

Intelligent Life on a Planet

In the beginning was simplicity.
- Richard Dawkins

Intelligent life on a planet comes of age when it first works out the reason for its own existence. Though we may love a pretty face, take pride and pleasure in the look and feel of our lovelorn bodies (despite Falstaff's bawdy reminder that they are but sacks o' guts),

we know we are built as gene machines cultured on meme machines, colonies of symbiotic genes built by DNA to make more DNA; that living organisms exist for the benefit of DNA; that all life evolves

by evolutionary information technology
a differential survival of replicating entities
(having nothing to do with schizoid invisible father figures floating around with lightning bolts, bad temper, sexless

angels and one-way tickets to eternal torment or, if you're lucky, mindless bodiless suffusion in his so-called love); that when we have served our purpose we leave behind genes and memes, that their preservation is the rationale for our existence.

Then why are we so obsessed with monogamous fidelity?
a bitter legacy of monkish priesthood devoted to salvation in the incorporeal singular, monogamous matrimony and doctrinal sacrament one step down from celibacy,

a grudging acknowledgment that some purview is better than none. Enlightenment is to transcend the selfish gene by radiating while we are fortunate enough to still be alive peace love and harmony from every cell of the body.