What if the answer is not to fix the problem, but to sit with it awhile?

The purpose is not to get to the end, untouched. The purpose is to walk it, carrying the weight, and to find out, step by step, who you become



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Another Perspective



I was thinking about this, the other morning. About the way we live now. How we are all so quick to reach for the little glass syringe, the magic eraser, the quick fix. On the surface, it is all very reasonable, if you have a solution, why not take advantage of it?

For instance, after you have walked in the evenings, skipped bread and denied yourself soda, you look at the weighing scale, and you see a number that should not be one person's weight. What else is left for you to do? I know this feeling. I know the taunting of a closet full of clothes that belong to a former self, or a hoped-for future self, expensive dresses with the tags still on, waiting for a day that refuses to arrive.

Meanwhile you are forced to resort to throw-ons because without them, you feel too visible, too exposed to the unkind world. So when a drug comes along, a little miracle in a pen, that lets you take the coat off, that lets you walk into a room and just be, without the noise in your head, of course it feels like the answer to a prayer. It is a modern fairy tale.

But here is the thing about fairy tales. They often leave out the part where the road is paved with stones that cut your feet. And now we are hearing those stories. The ones from the other side of the magic. The side effects that are not just unpleasant, but life-threatening. And it has made me think, this pendulum swing from euphoria to fear, about how we, as humans, are so terribly, wonderfully, tragically bad at sitting with a problem.

We are a species that wants the fruit without the growing. If our lashes are too short, we buy new ones, long and curled. If our hair is too thin, we buy a bundle of someone else's. If a love turns difficult, we end it, and begin again, hoping the next one will be a story without any sad chapters. The children get loud and demanding, and we send them away. The citizens get restless and ask for their due, and we meet them with force. We are forever trying to amputate the limb instead of healing the wound.

We forget, I think, that the seed is always hidden inside the husk. The husk is the hard, unlovely part, the struggle, the frustration, the plateau on the scale, the dress that refuses to zip. It is the discomfort of a relationship that requires you to be patient, to be quiet, to listen and to grow. When we throw away the husk because it is troublesome, we throw away the seed, too. We lose the chance for what might have grown.

GLP-1 drugs such as Ozempic and Mounjaro, for all their wonders, only let us get rid of the husk but not the problem. The body changes. The coat comes off. But the cause of the weight, the thing that put it there, is it just the food? Or is it a deeper lack of awareness? A numbing? A silence inside that we fill with things? Maybe it is a thyroid gone quiet, a signal from the body's deep ocean that we are refusing to hear. By silencing the symptom, we risk silencing the message.

And that friend you ghosted? The one you blocked on your phone, the one whose very presence felt like an itch you could not reach? Perhaps they were your husk. The difficult person put in your path to teach you forbearance, or to show you the shape of your own temper. By erasing them, you have erased the lesson. You are left smooth, unbothered, but also unfortunately you remain unchanged.

Life is not a series of problems to be fixed. It is a long, slow, confusing process of making meaning. It is trusting that the plateau on the scale, the difficult child, the demanding citizen, the friend who tries your very last nerve, they are not obstacles on the path. They are the path.

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