

Left in Limbo

I think the greatest challenge of living in waiting is maintaining a sense of balance between our thoughts, our beliefs, and our relationship with the life we are living now. Waiting relentlessly wears down what we believe in; each day it allows despair to take deeper root. Like a sponge absorbing water in a damp environment, life in waiting drains us of our capacity for hope, discipline, and even the motivation to endure everyday routines.

Still, witnessing those who manage to preserve their faith in continuing is deeply admirable to me. Because I know how heavy a burden that faint glimmer of hope for a “better life” can place on the human psyche. When everything becomes tied to a single suspended point, the meaning of life itself shrinks to that point—simple, trivial, and yet decisive.

You open a bottle of shampoo and think to yourself: Let me just use this until it’s halfway gone; then things will become clear. Once it passes the halfway mark, you tell yourself: Alright, once this one is finished, everything will fall into place. The bottle runs out, you buy another, and the cycle begins again. A bottle of oil, a bag of rice, a box of coffee...

One day you open the top cupboard and come face to face with twenty empty coffee jars, while you yourself are still standing exactly where you were. Time has passed, life has moved on, but you remain stuck in a fixed point. That is when you realise, this is the misery itself.

Anger and helplessness flare up inside you. Out of desperation, you call those close to you and break down in tears, yet even this lays your misery bare—because you know there is no option but to accept the situation. An hour later, guilt creeps in: Why did you burden others with your pain? Why are you so weak, so intolerant? You grow disgusted with yourself, pull yourself together, and once again return to the same vicious cycle.