

## Anger

Anger for me is unachievable. I am though certainly no pacifist. I don't spurn anger, hostility, or even vindictiveness. Such feelings are simply beyond my reach.

Some would regard me as fortunate; say the world would benefit from more like me; or argue that anger holds no value. Such sentiment alas is naive, even risible.

There are many like myself. People for whom proactive emotions are lost to a resolve of hopelessness where resorts to gestures preclude the inducement of anger, contemptuousness or even love.

We march off to work daily inside our personal gulag where we mentally grind stone or salt without any illusion of comeuppance. Life remains a perpetual grist mill where without the disposition to become riled, we incessantly circle a figurative wheel while hitched to a yoke where we move without thinking, expecting nothing from the same arbitrary crucible that never burgeons; never wanes.

We are beyond the grasp of anger, or at least perceive ourselves as so. In times prior, we would jerk, pull from our bonds attempting to prove our dissimilitude from our kin. These futile labors coupled with the apathy of the unbridled surrounding us cause us to perish methodically without the faintest concession of our progressive, trifling demise. We accept, fall in line without any further scheming to regain what we lost. For without anger, there is no ambition, no diligence, no future.

Anger becomes integrally foreign. Even if able to redact our course we wouldn't. Men observed following long prison sentences - even the poor souls unfairly convicted - express no rage, no joy. Instead they begin what amounts to muddling, trying to decipher an existence where anger - where any emotion - possesses value and is permissible.

Released inmates and others devoid of sensations are urged to rejoice, relish their disengagement from their yoke. Cry, scream, curse, praise God - do something! Others fail to fathom that one's freedom from whatever helotry appears inconsequential. For without anger and its sister emotions we are adrift inside a world unable to comprehend what is in our hearts, our minds and our souls. And why our losses account for more and, like our years of detainment, are lost forever.