

A Renaissance In Paradise



*A Place Of
Opening*

*Few Regrets
Conjecture*

Your author, having recently finished, more or less (editorial excursions excepted), with his latest, a septuagenarian effort, entitled *Catherine*, asked: *Where Will It End?* Now, he is casting about for something to occupy him in the way of 'creative' mental activity; not content to rest upon any future laurels; and most eager to avoid any regrets for not having become so engaged; the question remains unanswered.

Where Will It End? has special significance, if we, in any way, begin to interpret what is happening beneath the surface to overwhelm our assumptions about the life we lead, and how we lead it. The hewers and criers are trying to alert us to certain inevitabilities that we scantily consider within our realm of assumptions. If they are correct in their assessments we might be in for a step backwards, perhaps a dire step backwards.

This one author is at the end of his run; what he envisions, he may absorb from others who like to predict things, 'if' and 'then' people; drawing conclusions variously, depending on how concrete the evidence they are studying, and evaluating.

What they are saying does not bode well. Because it does not, should one allow himself to imagine the worst, about which he feels powerless to do anything, or should he forget it all, continuing with his own little world; as does your author with his thoughts about A Renaissance In

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Paradise, when Paradise is about to become a hell hole full of the most unimaginable suffering for all of life? A bleary-eyed distraction as we slide over the precipice.

It is unlikely your author will be able to ignore certain truths; they will continually arise to haunt this manuscript, perhaps with a different emphasis than in *Catherine*.

The author had wondered whether the character of the young, lovely, enchanting, astute, Catherine might be included in his newer confabulations. Initially he has decided that his work, henceforth requires, at least, an 'antagonist', one, with whom he may carry on some 'meaningful' dialogue, lacking such ready-made conversant in his daily life (that is not to demean those conversations he has with his wife, who might tolerate them for other reasons).

Catherine would not be so much an 'antagonist', as an accomplice, a sounding board, without an echo, only somewhat representing the opposite; the opposite side of our natures, not necessarily antagonistic; more an apposite, an unresolved juxtaposition, to whom we think we are; seeking some resolution or accommodation within ourselves. It is, conjecturally, through that appositeness, we may reveal, to ourselves, who we are, what we are: and (*PAUL XXX*) why we are here, where we come from, and where we are going.

Solitary, each of us is, unmistakably, more or less condemned to solve it all, by ourselves; before the curtain falls, without regrets.

However, lets not be lonely and glum with our life sentence. There is much to enliven the spirit. There is much to be sensed and imagined. Hence Catherine, as one might surmise. More still, is the 'animus' or 'anima', that seeks wholeness through the engagement of another, who might also be traveling upon the same road. Hence Catherine, once again. To further enliven the discussion he anticipates that Theresa and Lydia, her sisters, somehow inseparable, will be found along the same byway.

The older generation, and the younger generation, often seem at odds, the older, more rigid (inflexible), living with fixed ideas, more certain of their prerogatives with regard to knowledge, perhaps pedantic on the one hand, cynical and faithless on the other; the younger, by nature, eager, flexible, full of faith in themselves; wanting to pry open the status quo, seeking an admittance, on its own terms, which the older instinctively resists, feeling threatened by a takeover; or, because of its irrelevance, no



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admittance at all. While Catherine and William may not symbolize and fulfill this latter pronouncement, it is to be understood their differences often do proceed from their generational élan, or lack thereof.

There is only one world in which both must coexist; in which all must coexist, if life is to continue for all.

What is that only world in which all must coexist?

Lest we forget, or fail to recognize the fact; but needless to remind one with any sense of things, that world is to be found upon and within **this** planet, Earth; not some extraterrestrial abode. One may choose to regard that oblate spheroid as his (hers, perhaps) and his (hers) alone. Those who so regard, are in for a tough go, without armaments, razor wire, and guard dogs. Because there is not any other world, those who so regard this one and only planet as theirs and theirs alone, doubtlessly will cause havoc and misery for the rest of those who also reside here, also theirs, equally, during their very brief, and often painful, sojourn through life; life, as opposed to non-existence. Not their sojourn through non-existence, then, although it may appear to be so, but their infinitesimal, however so seeming unendurably long, sojourn through life; their one and only life.



