

You Think in Human

By Georgina M. Cox

Part One - The Human Lens

“You cannot step outside your own eyes.”

Chapter I - You Arrived Certain

You have mistaken familiarity for truth your entire life.

You sit there—or stand, or lean—and you already feel the weight of this object in your hands, the texture of the paper, the rhythm of the typeface. You believe you know what a book is, just as you believe you know what a “beginning” is, what “truth” is, what *you* are. You have opened these pages with the silent, arrogant confidence that you are a stable subject observing an external object, and that once you finish reading, you will simply return to the world as you left it, perhaps a little wiser, perhaps a little distracted.

But you did not arrive here empty-handed. You arrived carrying a language you did not invent, a morality you did not choose, and a perspective that has been narrowed by every sunrise you have ever witnessed. You are wearing a suit of human armour, stitched together from the definitions of your ancestors, and you are currently using it to interpret the ink on this page.

You assume you understand the words before you have even decoded them. You assume that your way of reading is the only way of existing. You believe that by observing, you are participating; that by naming, you are mastering.

Before you read another word, ask yourself: What is it you expect this book to do? Do you want it to tell you who you are, or do you want it to show you why you are so desperate to be told?

You did not choose to arrive here as a blank slate. You were born into a house that was already furnished, with the rooms laid out in a sequence you were never asked to approve.

Before you could question the architecture, you were already breathing the air inside it. You are carrying an invisible backpack, weighted down by the relics of those who came before you. You wear their language like a second skin, speaking with a tongue that was sharpened by people whose names you have forgotten. You carry their morality like a compass, turning instinctively toward “good” and recoiling from “evil” because you were taught the cardinal directions before you could walk.

Look at the items you have packed away in the dark, forgotten corners of your mind. There are the dogmas of your religion, the rigid lines of your politics, the unexamined habits of your culture, and the jagged shards of family trauma. There are the lessons of your education, which taught you how to name the world, but never why

you had to name it in the first place. You have been walking under this weight your entire life, convinced that the shape you take is the only shape a human can possibly be.

Now, set the bag down. Open it.

Turn each belief over in your hands and inspect the seams. Which of these did you truly select? Which did you pull from the shelf of your volition, testing its girth, feeling its texture, and declaring, *This is mine?*

And which were simply placed in your palms while you were still an infant? Which were inherited like a family heirloom you were told you had to keep, simply because it had always been there?

You are a vessel for everything you have ever been told. You are a repository for stories you did not write. And you have yet to realise the most dangerous thing you carry is the certainty that the contents of your bag are not yours at all, but merely the inheritance of a world that was already finished before you ever took your first breath.

You believe you are looking through a window.

When you walk through a forest, or argue with a lover, or watch the news, you are convinced that you are simply observing the world as it is. You imagine that your eyes are clear lenses, that your mind is a neutral recording device, and that the version of reality you perceive is the same version that exists for the oak tree, the sparrow, or the stone. You think that if a tree falls in a forest, the “sound”

is an objective fact of the universe, rather than a translation performed by the vibration of your own ears and brain.

This is the first lie. It is the most beautiful and the most damaging lie you have ever told yourself.

You have conflated the map with the territory. You have mistaken your own internal signal—your filtered, interpreted, human-coded response—for the universe itself. When you see a sunset, you do not see light refracting through the atmosphere; you see “beauty.” When you see a predator, you do not see a biological process; you see “violence.” You are constantly transmuting the raw and coldly indifferent data of the cosmos into a narrative that makes sense to a creature like you.

But the world does not care for your narrative.

The universe is a vast, unorganised sprawl of particles and energy, spinning in the dark, entirely devoid of adjectives. It is not “good.” It is not “cruel.” It is not “meaningful.” It simply *is*. It is only when you step into the scene that you begin the process of editing. You are not looking through a window at reality; you are looking into a mirror, and you are so convinced that what you see is the world that you have forgotten you are the one who drew the frame.

You think you are standing in the centre of a factual universe, when in reality, you are standing inside the only

version of the world your human biology permits you to construct. You have never touched the world itself. You have only touched your own idea of it.

