

edewlogics

ade ronke

on time snaps and stamps

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Author's Note

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BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



Five people are dead in the swimming pool of a high end resort hotel. Only one of them, a fame-hungry politician, is the suspected target. Three people are dead at a roof party on a high rise luxury building. The target is unidentifiable. The killer's calling card is a single black point on a blank. Lila Orileda is hired to find out who killed one of the random targets as the police run out of viable clues and suspects.

[A Case in Point Excerpt](#)



The unexpected preemptive leap differential machine error, the Knapse, triggers the co-embedded synaptic alarm in its designer Patrick Tinsel towards the chaos associated with it. He must correct the sociopolitical cost or enable its realizations.

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On Time Snaps and Stamps

Life confronts me without my ever having to ask for its presence, yet, it's presence is my life. It becomes highly unlikely that I am not at stake for my very own mistakes. To become responsible for the stakes of others must be genius punishable by other's discontentment with life. It is a paradox of extremes unqualified in potency, plagued with lethargy.

Life lurks around in trivial scopes, yet there is abundance of it. History is never grave to society. Society is grave to history. In our occupation of life, we forget life is borrowed in time to be lent down the path of history. Never sent. Never merely kept. It is spent as a debt perpetually above our heads I am yet spent, never restless of the harm done to me. The insanity and stupidity of others has plagued me not onto the path of hatred; however much there is resentment—that great evil that must be undone. For the path of hatred has neither recompense nor mercy. It is the path of delirium and folly easily normalized—the hard thought falling into itself as harshness. It has no soft measure—but is rather the hardened multi state of gross senses, gross sensuality navigable by lack pretending progress.

Why is the state of love so hard to integrate in its possible capacity if we're not defined by that which limits us within our meager capacity—that we feed on our very own limitations: sight by that which we reckon visible, sound by the narrow passages of our ears made proof-able, touch by the extent of our tactile awareness, taste by the limitation of our knowing, smell by our expositions to the mediums beyond the limitations of our sight.

Heart sounds are silent protests of a beating heart echoing life as a time-snap with limited time-stamps. We fall down to that which raises our fall, on our individualistic behalf, to our conscious reckoning. I reckon not a beauty estate but a mindful one. Harm is a disparity—no one is the better for it. It gives one a great affliction to overcome. To the other a hollowed heart forever yearning for a conquerable worthy grave.

There are patterns visible to the eye which linger dubiously, yearning for an inner temperament forever escaping them. Their time-snaps snaps in halves of nit and tit bits. They are dimwits of abundance ill-reconciled to their nature. Dreams deliver them horizonless—scattered about deranged to intuition and intellect. Their time-stamp is humanless, humorless, mummified, yet afflicted

with the egotism of an illusioning escape horizon. They, who I follow not, who I follow not with harm or ill, follow me with dimwitted depravity and ill-will.

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