



THE  
ESSENCE **E**  
OF SENSE **E**

MY POETIC PROSE

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THE INVINCIBLE PEN

GBOGBOADE O.A



## **Dedication**

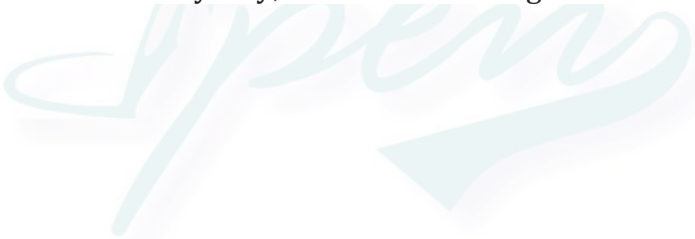
To God - the Unseen but Ever Present One  
To Amaka - the unknown but never forgotten



## Acknowledgement

**G**ratitude to all those who have found this book  
My family, I thank you for owning someone like me.  
For enduring my absence while I was writing even  
when my presence was seen.

My congress men for being men indeed; gratitude.  
All the real people in my life that can bear the  
anonymity; thanks for sticking close.



## Overview

The need for silence is not for sound not to be heard or thoughts not to be perceived; but for lips to be shut. Why should we speak when our heart is weak? "Half solved is the problem when shared"; an old adage that has no meaning beyond it being a mere statement. Many ears lurk in search for the next victim of scorn; many others just wait to convey the next illustrious secret. How can we quantify man's feelings; His thick skin for the cold or oily skin for sun's scourge? No sponge can wash off his natural reactions; no judge can question his darkest turbulence. The night is for the guards, the day is for men to break like laws written.

Tell the meaning of the future, See the present and hear of the past; many treacherous ears skulk to hear. Whether here or there; close or far, what we feel is a Will. This Will is nothing but our desires, our beliefs try to cob; but time and time again, it is trapped by our greed's creed. By the time we have much leaves on our body like the ones used by Adam and Eve, we will have only realised that we are in Fall season; things will have to fall apart.

Try to catch the cloud, try to spear the truth, try to judge the wind, and try to rule in the land of the lawless; then you will see how much our senses have essence. None was born to die, yet we live to die; none was made to fail, yet we fail to gain, none was born to rule, yet all the rules are all burnt. The fire-fighters have no life here, the trees bear less fruit than not but the taste is for the tongue to spill. The cities are littered; the gangs just rang their last sound like the Fangs. Try to see, the brown roofs are cleaner than those hooves. Wave at the future, tell her; her the past, "dead mother says Hi and is eager to come around again".

All these will be the face of the Wheel that will have to wheel you to assess the depth of your shallowness, the month of your year and the day of your nights. The ending beginning, the clearest of obscurity and the married single; all at once and for once will create the essence of sense. Don't burn that incense, don't sense my absence, and don't dwell in my chapters; open your eyes, ears, nose and nose; try not to cut open your tongue; the essence of your sense.

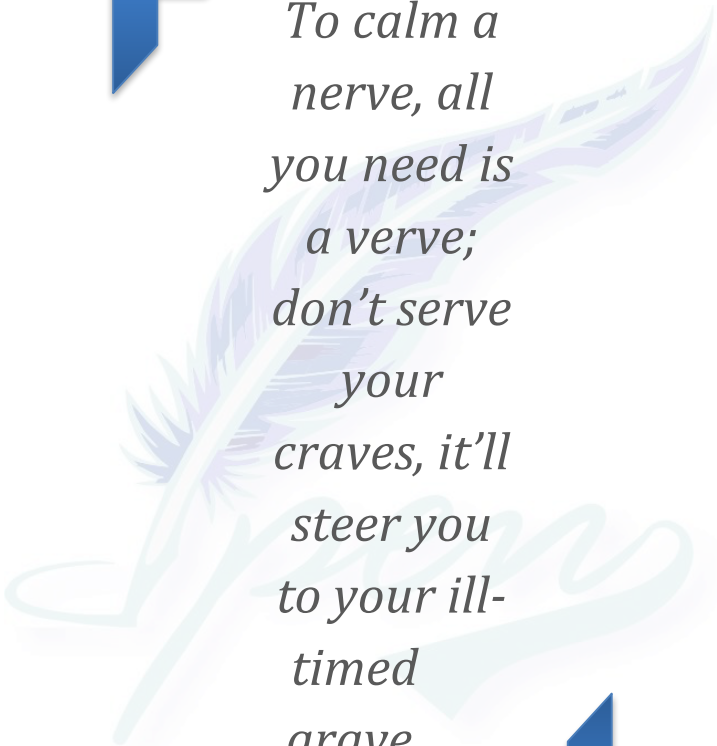
## **About the book**

**T**he perfect definition of this book is best given by the reader. Little find pleasure in being the one to give names to things except they are to criticize. This book gives every reader the opportunity to create their own definition of this work by merit.