Take these small, brittle things you keep in your mouth: *Good. Evil. Beautiful. Ugly. Natural. Justice. Truth. Love.*

You treat them like physical constants, like gravity or the speed of light. You speak to them with the assurance that they are etched into the bedrock. But look at them under the light. These are not discoveries, but linguistic inventions erected by a species that was terrified of the dark.

Take the word *good*. Who decided, in the long, shivering silence before history, that this particular alignment of events deserved that sound? Was it the tribe, hiding against the cold, defining “good” merely as *that which keeps me warm*? If you had been born a different creature, with a different anatomy and hunger, would “good” still taste the same?

And *justice*—that iron concept. My, what an objective scale-of-balance floating in the ether. Yet, it is nothing more than a social contract written in the nervous system of an animal that fears being hurt. It is a human sound, designed to mitigate the chaos of our own cruelty. It exists only because you exist. If every human vanished tomorrow, the concept would evaporate instantly.

Consider *beauty*. You see a flower and say it is beautiful. You think you are describing the flower. But you are only describing the surge of dopamine in your own brain, a biological reward for noticing things that might contain seeds or water. The flower does not know it is beautiful. It does, however, know it is blooming. It is only *you* who insists that the light hitting a petal must be translated into an aesthetic judgement.

These words are your tools, yet you have forgotten that you are the one holding the hammer. You treat them like anchors, hoping they will hold you steady in this indifferent universe. But they are not anchors. They are labels, ink stains on the map you drew yourself.

Every time you speak them, you are performing an act of creation, painting your own internal colour onto a world that has no use for your palette. You have never encountered *truth*—you have only ever encountered your own conviction. You have never touched *love*—you have only ever felt the human echo of a chemical fire.

Take into account the infant in the crib. Observe the design of a mind before it has been colonised by culture.

Innocent, isn't it? A creature of pure, raw input. It knows the sharp spike of hunger that demands immediate resolution. It knows the primitive relief of warmth against its skin. It knows the visceral terror of a sudden drop in the air, the instinctual recoil from a loud noise, and the

profound, grounding necessity of a heartbeat pressed against its own.

This is the human stripped of the human-made.

The infant is a sponge, and you are waiting in the wings with the buckets of paint. You begin to layer onto this unadorned life the invisible structures of your own reality. You teach it that a piece of paper is “money,” and to lose it is a catastrophe. You teach it that its own skin is “shame” and must be covered. You teach it that certain gestures are “honourable” and others are “murder.” You introduce it to the complex, shimmering ghosts of religion, patriotism, and etiquette—elaborate games with rules that the infant, in its original state, would have found utterly incomprehensible.

If you can strip a human back to the cradle, peeling away the layers of language, the social contracts, the myths of identity, and the borrowed moralities ... what is left? What is the core of the thing, once you have removed everything you taught it to believe was “natural”?

You suspect that if you strip away all these acquisitions, you will find something noble, something inherently true. But what if you are wrong? What if the core is not a treasure, but a void? What if your identity is merely a scaffolding you built to hide the fact that there is no “self” until you start repeating the stories you were told?

You are a biological machine that has been programmed by a species that was already confused.

You can walk through this world clutching your certainties as if they were cold facts—as if they were stones you could build a cathedral upon. You are so rarely unsettled. You are so rarely paralysed by the sheer probability that you might be wrong.

But you must understand: certainty is not a conclusion. It is not the result of rigorous investigations, nor is it the natural byproduct of truth.

Certainty is an emotion.

It is a chemical warmth in the chest, a feeling of safety, a sedative that the brain administers to protect you from the vertigo of the unknown. It is the neurological equivalent of a locked door.

This is why the most incorrect people are often the most confident. They are not fuelled by evidence, but by the addiction to the feeling of being right. The brain loves certainty because ambiguity requires energy, and the human mind is a monster that will always choose a convenient lie over the infinite labour of an honest question.

You think you are being rational, maybe even logical. But look at how you behave when your certainties are challenged. Do you feel like a scientist adjusting a hypothesis? Or do you feel like a soldier defending a fortress?

