

# Opening

by RW Spryszak

There are many songs that occur at the moment of waking. The love of serenity and the beauty of life live with the fresh born day. The birds flit and chirp in the new green light and the warmth is tonic even to hard streets. But the unspeakable thoughts come in that hour between the dead bliss of sleep and the full view of morning as well. They are most keen at the instant of waking. This is where the wonder exists. What would it be like if only this thing or that person was gone from your life. This thing or that person removed by circumstance or even death. This is the time the man without the guard of conscience congers the intricate plan the decent man would never fathom. Or, at least, ever allow himself to admit he pondered. The decent man would try to bury and forget such thoughts. Pass them off as an aberration and resolve that they were simply an unwanted caprice. Something that happened before he regained his full senses. Never to be entertained again. He might even be profoundly guilty over them. He would try to find some way to atone for these impressions. Perhaps by drinking, or maybe by religion. But the man who moves without a compass feels nothing at all when cornered by such thoughts. He is the one who schemes the design or plots the murder without the check of conscience. A predator, fit only for servicing his own appetites.

Which man am I, and what morning is this?

