

# **Self-pity**

**by Phillip W. Weiss**

**Yeah, things went badly or me. I broke my finger, the hot weather stinks, I keep losing at the track, my Yankees lost some key games, I have no girlfriend; I'm on my own and no one has my back or front or anything. So, what am I'm to do? I do my.boo-hoo-hoos, gripe like a banshee on acid, mope around like dope on the ropes, looking to anchor myself to something that can bear my weight, which isn't much to begin with. I ask myself what is the point of stuffing my face with food or wearing fancy clothing or putting on airs or talking with friends who are wrapped up in their own universes, talking with me but just passing time in idle conversation, old men who resent the youngsters who think they know it all while we know truth which is that they know nothing except what is being drummed into their precious minds. Oh my, how can anyone understand how I feel? My hand trapped in a cast, my brain exposed to decades of pretentious mush packaged as knowledge which I absorbed until one day all I was taught conflicted with reality that is unyielding. We are taught the lessons of life by people who have agendas. Principles are like quicksand - they seem solid until you test them out and they fail the test leaving you groping about as you get swallowed up in a pool of hypocrisy. Now, what does all of this have to do with self-pity? Self-pity is grounded in feelings of insecurity generated by an uncaring world that reduces the individual to a speck in a community of specks that comprise society in which we all live. Under these circumstances it is hard to feel**

optimistic about the present or future. Hence, the feelings of self-pity when things go bad. We have no one to rely on for support unless you are willing to pay for hired help for whom you are a client. So let me feel self-pity, let me indulge in the luxury of wallowing in my woefulness that may drive others away while confirming the truth of the nature of our individual existence.

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