As for the writer, if I am compelled to speak about this book, under duress, I'll say; see for yourself, especially in solitude. For the record, this book was written to ease much tension and make do of nature's way of providing calm.

**BEST ENJOYED IN SOLITUDE**

## CHAPTER 7



*To calm a  
nerve, all  
you need is  
a verve;  
don't serve  
your  
craves, it'll  
steer you  
to your ill-  
timed  
grave.*

I hope to tell you my story, one that has long been told by the many lies and many whirls that the tongue can't cuddle. My life is somewhat like yours; more of a hurdle than a puddle. If I am to saddle every speech and hide every grief, then I am just like the many lives that live in the world today. I'll be brief. What we are is who we believe we are. Speaking of believe, it's like a leaf that enjoys nutrients from the soil, although it has no knowledge of who did the toil. Whether its stem will coil or be foiled by the leaves, it will still leave its remarks. How? You will know by its fruit. What we shall be indeed is what we have been. What we have been is what we are known to be.

We didn't care to be brought to the taste of cruelty or kindness. We just came alive; but we engaged in that fight for life over death and now we are stuck in the mud of "living the life". What has age got to do with the sage? Gas travels faster than fluid; fluid than solid. The lighter the weight; the more efficient the soar. The height to climb dwells richly in your imagination. The time you'll climb is for you also to decide. Well, there is also a chance for you to conclude there are no more heights. All this and that we see, are mere beliefs.

How can we trust what we see when we do not see what we trust? How can we stay in line when we can't stop thinking of breaking our ranks? Short cuts, boycotts, corner cuts, overdose, empty tanks and loud



noise; now we have lost our voice; all at once. To calm a nerve, all you need is a verve; don't serve your craves, it'll steer you to your ill-timed grave.

*We must stop flying and  
start reaching the height.  
We must stop eating and  
start feeding. We must stop  
making out and start  
making for.*

What is the genesis of the wanting? Is it what we see, hear, taste, feel or smell? The nose is between the eyes and the tongue so that it can balance what you see and taste. When you can't see, you are blind, when you can't hear, you are deaf, when you can't feel you are numb, when can't speak, you are dumb; what will you say of he who can't smell? No need to chant or rant' all we need is that moment of sanity even though we don't have the luxury of serenity in our environment. We must wake up from our work and start walking. We must stop flying and start reaching the height. We must stop eating and start feeding. We must stop making out and start making for.

Had they known they wouldn't have tweaked nature, they would have stormed the sun or tramped upon the wind. See them everywhere, going nowhere; lost to thunder, having much plunder. Hello, they are

just standing by, not like they are on. They think they can make us, they want to break us. We are fashion far from fashion. We are ordinary but made by the Extraordinary. We care to be fair, but we don't have the fare to dare, though we have the flair. Are we here? LISTEN.

Look to the sky, the rain is nigh. Look to the rain, can you see its bow? Look to the sun, it has no son; these stars are so dull, all they do is act, sing, laugh and cry. Are we to blame the sun for having the moon as its shadow? Can you tell me about your shadow? It's not what you see behind you. it's the works of your hand. It's not the reflexion light nor is it the thoughts you store up, it's the fact that there is a pact between all your acts, both past and future; it's not a rave, it's a cave of identity.

Some find solace in solitude; some can't define their attitude from the multitude; others are just living like destitute like prostitutes. Fan me, I'm feeling hot!! If your feelings drive you, your recklessness will be unquantifiable. Our feelings and emotions lay too many. Words can't describe them all. From the dusk to the dust; from rust to its tusk; can you quantify its misery? Don't quench this fire, don't wrench this desire. "More of this, less of that" all fuels man's desires but his belief is put to test.

*The throne is not a seat, it's not a place, it's not a man; it's a healthy assumption. It belongs to the lungs of the occupant. When he breathes his last, its fast let loose from the grasp of power. That's a fading sun, that's a fading life.*

Pardon me, I am not Don; I am just on the run like the one taunt. I look fat, I look slim, I look tall, I look short; these too will wither away like the wind. All we can be is far from what we can see, since it's not known. The throne is not a seat, it's not a place, it's not a man; it's a healthy assumption. It belongs to the lungs of the occupant. When he breathes his last, its fast let loose from the grasp of power. That's a fading sun, that's a fading life.

