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ade ronke

invocations against numbness

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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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# Invocations Against Numbness

I cure my numbness with creativity, passion and sharing. These actions, essential to my life, have kept me alive. The numbness from a lack of care—that seeming evidentiary feeling that no one cares. Here beyond Einstein's void, I bless a void, a void my enemies are certain will keep me insignificant and pliable to their wishes. I hope this certain turn, this conscious path I have chosen against deviant odds brings me love beyond my comprehension. I also pray that we receive what we sow in kind as this a rule of nature, evident in its ends.

Those who belief they can, without repercussion, cure me from digital riches have failed to cure me of physical stalkers. They have failed in their aims, enabling my knowledge where I should have been shielded—my causes materialize as rich ends, the blessings I uniquely and reformably bestow.

Love is modest and unrecognizable in its purest form, for that is the nature of truth and love. This has been remotely shown in Quantum science and used by religion to establish its aims. Yet, they are both exhaustible, low-merited—strengthened by their limitations as the discovery of a way in which nature works within a vastness mostly unknown.

For every degrading torment is a benefaction for a becoming. I am yet unknown to the ends of my causes. I surrender to my becoming—to become my life. I surrender to the animation of my soul. My eyes see as causation, my sight becomes life.

There are none—two people alike. I speak my individuation. I fear my emulation as that with ill-will in tow. I nurture my connections as those which must enrich in spirit, nurture in kind, never benign,

nature as divine. I am reserved, preserved as spirit. I am not unreachable as the being of my history. I am present. I am presence. And the natural owner and connoisseur of my future.

I am ripe and optimized to affection and devotion, yet loneliness adapts me in wretchedness. There are graces to friendship I do not know. But seek as a transcendental union of spirit—a sanctity I crave will be quenched. I surrender to the nature of being that seeks spiritual optimization of union in alliance.

I seek the company of those who may broaden my scopes, enrich my mind beyond my hopes, and in sharing, will never be a tote—those who in moral compass and character persist in my orbital fields in gravitation towards me. I align all ends against this willing ignorance—the numbness against the resolution of states, being and aptitudes towards optimistic relativity.

### **Author's Note**

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