

October 2021



"Ego michi non Placeo"

I do not like myself...

My vision blurs... We carry the lives we've imagined as we carry the lives we have. And sometimes a reckoning comes of all the lives we have, lost... I am the fool, I think, dully... Sometime a reckoning comes of all the lives we have lost, and sometimes we take it upon ourselves to burn them to ashes... What am I searching for... That I will only know when I find it... Is it wisdom? Respect? manhood? Perhaps it is Love... sadness comes towards the end of every book...



It seems extraordinary that the complex psychology of a human being can be conditioned by means of despair... or institutionalization... I'd rather be beat with a stick... If I am such a wicked man... A man cast out. The man who fell. Feral. Ferox. Fairy. A man who has learned to expect nothing - after learning to live from loosing every thing. A man content. A man who is miserable on the inside. But appears docile and content. The last of a dying breed.... A convict produced by circumstance and not choice... by Fate.... "Wyrd bið ful aræd"... The Question is - Does Fortuna really favor the Brave?!