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The Perpetual Awkwardness of Life

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The Perpetual Awkwardness of Life

Practice makes perfect. Everyone has heard the expression, a mantra for life's successes and failures alike, simultaneously acting as a source of comfort in the face of crushing defeat and a victory dance of sorts that marks a well-deserved triumph. However, to me, this expression is stiflingly trite. I believe that life is simply a perpetual awkward phase, a constant reanalysis or reassessment of who an individual is as a person, a permanent coming of age. Each day is a new opportunity to either embrace or reject oneself, the ultimate moment of truth. Looking in the mirror is only the beginning.

Anyone who has survived the better half of their teen years can relate to the reality that is an "awkward phase." Maybe it was a bad haircut, fashion fads that have since fizzled out, or mainly just the classically unflattering yearbook photos, but no one has emerged into the "real world" as a well-adjusted adult completely unscathed. But why then does the general populous view the trials and tribulations of overcoming daily embarrassments and blunders as being long gone once "freedom" has been attained as a result of adulthood?

I can honestly say that each and every day in my life is an adventure, and I would not have it any other way. I can be quirky one minute, cool the next, followed by an extra dose of clumsiness for the finishing touch. None of these particular moments define me as a person, but I am instead a uniquely syncretic blend of a lifetime of events, both minimal and monumental. And my conclusion? This awkwardness is not going to disappear but instead evolve in the face of new situations and challenges. The combination of so many memories, interests, and attributes to form one person will undoubtedly be awkward. There will be rough edges and loose ends but it is possible to make it all work in the end. I believe that life is a perpetual awkward phase, a revolving door. This may seem a bit pessimistic, a presentation of life as being full of struggle and turmoil. Yet, I beg to differ. I believe in a light at the end of the tunnel, a glimmer of hope, with awkwardness and the promise of overcoming this inevitable phenomenon as its source.