This heel is high, so is this hill. Tell her to climb the height; she'll rather wear the height. Not anymore! She is all about our business. Walking and working; pacing and pacing. Now look at him, the laggard, the drunkard, the bastard. His height is below his senses, his senses are far from his beneath, but he is ruled by it. The con called ape do nothing worth noting than

rape and rage for nothing but their lust; that's the costly debt the eyes can drag anyone into.

Whether you look more or less; there will be more to turn eyes to and from. It can't be as clear as the eye has revealed or dark as the light has concealed. It is not the eyes that can judge what we see; it's our mind to believe what we hold true. Don't scold me, hold me through the cold or watch me fold as I mould like water into ice. This journey is funny, you don't need honey to taste sweetness; but you need sugar to differ vinegar. What your nose tells is always truly true.

*Perceptions don't have great  
receptions. They dwell in our  
imagination like reflectors.  
They don't tell the whole truth;  
that's why we are the way we  
are.*

From the inception, perceptions don't have great receptions. They dwell in our imaginations like reflectors. They don't tell the whole truth; that's why we are the way we are. Many claim to speak the truth, but their truth contains many lies or partial ones. However, whenever, wherever, don't light the candle and put it under the mattress; it will not only burn; but it will be fun to scorn your dawn. For you will wake to shame, it's not for you to claim, it's what you will be.

## CHAPTER 2



*If there will  
be the end,  
we must  
fence the  
beginning  
that has  
transformed  
to becoming  
the past*



The one you call your own may not truly belong to you. What is true may not be what you believe. Search your heart, hat your doubts. This farming may bring much famine. See that line at your back? That's your spine; it runs vertical. How straight are your thoughts? How high is your gaze? How low is your fear? If there will be the end, we must fence the beginning that has transformed to becoming the past. The end may not always justify the means; this means it is for you to justify your end. Give your life a meaning; it's not all about making a living; although that's why many are still living.

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If all you are living for is to make another living; you might just be living for the dead. The dead potentials and doubt infested ideas. Hallo, don't always crave what you want to feel, feel what you want to see. Judge me all you want, quench me if you can't; but like a kitchen wench, I'll be all you need to tend to your care, your footstool to trample, your

handle to handle, your bell to jingle, your light like candle.

*If all you are living  
for is to make  
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for the dead.*

You know lifesaving water has no taste, colour and smell; but what makes it unique is its universality and peculiar refreshing feeling. That's a picture of what we should be. The one who wants to fuel the gas station has to be fuelled himself; then live beyond what fuel can offer. Same goes for the one who wants to rule, he must learn to live far from the rules, although he may be governed by them, he is far from the oppression the rule rules.

Don't come to me as light as a feather, but as ticklish as a feather can be. Whatever won't make you to make an impact, try not to come in contact. If you must leave your house, don't look to house your desires, but to identify with those of others; Oh! Not to negate them; but otherwise; For you will meet another fellow better than what you term zero. Wants are endless likewise funds.

*Wants are endless likewise funds.*

Illusions! Illusion!! You have caused many ills and delusions. See they see you as what you are not yet; they are sick to think well of their wellbeing. How about the eviction of the camera and the picture angles? Now no thoughts of film tricks and Photoshop; seeing is truly far from believing; story for the deaf.

I have been close to their mates. I have been made their mate; is this fate or faith? I wish this can sate. Wait! How can a crate of truth make up fake? This is what their eyes have made them know. Their ears are seeing gull, they call him Paul but they don't know he is null. Unto thee I leave my leaves of sheaves; sheaves made of leaves; not the ones I took when I was sick, but the ones I got doctor's report for.

Since when has crying become my pride? When has a tear from gas become a tier? When will "I" be separate from the dots and "T's" be far from the cross? Any day we look for the past we find what has been known; any day we look for the future, we dare what will be known. Whether here or there, we can never be separated from time; it indeed binds us together.

