



DEWLOGIC

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Truth, Somewhere I live

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**Truth, Somewhere I live**

To think is to being, to redeem is to sink, and Contrails trace vast sky spaces as a writer writes a book—with the mind as a pilot, undetached from the length of its path. The Contrail patterns are opposing in direction but always belonging in work. And the delightful subtle dignity touches the tip of my mind all the time that this great misunderstanding of me, of my words is the very proof that I over-stand the end of all words as the beginning, contrail patterns bellowing after me as wind to my skin.

Every world starts with the illusion of powers—those given by the presupposition of emotions.

Life is not a burst of colors, emotion is. Like contrails to the wind, emotions follow from good drama. Good drama may follow a line; the writing heart must outline a mind. There, with mind, love presupposes it. But when the heart of a nation becomes deranged by the belief in love where none may be found, a country becomes a rat, its heart growing bigger while the mind is reduced, and can hardly contain its reality.

The rat presupposes a life, love with it. But its mind fails it. Its heart flickers and dilemma is

set up when a green rat is trying to wear black. Its heart fails. Unlike a functioning squid, which is abundant with depth and knows phases of the peripheral, it knows not the abundant graces of a functioning self. Its pilgrimage is always seasonal. Its mind fails in its inability to mend seasons.

The squid respire by the bonds of its affinity with itself less it becomes a timely illusion. Thus it necessitates life a present reckoning for a future awakening—as the product of its movement across distances horizontal and vertical.

Like a squid I try to give multi-directional foothold to my work from a highly rationalized perspective, and there, persecution calls a newer future much more than a technological breakthrough can. A highly rationalized mind has both the ability of stance and the dignity of stance. But when a nation calls a lie and a lie a nation, fidgety is the fate of the thief always about to be caught. He has no humanity with which to make things right. His God will not love him. His wife will not have him. And the waters drenching his fate will never offer him bliss. His best is in the mythical, a misplaced romance projected with followers heartening to life without a shred of a conscience with which to tie. He has no reality on

which to place his height, his mass is an illusion, his weight, a proposition, and there he foolishly places his securities in order to afford glory.

The wickedness of the glorious disgraces their faith.

I may wonder who breathes for me. I can simply take it that no one does. I can never wonder such. There is no proximal love close enough to speak my fate at length or in short. I may also wonder what makes an empty valve speak volumes in blood. There is no other vein on earth that can carry my flow: my love, my poison, my passion, my strength, my weakness, my life, my blood. None, but mine.

I waited for the sun to rise.

And sitting in the convergence of seats in the park, the sun rose as expected. Shallow headed, I walked around the park watching it from below, thinking. And as I moved against the building in front of me, it blocked its direct impact on me. On the move, I noticed it, the open space between the building and the one next to it. There was a convergence of artificial light formed through a

curvature from behind the first building to the front of the second building in relation. By artificial here I mean light provided by the sun either directly or through convergence of light in space. From this definition, the sun is the only natural light there is. Anything light formative from its existence is outside it and is artificial.

I walked around the park to stand in line with the sun again. And calculated, due to the fact that the earth revolves around the sun, the sun was in reality enjoying static freedom, and with its ability to engage light directly and through space-directed convergence which may be separable from it, the sun also knows the delimitation of space concurrently.

What is fascinating about this effect of the sun was that it didn't need mirrored surfaces to achieve the externalized convergence of light. It didn't need a slit or a hole. It didn't need to be derailed, directed, and controlled. It needed the association of space. It needed two surfaces in proximal-distal contact and able to accumulate light particles within space.

The sun is everywhere thoroughly, and everywhere magnificently detached.

And on the park bench I sat knowing the very same things the sun knew at the moment and knowing one thing more—strife.

There is no wonderment to strife. It always shows itself as a sharp heritage of pain. And in strife, the world turns under, an escapade of lies. This world, which won't give any chance to me; has me head first in love, buried deep in loss, conqueror, conquered, indefatigable in life.

And the fallacy runs deep into the city streets where no God may live—that life is wonderment where there is no love. But strife, strife persisted as somebody's bridge to a world unknown, the world of light where only the chosen may be.

Where there is no love, there is no love.

There is no love.

Where love wasn't expected, I *show up*. And intelligence turned prejudice, turned itself upside down, beckoning the way for the evil I couldn't foresee.

At the heart of the immaterial movement of hatred is the supposition that success should fit appearance, and appearance success. And thus

there is the light appearance which shows down everywhere artifact, on this the illusion of betterment is built. And there is such the light not-apparent which shines from within, with the ability to converge light outside itself, as the sun. This I believe holds the only affirmation of natural light.

And true natural light makes bridges across the oddest lines of persecutions. Its truth is higher, greater than any and all artificial luck stars. And this truth is a painful sting for those who must bridge their way in a world run by and filled with hatred.