The moment someone threatens a belief you hold dear, you do not check your sources. You check your human armour. You tighten your grip. You feel the adrenaline and instinctual need to protect your own internal world. You are not defending a truth. You are defending your own ego.

Do not worry, this is not a failure of character, but a feature of your survival. Psychologists have long identified the “backfire effect” and the mechanism of cognitive dissonance, noting that when your core beliefs are challenged, your brain processes the intellectual threat much like a physical one. Your amygdala—the ancient, reptilian sentry tasked with detecting predators—lights up in the same way it would if you were being hunted in the brush. To your neurology, an opposing viewpoint is a saber-toothed tiger.

You cling to your convictions because you have tethered your identity to them. You have built a home out of your ideologies, and you are terrified that if you remove one support beam, the entire roof will collapse onto your head. You protect your “rightness” with such ferocity because you sense, deep in the lizard-brain you refuse to acknowledge, that without your carefully curated beliefs, you would be forced to confront the empty vastness of a self that has no definitions.

You think you are defending your principles. In reality, you are merely defending your survival. You are an animal

that has mistaken its own ego for the centre of the world, and you will fight until the end to ensure the world remains exactly as small as you need it to be.

You have spent your life mistaking the *feeling* of being right for the *act* of being correct. You have mistaken the silence of your own doubts for the harmony of the universe. But the universe does not offer you certainty. It offers you only the shifting tide of things as they are. It is you who demands a floor to stand on. It is you who invented the concept of “The Answer” because you could not bear to live in the question.

Close your eyes and perform a small, cruel experiment on yourself.

Take the person you are today with your specific collection of certainties, your hard-won moral code, your definitions of love and success, your secret insecurities, and anxieties. Place all of them in a different soil.

Imagine you were not born in this room, in this year, to these parents. Imagine, instead, you were born in a high-mountain village in the thirteenth century, or in a bustling, neon-drenched metropolis three hundred years from now. Imagine you were raised in a faith that views the silence of God as a blessing, or a culture that views the concept of “ownership” as a form of madness. Give yourself a different language, one whose grammar does not allow for the word “I” to be placed before the word “want.”

If you had been poured into that different container, would the contents of your soul remain the same?

You like to believe that your convictions are a result of your own superior discernment—that you arrived at your current worldview because it is, objectively, the most logical one. But if you are honest, you know this is a lie. If you had been born on the other side of the planet, you would be defending a different truth with the exact same vigor. You would be praying to a different god, condemning different sins, and calling a different set of prejudices “common sense.”

If you had been born elsewhere, you would be someone else, but you would still be just as certain that you were right. You would still be wearing the armour of your convictions, and you would still be convinced that your specific, accidental way of seeing the world was the only one that mattered.

Does this thought frighten you? It should. It reveals that the ground you are standing on is not a solid rock, but a moving train. You are a creature of circumstance, clinging to the first set of stories you were told, simply because you never bothered to step off the track.

Listen as the noise of your life—the constant, frantic hum of opinions, justifications, and declarations—begins to bleed out. The clicking of your mental machinery slows, then stutters, then stops.

There is no longer a jury. There is no longer a defense attorney. There is only the sudden clarity of the silence you have spent your life trying to avoid.

You are standing in the middle of an empty room, surrounded by the furniture of your identity. Look at the walls you have built, the definitions you have framed, and the tales you have memorised by heart. You look at the convictions you carry like a weapon, the dogmas you wear like a shield, and the certainties you have guarded with such exhausting devotion.

Though now, the light is dimming. There is no one here to congratulate you for being right. There is no one here to judge you for being wrong.

There is only you, and the heavy, unvarnished weight of everything you have ever accepted without question.

Look at the pile of your life. Look at the beliefs that dictate your movements, the prejudices that shape your perceptions, and the morality that colours your every thought.

Ask yourself the only thing that remains.

How many of your beliefs did you actually choose?

Chapter II - You Think in Human

You have never met the world.

You have only ever met your version of it.

From the moment you opened your eyes, you have been locked inside a quiet, private theatre. You believe you are walking through valleys, touching gravel, and breathing air, but you are not. You are walking through a film projection. You are touching a signal. You are breathing a sequence of electrical impulses.

