

Is Time Cruel?

Stone crumbles, monuments fade, and the achievements of men turn to dust. That which was once the pinnacle of human-created beauty lies in rubble and ruins. Time destroys it all. So how can one life matter? And yet, the ability of us, as humans, to live and make a difference is the most important fundamental human right. We have a right to *matter*. We have a right for each life to be considered precious, essential, indispensable. We have a right to contribute to the betterment of all.

But sometimes time is cruel. We create art with passion and imagination. Yet, paint fades. Structures fall. Pests destroy without discrimination. Perfection is perforated with the relentless gnawing of minutes and hours, days and years. Of centuries turned to millenia.

And sometimes, time finds an ally in injustice, in the relentless beat of bias, declaring the insignificance of the other. It wears away the wonder of the individual human life. Do we have no choice but to live in the reality of both time and injustice?

Or is time perhaps a blessing? Through time, the Roman Colosseum, once a bastion of prejudice and pain, has been stripped of its purpose. Through time, the Mayan empire, steeped in the atrocities of human sacrifice, has been erased. Through time, the gas chambers of Germany have been demolished, the wall of Berlin torn down, the asylums of the west overtaken by nature.

Is time cruel? Is time the enemy of human significance? Or are humans their own worst opponent? Time ticks on. But must injustice? As Voltaire once said, history is only a register of crimes and misfortunes. Do we have so little chance to address the anguish that flames through the years?

We are hampered by our own weakness, by our own intolerance. We submit to the passage of time, shocked by the relentless march, as humans live as they have always lived, slaves of the hours and decades and fears that consume both lives and legacies.

We must resist. Reach and restore. Remember the incalculable worth of each human life. Repair. Rejoice. And show the world again our fierce commitment to claim the most basic human right, to declare with relentless confidence that we matter. You matter. I matter. And no ticking of time, no clanging of injustice, can destroy the intrinsic beauty of one human soul.

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