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#141815

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It's been just splendid, since my last posting. All the unwritten bounty, not mentioned in the brochure. Well, if everything was advertised, they would be over-run with tenets.

One of the unspoken; the slow stripping away of soul and spirit, that while pervasive as it is, as a matter, to acknowledge it, flies in the face of the unbreakable human spirit, enduring to the end—think Victor Frankl and "Man's Search for Meaning"—the inspirational, faith and hope building experiences that imparts optimism for our personal plight. It is though. It is active, behind the eyes of the courageous facade; the decay that consumes the constituents of our being outside of our physical matter.

I walk the halls of my section, the corridor of the prison, and I see and feel it. 'Don't do that,' don't acknowledge or give life to the impeding void of empty darkness; ignore the encroachment, the chasm of nothingness that is becoming life, existence itself. It is to perpetuating to grant acceptance of.

This November, 22 years in. It's here.