

THE MAN OF MANY DECISIONS

There was a man of complexity. He was born with an ability to do anything. Being able to do anything meant that he was also able to 'Analyse'.

The man was rooted to one spot thinking with his mind, over and over, all the possible ways in which he could live.

With his ability to analyse and mentally visualise, he lived one life after the other; imagining and feeling the insights and vicissitudes each life contained.

Once a life had been lived, his mind would scan the inner landscape of potential lives before settling upon another one, and starting the process of living it with his imagination.

He was a man with a master key facing a hundred doors given the choice to open and enter any he wished. Paralysed by choice, he imagined rather than acted upon each entry.

Living close to the complex man was a simple man. He was born with very few choices and happily accepted the one eventually presented to him.

His life was a task requiring daily repetition and little insight or intellect. Just a dedication and acceptance and love for his self and the lot he had been given.

The simple man had an unswerving focus on his task and dedicated himself to it all his life. Day after day, the same task. Night after night, a sinking into the same restful sleep.

He was of some amusement to the man of complexity, who would occasionally rise from his ponderings and watch this man go about his feeble tasks.

'How could any man be so content with such mundaneness?' The thought vanished quickly though as the man returned to the ponderings as to the life he should live.

Time passed. The simple man consistently carried out his task, remaining focused upon the choice he had been presented.

The complex man remained rooted to the same spot. He was physically stuck; though mentally, he was profoundly engaged.

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Many decades passed. Suddenly shock descended upon the complex man when he realised that death was close by, and truly he had lived no life.

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For the first time he seriously studied the simple man. He had built a comfortable house. Its doors were open, children and animals ran in and out. It was surrounded by trees and birds.

The simple man sat silently within his creation. This was the effort of a life's work and affectation. Simple, true, and fulfilled.

The complex man took a look at his own surroundings. Nothing, just the imprint of his body on the ground where he had sat and lived the fantasies of a thousand lives, in a desperate search to find the one that was right for him.

But now his life was coming to an end and he felt as if he had lived no life. A tear fell from his eye. It hit the ground. It struck him that this was the first mark upon the Earth he had ever made.

He cried again for his arrogance toward the simple man who had so constructively lived his life. Again he cried; one tear for every life he had imagined but had not lived.

His tears welled up and continued to fall until a river formed beneath him that flowed past the simple man's house and into the distance.

The complex man accepted his folly and once all the tears that could possibly be cried had fallen before his body, he found his mind cleared. For the first time he was able to absorb his surroundings peacefully.

Again he looked at the simple man sitting with gratitude outside his home, and then he looked upon the river of tears before him, glinting into the distance beyond. Then he laughed.

For suddenly he understood the life he had been presented with. In gratitude he lay his body upon the river of tears and allowed himself to be carried away into the distance.

The simple man lived the rest of his days harmoniously within his creation, the life he had built for himself and others, forever gracious for what he had been presented.

And the complex man, now no longer complex, but part of the beautiful distance beyond lived the rest of his life in glorious and thankful reflection.

This is the story of the complex man, the simple man and the man who became.