

edewlogics

ade ronke

phobias

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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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Phobias

The reset for fall must be done in stages, never daunting or appealing. It has no glory days, no winsome falls or worthwhile nights. And the glory of spring is uniquely differentiated, drenched against the edges of its timely reversal.

Most phobias are hard-forming because of irrational belief systems. Mine was hard-forming because of the trauma I experienced from abuse, false reporting from the mass psychosis of ignorant mobs, false prosecutions and the consequential damning effects that followed. How photonic mind-drains delude the stupid. How their mundane preclusions prescribes extravagant delusions for perception—the subversion of reality for a fashionable bloody hierarchical bloodshed.

And here I am at the reset of my darkly falls, a reformed spring, spiritual in kind—I am yet trying to overcome—what must be done must be done with wisdom against the judgment calls with no reforms, injustices and prejudices prevailing the course of history as reconstitution. To each its own. To nature its edges ridden in mutiny, its new metamorphosis springing with unrest, for humankind.

Darkness, at ease and at its core, must hear my calls as this is my incarnation. So must they who hide their heads with vanities. Who is that fool who must persist, envision infinity and not pay the price of nature? Infinity that was before, is here, now and tomorrow. I take part in neither harm nor evil. No ill will come to me and persist without repercussion.

There is no reset button for chaos—darkness is the core—chaos is the form—its handles of necessity are necessarily reconstituted. Its anarchy ends with reformation, it's pandemonium in natural consequential alignment.

The worst phobia must be existential in the psyche-damaging returns of false and toxic self-appropriation, the inability to face one's own reality or oneself

in one's own mirror after holding an impossible false belief as oneself for too long. Not knowing where my next meal may be, fully aware of my near celebrated imperfections, I am at peace with the knowledge of myself.

There is a Native American woman who stalks me with seeming madness. And no amount of applicable advice I can get from the likes of Arthur Schopenhauer on the madness of the masses against the intellectual could be befitting to my response.

Whatever happened to the doctrines of lighter-is-better in this day and age of extravagances, surpluses, and the endless reconstitutions of vanities, the reconstitutions of luck resolving casinos, the surpluses and excesses of land black slaves never got the graces for? A tool which may be willed in accordance with opportunities, the madness of toxic pride or that in tune with reality? Could one, in full historical awareness of persecution be the bearer of such? A tale of humanity or of a changing world? I, after all, never wronged the Native American. The Caucasian did. He lied, he cheated, he killed, he slaughtered. And we are all living in the ruins of his glorious ill-achievement today.

I am mainly afraid she may knock me down with her car so I avoid her as much as I can, allowing her to act out her entitled, unscientific beliefs around me without the frustration of reaction. But that is not what science does. Science is supposed to correct the wrongs of the past, especially the scientifically baseless entitled ones, especially those toxic tales the Caucasian narrated for himself and for others unlike himself, or as I am, extreme to him, those scientific details that are pure phantoms.

There is great emotion to my intelligence, my readers, so much so, the Christian God, if existing must hear, the spiritual essences prevalent and present in nature must hear. If they could hear my heart against its resonant aorta, the throbbing of my veins ever so light and subtle, a needle threads on it without a snap, they must. If they could feel the neurons in my loins animatedly and cognizantly deprived, those of the upsurge spark in my mind

at the inception of an unusual thought, those for conception at the turn of a new leaf never without its price, they must. If these are known, then it must be known—my imperfections befalling and before me, I must be true to nature, to natural science.

Otherwise, my falsehood or my silence benefits no one.

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