

The Staircase

When we immigrated to America, my family moved into our grandparents' house in Illinois. The house had a staircase covered in fluffy white carpet that comforted the eleven steps up to the second floor.

The staircase was also blocked by a wall on each side, making it the perfect hiding place. There I used to sit in the middle of the staircase in-between the two walls and refused myself from going down or up. I was afraid, for I saw through my own future. I knew that in the future I would inevitably be going up and down some form of that staircase on which I was sitting – whether inside buildings, on the sidewalks, of life... of life. I saw that the entirety of my life consisted, and will consist of, going up and down some form of that very staircase. That staircase was as absolute and fateful as the predicaments of death.

Today I see the presence of the forms of that staircase everywhere. However, people walk up and down the staircases in oblivion – too busy to care; too paranoid from the fear of being lonely. Too many people, so little time to watch out for the staircases. They are not aware that each time they step into a staircase they re-enter the loop of the past that gravitates around the repetitive state of convolution that eats away a part of their spirituality of life.

Today's players and their System is ingenious in the sense that they provoke the youth to be driven by big ambitions while making sure their youthful ambitions cannot manifest. In other words, the players and their System maintain their slaves by encouraging the slaves to ceaselessly work for something that they cannot ultimately achieve. And in order to keep their slaves stupefied, the players install the staircases in different locations for their slaves to ceaselessly step into them unconsciously. The constant installation of staircases and people stepping into them is at large the System.

Postmodernism is an invention of high capitalist players to provoke their slaves to work robotically in hopes of achieving their aims and goals within the society in which progression of art, culture, and the spirituality of life is impossible. Postmodernism is the chain of ascending and descending staircases that forces its slaves to walk only in a straight line while providing them with an illusion of three-dimensionality. The players are chaining more staircases to the System at this very moment, and as the global population increases, the players are employing more slaves in order to link more staircases at a faster rate. It cannot be stopped because we collectively have accepted the System out of laziness and convenience. Every oblivious act is a vote for the System. I am not, however, criticizing against capitalism and its structure. It is simply a call-out to the people to be aware of the staircases; it is a whimper for the sake of the spirituality of life.

But there is really no need to pay any attention to my words, for I am perhaps still sitting in the middle of that old staircase in-between those old walls and refusing myself from going down or up while wondering whether one can truly be loved.

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