

To worry, or not to worry—that is the question

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In this piece, we explore the age-old question of whether worry serves as a necessary burden or a hindrance to peace. Drawing inspiration from Shakespeare's classic soliloquy, we delve into the deeper implications of worry—not merely as a source of fear, but as a potential channel for cosmic, divine, or collective unconscious intervention. By reflecting on the nature of worry, we ask whether it acts as a call to action, a prayer, or even a force that shapes the very fabric of the universe. Through poetic introspection, we contemplate the balance between embracing worry and letting it fade, allowing readers to decide its ultimate purpose in their lives.

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To worry, or not to worry—that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of our silent fears,
Or to reject concern, and by rejecting, calm them.
To sleep—perchance to dream—aye, there's the hope,
That in such dreams, the collective mind doth stir,
Entwined with cosmic threads or God's great ear.
For in that worry lies the prayer unspoken,
The seed of thought that floats on winds unseen
To fall, perhaps, on fertile soil of the divine.
Thus, by worrying, we cast into the void
Our burdens, to be heard by earth or sky,
And though we suffer once, or suffer twice,
We may find, through care, a path to grace or light.
But in rejecting fear, do we dismiss
The very means by which salvation comes?
Thus, conscience gives weight to every choice,
And makes us question whether worry's weight
Be less a chain, or more a prayerful voice.

Thus, we stand upon the precipice of thought,
To worry, or to cast our cares aside—
That is the balancing of the heart and mind.
For in that act of fretting, do we plant
The seeds of warning, hope, or fear anew,
Which, like the fleeting wind, may stir the heavens,
Or rouse the sleeping force within the stars,
And call the universe to our accord.

For what is worry, if not a subtle prayer,
That, though unspoken, trembles in the air,
And finds its way to God's attentive ear?
Could worry then be woven into fate,
A thread entangled in the loom of time,

A plea unnoticed by the conscious soul,
Yet felt by all who dwell in realms unseen?
Or does it reach, like fingers through the dark,
To touch the pantheistic soul of all,
That every atom, every breath we take,
Is guided, shaped, by what we dare to fear?

Yet still, in worry lies a double wound:
For to endure the present's bitter thorn
And dwell upon the shadow of tomorrow,
Is but to suffer twice, and twice be torn.
Yet, could it be that in our fretted hearts,
We send a signal far beyond our ken?
And should we thus reject it, would we lose
The chance that heaven's ear might turn to us?

In wrestling thus with thought, we see the weight—
To worry, or to cast our cares away,
Is not a question lightly put to rest,
For in its fold, our very fates may lie.
And though we seek to silence fear's great din,
Perchance, within its murmur, waits a key,
That opens wide the door to what's unseen,
And turns our fleeting fears to victory.

Then must we ask, if worry serves us well—
Is it the herald of our doom, or hope?
For who can tell, in thoughts unformed, untold,
What strength they may possess, what path unfold?
Perhaps, within the quiet of our dread,
A secret knowledge stirs, a whisper calls—
That worry, though it wounds us, shapes the course
Of action, fate, and destiny at large.
For every anxious heart that feels the strain,
Might be the very spark that lights the way,

The first alarm that wakes a sleeping world
To dangers yet unseen, but near at hand.

Thus, to dismiss such worry as mere fear,
Is to deny the echoes of the soul,
The subtle voices that may cry for aid
And stir the Universe to its defense.
Might not the heavens listen to our care,
And weave the fabric of the world anew,
To shield us from the dangers we foresee?
In worry lies a plea, however small,
And whether sent to God or to the stars,
It cannot be dismissed as wasted breath,
But rather as a prayer unspoken loud.

Yet, still the question gnaws upon the mind—
If worry leads to peace, or peace to worry,
Which path shall prove the one that frees the soul?
For in our care we labor, strive, and weep,
But should we cast our burdens to the winds,
Would they, like seeds, take root within the earth,
To blossom into answers unforeseen?

Perhaps the weight of worry bears a gift,
That only those who carry it may find—
A chance to call the sacred and divine,
To hear our cries and send us strength in kind.
For even though we suffer in our fears,
We suffer not in vain, if from the depths
Of worry, grace or wisdom may arise.
Thus, in our trembling hearts, we find the spark
That kindles hope, or draws the eye of God
To intervene upon our mortal plight.

