

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 commitment 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-G-VV

REFLECTIONS:

Look around-  
What do you see?

Greed,  
corruption,  
violence...  
Nothing worth saving!  
(except for the children)

So many soul-less beings,  
whose real substance  
has long been abandoned in the struggle.

For when the load grew heavy,  
it was quickly laid down in exchange for all-pervading apathy...  
now they are the walking dead.

There is no pulse left...

except for the children.

Gentle, wistful spirits-  
knowledgable of the secrets  
of creation.

Pitiful trespassors  
in a foreign world-

the children bear the scars of their parents battles.

There is no hope at all...

except for the children.

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