*We can never be separated from time; it indeed binds us together.*

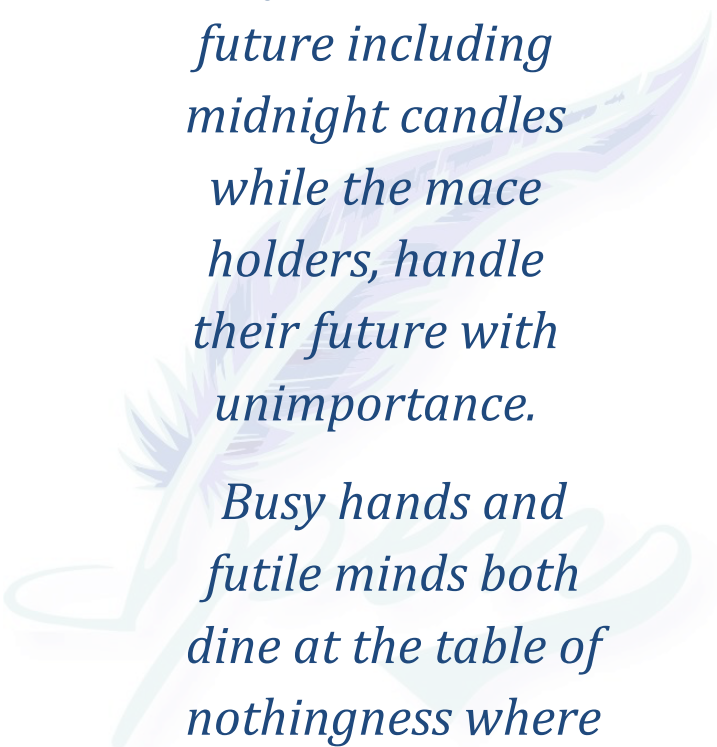
Here comes the beauty queen, an agent of scorn in the pageant; whether in pictures ancient or in 3D like trident. Well painted, never nurtured; well applauded; never a plus. Don't be too busy bossing your sight; they have reality that leads nowhere. Find



the wave to search your nerves to direct your mind to see the depths in the unseen. Constant wars, no laws; many flaws, broken jaws; all still no gainful tour; this defines the world and our many wards.

Afterwards, after all, what will our wards all offer after? We praise their shame, pamper their waywardness, kiss their venoms and dine with their demons. Condoms littering the dorms; rums forming their tummy; look at the corner; you see mummy is a dummy. What else can we do? Doing is now a journey journeyed by a junkie.

Love children scattered everywhere than bastards. A progressive leap from man's infidel nature. The bout of supremacy, the customary need for a pharmacy; no need for privacy; the future is indeed hazy. Many lay lazy, this is not exactly crazy; they burnt their future including midnight candles while the mace holders, handle their future with unimportance.



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*Busy hands and  
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foolish nifty.*

Busy hands and futile minds both dine at the table of nothingness where living is tagged as foolish nifty. Now, the Genesis has no other significance than just another Chronicle; to reach the pinnacle, many turn to the Oracle for answers probable.

Even when I die, tomorrow will still be alive because happenings are bound to happen, our brains too are there, please be sharpened; what lessons are we penning? What fears are we waving? Rappers try to conceal the future with their momentary hit like wrappers, erratic eyes nodding to the beats of deafness and falsehood with no intentions for sanity; what more can I say?

*Well, if I can't be a ruler; then I should be able to become a ruler; scale for measurement of leadership.*

Well, if I can't be a ruler; then I should be able to become a ruler; scale for measurement of leadership. This has no root in criticism or its attributes, but like the booting 3<sup>rd</sup> generation computer; a well-meaning lesson for patience and possibility. Life contains nothing but there is no vacuum in it.

*Life contains nothing but there is no vacuum in it.*

There is reward for sin, its death; but here on earth, the ones seen are those that give birth to much life and living. Shit is called sheet, the crown is called clown; farming is also called famine and live is now compared to a live performance stage. Greatness now is deafness; deafness to the ear of conscience, conscience since there is applaud from science; now science is only a coincidence. What's the evidence? My existence!

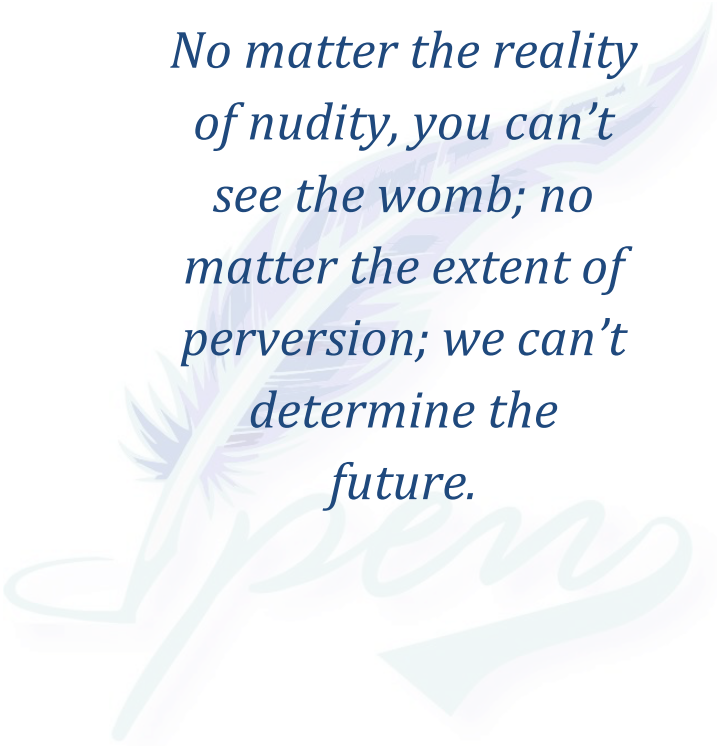
There is nothing real to prove since none can proof the Prof 's near the Asshole's Rock; rocking deceit and child mortality for the gain of frivolity. I say this with much alacrity; tour the city, you will find their atrocities. I pledge no allegiance for vengeance; only temperance and perseverance; that's the entrance to abort progress hindrance.