The world shines on luck. Nature belongs to the sun. And such trivialized sources of intelligence, the United States Media for instance bellow the highest unnatural calls and never return a natural thread. They will always run on artificial light for artificial light for profit, redeeming a soulless medium. The more technical, status and money oriented a media becomes, the higher the possibility they will be a source of prejudice and egotism, and also, the higher the possibility they will make the public blind to it. And it is this that most citizens are tuned into, trivializing their intelligences to the most trivial most convenient sources of entertainment, becoming banal and ill-

adept without a care in the world for the state,  
sometimes truly unable to help it.

Everyone is bored. And every one is plain.  
And everyone belittles themselves by being every  
one conveniently.

Undoing a nation is not my business. The  
individual always has a synonymous soul to offer,  
sometimes hard to uncover. Kindred, I have  
figured as I reckon myself with none at the  
moment, is that human whose mind beckon mine  
with a slow and steady delimitation of spatial  
disparity. If I cannot connect with a reader with a  
certain sense of depth, and then encounter the  
same across infinitesimal fold, if I am not that  
author, I will rather not have had a reader.

Every long lasting relation knows a depth of  
relation that is forth giving, forthcoming and  
dependable. Every long lasting self has a depth of  
loyalty equipped with the propensity which beats  
every inverted reality beckoning its peril.

Sometimes there is depth of loyalty to self  
which beckons a conscience. And when one gives  
conscience, one is greater as a self for it.

A single simple case of conscience.

He was a teenager when he committed the murder. He shot a man three times and fled from the scene decades earlier. He remained uncaught, un-captured and was a rapper who had the propensity for success. But his conscience based on the crime he committed in his youth was unrelenting. He turned himself in for murder.

I remember reading this and thinking about the dignity in such a ruthless man, in a conscientious stance. I had met a man, with more conscience, more respect for truth than the president America voted for, Obama. Now this conscientious rapper wouldn't have had a chance in front of the Caucasian public. There was no expectation of goodness in him. But the reality to me is simple; there is no goodness to a man who has no conscience with which to make things right. There was no goodness to Obama for being and representing a lie. Even that is fine. For being redundant and uncaring, he's worse.

A puppet like Obama would be a preferable choice to the \*profanely\* liberalized American, a disjoint with the projected propensity for \*unthinking\* momentum. A puppet like Obama is preferable, workable and convenient. A puppet in this instance is someone who can never stand up,

can never make down right, and whose seat is not really his.

Powers are truly useless if it's uncaring or mistreats another for its gains. What power would that be if I could squander the world in its own ashes, spread its dusts alongside some hell-bent highway, and deliver it to nothing? What power does that represent? What does it drive, strife, enable? What does it matter?

What does it matter with the presupposition of such which doesn't matter to me?

The world is blind.

The people in it ignorant as bat to bait. The bat dangles upside down, head to a blade. And the bait is a trap. What good may this relation aim?

Now, I may, if I were to be of limited intelligence, believe that blacks are not merely racists and opportunists as whites. I would be unintelligent if I were to think prejudice of any kind in any direction isn't about placement and position in life. I could almost have believed that the future had a better chance at becoming better with blacks. I could have believed the tale of the Evergreen tree Obama was to represent was

infinitesimally strong (strong as quicksilver down the drain that is).

I could believe all of it, if Obama didn't truly represent a bat—the ineffective unconscious night selling eastern low end tales. Ignorant minds held on dearly to lies especially Caucasian liberals who couldn't wait but see things the ways projected—Evergreen lies merely as sturdy as a fart. Liberals as well as conservatives can project lies, but it is the supposed pseudo “intellectual” reasoning (which I find gravely degenerative in this case) which makes the liberals the world's leading idiots. They hold the expertise they must think it—telling Evergreen tales of some tomorrow ever after to ignorant ears.

I could, as a fool may to a class of rodents, make up a tale, a tale of some Evergreen tree which may render a low end existence its future.

I must

I must

I must.

I must by all rational means betray truth, betray humanity by setting up fake deaths that begets fake wars, render into act a non-existing

war zone, be that idiot to project ignorance as the template of a bill, just to portray myself a future, the propagator of a future where I cannot be, exactly something my inverse would do.

A true reckoning with life with the future must start with the human I believe no matter the failure. Only animals don't admit their gravely mistakes. Someone who reckons a realistic human force does nothing, has no natural representation and in turns reckons the senseless uncaring placement on his part to do absolutely nothing; which makes the supposition of Evergreen as a realistic progression worthless and senseless.

If there was a good law, every president will be a genius, and every true angel will give true justice.

You know you are dealing with an unintelligent leader when none exists where he says they do, when a woman, a non-existing woman becomes the inverse created by personal force and the created mass dispelled, when the nation gets stupider rather than smarter by the rendering of very sophisticated tales of ignorance. There is the dignified way of offering a simple solution.

There are much worse things than an emotional leader.

There is the black man I will never love.

Aside from having no attraction towards him, I found him unintelligent. And when the sexual harassment started, I spoke of it almost immediately. In the same living quarters, the mere sight of him became an enigma for me. I told everyone I thought cared about me.

