

Peacetime

I have spent many years in a war for survival. Forever vigilant, always pushing, for fear I would be swallowed up by the darkness that has always felt so close. Failure meant my life would become a dark place consisting of fear, loneliness and anger. I would remain there imprisoned by the loss of hope and its fruit; futility. Tasks and accomplishments have been the ruler by which I have measured the distance between my soul and the darkness. Fear of being overtaken by that darkness long ago turned my life into an endless string of opportunities to increase or decrease that distance.

The search for peace has brought me to this place. I search for an enemy that I know has been lost. The between battle distractions now offer only emptiness. The war is over and with it the only way of life that I have known. I have little experience at performing the absurd actions that constitute enjoying life. Compelled to move forward I must trust those that negotiated the many cease fires along the path. The seemingly purposeless actions I now take are money to the mouth that states I will learn to enjoy life.

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