

Bury St Edmund's, U.K.
Brayfield Close
Caution: philosophical

1 January 2001
Y2K - Computer scare

The entire planet seems to still exist. Unless all outside this island smolders in ash. All the dooms-day prophets have once again been proven wrong as they attempt to prophesy that which God whispers to no man. Each of us being far unworthy to divine his message. We are all wrong. The world will go on.

I find it hard to believe that the entire world is worthy of damnation. Can there not be a few who bring brightness to all they touch? A few who see into the intricate symbols of life to retrieve messages meant for all? Will they too be crushed under a wrath of undiscerning balance? And what of me nibbling voraciously around the edges of the darkened plate?

Lest I tip judgement's damnation against my favor by proving insight to my very end, I shall not answer. And that is the gist of decline, from one, to all. The very means by which we invite destruction to our table simply by eating what we know is not meant for us. But why do we harbor such costly tastes in our foraging palates? What is the source of that hunger in me? A hunger that defies all manner of lesson which fallen men scribe in miles of yellow pages.

Which my eyes have thirstily perused, and yet failed to satiate that inner appetite. From what seed does that hunger come, carried forth from days before hungered-sight ever opened its eyes? Where did it nest as my smooth chest changed to sprouting forests of darkened maleness, where did it hide?

These are foolish questions – no man born can answer them. Yet I fear millions gone before my time can tell me in agonizing prose all the answers. If I could but hear them. For the abyss hides its truth in vengeful silence. I may not hear them any clearer than the pages they'd left behind. Than I leave behind for you to hear me.

Can these simple pages clear the flesh curtain from my sight before blindness owns me? Do not my very questions of me and all before me, bear testament to my fragile quest to rise above common man?

On any altar kneeling, I know words have little value and action alone is the currency by which heaven is earned. Why must all joy be wrung from life by the introspection of right and bad, effect and cause? Were we not meant for simple

joys by the very hands that molded us, blew life into us? Were we designed to never achieve our greater inheritance?

In that single breath instilled in me at the time life called me forth from the dismal void, what therein found its way from the creator's intended lips into the very fiber of my soul, undetected? How do I, mere mortal, discern such purpose and properly act?

Beyond the simple gift of my living a greater gift awaits if I live this life to its purest form. This I certainly know. No pages informed me so: my conscience does. All I do in this life will form the echo of my eternity.

With such measure in the balance, why have I not received all the tools by which this simple gift can be protected?

Is every man equipped in full measure to rise to the true apex of his design - beyond innate faults - they being existent to sharpen the very tools that come into being only through struggle and failure?

Far too many fall long before their value is truly known. Yet, their fall is never as steep as the fall of men who do know. The impact that these men's souls leave on the floor of the inferno echo forth for all time. For all men. A testament to the softer judgement offered ignorance over insight twinned with arrogance.

Into that single soul the angels never did speak quite loud enough to be heard above the din of a midnight pen scribbling the words of fools.

Moral Math: Ignorance + Arrogance = ?
Insight

Gnothi seauton

