

In black velvet

by Robert Hergenroder

Floating on a sea of black velvet, he had lost his goal. The ink pen ran smooth, kept running- spouting inanities if it must. He had to keep it moving, until the trance took over. Until the words ran by themselves without his cognizant knowledge, until his blood bled with the ink onto the crisp paper.

Another start, that by the general literacy rules must tie in the with the last- wil this do? Why do we as beings always follow a particular dictionary plan when constructing the realm of the intangibles to the realm of symbols? It is ingrained within us to such a degree that we cannot shake it? Constantly chasing us, high speed near destined for failure?

Pause. Rewind.

It makes no sense to neither you nor I, but I blame the fault on not giving it the attention it deserves. Re-read that last sentence. Take every word slow and truly savor it, they are treasures to behold. A picture may say a thousand words; but a single word can capture a thousand thoughts. But it never does it quite well enough. For there is no way to give you my perspective wholly, just filtered through these symbols. Can they ever embody their true value? Not by a long shot. Just interpretations floating without the attachment.

I can't show you the territory- not quite yet, not how I see it. But I do have a map, a glorious and vain construction. It gives you a glimpse, a sight. I wish you could see it all.

You will. In your own way.

We all do.

Eventually.

