



Do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

Pax Vebiscum,

Life at times' doesn't seem to want to allow one to remain Optimistic, everyday bringing with it consuming darkness and dancing shadows.

At times I truly wonder how anyone can be anything other than Nihilistic? However, I do suppose we must seek the light, even in the darkness.

I believe it is in the heart of darkness that one must sit and learn the secrets of silence that they might in return set out to successfully construct that temple with stones that no hammer nor chisel hath defiled.

Have not heard from Zahra in quite some time now, she was suppose to visit on the 20th and 27th of April, but a no show on each date. Shes no word from her leaves me to ponder whether or not she has decided to move on? Never could I blame her for shed given me 7 plus good & joyous years and should she depart here, then I could only bid her farewell with utmost love and warm prayers and blessings. Sadness no doubt would engulf this heart, yet for her happiness and success, it would be but a small sacrifice.

This said - allow me to share a few poems with you.

oo oo oo oo oo oo

"Running"

Running carelessly through the hallways of life, swimming without aim nor guidance through it's murky sea of strife. Neither here nor there - can't seem to find that guiding light anywhere.

Running without hesitation into the arms of my old nemesis death, like the young virgin falling into the arms of her love - palpitating heart, panting breath. Running! Can't out run life so deceiving.

III

Running as fast as we can, often with no sense of direction - dead into a land of nowhere, so in need of connection; Send us that guidance, that light of direction from somewhere.

ⓓ E. Baugness 4/15/2013

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"Deliver Us"

Come my dear, would you wipe away these bloody tears and sing with me to calm the inner fears. Help me tear away evil's disguise, then uncover heavens violent demise.

Innocence - in all its youth, is there any serious relevance?

How subtly is it stolen by time, that old slithering thief and with it, the most ancient of temples robbed of belief. Wake me up and sail me across times turbulent seas - send me off into the heart of lifes cruellest realities.

Send me a prophet, one to teach me the way to transcend this world of illusion and escape all the bloody confusion. Tell me my beloved friend;

Will it all really matter in the end?

Where is this man-made god they say can save us - give deliverance and peace ever so glorious? From this world so chaotic, each breath, every step seemingly disastrous; Do you truly believe that anyone can or will deliver us?

David "SFX" Daughess 3/17/2013

Thanks once again for the opportunity to share a little bit of myself. For each and everyone beyond these prison walls it is my will and desire that warm smiles & laughter give their hearts and lives.

Love is the law, Love under will.

Tax Vibiscum
David "SFX" Daughess
4/28/2013

"Nosce te ipsum, sic itur ad astra... per aspera!"

"know thy self, thus one goes to the stars... by hard ways!"