What is life beyond a rise and fall, an excursion between anabolic and catabolic states? Supposing we know the answer to that, what is life to become on the planet earth? Which some have characterized as Paradise; which the others, who haunt us, tell of dire things upon the horizon.

What is Paradise?

Each of us might define Paradise as a dreamy place, wholly dedicated to various kinds of fulfillments. A series of happinesses without end, as we often imagine that other place so often referred, but left undeclared in this opus. In the author's early life there was such a place, variously known as the United States of America, mostly a fairy-tale place. A relatively long life, at this point in time, 75 years, has proven such a place a doubtful Paradise, lacking something vital to such a non-utopian conceptualization.

The author wishes to focus upon that oblate spheroid, referred earlier; undivided, unfenced, without borders. Alluding to that other place, which we also imagine, but about which we can know nothing, absolutely nothing, that is, a lot less than we know about this place, and which we cannot shape or alter or influence, does not seem a proper consideration in these cogitations. It is the immediate that requires his attention; the ground upon which he imagines he stands, whether he view it as Paradise, as a desolate place, or, as a Hell Hole.

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The author refuses to acknowledge a deity, and will only refer to the deity as so many of us do, out of habit, and reflexively, when we swear, whether we are swearing upon a *bible* (imagine that, will you) in the courtroom, or swearing when we strike our *thumb* with a hammer; both are in vain; hence the invocation to not utter His (or Her, or Its) name in vain, on the pain of perjury. The deity thing was another of those phenomena that came, part and parcel, with his early life, much in the same way as did The United States Of America, as a hopeful whitewash of things little understood.

The author does not presume to know how or why it is he stands upon that oblate spheroid. His life and living have not revealed to him any reason for his existence, or anyone's existence; or *his* planet's existence.

He tentatively believes it is for each of us to assign a purpose to a life, that otherwise seems purposeless; objectively speaking. It is not his particular desire to own a SUV, and to obtain his petrol from Iraq to get to go from here to there. But he is a *homo sapiens* male nonetheless, whose level of testosterone has gravitated to *homo sapiens* male things. One of his male things has become a Dodge pickup with a Cummins, which requires petrol from Iraq to get it from here to there. Iraq is symbolic as well as it is real. In The United States Of America there isn't enough petrol for everybody who owns a vehicle, wanting to get from here to there, to actually get from here to there. One of the great lacks in Paradise. As in Mycenea of old, consuming its forests in the manufacture of armor, we are consumers, without conscience, or foresight. In more modern times, many places on the divided planet still consume its wooded soul in the making of fortunes; take heed! (Be forewarned!) What happens to the forest, happens to us all.

Reproduction of the beast, *homo sapiens*, is the least of the purposeful activities in which one might engage, so the author conceives. His reasoning in this matter is rather simple; and might even be obvious to many, who are aware of the redundancy of an aimless occupancy. Out Of Balance with the available wood supply. A thought! A sojourn to Haiti for all to see.

Continuance without aim has so often, more often than not, resulted in razing and ruination of our fondest wishes. It is resulting in an ironical (heavy stuff [476 lbs./cu.ft.]) juxtaposition, wherein the continuance seems to require the utter destruction of the planet; so assumed as Paradise; our only one. Must one thus assume this is not Paradise? Or, because it so abused and so little revered, assume the irrelevance of the place?

The author seems to have resolved upon what he terms, in a self-evident fashion, A Holding Action. A stopgap intellectualizing of what seems the case; that might offer the slimmest measure of hope. Because, without hope, it is even more dire than the whole prospect of life truly

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seems. His life in The United States Of America has brought him to these conclusions.

The author does not wish to foreclose upon that which might occur if the whole of humanity would 'get its act together', reaching beyond the mere inanity of surviving in a heap, toward some professed goal for the whole, in which each life does indeed share with hope and enthusiasm, all that is to be found in living a life upon this one and only viable planet; and, of course, with emphasis, living life to its fullest potential. He would not want to foreclose that possibility in The United States Of America, however much he despairs of it ever happening; despite the dedication of Catherine and her sisters and their friends. The author is still mindful of Alfred North Whitehead's conjecture, that we had missed the boat (we passed up the opportunity to become a truly great nation).

