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Santa Fe NM

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Santa Fe NM Maryanne Zamora

Hope guides humanity. In a society that seems to be losing it over the course of history, we turn to fiction and the written word to redefine what it is we are looking to see. Without hope that humanness we're all looking for would fall quite quickly. It is human to pick yourself back up from the trenches. It is admirable for humans to start again, to try to develop the life they once had. It is the most crucial part to any story, yet, it is hardest to explain.

We often go to further and further lengths to try to represent what it is to be human. Life is lived in the present tense, in fragment sentences of symbols and verbs that don't coincide. In thoughtless thoughts while on the search for feelings. The ups and downs of relationships, depression, emotions. When I say anger you think

of the sounds; the inhales, the exhales, of base sounds of insults and syllables. Does that mean anything? We know what it's supposed to mean through other concepts learned, through the context of speaking and communicating throughout our lives. It's here that you glimpse what it truly is to be human. Feeling, experience, humanity, it's the thing you live but can't quite name.

It is something that struggles against containment, that can't be perfectly shared in a word, or measurement or a diagram. What makes us human? This thing, this complex ill-formed and ever-changing beast that can sometimes be glimpsed on fading screens or canvasses. I cannot name what it is to be human, but once or twice I think I almost had it pinned down somewhere on a page. But maybe I'm just too close to the subject.