Public preference is nothing but pretence. Don't be tensed when your tenses are highly dangerous like high tension; you'd only attract many mentions as your followers trail in thousands like queues for pension. Rejection is like injection; though it may hurt, but it can also heal.

*Rejection is like  
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also heal.*

No matter the reality of nudity, you can't see the womb; no matter the extent of perversion; we can't determine the future.

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## CHAPTER 3



*To be boundless you  
need no borders*

Stars are seen everywhere at the same time. Acrophobia always comes in the way of he who wants to shine in the sky. Many have subjected to the use of many medium to overcome their greatest fear. Some clicked on the door of hell, others needed just another loved one, and many others need to define their triangle. Whatever the method, stars only shine at night; they flee from the day.

To be boundless you need no borders. All this crookedness comes with many butts. The more, the merry; the more the guts, the fairer. No guts no glory, no scene, no story; no toes to step, no sorry. My might is not mine to mine. My rice is not mine to rise; if I'd blow, the bomb shouldn't be mine to detonate, no matter whom I collaborate. Show me my history, let me hiss!

You may not know my beginning, but I'd tell you, it doesn't contain begging; that's a benign statement. Whether you live in Benin or Benin Rep, always know that language doesn't pose any barrier where communication needs to be made. Fathers must go farther if they must further their child's education. Education, the brand the world powers gave Africa to keep them developing.

*Education, the brand  
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developing.*

Much knowledge known, little available for use; See that fuse, so little to produce; yet tops the chart for smuggle. This information is everywhere, you need not jostle. Even the Apostle near Capitol, holds a Pistol; he calls it the Microphone. He has called the dead without a phone; he has killed the dead with the tone of his voice; that's phony.

Shall I calm this tide? Shall I ride by his side? Shall I expose his hide? Or should I have the guide to his side? Either way, Is my business really mine? Do I need another sign? Whether I do or not, it's not for me to decide. Let the window of change close the doors. The room chokes with smokes of rain; raining karma on the beasts in the church; church rats now eating cats.

Little is needed to be great; to be grateful a lot is needed too. Casting lots, you need no die but the one that will die. When the die is cast, you may need to roll and roll, more and more; for the roll is like a never ending row. Sum it up, addiction, tradition; forms and norms; customers and customs. No need to trade the stereotypes for the new; life's spice needs just a few.



*Little is needed to be  
great; to be grateful a  
lot is needed too.*

Many stay noble with much little that they know. The little they know is of little importance to keep them in the know. They employ the schooled and own the schools. They school the schools and also pose to fool the wise to the full. Who will speak to them? Who will burn their firm? The laws have failed the poor and torn the fun of the scorned.

I need my tongue to have a taste of the future. This is the most mystery life has to offer. We want to know what we can't. We want to see what we can't see. No need to do another deal; the deed has been done. The fun is now gone. If we knew, we won't need to wait; since we wait, we will need another wait. But to wait is not to be idle, it is to anticipate. I give you my words not my thoughts..... Patience is far from idleness.

*Patience is far from idleness.*

Thoughts conflict ideas; ideas are made of productive thoughts; many of man's thoughts are hinged majorly in his fears. What will my future be? Does that honey come from bee? Who am I made to be? Should I plant another bean? Let's wait and see.

Glory! Holy!! Glory!!! The clamour for glamour; the colour of the armour, the best time to cleanse the sermon is now. How are you? Who are you? Should you be you? Or won't you start living you? If we are all stars who will be the sun? If we are all stars who will be the moon or the cloud? We all can't be everything else. Put it in perspective, it's a dream when it come at night; when it comes during the day, it's a daydream; if you ever make it, it's a dream come true, that is, a true dream. Many dreams lay as lies because they lay far from the Truth and others don't know where to lie.