This whole confabulation must begin with a reverence for life. Without reverence, there isn't any possibility of the human prospect ever succeeding. Each life is precious, and the more precious it conceives itself to be, the more precious it will become. Study yourself in a mirror, how you are put together, how each part of you functions; marvel at yourself; and others; and other forms of life, as whole functioning units. Study that buck whose horns you want to put upon the wall of your den, BEFORE you shoot it, fat slob that you are; because you might be skinny; well, what can you say? There is, without question, some kind of imperative assigned to this manner of observation, with accompanying conjecture. We must. We must. We must.

It truly does go without saying that all conflict must cease; all of man's inhumanity to man must cease, man must bring under control his 'capital sins', the aggregate of all those aggressive creeds must cease, all prejudice must cease, all resistance to assimilation must cease, because these are mostly incompatible with the basic reverence for life; reverence for all forms of life. They interfere with the establishment of any lasting civilization.

The author might argue more in this vein, at this time, but, since he has already done so upon so many other occasions, most recently in *Catherine*, the repetition would only dull the response to his latest approach to the dilemma facing mankind; facing humanity; facing all other forms of life (those affected by the presence of man, insensitive and uncaring, as the author perceives the ho ho macho hunter with his death dealing weapons, [as the author often regards the macho Ernest Hemmingway]), and, with emphasis, to be found upon and within this one and only viable planet, Earth. One ravaged and destroyed planet is enough.

The newer approach involves dialogue that, through its aegis, would hope to elicit certain truths revealed through their self-evident nature, as they emerge and develop through the ensuing dialogue.

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There will be no attempt to achieve absolutes; only what seems feasible in the realm of possibilities, and probabilities, as was the case in *Catherine*.

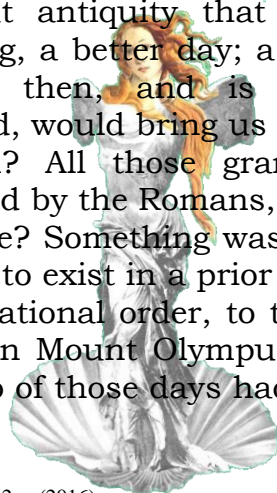
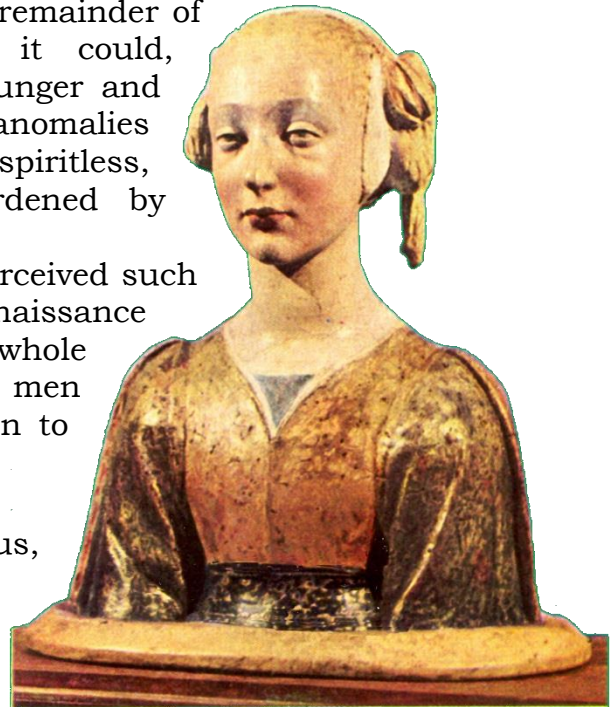
The notion of *A Renaissance In Paradise* borrows something from another age, perhaps truly imaginary, wherein much cultural activity and artistic ferment, occurred through the influence of the 'Church', and with the aid of the wealthy who wanted to propitiate certain of the deities, all occurring within a few provinces of central Italy.

However, only a very limited number were involved in the actual participation of this activity, while the remainder of mankind struggled along as best it could, contending with the elements, with hunger and disease, the slings and the arrows, the anomalies and the vicissitudes, often spiritless, overwrought with apprehension, burdened by poverty and unrequited desires.

