

Apathy

by Victor Luo

There are several people I do not care for much at all—annoying cretins, blasé philistines, or godawful narcissuses—and I do not care much for caring about such people when I encounter them, which unfortunately happens quite often like some cruel lottery where I win every prize and every prize is a booby prize. It is easy to ignore such people, retreat into the quiet of my mind, shroud myself in a transient persona as to not arouse suspicion that I am simply apathetic to these people, so many people, these terrible people in general. These people do not care much for me either, a not-so-great person, forgettable really, which makes our encounters gloriously brief in their awkward tensions. I am glad to meet a fellow apathetic person, conjoined in our allied wishes to simply not give a fuck about social morays. In the process of not caring about these people I care little about, I do, on occasion, encounter my own belief that it is an ideal to be patient and caring person, a character trait that builds peace and avoids strife, and experience in that awkward tension an epistemological doubt. Am I an apathetic person or simply someone who lets apathy set in? I am sure, and quite desperate to know, that there is profound difference in discovering the difference and where I lie.