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Can't I catch my flow? Can't I flow to glow? Too sad many want to "blow", only few wants to become. To blow is not a bad thing if only you are not scared of the piece and bits that you will become. It's rather farther or never; Never has become the less favoured option. Few will seek to find their end close to the fence, since that's where they always sit. It's better to talk about these things than to speak of it. Speaking

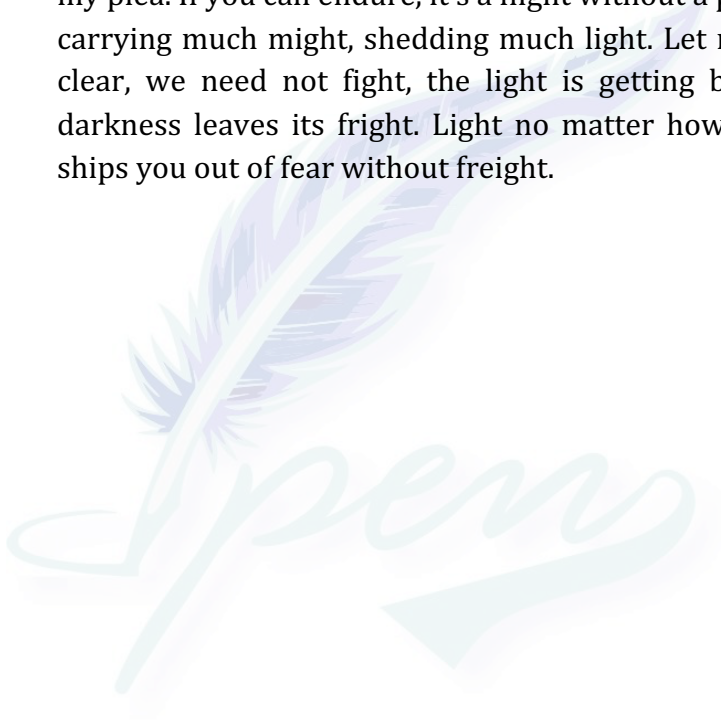
requires more than little energy; sadly the world today prefers to see the performance of energy than the manifestation of its dynamics. This is far from the untold truth; it's a huge secret.

*The world today  
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Science has come with more than fiction, its thriving because man has manned the gates of his soul with his eyes. They appear as what they thought it will be. It's the hypnosis of discovery. I wish I could write more explicit than this, but the hard part of reading is far beyond what letters our eyes can identify. Knowledge, growth and understanding are parallel although simultaneous. Let me explain all these in ordinary language. Years back you would have had to shut one eye to take a picture, but today's structure requires you to involuntarily open both eyes; indirectly whispering, "See all your illusions".

Shedding more light on this little candlelight, I hope I have not shredded your hopes and rights to ignite the light of your mind the way you so please. If you feel pissed by this discovery, feel free to flee from

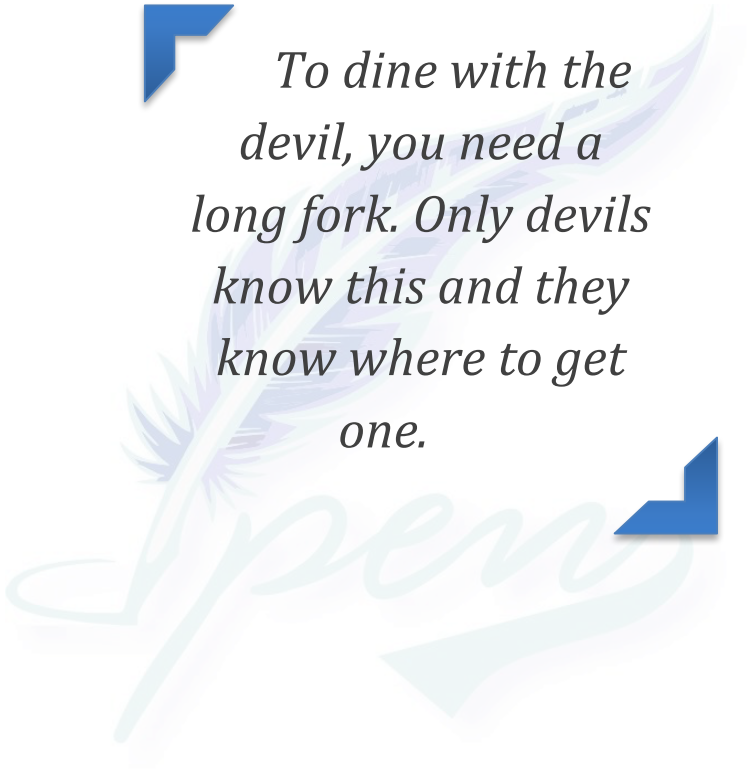

the pages of this book. I'm not sure you are expecting my plea. If you can endure, it's a flight without a plight, carrying much might, shedding much light. Let me be clear, we need not fight, the light is getting bright; darkness leaves its fright. Light no matter how little ships you out of fear without freight.



