

It is at a time such as this that I wonder, in the reality of my soul, why the hell I continue with such nonsense. I believe it might be that belief, whether or not it falls slowly as a leaf, is something with which to reckon. I mean, how would you like it if you were in India without the benefit of sabbatical? There are some things that need be thought out. And I am one of them, no matter how aloud I may think. I'm not asking you or anyone else to listen, but there is a need to express, and expression is the key to the search. No one can hold the map, the chart to the hidden treasure: indeed, the treasure itself is unhidden. So follow or not, my pleasure is in the hunt; what direction doesn't matter so long as I travel a path, a path untrodden though it may in the end be barren. A time such as this and I wonder, wonder once again why I am wondering about such things. Blood is only so necessary as the voice; that's enough. I feel, at a time like this, there is nothing left to feel. And then, after the rest has fled, the emptiness brings with it its payload of joy, perverse joy made all the more meaningful in the absence of the falsity of other things forgotten. I continue, continue to search, to feel, to wonder in the reality of my soul why I continue with such nonsense. And the nonsense is lost in the wonder of it all.

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