

Why Walking Alone in the City Brings Freedom, Joy, and Clarity

What's popping, people?

It's Dante. Let's climb up this cliff — yeah, this is real fitness. You don't need a gym. Just climb a cliff in your local park.

I'm out here at the Fairmount Waterworks, walking the Schuylkill River Trail, finding uneven surfaces to hike up. That's good for you. That's real.

Why Exploration Brings Me Joy

I've lived in Philly my whole life. I've walked these streets a million times. But there's still **infinite novelty** in it. I can walk through the same blocks and still find new ways to play — alone — and that's a beautiful place to be as a human.

Exploration is joy. Walking with no agenda is a path to bliss.

In this weird modern world where everything feels atomized — where you're stuck in a cubicle, on a team you don't care about, in a building that steals your time — you can **still thrive** through something as simple as walking. Just *being*. Not dwelling on the past or tripping over the future. Just being present.

The Spirit of the Flâneur

I walk around the city like a flâneur — aimless, curious, soaking it all in. No schedule. No checklist. I can walk sunrise to sunset and be in that state of bliss. And I've come to this realization:

I don't really need anything from this world anymore.

No validation. No applause. No “likes.”

Just God. That's the only validation I care about now. That quiet inner peace — knowing that if I live aligned, if I build that relationship with the Creator — that's enough.

The Illusion of Success

Man... every time I run into this one neighbor of mine, she starts the same script.

“My daughter went to Harvard.”

“My husband is a millionaire.”

“My son is a lawyer.”

And I'm sitting there like... you literally don't even speak English, but you know **those lines** fluently?

Every interaction feels like a flex. Like success is a checklist of degrees and job titles. And then she hits me with:

“What is your profession?”

“What degree did you get?”

Smile. Nod. Get off the elevator. Back to my box. Sleep.

And it hits me — **what is the goal here?**

Money? Fame? Applause?

That kind of success feels empty now. Material, meaningless. Just a game of appearances.

Everyone's Rushing... But to Where?

Have you noticed how everyone's rushing? Every day — Target run, work commute, online orders, delivery vans, DoorDash, Uber, whatever.

But where are you going?

Like... what is this rat race even for? Is anything actually happening?

Dystopia on the Highway

I don't drive. I walk barefoot with my shirt off.
But every once in a while, I'll hop in a car with family or friends — and when I'm on the highway, I look out at the **sea of traffic** and it's like...

This is a dystopian movie. Sci-fi level weird.

Cars on cars on cars. Endless congestion.
But again — *where are y'all going?*
What's the point?

It's like the city's built on **paper shuffling** and **keystrokes**. And the only real work? It's the people sweeping the streets, hauling the garbage, fixing the pipes. The rest is just noise.

Proof of Work? Where?

I started thinking about Bitcoin. Proof of work.

And I thought: *What's the proof of work for fiat currency?*

Shouldn't it be:

- Clean streets
- Maintained roads
- Trash picked up
- Parks taken care of
- Water fountains actually working?

That's where our tax dollars go, right?

But there is no proof of work.

The roads are trash. Glass everywhere. I can't even ride my bike to work without popping a tire. So I just take the bus. Honestly, it's better.

Economic Slavery Disguised as a Career

We're \$37 trillion in debt.

And everyone's just running — chasing paper.

It's the carrot-on-a-stick economy straight into your grave.

Then what? You get replaced by the next battery.

A new human to extract energy from.

Money is economic energy.

It's your time and labor, compressed into currency.

But the currency keeps inflating. Your labor gets devalued. And you start to feel it — every time you swipe your card for groceries.

The Strike That Said Everything

Philly had a strike the other week.

The street cleaners walked out.

Trash piled up. The whole city stank. Nothing got picked up until they negotiated a wage increase.

And yeah, sure — they deserve it. But let's be real:

It's like asking your captor to loosen the rope around your neck.

It doesn't fix the root issue. We're still trapped in the same loop.

Green Water, Green Money

Check out this pond. The water's green.

Same color as money.

But why is it green?

Lack of maintenance.

Neglect.

It feels like a metaphor for everything.

Are We Devolving?

Sometimes I think... maybe we peaked before the Industrial Revolution. Maybe back then, things had more soul. More meaning.

Now?

It's just convenience, consumption, and comfort.

The human spirit is dulled.

The streets are cracked.

And the fountains don't work.

And I'm out here walking barefoot, chasing bliss.

Thanks for coming on this walk with me.

Let's keep moving.

—Dante