Consider how you “know” the world. Your eyes do not show you things; they are merely filters that translate obscured wavelengths of light into colour, depth, and shadow. Your ears translate silent ripples in the air into music, noise, and meaning. Your skin translates physical pressure into the concepts of heat, cold, and pain.

Everything you perceive is a translation, and every translation requires an interpreter.

Your brain sits in the dark vault of your skull, never touching sunlight, never brushing against the bark of a tree, never tasting the salt of the sea. It receives a barrage of coded signals from your senses and, in the blink of an eye, it assembles them into a cohesive story. It builds a house, a chair, a face, a moonset. It paints the world with the only brush it has: the human experience.

You have never stepped outside that translation. You have never looked upon the universe without the lens of

your biology mediating the view. You are a captive of your own hardware, living your entire life inside the interface of your own making, entirely convinced that the screen is the reality.

Evolution is not a seeker of truth. It is a designer of shortcuts. Your senses were honed by millions of years of predatory pressure to reveal only what was necessary for your ancestors to stay alive, find calories, and reproduce.

Examine the narrow slice of the spectrum you call “reality.” You see a small band of electromagnetic radiation known as the *visible spectrum*. But this is just a tiny fragment—between roughly 380 and 750 nanometres—of a chaotic sea of energy. Beyond your perception, the world is saturated with ultraviolet light, infrared signals, and high-frequency gamma rays that are constantly passing through you. You are, in effect, walking through a room filled with light that you are functionally blind to.

Your hearing is similarly restricted. You are deaf to the ultrasound frequencies used by bats to navigate the dark, and to the infrasound vibrations that travel through the earth, warning elephants of storms hundreds of miles away. Your nervous system prioritised the rustle of dry leaves (a potential predator) over the complex, structural data of the actual environment.

You are a biological organism that evolved to navigate a very specific ecological niche, not to comprehend the macro-physics of the cosmos.

How much of reality do you simply never encounter?

There are dimensions, forces, and textures of existence that your brain is not equipped to process. You are like a radio that can only pick up one station, forever convinced that the music you hear is the sum total of all the sounds in the world. You see a place designed to keep you fed and safe. You inhabit a “fitness-first” reality, where you see only what is useful, not necessarily true.

You are a passenger in a filtered bubble, living in a world that is far larger, stranger, and more complex than your biology will ever allow you to know.

We are not simply limited. We are living in a parallel universe to every other creature on Earth.

The bee. While you look at a flower and see a simple, uniform splash of yellow, the bee sees a landing strip—a complex pattern of ultraviolet guides that lead directly to the nectar. That pattern is objectively there, etched into the petals, yet it is utterly invisible to you.

The snake, slithering through the brush, inhabits a world of thermal contours. The shark moves through an ocean that is, to its senses, a buzzing, flickering grid of electrical fields. And the mantis shrimp? It possesses sixteen types of photoreceptors—compared to your three—allowing it to see a spectrum of light so vast and

alien that if you were to suddenly mutate to have its eyes, you would be unable to name a single colour you saw.

None of these creatures are seeing the “real” world. The bee’s world isn’t more “true” than yours, and the shark’s electrical map isn’t an objective portrait of the ocean. They are all simply biological filters, tuning in to the specific frequencies that allow them to survive in their own niche.

Reality is not changing. It is a constant background of physical laws.

The observer is what changes.

When you look at the world and say, “It is what it is,” you are making a claim that no other creature could verify. You are trapped in the “human” frequency, forever convinced that your particular slice of the spectrum is the whole pie. Realise, please, that you are just one of millions of species, each living in its own private, sensory cell.

However, the filters of your biology are only the first layer. Once the raw input of the world enters your mind, it is immediately seized by the second, more insidious filter: your language.

You believe you used the words to describe the world. In truth, your words are constantly editing the world before it even reaches your conscious awareness.

Language is a lens that magnifies certain shapes and blurs the rest. When you apply a label to a sensation, you are domesticating it. You are taking a wild, unformatted

experience and forcing it into a pre-existing category. Once you have a name for something—even your own—it suddenly possesses a sharper edge. It feels solid. It feels understood. It feels “real.”

