

End of Daze

by Jim Ward

You won't just sit there fixed, waiting, judging until I make my way back to receive your glaring better-than stare down — no, not this time. I've got the jump on you, I've seen it! The whole thing presented itself and in that momentary, unmistakable clarity. As a story divided into parts, parts into scenes, scenes into sections, it's all played itself out quite complexly leading to this, a critical arch ... One not so apparent until now, but well placed none-the-less. Where Part 1 closed predictably led by the blinded navigation of a predestined social norm, Part 2 finds itself at that half-sighted glimmer of hopeful upturn to close the darkened chapter of self-exploration when the Empire struck back but failed to finish me off.

Be it a moment of zen, an epiphany, a vision, or even an ill-tempered Chinese food inflicted dream, I've seen what's been shrouded carefully behind you ... ahead of me. We're facing off New Year, you and I, and don't let the apocalyptic tone you've carried since calendars were written give you false confidence — no, not a chance. I've weathered this daze of uncertainty for enough years to be intimidated by the likes of you by this point. The next part of my story has presented itself, and with a calm collected demeanor, I turn the page past this daze to that presented before me ... after you. Make way.

