

HOLES

My life is filled with holes.

These holes are like windows.

Windows through which I escape reality.

Windows through which I escape responsibility.

Windows through which I project dreams of better days.

Windows through which my fears and inhibitions are shed.

Windows through which I draw strength from my alter ego.

Windows through which I form visions of respect and confidence.

Windows through which self confidence is evident in its quiet shadow of positive direction.

Windows through which memories of the past dance.

Windows through which the dancers are evil, overpowering,

forcing me into subservience for all that I cannot do or will not accept in life.

Windows through which the warm and sunny days of success shine all too infrequently.

Windows of happier times.

Windows through which happier times turn to despair because the facade could not be maintained.

Windows through which despair lives and projects its darkness on the souls of each of us.

Windows where I can block out the warmth and the light of the sun, but I cannot shut out the cold that comes with the dark.

Windows through which the sinking feeling of failure presents itself with a strangled feeling of helplessness.

Windows through which I question my manhood and my sanity.

Windows through which I am compelled to watch another day pass.

Windows through which I must stretch another night into morning.

Windows through which the fear of loneliness overcomes my sense of alone.

Windows through which light is shed on my insecurities and shortcomings.

Windows through which others are allowed to gaze upon me and pass judgment.

Windows through which others watch me rage and perform outrageous acts

so as to present a side of me that is not mine but one that I wish to express.

Windows through which life's distorted rays shine upon and confuse my tortured soul.

Windows through which I bleed while others watch and pass judgment.

Windows which I must board up from the inside to protect myself from the ravages of life.

Windows which I have boarded up so that no evil can get in.

Windows boarded up so that no light may penetrate my silence.

Windows boarded up so that the curses of life are soundproofed.

So now all my windows are covered.

So now I am alone in a windowless world.

So now I am alone in the darkness of thought.

So now my soul is free to go nowhere.

Nowhere is safe, I know where I am and who I am with.

Trust does not matter, there is no one here to mistrust.

Truth does not matter, there is no one here to deceive.

Fulfillment does not matter, there is no one here to realize an accomplishment.

Love does not matter, there is no one here to hold or to care for.

Integrity does not matter, there is no one here to lead.

Despair does not matter, it is of my own choosing.

Failure does not matter, there is no one here to pass judgment.

Success does not matter, there is no one here who cares.

Sorrow does not matter, there is no one here to see me cry.

Life does not matter, there is no one here to live it.

The window of life I could not control.

The vacuousness of dark requires no keepers, only participants.

Each participant lives in a windowless cell of his own choosing cloaked only in the hidden fears that torture his soul alone.

I am in my own cube.

In someone else's hands I will not be responsible for my life.

I will wallow in failure because it is my chosen destiny.

I will avoid success because it would require effort.

The effort I save by not achieving, the more room I allow myself for self pity.

In life windows need washing. Washing requires effort, effort requires motivation.

Motivation requires self discipline.

Darkness requires nothing.

My life is darkness.

I cannot control the light.

I can control the dark.

Light is activities, challenges, exertion and failure.

Darkness is security, quiet, passive and sleep.

The challenges of the light are for the brave, the glory seekers, the adventurous.

I am tired, my adventures are memories.

I have earned my sleep.

Darkness is its own reward.

No one from the light can see me.

If I choose I can see into the light.

I choose darkness.

Darkness is security.

My life is filled with windows.

My life is filled with darkness.

My darkness is filled with sleep.

In my darkness I have no one to blame but myself--I won't!

By Duke Mader

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