

# A Dying Ember

Contributed by Abdun Nur J.

(The exploration of emotional being, an expression of my energy at been single)

Hope is a longing; a longing to remove this lonely entropy, and from a fruitful quest, fuse into organic order, a union of perfect function.

Want is a shortage; a rare and hidden treasure, a girl buried as a single drop amalgamated within the swirling turmoil of a raging sea.

Desire is a passion; focusing the senses, awareness of reality enhanced, tunnelling objective reason and perception, crushing all trepidation.

Need is a necessity; Iblis is the unconquerable, relentless growing need within the depths of all life, a base and primeval desire, inexorable.

Love is the fleeting enthusiasm of infatuation; a concept of brief and dwindling parameters, held aloft and relentlessly hailed above reason.

So reason is excluded, yet reason is the route leading to perpetual bliss, extracted from the horde of knowledge, the life long search, truth is often the confession of ignorance, as ignorance is knowledge not yet attained.

I hoped to find a girl of reason; and so I dreamt of a gentle intellect, and visions to fill the world with the petals of velvet mercy, abundant enough to lift my mind, to view all lesser wonders in perceived insignificance; but I've searched without result.

I hoped to find a girl with passion for endless adventure and experience, filled with the exuberance of the freshest vista of life, but only found television thoughts filling clouded minds.

I hoped to find a girl honoured within herself; respectful of herself; loving and thoughtful of herself; a rare and precious life, holding more worth than all the physical creation of this entire universal infinity.

I hoped to find a girl outraged by inequity, enraged by cruelty, infuriated by sovereignty, devastated by betrayal, incensed by injustice; yet a guiding light to ignorance, an endless well of compassion, an engine of power connected to the miraculous unity of all existence.

I hoped to find the positive to my negative, completing the equilibrium of this paradigm; yet, have only repelled and repulsed, bewildered and offended, a blind truth is a truth, a blunt and unfettered truth holds itself against false perception smashing its fragile form, so devastates the attempted union of the superficial to the innate; unfettered truth burns away the façade of paint and draperies, unfettered truth is repulsed as the consequence of a social system based solely in ignorant perception.

I hoped to find a love filled mercy, I still hold out a little hope, but its a dying ember in my thoughts, so leaving me to return to the solitude of the blackest night.