

29/05/26 | legacy talks

who am i doing this for? why do i keep doing this? if the world is a shallow pond, why do i keep offering it endless labour? who will appreciate this? will they honour me right? or wrong every time?

questions like that often arise when i think about my legacy: the one i already have and the one i yet to have. what does it really mean to leave a mark on the world? for people to stomp on your grave time and time again while they put your face on bills? for people to laugh and make fun of your speech patterns while simultaneously making buildings in your honour? to be ridiculed in biographies and movies time and time again under the guise of crowning you? what is the point of explaining yourself to a species that is gluttonous of your existence?

and in 50 years, suddenly everyone thinks they honoured you well, as if they haven't made a clown show out of your lifeless body?

but if no one appreciates what i do, then i guess i do it for myself. i do it for the divine order that drives me. i do it for the people that love and value me. i do it for everyone that doesn't feel entitled to an explanation. i'll do it for you.

| "now and then i reread the manuscript, but the story isn't mine anymore."