It is how we, of a later age, have perceived such activity. And how we perceived the Renaissance man, as some kind of complete and whole individual; to repeat, only a very few men (even fewer women) were in a position to partake of such high-minded activity. The *Renaissance Man (Woman)* was, and is, a rare, anomalous, individual.

Renaissance. What does that term signify? Does it signify, rebirth, renewed vigor, and renewed interest, revival? In what way? The revisiting of antiquity, embellishing the now with antiquity; the best of antiquity? Part (only part) of the older activity (the best) from which we have derived a concept of *The Renaissance*? Be mindful of what Frank Lloyd Wright has had to say regarding imitators of imitators of imitation. The abuse (exploitation) of antiquity.

What was it about antiquity that so impressed itself upon us? Imagining, and desiring, a better day; a more replete way? Imbued with something that was then, and is now, missing? A mysterious missingness, if imitated, would bring us back to life, resuscitate our dead and dying civilization? All those grand architectural remains from ancient Greece, imitated by the Romans, and so many others, and reborn during the Renaissance? Something was absent from the daily trudge of mankind, that seemed to exist in a prior time? An intellectual something, a very defined order, rational order, to the concept of man, an intimacy with Gods that lived on Mount Olympus, not to be found in Ta Biblia? Perhaps the status quo of those days had become as worn and listless as



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is the status quo of today. Not so much a renaissance as a need to fill the one and only unremitting timeless void with meaning.

The author is not unaware, as he scribbles along, that there are other cultures who view Mount Olympus as anything but what it is; as mythological, a place of scattered ruins, like those in the Yucatan. The Greeks did leave behind Herodotus, Thucydides, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Plato, Socrates. Homer and Pindar. Myron and Praxiteles, and Nikos Kazantzakis.

Other cultures are imbued with their own mythology. It will be imagined by the author that other cultures are also staffed with his look-a-likes, however shaped and hued. He imagines they also resurrect, and enshrine, their ancients in some mystically relevant manner.

Have we grown beyond such conceptualizing? Do we need to create something entirely new? Imagine a new kind of social agitation that metamorphosis into a structure that contains the elegance and grace of some of the finest cathedrals,



temples, mosques, decorated with the flora and fauna that is so much a part of our daily existence; that invites all to revere life, to worship it as sacrosanct, without any



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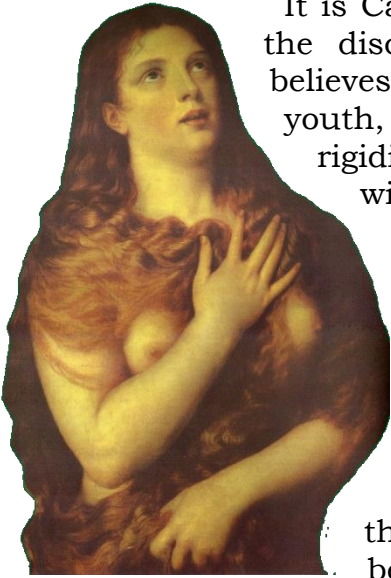
attribution to Gods. No great loss, the square phallic Twin Towers; open space regained momentarily; time to rethink who we are, why we are here, and where we are going. Something else that will still celebrate life, will engage the masses with a new enthusiasm, a new purposeful dedication to an overriding concern for a sharing togetherness? For once and for all. No more lip service. No more garish towers for worshipping the Golden Calf. Yes!, I have heard in the background the denigration of Utopian schemes, as unrealistic and impractical. Not so, not so. Regard the emptiness of what we have so far promulgated. The most bang for the buck, the sheer occupancy of the place.

You have heard most of this before; it bears repeating. I heard someone say: 'So, they got the Twin Towers; let's move on.' He was a Wall Street Currency Trader for Goldman Sachs. He should know; a modern-day soothsayer?

