Writing is a tool. Writing, and by extension language, is a tool. It is a multi-facet asset used to convey and challenge meaning, express honesty and empathy, spread knowledge, evoke emotions, build and find patterns, persuade action, and create and destroy universes. Language is everything. Without language there is nothing. We are not only a part of this material plane but are also witnesses of its existence, therefore, validating its mere presence. We label, we define, we reason, and we outline all based on the overall agreement of the masses of what is and isn’t true. Language, like an instrument, is only confined by the limits that we have given it. A piano has an infinite amount of chord progressions and could theoretically have an infinite number of keys, but it doesn’t. We are limited by matter and space in the face of all of what could and ever will be. The universe, and by extension us, is forever separated from thyself, never fully grasping the understanding of being something or somewhere else. You are an individual piece of the whole pie that will change flavors and forms as time goes on. You are reading this right now. That will never happen again. This is a once-in-a-lifetime experience that is all yours and no one else’s, it will never happen again. That is distinct, that is individual, marked by the passing of time, that this instance will never happen again. Everchanging as you sit there, you transform into something new. You will be the grub for the grub. You will be the worm for the bird. You will be the chicken on that child’s plate, you will be the energy it takes to create. You will be the last star that dissipates into darkness and heat… And if you’re lucky, your heart will beat again.

There is meaning within us that there are no words for because each feeling and perspective is unique to the individual and singular in circumstance. All we are able to do is empathize to the closest degree that we can, define what we understand, leave the rest in God’s hands, and call it a day. The proof is in the pudding, Puddin. There is more than one language, and each language has varied amounts of characters, terms, and structures. There are words that define emotions in other languages that we don’t even have in English because it has either been too niche to describe, overlooked, and generalized by one of our own words, and/or have found a placement within our language as a multiple-word description that we call “sentences”. As we design and define words they design and define us. As we give meaning, we are given meaning.

And one might say “Well, all of what you have said is theoretical or subjective”, and “What about things that are objectively true?”. Well, we all recognize blue as blue but do we all truly see it the same way? The Himba Tribe from Namibia doesn’t even have a word for blue; they see it as green, which further proves that the mere existence of something is based on the collective witnessing and defining of such. They do, however, have many words for the differences in green that most cannot recognize, but those shades still exist. There are Native Russian speakers who only have words for light blue and dark blue who can determine the differences between the varying shades much faster than any English speaker, but Regular ole blue still exists. Like the infinite number of numbers between 0 and 1, there is an infinite experience that could be defined.

I’d finally like to refer back to the title- “If a Tree Falls in a Forest”. "If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?" is a thought experiment within philosophy that forces the reader to confront what it means to actually exist. The idea is that, like a writer and their respective reader(s), It takes both being present to construct the reality of itself the creation, and its inherent meaning bestowed upon by the witnessing of it. This definition of reality is purely conscious and perception-based questioning not the invalidity of an object’s existence without its viewer but rather the meaninglessness it holds by not only being ineffable but by being incomprehensible by the nothingness that surrounds it. It justifies our creation by God not purely by love but also by an indispensable requirement to have his/her own presence validated into existence. God needs us just as much if not more than we need him; An all-powerful entity, at the mercy of our gaze, begging to be seen and chosen by his own creation. It would mean nothing to be considered by something without the autonomy he has arguably given us. And if not us, rather something or someone else, he would still be left just as vulnerable as he is now. Our conscious choice to attempt to fathom his magnitude is the very thing that gives him that strength. The books we have written, the songs that we have performed, and the history that we have drawn are not siphoned from his greatness; They are the very things that make him great. There are upwards of 300,000 years of unrecorded human history. Their gods are now dead; language alone could not save them. Oral tradition could not preserve their life as each candle was quenched and as each memory disappeared, so did they. History was born again as a written tradition erupted onto the scene, just nearly saving the last of the oral traditions such as the Native American mythos, Homer’s epic poetry, and Norse mythology.

The importance of language and writing scales to challenge God. He needs language for his word to spread and he needs writing to be sustainably sought after.

I need language and writing to help me make sense of my sensors sensing my perceived surroundings, stocking the spirit and sought-after’s that have softly settled into the sack of crap that I call my brain.

You need language and writing all the same to explain the strange vain-popping lane-swapping jumbled-up mess that is my understanding given to you.

Perception is reality. Each moment is in its finality. Creation is juxtaposed with its own mortality.

That is my “Writing Philosophy”. It is the window into other worlds, it preserves the moments it’s been hurled, and it is the lifeblood of all that is created. So, when being asked “Why write?”, it seems too complicated and vast to not respond with “Why not?”. Write! Write like the dickens! Because as writers, we create the universe that we all live in. Our purpose is to take note and recognize this experience while also living on that line of what is and isn’t within it. Every time we write we challenge or reinforce a quota. With each word placed in a pattern that has never been set before, we have created something new. Each rambling rant that we write and rip out of our diaries gives life to a unique emotional experience that can never be copied and is forever gone at the point of disposal. We hold all of the power. We control history, we create mysteries, we write reviews over Listerine, and make fanfic of Mister Clean. We are what it means to be remembered so remember this, your writing is more powerful than you know but it doesn’t exist unless you show and tell it. Go Forth!