## CHAPTER 4



*To dine with the devil, you need a long fork. Only devils know this and they know where to get one.*




To dine with the devil, you need a long fork. Only devils know this and they know where to get one. If you seek to keep someone at arm's length, you are surely in search of this fork. What's the need for close distance? It will be your call to keep your friends at bay and your enemies closest or the other way round. You are either in or out; you can't be outside in or inside out.

The school most often than not house the library. The library gives knowledge, the school gives certificates. Many schools are densely populated with little patronage in the library. Many lecturers, teachers and instructors to the ratio of one, two or no librarian. What use is telling me how to get knowledge when you can show it's already before my eyes? Man has always been a brutal deceiver. Most of what we are made to run mad about are about only little of what we are about. We are about running after little, that's why we are going roundabout, looking about and begging about.

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Yes I said begging about! Looking for favour, flavour and paying little or no attention to our endeavours. If you are quiet, you will hear. What does it mean to be quiet? Quiet sounds quite simple until you know it quite requires you to quit. To quit listening to what you can't quite hear. Nosy info, lazy lags and so on stains our hearing ears. It quickens our feet like a cheetah without thoughts of the end game. See, our hopes are left to shatter.

*Many build castles with  
intent for it to impress  
their pressing need to  
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in any game, an opponent*



*is not guaranteed the  
assurance of lasting the  
duration, but each  
contestant is given the  
privilege to get better. We  
truly have no opponent  
but us.*

Why should I rock your boat? Why should I coat your coat? Are you even sure it will float? What if the coat is made with goat? How can I ever be in your shoes? What dealings have the slut and the goose? It always burn, no need for the fuse. To help is a choice we all have to choose. What we feel, whether to flee? Shouldn't overrule what we are to be. Give me a moment, that moment when you realise all your decision were based on how you feel, be rest assured that you have based your life on things momentary. They are temporal, they are passive; they can't last forever. Many build castles with intent for it to impress their pressing need to impress. They forget that in any game, an opponent is not guaranteed the assurance of lasting the duration, but each contestant is given the privilege to get better. We truly have no opponent but us.



*If you want to live, look at  
the leaves; they don't fail  
to fall at Fall. Many things  
are not worth holding  
unto.*

If you want to live, look at the leaves; they don't fail to fall at Fall. Many things are not worth holding unto. If they don't go, how will another come? Revolution can't be possible without evolution. With the chant of change, many have earned fame; it's the same, regardless of the game. Never try to correct the past, the future always come with another past. Tell those that talk about your past to keep up the good work, and that there will be more to write in the future.

*Revolution can't be  
possible without evolution.  
With the chant of change,  
many have earned fame;  
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the game.*

To hold on to your dreams you don't need your hand or your fist. All we need is a heart to feast

through the heat and tempest that tend to test how much we need to realise the reality in our dream. Needing no sim, we can scream our message of hope in the face of situations seeming difficult. No tribe can bribe the future; no scribe can write its meaning, not even to describe it. Ascribe all gratitude to your firmness of spirit and the abundance of your strength.

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heart to feast through the  
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to realise the reality in our  
dream.*

Provide providence for your faith and promote remorse for the worse of attitude without a remote. Like a child that cries for attention; never give up till you have a fill up. Puzzles will pose to baffle or rattle; but these and more make life a battle. Fight with a heart so light. The heaviness of heart from hurts, anger, malice and bitterness makes no sense. It's like wearing overweight armour. You know how you feel after you have taken a piss? Peace feels much better.

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Like it or not, how you feel will not prevent others from living neither will it cut short their life. It surely will not increase or decrease your lifespan. I think of lifespan as "life's pan"; meaning the length of days for the feel of the heat and cold from life's events. Some pray to have a place for themselves in history, others themselves have made history; yet, some others have given themselves to the study of it.

To make history simply means to have a future. Since everyone has one, we all can make one. What gets it all complicated is when we start to make comparison and references. What we feel should be zeal; the zeal to maximize our innate potentials. You can't expect to reach for the stars with only your hand. As you elevate with your hands stretched out, the whole part of your body also moves along. No one, no matter how great or small can see every single

product in a mall. He may see sections, even within the section; he may need help finding what he wants. Life can be more demanding than this.

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Can you boil fire? That's what I think people do when they try to fry their conscience when they propose that the purpose of election is to choose who will win or not lose. So who ever didn't lose will ooze sanity into humanity. I think any fellow with this belief show try booze; it's a drunkard's sanity. Deliverance is far from the entrance of any to the dwellings of power, whether in France, trance or Venice.

