



LIVE BURIAL EXERCISE

Follow-Up Discussion

When I did the Live Burial exercise, I heard people remember me as who I was when I was 18 or younger. When I was a kid. This was the cherished memory. The person I *was*. Full of life. Full of potential. Full of hopes and dreams. Giving meaning to those around me. The 'sunny boy'. Full of smiles.

I realized that that was the me that had brought something to their lives. The me that had mattered.

That was who they had loved.

Somehow, my death had caused them to remember and reflect on the best of me, while leaving out all the bullshit.

But what about the person I was when I died? Wasn't he important too? Where did he go? What about the rest of my life? People were there who had known me as I really was before I died. Full of cynicism. Bitter. Confused. Wrapped up in myself.

That person would be talked about and thought about perhaps at the dinner after. With small words of pity or unfulfillment or regret. It was left unsaid at the funeral.

This occasion would be one of the last times people bothered to think about me all that much period.

Life goes on, and people only devote so much thought to other people in general.

I realized that I didn't want to be remembered as confused or cynical, rather, as someone who was a confident, positive source of energy.

I didn't want to hear reflections on what had been my potential, or descriptions of myself masked as true reflections of the present, but which were actually reflections on a fond memory, of someone once perceived to be, but who wasn't in fact at time of death.

I didn't want to be remembered fondly for how I was as a kid, for the potential others had seen in me then, the spirit I had, for what I could've been, for how I could've led my life.

I wanted to be a positive source of energy. I wanted to be an inspiration to the people around me.

That when I die, people should be inspired by someone who had lived, reflecting positively on what I'd brought forward, especially in terms of my own attitude toward life, my own engagement with it. That I had given something to their experience of life.



But you can't give anybody anything else once you're gone.

And realizing that, I guess the key point here is that you're not dead yet. Being cynical just isn't going to cut it.

You need to become conscious of the fact that you're a cynical bastard and that you don't want to be a cynical bastard.

You don't want to feel confused and tired all the time, seeing all the conflicts in everything, all the reasons why not.

You want to inspire people.

Become aware of the unassailable truth of your 'core self', as opposed to your 'socially-mediated consciousness'. Your core self is the source of your dream. The socially-mediated consciousness is the source of every other voice in your head. Everything you're 'supposed' to be achieving, but aren't. A certain salary. A certain title. Having certain things. Pleasing certain people. All the reasons why your music dream is crazy talk.

It's time to start listening to your core self. To be what you want to be. What you are. Now. Know that you just can't be anything else and be happy with that.

This feeling of certainty comes from within, where it has always been, and it's bound up in music.

Grab a hold of it.

End the questioning at this moment, forever. Begin to accept who you are. You're not done with this dream and you never will be until you've faced it, and explored it a whole lot more.

Especially if it has been driving you nuts. Especially if you've been repeating that cycle of trying to believe in something else for awhile and then ultimately turning back to the dream. You've got to get to the bottom of it if you're ever going to get anywhere, if you're ever going to be able to actually move forward with anything.

The point here is that you can do this. It's worth it. It's worth everything.