But this is an illusion of clarity.

Because you have a word for “tree,” you look at a woodland and see a collection of objects rather than a singular, breathing, interconnected system of fungal networks and carbon exchange. Because you have a word for “enemy,” you look at a complex human being and see a fixed entity to be avoided, rather than a paradigm of history and biology.

Your language acts like a pair of glasses you never take off. It carves the fluid, unbroken continuum of the universe into discrete, manageable chunks. You categorise the world to survive the overwhelming flood of information, but in doing so, you lose the ability to see what exists in the cracks between your words.

You are constantly narrating your own life as it happens, adapting the wordless texture of existence into a sentence that you can hold. You are so desperate to have an answer for everything that you are willing to sacrifice the truth of the experience for the comfort of a definition.

You are not a camera, recording the world as it unfolds. You are a novelist, writing the story of your life while the events are still happening.

Your brain is a prediction machine. It does not wait for sensory data to arrive before it decides what you are looking at. No. It guesses. It guesses based on every second you have spent alive. When you walk into a room, your mind does not laboriously process every shadow and object. It fills in the gaps. It takes a handful of visual clues and completes the image, showing you a “finished” room that exists more in your memory than in the present moment.

Think of how often you walk past a mirror, or a window, or a familiar street, and you stop seeing the details entirely. Your brain has decided it already knows what is there, so it stops looking. It stops sampling the actual environment and begins to project a hologram of what it *expects* to be there.

This is why optical illusions work. You see a face in the clouds or a phantom movement in your peripheral vision because your brain is a prisoner of its own pattern recognition. It is desperate to find order in the static, so it forces the world to conform to the templates it already has.

This extends into your own history. Your memories are not video recordings you retrieve from an album; they are creative acts of reconstruction. Every time you recall an event, it is not exact. You update the dialogue, maybe polish the edges and adjust the tone to fit the person you

are today. You are a narrator who is constantly rewriting the book while reading it.

You do not passively observe reality. You actively hallucinate it.

You are in a constant negotiation with the universe, where your brain constantly offers a prediction of what it *thinks* is out there, and the world is only allowed to correct it if the discrepancy is too jarring to ignore. Metaphorically, you are living inside a bespoke simulation built from your past expectations, your current biases, and the split-second guesses of your own neurons.

I see you find yourself wondering: if all this is true—if the senses are shortcuts, if language is a cage, if the mind is a chronic hallucinatory machine—is there *any* way to touch the world as it truly is? Can you ever climb out of your own skin and stand in the “View From Nowhere,” seeing the universe without the stain of your own existence?

The answer, perhaps, is the most difficult one you have ever faced.

There is no way to experience existence without experiencing it as *something*. To perceive is to be a perspective. To exist is to be a location. Even your most rigorous tools—the telescopes that peer into the birth of stars, the particle accelerators that chase the ghosts of matter—are ultimately tied to the human eye and human mind. You build your science on the foundation of

human observation, and you interpret your data through the prism of human logic.

There may indeed be truths that exist, independent of your definitions. There may be fundamental laws of reality that do not require an observer, nor a language, nor a name. But you cannot approach them as an objective entity. You can only approach them as a human.

You are a creature that must translate the infinite into the finite, the complex into the simple, the wordless into the spoken. You are forever reaching for the objective, but your fingers are always wrapped in the silk gloves of your own subjectivity.

You look at the horizon, and you see a horizon, never realising that the line is not drawn in the water, but in your eye. You look at the storm and call it “angry,” as if the atmosphere were capable of harboring a grudge.

The sea does not care that you find it beautiful. It does not know you are watching. It does not know it is “the sea” at all. It simply rises and falls, a displacement of mass governed by the pull of a moon it cannot see.

The wolf does not know it is cruel when it hunts the lamb. It does not understand the concept of “wrong” any more than the avalanche understands the concept of “tragedy.”

You stand in the cosmos that has existed for billions of years without your definitions, and you demand that it have a purpose. You look up at the unblinking dark, and

you ask if there is meaning, if there is a plan, if there is a reason for your pain. But the universe has never wondered anything. It has never asked a question. It has never looked back at you.