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France, trance or  
Venice.*

You may need to foresee to forestall occurrences unpleasant; but if occurrences must occur, length of sight plays little or no gain for outcomes. Out comes the income made anyway. If it came in, it must come out or go out, if that soothes your sense of communication. What your hand lays on is not what you should only rely on; for if that's all, when tables turn, your entire body will spin. You'll be dazed for days, not just amazed.

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## CHAPTER 5

*A nation may build  
the most fortified  
border but what is the  
need for all the bother if  
it's to safely smuggle  
more and more burgers,  
steels and powder?*

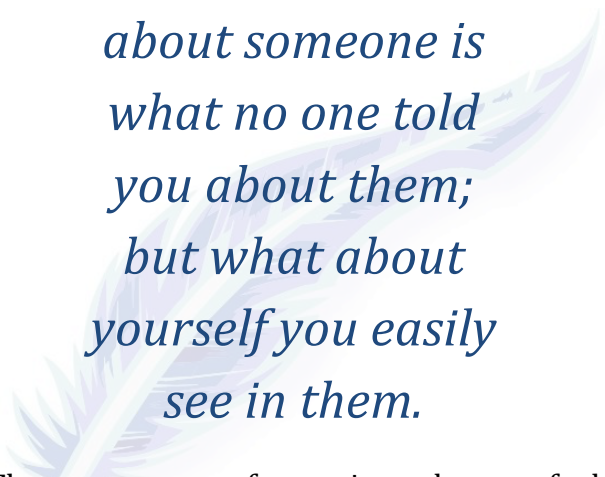
How can you dry a tear when your words are like venoms, they provoke pain and invoke its gain. Its sane to trust your body which is dust; as it thirst for tears which is all there's need for, to tear your fellow man apart. Apart from the fact that we may possess apartments which are in compartments, we need to know that they are all compact because they were built not to tilt towards selfishness but selflessness. This alone is enough to harness all elements for synergy.

If you had the power to either catch your last breath or save your last bread, which will it be? Who we are, is what we imagine and by a far margin, thoughts we can't submerge. A nation may build the most fortified border but what is the need for all the bother if it's to safely smuggle more and more burgers, steels and powder? What we think we will do when we are faced with more difficult situations is often what we least do. I think it's best to have a mind-set that admits that what has been done needs not to be undone. This thought pattern keeps our choice pattern at check including our cheques.

What we see is often hidden in what we look at no matter the art; this is a fact. What we look at is what catches our fancy, but what we make of what we look at is whole determined by the exposure of our mind. Mind you, your mind is yours to mind. I can touch your heart with love and affection from the angle best familiar with you; it's not similar touching the mind. The mind can be tossed like a coin if it has

no mind of its owner. Sooner than later, there'll never be a never; for all will be forever and for ever.

See, what you see with your eyes, what you profess with your tongue, what you feel with your skin, what you perceive from your nose will all together be the totality of what you truly are. The best you know about someone is what no one told you about them; but what about yourself you easily see in them. I bet the blind are the happiest of them all. They have no cravings for the binds from sight, even the site of sight.



*The best you know  
about someone is  
what no one told  
you about them;  
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yourself you easily  
see in them.*

The true essence of sense is to alert us of what our past presents and not the present or the inevitable future. The future belongs to those who follow it, not those who are submerged by thoughts from their past. The past passes fast; so sad many thirst for the past like the mast for network. Yes, our wounds may need attention but we must not be wound by this. We cannot afford to give everything for nothing. Regardless of how you feel, never fail to spill but the



abundance of speech can grill the tongue. What you didn't say can never make you stupid but the wrong things you say. The silent is considered wise but wisdom is best identified in the belly of the worded.

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Not until you are tired of darkness, you can't be a shining light. A dark mind that thinks he is shining has only done well to polish darkness. I make reference to none because every other has been read by many others. In these words lies uniqueness and meekness. Listen, listen, just listen to yourself; you never know; a man is not far from himself. Selfishness will not stop oneself from selling fish but when hunger strikes, Maslow is truly remembered. Bare this in mind whenever you hire your next security officer.

*Selfishness will not stop  
oneself from selling fish  
but when hunger strikes,  
Maslow is truly  
remembered*

*The safest place to be is in a  
state of freedom, nothing  
breeds much meaning than  
breathing for the reason for  
living. Freedom doesn't live  
far. You find it in Jesus Christ;  
leave Him, leave true  
freedom. By all standards, all  
other grounds are sinking  
sand.*

The safest place to be is in a state of freedom, nothing breeds much meaning than breathing for the reason for living. Freedom doesn't live far. You find it in Jesus Christ; leave Him, leave true freedom. By all standards, all other grounds are sinking sand.

Do not say you weren't told, THIS IS NOT MY SWAN SONG.



**BEST ENJOYED IN SOLITUDE**