

1 Sisyphus' inner monologue:

2 Rolling this rock up the mountain I am confronted with all that I have done to
3 deserve what the God's think is a tortuous act. But it is merely human to cling to the
4 Earth in which we resided, and this rock I'm now sentenced to endlessly roll up and
5 watch slide back down is a representation of the trials I was already turning over in
6 my head. Surely my conscious self is one with this rock as I tirelessly push it up the
7 mountain of my regrets and heroic actions. Following this rock of my thoughts back
8 down the mountain I come to realize that serenity can be achieved in the scraps of
9 freedom I may still be privileged enough to hold in my grimy palms. For here I
10 realize that the rock truly only represents the boundless grief of my previous womb-
11 inhabitant life on Earth. I am myself the vessel of the other aspects of who I once
12 was, and due to this sentence of the Gods' cannot be free of the grief of life. Might
13 this be absurd, yes, but indeed that is inseparable from happiness and so why ought
14 I not be happy even amidst my endless labor. Truly I tell you my soul is testament to
15 the fact that this condemned life of mine cannot touch the extent to which my whole
16 being is well.