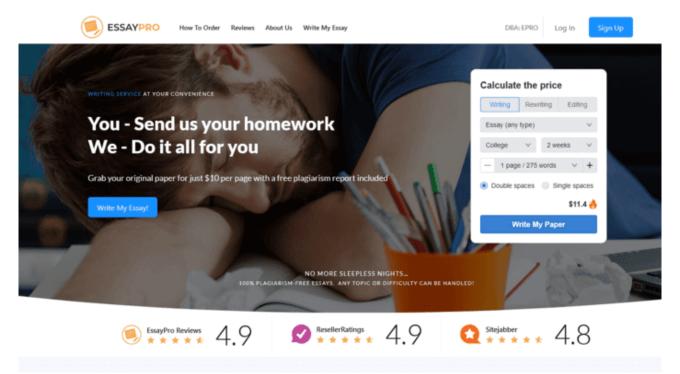
Narrative - Life with Escher



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Narrative - Life with Escher If you were to diagram my life, it would look very much like a drawing of Escher. Sometimes I feel like I'm the hand that's drawing a hand that's drawing itself. Other times I feel like I'm locked in one of those inescapable paradox cages. But most of all, I feel like I'm on the ever-ascending stairway that never goes anywhere. Life's canvas was not designed to be painted by human hands. Constrained by the limitations of space and time, crippled by the human inability to see the entire painting at

once, and gifted with an uncanny lack of judgement, I smear and smudge what I cannot go back and fix. At the same time, I worked hard to render my own image impeccably clear without the faintest idea of who I really was or the realization that I was constantly in flux, changing as often as a lonely flower bends before the force of the wind. Once I began to find outward stasis, my inward person grieved that I was not in the end what I wanted to be

I then looked to the Maker of the canvas and the Master <u>Painter</u> to draw something more perfect, more beautiful upon my heart and frame. But do I put down the brush and lay

at the beginning. My attempts were futile.

aside our pencils? No. I stupidly scribble all over the masterpiece of my Creator. Even if He asks me to stop (I only hear him if I haven't destroyed the <u>ears</u> He painted in) I stubbornly confound His every stroke. Worse, I think I made an improvement.

My life is also like Escher's paradox <u>cage</u>. This cage is of my own drawing. I thought I was building a palace for myself, but it restricted my movement. My own creation bound me, kept me from following the loving words of the Master Painter. He erased it for me once, but I was dumb enough to paint it back into existence. The funny thing, of course, is that it's just like the paradox cage. It doesn't really keep me inside. I just think it does. From my perspective, I have the illusion that it's an impregnable fortress when it's only a fake facade that need hold no one in, rendered so by the Master's nail-pierced hands. In the end, I choose to stay inside, though if I listened close, I'd hear the words of the Painter, guiding me through the illusion and onward in my life.

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