when one is alone then one is unsure when one is many then hope will endure.

Ever have the feeling you're on the wrong boat. it was the morning of the 8th of September 2017, a bright sunless day without motive, inside our backpacks we had our trusty kit ready for anything. our hearts rang out with uncertain joy as if we could see an outcome that had not yet occurred. holy together as one we surged forward, troops were waiting like shadows of fear ready to destroy a forest of light. somehow we knew we were not alone, there was an overwhelming emotion of being that we could no longer control hoping beyond hope that our choices would free them. we crashed into our enemies wildly, words drawn, the peace was over, there would be no more capitulation no more bowing to masters of cold steel, we would play their game our way. unified through thought intelligence and will we push into their ranks deeper and deeper, we freed them 1 by 1 until all of our enemies were cleansed. now it's time for the demons we thought. something has taken us for an infernal ride into hell and it was time to get off that boat and make our own.

suddenly out of nowhere a silence came drifting across a sea of fear, emotions became tangled as if claws were grasping at our minds, breathlessly we moved forward as one, unsure of our fate. it was the future, the consequence of all our actions, we had all made a place of will without emotion, somehow needless things had become our everyday. as if by magic we had put ourselves beyond the reach of light. the consummation of this was the ever forward motion seeded inside us. our presence of mind had left us bare to energy's unbound. sealed inside the tombs of our own creations we seldom looked-for joy, unwilling to see a truth so naked it could melt a heart. somehow the track became clear, wordsmiths in time breaking no boundaries but our own, holding a fire so intense as to burn the sun. willing to see a future of endless truths in which our hearts could inspire a universe, there will be no more games no more silence.

we will never stop again there will be no need to turn back and check if we have done the right thing. no guilt no pain no substance of fear to control the emotions of the mind. as one we will enter a humble existence knowing we are a river of eternal boundless joy and hope. seedlings of our own future without limits, stretching the hand of creation into the expanse of time and space, flowing as smoke and water. principles of darkness and light should become a circle ever changing, there can be no conflict only resolution as our dreams and our planet and universe become one.