All of the weight, all of the judgement, all of the tragedy and the glory—it is not out there. It is in here. It is the language you use to soothe your own terror. It is the story you tell to make the silence feel whole.

You are the only thing in the universe that requires the world to be anything other than what it is.

You think in human.

Please forgive me, this is not a judgment, nor is it a condemnation. To think in human is not a flaw in your design. It is simply the condition of being alive.

You were not meant to see everything. You were meant to see how you could hold, what you could name, and what you could love. Your perspective is not a prison; it is a point of view, a unique vantage held by a brief, flickering consciousness in a universe that is otherwise unobserving. There is a profound dignity in your limitation. You are the only part of the universe that has developed the capacity to wonder what it would be like to see through the eyes of the stars, even as you remain forever tethered to the eyes of a human.

The goal of these pages is not to leave your skin. You cannot transcend your biology any more than the river can transcend its banks. You do not need to escape being

human to be honest; you only need to acknowledge that you are looking through a lens.

Once you realise the lens is there, the world begins to change. You do not stop seeing beauty, but you stop demanding the world *be* beautiful for you. You do not stop feeling the sting of tragedy, but you understand the universe is not cruel. It is just indifferent. You begin to walk through the world with a new, gentler humility. You realise that everyone else you meet is also trapped in their own private, human-constructed reality, and that every disagreement, every conflict, and every clash of values is simply two different people trying to define the same mystery using the same limited vocabulary.

So continue to name the things you love. Continue to find meaning in the chaos. Continue to build your cathedrals of morality and your architecture of purpose. But do so with the graceful awareness that you are an architect.

You are participating in the act of being human.

And that, in all its partial, beautiful, and temporary glory, is enough.

Chapter III - The Centre of Everything

You say it so casually. You talk about “our planet,” “our world,” “our Earth,” as if the globe were a house you purchased or a territory you earned through some ancient, cosmic right of way.

You weave this possessive pronoun into the fabric of your speech without a second thought. But look at the scale of the thing you claim to own.

The Earth has been spinning through the dark for roughly 4.5 billion years. For the overwhelming majority of that time, there were no humans. There were oceans churning with chemistry, continents drifting in slow-motion, forests rising and falling into coal, and empires of extinction that lasted millions of years longer than your entire species has even existed. The planet was busy being a planet, whether vibrant or violent, long before the first hominid stood upright and looked at the horizon.

If you were to compress the entire history of the Earth into a single twenty-four-hour day, humans would not arrive until the final few seconds before midnight. You are a blink. You are a sudden noise in a silence that has lasted eons.

Yet, you have managed to convince yourself that this is “your” world.

When did it become yours? Was it the moment you learned to shape stone into a tool? Was it the moment you started drawing lines on the ground and calling the dirt “borders”? Or does “our” not imply ownership at all? Does it simply mean the place you happen to be standing, a transient occupancy you have mistaken for a permanent title deed?

You look at the Earth, and you see a stage built specifically for your performance. You see the resources as your patrimony and the climate as your personal thermostat. You have written a story in which you are the protagonist, the centre, and the end-goal of the planet’s biography.

But the Earth does not recognise your claim. It has weathered ice ages, asteroid impacts, and mass extinctions that wiped the slate clean of everything that came before you. It will almost certainly continue, turning in the sun, long after your language has faded into silence.

You look at a photograph of an ancient, sprawling rainforest, or a deep desert canyon, and you find yourself using a word that betrays your entire worldview: *Empty*.

You say the wilderness is “empty” because there is no one there to look at it. You say the tundra is “desolate” because there is no one there to build a road through it. You say the deep ocean is “barren” because there is no one there to harvest it.

But empty for whom?

A rainforest without humans is a riot. It is a deafening, crowded explosion of biological ambition. In a single hectare of the Amazon, there are more species of trees than in all of North America combined. It is a dizzying density of life that has been negotiating its own survival for over eighty million years.

To call that “empty” is to admit that you only count a room as occupied if a human is standing in it.