I don't know whether it was a question of believing at that point but they did nothing. But as this ungodly Nigerian man I used to know used to say, "You are the rightful victim of any and all situations you find yourself." No wonder God cannot love him.

They did absolutely nothing. The harassment began to escalate.

And here I pause to tell of something that happened recently.

On two consecutive days, I was in the library where I usually do my writing. And there two Nigerian males sat in front of me, and cried. I could never call them love or call them home again. That must be why they were crying.

Betrayal and Evil goes beyond fairy tales.

I was unloved. I was uncared for. I was alone. As I am now. Some things are never about forgiveness. The mere occurrence screams hell. I am now certain of it; if emotions die, they don't resurrect. And there is no after life for such evil. They're always hell bent. And the riddling of hell gives an emptying feeling not of goodness but of an unpleasing failing and falling appendage, an inverse.

When a man imagines masculinity where it can never be, it gets to the woman miniscule. I will call these nulls because they return void where it is not possible to have void as core. But after an unintelligent leader nullified a woman's existence to create their existences, life continually turns to them as miniscule where the woman is concerned

Life is a road trip. Home is where someone who cares lives. When there is no one who cares, you're not home. I have decided to take the road trip. If caring comes to me incidentally or perhaps accidentally, it will be appreciated.

Otherwise, life is a road trip.

If uncaring comes it will be the opposite, it will be worst.

When I scream no one hears me, when I tell no one hears me, and when I decided to take a door down so at least someone hears me, to ensure my next episode with this unlovable black man will not be rape, the NYPD were called.

And with their minuscule masculinity in their hands they showed down.

Every dead end has its secrets and usually when cops enter a home, whatever happens there is their secret to keep. It was all about miniscule masculinity. Everyone has their penises in their hands nowadays. Even the church, penis in hand measuring how long God is. It was all about masculinity unfound. They were briefed by a group of black men (The sexual harasser's friends) who already felt threatened by the lack of manhood (Or that I am a snob. I don't talk to any of them. I keep to myself). In order words, everyone relied on the words of a sexual harasser – who could have turned rapist. And they came in with the same belittled judgment. Oh, what an unintelligent catastrophe the NYPD became!

If a secondary act promises freedom, who can ever reach it but the vulnerable? Hurt hardly reaches life. But evil does. It does so with much premeditated intentioned efforts. I never have to wonder why people hate the NYPD. I trust they have good reasons to do so.

Briefly I will tell of a true experience in my childhood which exemplifies thoughtless unintelligent resolutions as that with which the NYPD acted. Such acts are mainly based on predisposed prejudice no matter where it happens.

One very sunny afternoon (as they usually are in Nigeria), I was in my early teenage years and was walking the very long distance back from school when I was confronted by a soldier in the Nigerian army in uniform, a perfect stranger. This soldier (usually empowered by some present regime or the other into doing whatever they want and getting away with it [the sort of abuse NYPD demonstrates]), a muscular man picked me up and carried me kicking and screaming towards a group of thin long-stemmed trees scattered with sun ray spaces and dumped me in their midst.

He removed a long belt from his waist and started to beat me. And as I ran crying and

screaming from tree to tree, he followed me and lashed out at me.

I knew I couldn't ask why. I did nothing wrong. But in retrospect I sometimes wonder about the unworthy and animalistic aspect of humanity, why it will be perfectly okay to call the Nigerian Soldier "beast," and I still ask "Why?" he did what he did. I do thank God it wasn't rape. He wasn't interested in me that way. I believe anyone; rather any school student passing by could have been the victim. He was most probably a Muslim who hated education.

Some evil never touch us the same.

And we are back to the evil cookie always crumbling, the NYPD.

They walked in on shells and had no scientific caliber with which to protect me. They had neither brain matter nor mind. I must confess there was that officer who asked me if I would stop trying to remove the door if they left. But there was that Italian sample of a miniscule penis that just kept yammering and yammering as if he were dazed and unfound; certainly dazed, certainly unfound, and certainly miniscule.

The Italian officer had a prejudiced disposition. And oh they should have gone with the guy with senses because the Italian miniscule penis just kept trying to convince the sensible one something was wrong, going up to ask the sexual harasser this or that coming back down to make it a certainty and not a statement of doubt. I was shocked.

I reckoned it then; it wasn't about me at all. It wasn't about my welfare. It wasn't about the law which became degenerate and worthless then. It wasn't even about the sexual harasser could-have-been-rapist-if-allowed. I had run into a pack of degenerate lowlife abusers. Instead of doing their jobs these unthinking pricks were going around looking for their penises, and counting them like a pack of headless sheep searching for intelligence.

And when a low man can't find his small penis, there had to be an answer for it—something was wrong with me, the woman he cannot find it with.

But if there was any sanity to question; those lowlife abusers were just beginning to exhibit traits which ensures corruption, theft included.

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