

On Self-Interest

A powerful question that I have been grappling with the last few years is: Who am I living for? I've been grappling with this ever since I've begun considering the possibility that this life is all we get. The answer that I have settled on for now is: myself. When I think about what it means to live for myself I no longer need to stress whether or not my actions make others happy. My life is my own. Why? Because I say so. I want my life to be my own, and my actions to serve my own ends. I am not ashamed to write this. Or this: My world revolves around me. Or this: If your behavior is incompatible with my desired ends, the meeting of my needs, then you are dispensable. Or this: I only want people in my life that are instrumental in the meeting of my needs. Or this: I don't owe anyone a damn thing; I will work for what I want and seize every opportunity to make my life more fulfilling. Call it selfishness or call it enlightenment. What you think is irrelevant. And that's today's two cents.

Skyler.