

THE DEBTOR

I would offer you something - but everything I have
is either
borrowed or stolen.

Stolen from the bulk of Humanity which can claim
nothing as its own.

The faintest smile; the slightest moment of respite...
belongs to others.

The despair of the millions; the agony of those
death claims slowly...
is no less mine.

The - Debt - Is - So - Great.

Nothing is transferable...
no negotiating.

Where then in this barren womb is the renewal?
What is there of nourishment for the 'intangible'?

Nothing...

but the undying
conviction reflected
in familiar, trusted eyes.

Unqualified committment is the only Redemption.

BB-6-99

The Choice

Where now?

Perhaps there is hope for life someday-but not for
our lives.

Perhaps there is hope for happiness somewhere-but not
for us.

No expectations- only the acceptance of the Void- the
profound, inexpressable void...

That all-encompassing vacuum which demands from
us that we function according to Duty.

Who is keeping score in this absurd game? Will it
never end?

And who made the rules?

Such trickery!

If we wanted to 'win'... we would have already lost-
pitifully so.

But I wonder... when it is all tallied... when it is asked:

"Which wars did you choose? What battles did you wage?"

Who could answer better than we?

For did we not have a high road to travel and the way
made clear?

Did we not find the depth of oneness never before
encountered?... a moment being equal to a lifetime?

What greater heights could we have reached?

Did we not see life... and prefer death?

Is there not some Victory in the choice of Reality?

BB-6-VV