Journal 10

Original unit: Greatness

 Prompt: reflection on Oiymanduas

01/16/2012

 The last few sentences in this poem are irony. “My name is Oiymanduas, king of kings: / Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!”/ Nothing beside remain, Round the decay/ of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare/ The loan and the land stretch far away”. The king thinks he is so great, but nothing except an old sculpture and a poem remain. Maybe he is a real great man at his time, but when time goes by, he becomes smaller and smaller and finally disappear as if he never exists in this world.

 I always wonder what we live this world for. I used to dream to become a famous people admired by following generations. I hoped that I could be great so that I can leave something behind in this world to prove I have ever existed as a human. But then I doubt this idea because I gradually realize that I cannot leave myself in this world forever. Even though I can leave my name behind, what people can remember is just a name with some stories. Like what this poem describes: the sculpture remains, and people know that king through sculpture. Bu just letting people remembers my name seems not appealing anymore. After we die, everything about us will die. Our soul is gone forever……

 So, what’s the purpose for us to live in this world? Is it for our family? Family will go one by one. Is it for our own life? Maybe it is. If we don’t want to live at the bottom of the society, we need to work hard to get better life and even get better life for others. At this point, greatness is just a reasonable and powerful motivation to seek a better life for ourselves and for others.