

Say what you want about Rent, but Seasons of Love does pose an interesting question. How would you measure a life, if you had to. What metrics qualify us to exist? Do any? Is just, *being*, enough? Surely it's enough, but to compare, what should be the measurement? Joy? Joy is often external, something received. And if so, can, or rather should the receiver be credited? Adversity is much the same. It's an admirable trait, but if you've had an easier life you shouldn't be punished for it. I suppose the question of how you would measure life falls back to one of the original questions, what is the point of life? And that, I've never known the answer. I'm not sure there is one. But, I know we're in a world of wonder. Things to be experienced. To be touched, heard, seen, smelt, tasted. So, purpose or not, how wonderfully lucky we are to have hands perfect for petting, and to be in a world filled with things that wish to be pet.