WRAPPING PAPER

These days, so much revolves around beauty, wealth, intelligence and athleticism. Yet whenever I meet someone new, I think:

When you sleep at night, you sleep just like the rest of us. Sometimes a little too little, sometimes a little too much, perhaps restlessly at times, but in the end, all that matters is the sleep itself.

When you get up in the morning and step into the shower, you have nothing and you are nothing. The only thing there is the water that surrounds and cleanses you. When you eat or drink something during the day, you do it in exactly the same way as I do.

When you go to the toilet, you look just as silly as I do, even in the most expensive clothes. When you are thinking about something, you are no more powerful than I am in that moment. And when you feel pain or fear, you feel it just as I do. We think, we feel, we act.

When you then look in the mirror and close your eyes, all that remains is who you are without your outward appearance.

Everything beyond that is merely a shell. And if you would rather be a shell, or are looking for a shell as a partner, then I feel sorry for you, because it means you love the wrapping paper more than the present itself.

Karl Schnürch

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