

Speaking on What it Means to be Human by Stephanie Schmeling

Speaking of what it means to be human should have a certain kind of universality which bridges all those divisions created so many generations before anyone had the opportunity to object to any such classification like whether or not intelligence has any significance in whether or not someone or something deserves respect or the notion that just because you were born in this place you automatically have the endowed right to pursue whatever and whichever life you choose as if the little baby screaming in abandonment had any say in how or in what galaxy, universe, planet, continent, country, village, or dwelling it would suddenly find itself in, it would be easy to say we are all in this life together in a perfectly circular world floating pristinely in God's palm, but I can't help but wonder what is so universal about being human, isn't that just another one of those words some nobody created that has a different translation for every nobody who has no conception of my existence anymore than I do of theirs.

This might sound nihilistic and normally I would be one to resist it, but it is hard to comprehend that some connection links all of us in some kind of unity like the same unfathomable belief in brilliance which says that no snowflake has ever fallen twice on any mountain in any storm in any moment throughout the billions of years this little ball we live on has found it's axis turning, and no natural creation on this minuscule globe can be repeated identically and even when two exist as one there are still differences that divide and still unanswered questions as to why two "humans" could have lived and experienced every day of the first nineteen years of their lives together and yet now as they are miles and nearing years apart from their dual existence they can look at one another and see each other for the first time, like strangers meeting in a crowd not knowing the other from Adam, except just that – these two are sisters, and the man on the far side of the world dancing like a Shaman in his banana leaf is their brother and somehow God looks down upon them all with the same universal love.