

From Solitas To Libramentum

by Steve Finan

Solitas (loneliness)

A salt-whipped beach, breakers crashing far off across the tidal stretch of sand and pools. A walk to fill some hours of the mourning period. 'You are an orphan now, my boy, but we shall apprentice you to a noble profession that you may make your way in the world'.

Verecundia (shame)

Pieces are carved from the boy. For the amusement of the other masters. A hopeless youth. Why do they send us such fools? Look what he has produced. The apprentice piece is held aloft as the assembly of masters gurgles.

Eruditio (enlightenment)

She was no virgin. But being in love wrought change. Though at the time he thought himself at a pinnacle, it was merely a beginning. Walk tall young man. She freed a part of you that you never suspected was chained. You are gifted confidence.

Exequor (accomplishment)

This is yours. Look around you, see what you have built. It will always be part of you. There is the beginnings of brilliance here, a talent that will take you far. Step from this place and climb until there is nothing left to climb.

Decus (glory)

He who moved mountains. See a man, behold a giant. A long life, a good woman, proud sons. Smile upon cherubic grandchildren. The people cry salute to you around the inns.

Peritia (mastery)

If no loneliness, then no shame. If no shame, then the enlightenment would not have been so pivotal. If no enlightenment, the accomplishment would never allowed you to step up in the world. And, believe me my friend, then you would never have seen

glory. The long and difficult forging of your mastery means those grandchildren will never know loneliness or shame.

Libramentum (. . . a downfall?)

But, and here's the rub, is it then possible for them to achieve their own glory?