So worry not, and worry well, for both
May be the turning of the cosmic wheel—
And in this dance, this balance of the soul,

We find our place within the great design.
To worry, or to let all worry fade—
Is but a choice, a breath, and yet so much
May rest upon that breath, that thought, that care,
And how we face the unknown looming there.

Thus, we stand as creatures bound by time,
Caught in the current of the yet-to-come,
And in that flow, we cast our thoughts ahead,
Hoping to shape the path with what we dread.
For worry, like a shadow on the wall,
Does mirror what may come, but is it truth?
Or merely a reflection of our doubts,
A phantom born of fear, not fate itself?

Yet, who can say if worry's fearful art
Does not indeed paint echoes of the real?
For is it not within the mind of man
To glimpse what lies beyond the veil of now,
To sense the tremors of what yet may be,
And send them forth, as ripples in the sea
Of thought, of time, of all that yet might come?
Perhaps, in worrying, we see the thread,
A thread that winds through time's vast tapestry,
And by its pull, we guide our feet aright.

If so, then to reject this sense as naught,
Is to deny the power of the soul
To feel what lies beyond its reach of sight,
To turn its back on that which might be light.
For in the depths of worry, truth may lie,
A hidden gem, a path through darkest sky,
And in its weight, we find the strength to bear
The knowledge that our cares may spark a prayer,

And in that prayer, the Universe may bend,
Or God may listen, and His hand extend.

So worry not, and yet, perhaps, still do—
For worry, like a bell that tolls the hour,
May call attention to the distant storm,
Or raise the cry that wakes the sleeping guard.
For in our care lies more than simple fear—
There is the hope that something still may turn,
That by our fears, we send a message wide,
A call for aid that moves the cosmic tide.
If all is connected, as some believe,
Then what we feel may set the stars in motion,
And in that motion, answers yet may come.

Thus, to embrace the worry is to act,
To set in motion forces yet unknown,
That may return to us in kind or grace,
Or shape the course of time and space itself.
But to dismiss it as mere fleeting thought,
Is to forsake the chance that in its stir
Lies something greater, something we might learn—
For even in the worry, wisdom turns.

So, in this balance, what shall we decide?
To carry worry lightly, as a flame,
That flickers but illuminates the path,
Or douse it, and in darkness stumble forth?
Perchance the better course is not to choose,
But rather let the worry flow and fade,
To neither grasp too tightly nor reject,
But let it rise and fall, as ocean waves—
To ride it toward the shore of understanding,
Where fear and hope entwine, and truth is found.

Thus, in the end, what is this worry's place?
Is it a burden borne, or gift bestowed?
Perhaps it is the bridge between two realms—
The world of what we fear, and what may be,
A conduit where mind, and heart, and soul,
Might touch the edge of what is yet unknown.
To worry is to live within the tension,
To see the darkness and still seek the light,
To cast our cares into the boundless deep,
And hope they find a haven in the night.

For worry is both shadow and a spark,
And though it wounds, it also may ignite
The fires of thought, of prayer, of hope, of grace—
A call that rises through the void of space.
And in that call, the stars themselves may turn,
Or God may listen, and His answer burn
Through all the fears that hold us in their sway,
And light the path that leads us on our way.

So let us not deny this human care,
Nor cling too tight, as though it were despair—
But let it be the whisper in the storm,
The silent cry that seeks the cosmic form,
That calls to God, or Universe, or Fate,
And trusts that in the worry lies a weight
Of purpose, meaning, and a force unseen,
That turns our thoughts to what might yet redeem.

Thus, worry, and worry not, for both are one—
The choice is not to silence what we fear,
But rather let it flow and disappear,
Returning with the answers we have sought,
The wisdom born from every anxious thought.
And in this balance, we may find our peace—
A harmony of mind, where doubts may cease,

And in the quiet after worry's tide,
We stand, in faith, or hope, or light, and guide.

So ends the question of to worry or to not—
The answer lies in how we face the thought.
To bear it well, or lightly let it go—
Both paths may lead us to the truth we know.

