

Comfort zone – guideline for humanity

“We all carry our prisons with us” said war criminal Jax in a novel “A Town Called Mercy”. Comfort zone – habitual den in the incessant stream of time on which we like children can snuggle up to. On every other corner one can hear sentences that we should break out of our comfort zones, being thrown around. Supposedly to achieve higher purpose in life, to be one’s own ideal. However, this newfound reality would still be a prison, no matter how well decorated.

Now, imagine in front yourselves a person. Person whose eyes are blunt yet deep; man with expressionless face, stature – rigid and terse, although not in fear but in strength. Now imagine that you have to conquer this person. Many of you would not even dare, reckless folk will soon find their end. Why? When you look into the eyes of a person who has lost every border of this “comfort zone” your heart will flutter in fright, because there will be nothing, *nothing* you could defeat this person with. No God’s name, no promise of hell, no threats or pleas for he fears not for either his or someone else’s life. Threaten them with agony! Reply shall be resigned glare and silence. There is only one rule in life’s codex for men like these: “Milady there is only one God, and his name is Death. And there’s only one thing you say to god of Death – not today”.

Comfort zone you see is nothing more than a mere border. And I find these boundaries quite amusing. Most people have no slightest clue that by overstepping threshold of their comfort zone they step into slightly larger circle, and most of them stay there, holding spiritual belief that they are now higher, braver than others. I’m not presumptuous enough to say I’ve stepped over these borders, but I’ve too explored them and then stretched to my liking, forming right and wrong into grotesque shape of modern art. It is an addicting art, to reshape every rule, every scribble of moral as you please and comprehend that if necessary you could break them in half without a sparse glance. Daredevils like these have grey morality. They’re neither heroes nor villains, which is like a thorn in the eye for the rest of somewhat functioning society. For they can’t be controlled, can’t be categorized, there’s no Achilles heel for their foes to attack to.

Of course, don’t let your comfort zone determine your future! Break out and be free but bear in mind that human being must always be put in an abstract cage – his borders of comfort zone – so he wouldn’t become an otherworldly reminder that once you throw away caution and measurements of what is and is not possible, one is no longer mere human but a symbol. Symbols are everlasting. Start to get used to the fact that you might never break out of huge areas of comfort zone. Nevertheless be satisfied with your ordinary choices and small dreams! Once you start to contemplate about breaking every moral and every rule that you’ve ever had, just to build new one, I guarantee you won’t ever stop. You will be willing to be ripped apart, only get stronger by being put together again. “We all carry our prisons with us.” Jax’s eyes shone cunningly in the dimmed light “Mine is my past. Yours – your morality.”