

**edewlogics**

**ade ronke**

**the human spirit**

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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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**The Human Spirit**

All that is due in due time is in the nature of things. if it is in the act, it is

unwitnessed. If it is in the adherence to virtue and ethics, it is unloved. if it is of the intellect, it is unminded. There is no such silent moment which cannot speak of its edges as the apparent expression of being.

All that is untrue confounds its edges with its unbecoming, delimits life to services, love to servitude. Its modesty is injustice in kind and attribution.

To act in correspondence with my own thoughts knows neither extravagance nor moderation. It is not an expression but rather a reckoning. It has no judgment but that which is an attestation self-sufficing as nature. There isn't an ounce of externalizable worth to it. It knows the particularity of individuality which can never kindle itself as imagination nor wash itself in the trivialities of wishes.

The human spirit—the culprit of being, existing and survival—to that which has no love, it is peril, and to that which imagines love, it is death. The human spirit—the soliloquy integral to life, fostering the breadth of new perceptions, the length intimated as nature, the self-sufficiency animated in solitude and fortitude. The human spirit—that which may not be bound by limits to experience infinity.

It is that which may engrave its habitation in infinite remoteness—in tune with nature and never to be cut short to indulge thought. Truth is an essential form from which the nobility of true justice must not stray too far. As a man whose counsels are funded with degenerates and thieves must forever be in the clandestine mercy of that which he has no merit to steal or take. One whose spirit is not founded in truth, must reform its dead spirit in the appearance of death.

The human spirit—that which must not oppose friendship to surpass hatred, whose torment must be reassured in love, must not be disposed of by cheap wit and mean counsels. The mean spirited are cheapened by the like counsels they seek as childlike luxuries in overturned foundations, their true friendships they discard for soulless merits. A cheapened soul, cannot, in kindness and sincerity, embrace a friend—that spirit however forcibly animated with some spirited ale or some highly spiriting herb, has no natural authenticity.

The human spirit is that which threads beyond the calamity of its surrounding,

maintains its stance and graces in the integrity of the simplest nature, never revolves its pride in the toxic complexities of societal hierarchy, permeates as the ordinance of truth unqualified by the trivial composites of elegant prejudices, never tempted by the measures and impurities of perfection but immerses itself in the realities co-extensive with consciousness and being.

For life, for love, for work, for friendships, I invoke the human spirit to make the best of me for good, for it cannot help me with that which I do not consciously possess.

### **Author's Note**

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