

edewlogics

ade ronke

a reckoning

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### Author's Note

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BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



*Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artedermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.*

[BAMI& THE TIME WEAVERS EXCERPT](#)

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## A Reckoning

*The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers*  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

There are changes in the slow reckoning of time over time, never merely tangible, never easily witnessed or made palatable, but rather perceived in the subtle ordinance of active being. Simple statements of life never to be questioned. As a question is as much of doubt as it is of reckoning. That there should be implicit natural laws in nature is not merely in the foreboding of a leaf, but in all the natural forces in accordance with nature. There is the implicit foreboding I practice every day—that the very tendencies and potentialities of my actions must eventually become me. They must become the forms, modes and channels through which I receive life back from nature.

That ill prescient ill is not merely of science. Love must prescient love. Love must encumber the augury of pain as well as pleasure. There is always life to be found where love is felt in augury and pleasure. Where there is nothing left, there was never anything at all. The circumspection of nothingness is for the cowards whose filtered minds are permeable to the opposite of life, or more conveniently the composite of life other than nature. And that of everything in space and time existing as of the very same time and as of the very same space is as dirty as winds may come unblown. There is always life to be made, life to be felt. There is life, distinct and unknown.

I am in the phases of gravity and time forever betrothed to my deficiencies and strength. They feed me not through orifices, canals and lingering tubes but through the integrated truth embedded within the inner workings of life and nature. I am a victim of truth as I am the conqueror of my life, undissected and indistinguishable

from it. Yet I am, due to my nature, removed from it, engraved, within all graces applicable, without the capability of detachment.

I reckon truth accepts no currency, no forged value can be made reckonable to its commands. It cannot afford to accept big changes. Otherwise it will be thrown off its hinges, unbalanced, unsanctified, dragged into the boroughs of dreams and grand announcements of great detachment, its subtle announcement as life and undeniable nature, thrown by the wayside, rejected as the true element of life, love and primacy of its own rendering.

I reckon the great delusions in life for which I am assailed, menaced, terrorized and tormented. I reckon my strength and weakness within this derangement. I welcome this in kind. They preach in deficiencies of a soul they cannot reckon, doctrines they can not assuage, dissertations they cannot resource, angles they cannot incline. They disease themselves in retribution for which no act is applicable.

I reckon those I cannot trust with any life, or of the life of my neighbor's dog for my neighbor's life they simulate into fashionable fancies, interfancy absurdities, intrafancies diseased in the delicacies of controllable consciousness—that deranging self loathing of a life a runaway from a life—that nothingness theoretically nothing in conception. The dog, a more sanctified beast of the two, could not reckon its life nor delude it.

I reckon envy, evil, harm, disorders afflicting distinct individuality, the injustices of life as that nature must, in due accord, justify. I reckon my unshakeable stance against these ills as nature reckons with consciousness—impregnable, infinitesimally and infinitely defiant.

#### **Author's Endnote**

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