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Untitled

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Untitled

So, I am now the transparent “freshman.” I am again a participant in a whole new degree of feudalism. We build this pseudo society which we determine by classes, and then we are expected to climb up this ladder of servitude until we reach the top. This roof of lateral expectance is only marked by success. Are we not allowed to fail—or do we have to fail to succeed? Or is success just an illusion by which we create superficial motivation in order to drive our sloth selves to meet our, or their, expectations. Ugh, life is like a bad novel by Michael Crichton; either we save the world from a mass pandemic by little microscopic electronic viruses, or we’re the bad guy (which can be the little electronic viruses). Conformity sucks. Yet, we all do it (Can we “do” conformity? Hm). The truth is that we are in a panic state of subconscious denial. “Oh no, I failed, I suck, BOOM there goes my confidence. But wait! There is success! There is hope! Now I have to succeed because everyone is telling me I have to!” Of course, it’s not at all that colloquial. But this does become our basic motto that we set ourselves to exist by. The truth is, or my truth is, that life is more than just, “Hungry? Have a Snickers,” it’s about the details. The sum of the each

part is definitely larger than the whole. Can you say cliché?

Little things matter, EVERYTHING MATTERS! We have to be something, to be something else. Nature tells us this, economics tells us this, history tells us this and so do strippers. To be a mother you have to be a woman. To have a decent consumer market we have to be demanding and supply the needs of those demands. To be Hitler you have to be an asshole, and yes to be a stripper you need “ just one look, because it’s worth a thousand words.” Some of these “details” are controllable, some aren’t—the point is, we gotta eat. Or, we can’t only eat a Snickers to satisfy our undying hunger...sadly no one will let us and of course, we won’t let ourselves.

I wonder if I can just walk knowing that life will just set itself. Pessimism is the human condition, and I strongly intend to leave it that way. So many people make pathetic attempts to change the world of its conformity. But if we did that, then wouldn’t the world just be the same novel all over again? Or would it be a Dan Brown? Damn, I’m a little electronic virus. .