

edewlogics

ade ronke

The disasters of time

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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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The Disasters of Time

There is an horizon in every clash, every crash, regressing towards a point made referential towards every delineating point in spatial summation. My channel is true and spiritual. My inhibition is evident in the apparent. And the spirit of my inhibition masters my excitement. The foolish shall not receive from me any life for their evil doing. I am the sanctuary, sanctity of my mind.

A disaster is a rough-handled fiction—a tuning of our delusions projected onto ourselves. Calamity dances not to you or to me, nor here or there but like water on a flow, wherever there is space for as much the specimen for a tiny drop. What may stand the test of natural space must be an incident, founded in the unexpected, oblique in extension—inferior and superior to itself, edged not in the occurrence but in the realization of being.

In our praises and condemnation of nature, we condemn ourselves to death. We are defective, plagued by the echoes of our egos, and we fall apart to the unmasking of our pride. That life is fleeting is not a canopy for the young—death meets them on impact before the ashes of their lives are fully memorable. Life is eventually lost to time, ages, to their times. And this revolution seems lost to perpetuity—the conundrum of the non-positive circle of the boundaries we will never cross in the passage of time but succumb to in death which comes back to us as death devoid of memories. We are non-playable characters in the cycle of life. We merely play ourselves.

Am I becoming more of a pessimist than nature can possibly prescribe? Should I not depose myself in the formal panel of the enlightened? How can a sworn lover of life and nature speak of such horrid states? In our unions and relations, we seek to accomplish life by living it to its most optimizable potential. We seek a more fulfilling state against the inevitable reality we are moving towards. And in this I must not deceive myself as to my motives.

Unions, or as you may, mating, is never sacred. They are rationalizable, that is, justifiable. They too, must stand the test of time, not in the occurrence, but in the realization of the event. Time owns temperament and patience. We have adopted them as a curse onto ourselves. At the onset of our lives,

it is a god. It invigorates us like a drunk on an unsustainable impotent high—high enough to keep him flying. He will never fall.

But nature chuckles and laughs out loud. His tumble downward is inevitable for his likeness betrays him with grave ignorance. He can no longer recognize himself. And for his recognition he carries ideas of heavenly mansions in a moral afterlife, portions of beauty against his gray and straying cells, plastics, injections and capsules of ungrateful, ungracious attempts ticking against time.

Disasters are spatiotemporal events in the elemental generations of time—a witness to the imperfections we must be subjected to as beings in nature. I'll rather I, the observer, embrace them than I never know. There are graces in the hearts of every solemnly harsh reminder—that life is a gift treasured in being, optimized in relations.

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