Your author is divided in his perception of possibilities. What he esteems his knowledge of modern, self-centered man to be, convinces him the aforementioned aimed purposeful activity is not possible. He has become mired, perhaps anchored in his cynicism, almost without relief, seeking confirmation of his attitude, rather than remaining open to hopeful possibilities. Yes!, the possibilities do exist, as Catherine and her

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sisters insistently emphasized and demonstrated through their studies and activities, but he believes the probabilities do not, because mankind, besides being selfish, is largely listless and acquiescent; and in these times, if not, in all others, paranoid and fearful; suspicious of his fellow man, and fearful that *man* will bring about his demise. It is only *man* who will violate all of his own commandments, laws, tenets, and yes, dreams, sacrificing all he knows for his short-term gratifications. Whether he isn't doing, or is doing, these things, he is often hostile aggressive and destructive (in case you haven't noticed lately).



It is Catherine, and her sisters, that have entered into the discussion (the Lists), only because the author believes any real hope exists in fresh faced idealistic youth, those full of energy and eagerness, those not rigidified, ossified, in their thought, and habits; without something to lose, something material. Not resigned to introspection and defeat; and cynicism. Naïve? An unfair assessment of earnest bright young people? While there are Delilahs, Mata Haris, and Lucretia Borgias, the author prefers and chooses the female over the male as the emissary of his highest hopes, hence Catherine, and her sisters.

Are there no suitable male counterparts? Is the author prejudiced toward the other sex? He believes the latter happen to be more acutely sensitive to the living; and he finds them more attractive, especially when he gets to say who they are, what they are, and how they are made.

In *Catherine*, youth, a particular youth, engaged itself in dealing with human suffering, human want, human need. Theirs was a choice made from a feeling of compassion (identification with another's suffering), a sense of idealism; realizing, knowing they had to begin somewhere.

As must we all, if we ever expect to arrive at this needful destination, a more or less predictable, dependable, and lasting civilization.

For Catherine, and her sisters, some things were self-evident.

In their view, there are many things we must do in order to accord our better sense, to get with, and fulfill the program.

The author is a writer (scribbler) situated in the 'West'. The shift of influence in world affairs is occurring in the 'East'; speaking of antiquity; the Orient. What can these new imitators bring to 'civilization', after millennia of upheavals and quiescences, and upheavals; now overburdened with rampant number; somehow proving that unbridled reproduction is a questionable practice (short-term gratification?). Only a selfish insistence that number helps to gain the highest point, but not the establishment of sensibility; and somehow demonstrates lack of

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restraint, and profound ignorance (simply put, some people can outfuck some other people, exponentially; the gratifuckation principle?).

It seems easy enough for the author to criticize. It is not that he would not hope that that ancient culture would bring to us all some semblance of the grander improvement of things; those that we attest we so desire. However, it is a place where the female, no matter how brilliant or beautiful, is only an adornment, remaining a second class citizen. If, in their great number, they succeed in their dominion, without the accouterments of an imaginative, newly infused, all inclusive, egalitarian, lasting humane 'civilization', but only those of all ancient, even more recent, dominating, uncaring regimes; well, the author ceases here, instead, predicts, they will fall, like all the others, thereby affirming that life is mostly a pointless repetition of unlearned lessons. A wasteland of broken dreams; indeed, a Hell Hole, and not a Paradise.

Yes!, your author is engaged in lamentations over the abject failure of our own civilization, and the desecration of Paradise by a befouling animal. He looks elsewhere out of desperation. He does not wish to leave this domain believing there is not any hope.

He is seeking A Class Act.

He cannot do it alone. Don Quixote could not do it alone; that 'other guy' couldn't do it alone, invoking an unseen deity; Catherine can not do it alone. There isn't anyone alive, or dead, who could do it alone. As Theresa would say: **"We are all part of the problem, we are all part of the solution"**

In *Catherine*, the author asked the reader, as well as the characters, how he or she, or they, would like that opus to end; also, he thought such inquiry might apply to the beginning.

If the author is to allow all those to take charge of his work, what remains for him to do?

If only. If only. He would gladly retire from the field, if others were so engaged. A Happier Place? Would he notice?

The author, being who he is, on the road to nowhere, dares to raise the subject of *Regrets*. He does not possess the means to fall back upon Philanthropy, as a last resort, (that inglorious safety net for all of suffering humanity) to appease a dubious conscience. To emblazon his name grandiosely as benefactor on the Pearly Gates.

