Duty to Live

I'm alive! —a self-aware body of star-stuff on the gossamer skin of a rare habitable planet in one of trillions of billion-sun galaxies. Mine is a lottery-winning cosmically purposeless—yet truly unique—life. What duty, owed to whom, requires me to live it fully? Loves? Fleeting legacy? Or none but me?



Photo: NASA

17 January 2025



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