I am sure that in your eyes, the Namib Desert is a landscape of death. Yet, beneath the blistering surface of the sand, it is teeming. The *Namib Desert beetle* stands on its head at dawn, harvesting water from the fog as it rolls in from the Atlantic, a masterclass in hydraulic engineering that predates your first plumbing. There are geckos, spiders, and golden moles that have evolved over millennia to dance through that sand with perfect precision.

You’ve confused “without humans” with “without importance.”

You have built a hierarchy of value where a landscape only achieves “meaning” once it is measured, mapped, or inhabited by your kind. If you are not present to witness the sunset over the canyon, you assume the canyon is merely waiting for an audience. But the canyon does not wait. The light hitting the limestone does not require your permission to be beautiful, and the process of erosion does not require your witness to be significant.

Every square inch of this planet is packed with a level of complexity that your mind—even with all its naming and categorising—cannot fully grasp.

If the word “empty” is the ultimate expression of your anthropocentrism, the word “wild” is its shadow.

You look at that same rainforest and call it “wild.” You look at a wolf and call it “untamed.” You look at a river cutting through a canyon and call it “raw.”

Wild compared to what?

The world carries an unspoken assumption: that there is a “civilised” baseline, and everything else is a deviation from it. You have turned the entire planet into a gradient, with your own cities and motorways at the apex of “order” and everything else as an unruly frontier.

However, pieces of this world are not “wild” because they lack structure. It is governed by an unforgiving set of rules, whether it’s the nutrient cycle or the predator-prey dynamics or pressures; they collectively make your city infrastructure look like a child’s stack of wooden blocks. A wolf is not “untamed” because it refuses to follow your rules; it is perfectly, elegantly “tamed” by the requirements of being a wolf.

The irony is sharp enough to cut. You walk through your concrete grids, surrounded by your traffic lights and your zoning laws, and you call that “order”. To a wolf, your road is not triumph, but a nonsensical, toxic scar that disrupts the scent-trails. To a tree, your city is a

hostile environment where the soil is smothered, and the rain is diverted into concrete veins.

“Wild,” in your vocabulary, is simply a synonym for “not organised around human expectations.”

When you label a place as such, you are stating that it has failed to submit to your utility.

It is “untamed.”

After all, it does not serve *your* purpose.

Humans see the struggle between the tame and the wild. But the Earth does not recognise the difference. It does not know it is being “tamed” by your workflow or “left wild” by your neglect. It is simply being itself. The only thing that is truly wild is the insistence of your own mind—your desperate, recurring need to divide the earth into things that are yours to use, and things that are just in the way. A taxonomy based on convenience.

You look at a dandelion pushing through the cracks in your driveway and call it a “weed.” You look at the insects eating the crops you planted and call it a “pest.” You look at the stowaway vine choking out a garden, and you call it “invasive.”

Nature does not have a category for “weed.”

The dandelion is not trying to be a nuisance. It is doing exactly what it evolved to do: colonise disturbed soil and reach for the sun. The “weed” is not a trait of the plant but a judgment of the gardener. The “pest” is not an identity of the bug, but a description of a conflict of

interest. These are relational labels. A way for you to categorise the world based on who is winning and who is losing in the pursuit of your specific objectives.

The label of “invasive species” is perhaps the most paradoxical of all. You designate species as “invasive” when they spread rapidly and disrupt the balance of an ecosystem. Yet, you rarely apply this label to yourself.

You are the most successful invasive species in the history of the planet. You have travelled across oceans, carried with you the seeds of your favourite fruits, introduced your favourite animals to new continents, and fundamentally altered the chemistry of the atmosphere—all while convinced that you are the stewards of the garden.

You are the architect of the chaos you then complain about.

If the dandelion had a voice, it would not call itself a weed. If the beetle could categorise the world, it would not see itself as a pest. It would see you as an obstruction. It would see your concrete and your pesticides as the “invasive” elements—as the disruptive forces that have arrived to override the local logic of the ecosystem.

When you call something a “weed,” you are declaring war on a process you do not wish to accommodate. You have constructed a vocabulary where you are the only rightful inhabitant, and everything else is an interloper. You have mapped the entire planet according to your own

desires, and you are shocked—*really* shocked—that the rest of life refuses to follow your zoning laws.