This very act of scribbling is an attempt to circumvent such concerns, to which many of us must answer. A *final accounting*. Writing off into the sunset. A Gift of Ideas.

It matters not how we began this journey, or who placed us upon the road which we have followed. It is what we have outlined for ourselves to do. Illusory, tentative, and amorphous may have been the goal, but it is

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our involvement in the pursuit of that goal that somehow has lured us beyond into realms unknown, ones which, abiding notions of our own personal integrity, we feel we cannot abandon, as part of our bargain with the fates.

We have used up our life in this illusory manner; following one trail or another. Was there a right one?

Each one of us has had to deal with the Human Condition, the anomalies and vicissitudes, the slings and arrows, kicking against the pricks, foundering in the slough of Despond, in the cave of Despair, the pitfalls; often desperate and heartbroken; with hope deferred, followed by dashed hopes; and vain expectations. Abandoned to the Golden Rule; to trickle down, to the private sector, to 'God helps Those Who help Themselves', rejected by the last resort; the worst come to the worst, as well, a victim of indifference; that of both the creator and man alike.

At the very end of the road we have arrived at some kind of understanding of things; perhaps, that we had taken the wrong road, being amongst them.

All roads may be said to lead to the same place. Why all the fuss?

The author has attempted to deal with *Regrets* in another writing, after he was diagnosed with the dreaded **C**. He has lived with the dreaded **H** and the dreaded **C** for a number of years. Somehow these seem minor in comparison to the dreaded **R**. The dreaded **R**, which is part and parcel of the dreaded **D**, and before the dreaded **D**, the dreaded **P**, or **A**, or **S**. The author knows a lovely lady stricken by **MS**.

His was to somehow epitomize his **R** through recalling something his dreamy youth had only imagined. Sailing around Cape Horn. Sailing around Cape Horn is not only symbolic, but real. This is how he posed the quandary to himself:

Grandiose Imaginings?

The things I have not done. The things I have not done. The things I have not done will become the things I will never do. The things I will never do are things that weigh upon my conscience. They make mockery of my life, because they are things I imagine I could have done, if I had had more self-discipline, and perhaps more courage, or more zeal, or megalomania. Don't ask, 'How many things it is one can do?'

I had wanted to sail around Cape Horn; I had wanted to sail to Romantic climes. More nearby I wanted to sail to and throughout the Queen Charlotte Islands. So steeped was I with tales of nautical adventures.

I have wanted to travel to Chile, perhaps ever since my sixth

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grade Geography class. To the Straits of Magellan, and that southern region ever since reading Joshua Slocum and Rockwell Kent.

My storehouse of doings and not doings, of imperfect doings, one's that I know could have been better done, are accompanied by a litany of rationalizations. Even though I am aware of them as excuses, I use them anyway; one needs to move on; perfection becomes an impossible task in the face of all the other tasks that serve our vanities.

Don't ask, 'How many things it is one can do?'

*Such a plaintive refrain. Echoed again in *Knotted Twine*, more lengthily, and more whimsically, in a chapter entitled *Cabin Fever*:*

If you happen to be confined within a small sailing vessel and your propensities urge you about as though your pantaloons contained undiscoverable burrs or creepy crawly creatures, then, when the weather persists in waves of adversity, in a stormy wetness, and for long periods of time, sequestered in a small confining cabin, it may be conjectured you are ready for the try-works.

A symptomatology: The ingestion of copious quantities of caffeinated elixirs; an intense and prolonged fidgetiness; a staring out-of-doors at the inclemency absorbing the gloom; the onset of extreme irritableness; an inability to concentrate; incipient claustrophobic alarm; extreme sensitivity to sound and the almost uncontrollable urge to stick pins into your companion(s).

Aye!, then, 'tis one's home upon the sea becomes a veritable try-pot. True enough it is, if your temperament is such ye canna calm your inner workings, or provide sufficient unto yourself some entertainments as to endure the waking hours in a most composed manner, being obliged to endure these activities for a week or more at a time, 'tis probably something you ought begin to train for, that is, if ye should desire to make passage into the higher latitudes. If ye are so fond of the sea and imagine ye desire such wondrous adventures as your imaginings devise and should these encompass a lengthy 'spanse of time in a small vessel, and if a far greater impatience loom as expression of your character, perhaps an excursion in the Caribbean would exist as the wiser choice of places to sojourn in order to conduct

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some experiments with this dreamier stuff.

