revolution against eternities unyielding void.

When I see myself on that hospital bed, almost comatose from the drugs surging through my body, I feel ashamed. Not simply for almost abandoning friends and loved ones, that is important as well, but for admitting to the unrelenting coldness and lack of logic in the human experience that I cannot prevail against such forces.

So, now every time I lift that glass of scotch to my lips, it is not to escape reality, but to honor and challenge it as a worthy adversary. Every time I pay for that lap dance, I am giving the proverbial finger to the forces that beg me to just give in, to throw in the towel in dismay, to allow the uncertainty and fear vanquish me. I will allow no such thing.

One day the universe will win, and I will simply be another piece of matter floating through the

cosmos to help create new worlds. But until then, every second of my conscious existence will be a defiant FUCK YOU to a world that seeks to crush me with its painful nature. Game on, motherfucker.

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