

edewlogics

ade ronke

on strife and imagination

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ZHOURCKH: THE COMEDIC ADVENTURES VOLUME I



To further incentivize the need for justice so the Bluesie-Jazz comedy festival is realized in reasonable time(necessitating a forensic audit), I am offering ZHOURCKH: THE COMEDIC ADVENTURES VOLUME I as a print only receipt book. Your support means the world to me. If you met me at the get together(because only those who care in the least with their support should criticize the other comedian, me) and you show me a verifiable \$50 and over support of the free books for life cause, this print book is yours directly from me. I intend to show love to those who show me love. This too is important to me. This book will not be made available online in ebook or print. Your receipts mean the world, freedom and justice to me. Justice is important to me. I will not stop working hard towards achieving it. May you be blessed in

more ways than I can offer for participating in my cause for justice. I am excited to write the book as much as I am about my own jokes as this differentiating x black woman. So, my work here is to write two sets of comedic acts, one of which I will personally perform. I live for love, truth, knowledge, wisdom and natural reality. Thanks for being a part of it:

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Author's Note

If this work connects with you intellectually, spiritually, emotionally, or in any other way personal, it is free. If it doesn't, and you're rather of a different preference and won't ever come back to my works. It is free as well. Graces. I have never sought to run the world or rule it. Not my thing. I do seek to connect with humanity and make cross generational differences with practical, emotional and spiritual intelligence—matters connecting humanity and saving lives like mine against the odds life brings that I do know about intimately. Works are usually accounts of life, nature, science, politics and more in experiential reality. It is a privilege to be alive despite what I have been through. And I don't intend to take this deserved privilege lightly.

The work as well as others like it can be found on my website available free at www.edewlogics.com. To support free works like this and others available on my site, [please support the free books for life cause](#). Thank you.

On strife and imagination

I imagine strife imagines me as an ally. I don't see things that way. Our relationship is complicated. Sometimes I feel my nerve endings will combust out of mere unnecessary over-accumulation of pain. I cannot over-indulge in sensation. I indulge and employ my mind. Spirituality eventually becomes my foothold against pain. Yet it is unnecessary and phobic, the repercussion of my survival against grave betrayal.

There is a nakedness to vulnerability never quite material, like the foreskin of a rapture exposed, bare. There is nothing but lies around me. Everyday. I endure in the hopes I will eventually bury myself in love and truth. Those are worthy avengers.

There is a necessity in every life. I mind my necessity. For there is neither life nor dignity in minding another's. Truth and personal commitment are to my being as animation to all life. Life cannot be reasoned away. Truth is ultimately a testament to itself.

I am in my portion, my greatest subtlety, my grace and my pride. I need no aggravated pride to define my being. I am predefined by strife to know what empty pride humanity carries as sacred is ultimately doomed by its own merit to the freeing majesty of time and spirituality. There is the ultimate judgement of the highest merit accountable in rejected thoughts and adopted convictions of higher orders.

I am surrounded by lies, insufferably, non-transferable, as the truth in scarcity, neighbored by hollowing prejudiced institutions made from spiteful doctrines. I cannot imagine strife without imagining doctrines—those doctrines of hatred, set in stone, forged with great ill-will in the depths of inhumane properties. Those doctrines, like slush in the ill-temperament of weather, possess no human dignity.

Perhaps in the corridors of narcissism and pride, these doctrines pass as common ills of ill-conscience. Like diseased worms squirming in the luxury of filth, deeper and deeper the doctrines go into the cerebral canals of the willful.

I lounge long and willfully when ruminating on my motives, aims and consideration for another. I will rather not be than have my being invaded by these worms of ills. They are demeaning and degenerative to being and others in the realms of spirituality. But to materiality its worm defeated states from ill-fated strife.

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