One might reflect upon the lot of incarcerated unfortunates 'doing time', pondering the condition of their sanity, and wonder at barred concrete cubicles as proper sustenance for the soul, and as corrective device for the errant and ailing scoundrels amongst us. One might also consider that if he was to slay his companion in a fit of cabin fever, what would await him in the way of rebuke. The Ministers of Death claim Capital Punishment is not cruel and unusual.

One often hears tell of the indifferent persuasion of 'four walls' and how it is these are often 'climbed'. Ah Yes!, if one but had available to him such a cliff to traverse within the chambered nautilus that wears him upon the sea.

Nay!, oddly enough, one finds his own self the sole companion in these affairs - should he be a conscionable mate. Now 'tis I invoke once again, as some intoning clapper hinged inside thy bony crypt, Herman's: 'We demand eternity for a lifetime; when our mortal half-hours too often prove tedious'.

Truly, sometimes 'tis not Paradise welcomes us. 'Tis said the old and sickly, in contention with their infirmities, often cede the battle.

'Tis no longer the inclement weather, or the four walls, or the bit of a cabin aboard ship, but the persuasion of the life within this sack of flesh propped aright in some arrangement of bone and tendon; therein lie the nave of thy sailings hither and yon; therein ye elect to draw the very breath that sustains ye.

But, oh!, there are times when the very limbs ache for locomotion, their cells clamoring for the discharge of some involuntary command; perhaps 'tis then one ought suit up, brave the elements to pace the deck, however incommodious, beating upon his chest, wailing out the phlegm, demanding of the heavens just cause for this Sturm and Drang.

What one would give to hoe a field of potatoes? And what caged animal might not wish to do the same, or perhaps pull upon a plow until struck by a thunderbolt?

In actuality, there are milestones during the day; 'stations of the cross' as one might allude, as he observes some ritual approach to the unfolding hours. Surely we may labor in service to the alimentary canal; even the sage ensconced in his Ivory Tower

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cannot provide succor from goose quills, ink and parchment.

Prepare the table!!! Then 'tis, one may ply his sack of bones with enticements from the ship's stores giving employment to the ship's cook, and perhaps 'tis she or he may then provide a subtle admixture of patience to the brew. One might wish it so. In between the grosser repasts, nibblings might sate imaginary appetites while dissolving the hours. Then again, one might nibble with his eyes some special volume he had reserved for occasions such as these. Often enough such a compromise is painless, and often enough this fever is only a manifestation of one's very own unfamiliarity with himself - a confrontation, as it were, with oneself.

Solitaire - blessed solitaire!

'Oh Gud!, are you that person I have betrayed so often, to whom I have promised feats of glory, whom I have postponed time and time again. 'Tis now you hunt me down, 'tis now when I am least able to pay, you choose to collect your debts'.

Perhaps 'tis then, from out the depths of these doleful moments, we become reinspired; we envision making amends, reawaken and renew those stale promises; 'tis then we anticipate the glorious rewards -Ah Alas! "When I return I shall make thee into an epic - wait and see!"

The storm fades; the confining quarters loosen their grip; the eyes glaze; one projects a vision, a grand scheme upon the blurring outside world. One has finally triumphed; he has labored long; he has tapped his utter core; he has produced a masterpiece; he has evoked the WORD; he is lauded far and wide, the world over, with laurels heaped upon him; they have awarded him the Nobbledegook Prize!

One begins to yawn (RCWD).

The road seems long one day, while upon another, one wonders where it had gone. One tires of living the good life. One tires of living the bad life. Each harbors its own consequences. Regrets seem to be part of the equation. Above the door he had posted a sign: *Perseverance*. One does such things. Does one need to be reminded?

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How about it, do you want the threesome again?

Some nice lookers anyway. Gotta have nice lookers to get the ball rolling; to get the author's ball rolling; that doesn't infer 'balling a chick'.

