"I was called a bastard."

(a poem by Spiros Angelaki II)

I asked the people, "How could this ever be possible?".
Most replied, "It was merely by luck, or chance, but we are in darkness."
I witnessed a flame burning brightly, near which there was no darkness.
So, I turned toward a man near to it named Moses,
he was notably greater than me in every capacity I was able to think of,
and my lips lost my words before I could ask him.

His party with him was notably small in number,

all with eyes like moons and suns;

and they were still;

unwaivering.

I was born in a place.

Before I could attempt to speak again, his firm right hand gripped tightly onto my right shoulder;
I no longer felt gravity, and all I could see was the flame burning brightly behind him;
he placed my feet firmly on the ground by pushing me downward;
I had no option but to witness his beautiful face, I squirmed, fearfully, as I feared him and loved him, and I could almost not live to bear witnessing his beauty.
He forced me to gaze at his eyes that shined like ten thousand suns at their deaths.
The only words he gave me were:
"Leave me, and go to him."

His party did not look at me.

He lifted his right hand and pointed his finger at a man far away from us;

His hand glowed brighter than the fire,
but only for a moment.

Somehow, I walked,
all I could see was the fire;

he must have turned my body forcefully in a direction;
because it was not possible for me to move on my own,
in sheer terror and incapability;

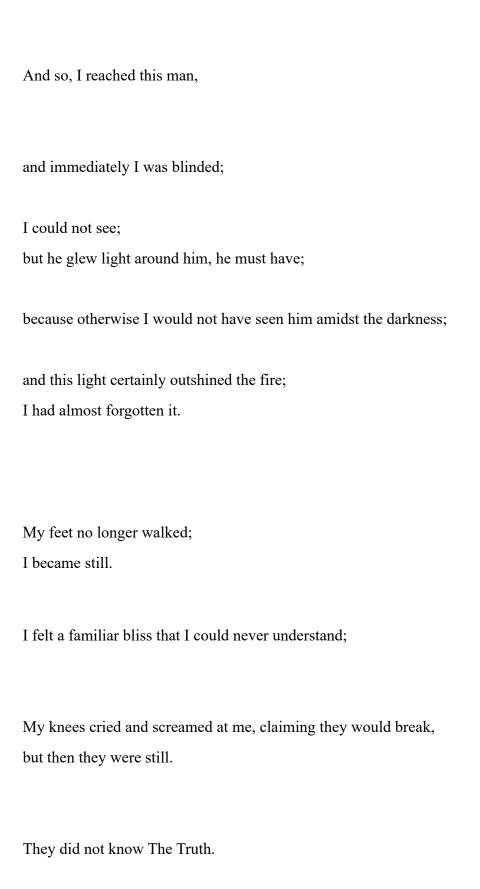
I simply could not understand;

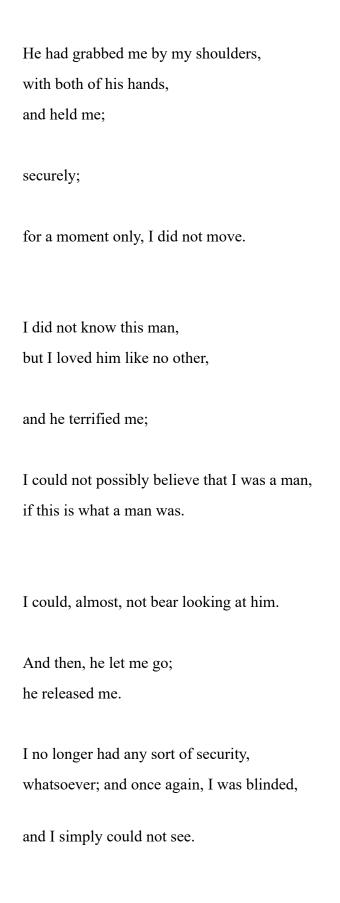
I simply could not feel them;

yet I walked, and I walked.

because surely,

I wondered if he moved my feet for me as well,





I then saw his voice remove the darkness on my face; and it cleansed me, fully; and yet, I still could not understand. He gave me words that I can still remember. I was not capable of looking at his face, but I knew it was more beautiful than mine. And then, I noticed, he was encompassed by a great war, made of many wars within, yet, he did not fight; and somehow, his enemies near fell quickly, propelled downward; thrusted beneath his untouched feet; and there was light pouring from his toes; it showed me where he stood, and that he did not move, ever. He did not move; ever.

I, almost, could not live to bear witnessing his perfection,
he excelled past me in every capacity,
I could not enumerate the ways that he was clearly greater than I;

surely, I could not be a man, there was no way.

His right hand raised from the darkness, he pointed his finger in a direction; and, only for a moment, I could see.

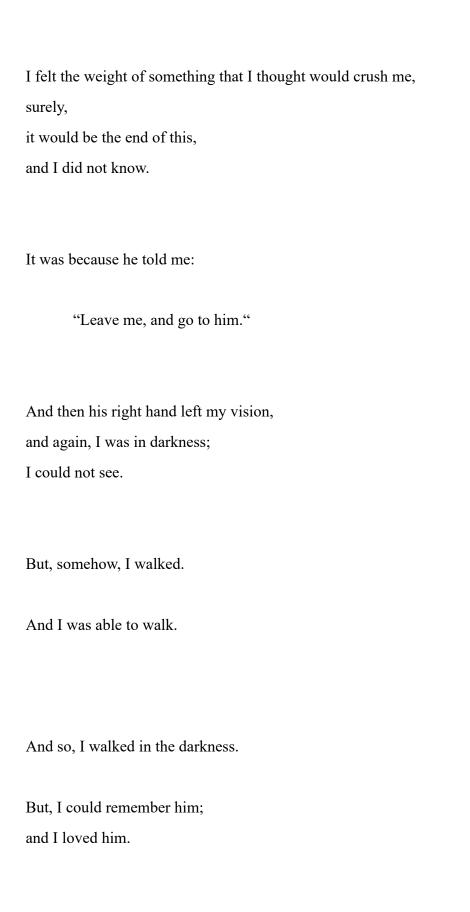
I could not see the fire, because he had too much light; and I almost did not remember it.

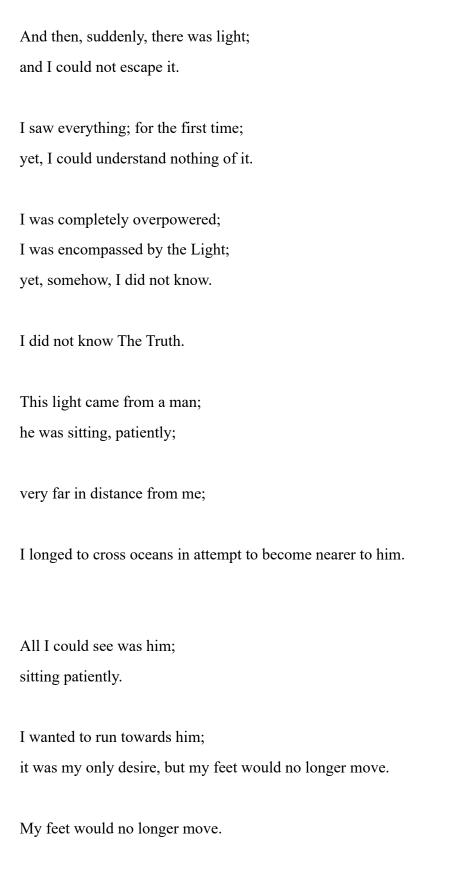
And I was, again, turned around, forcefully.

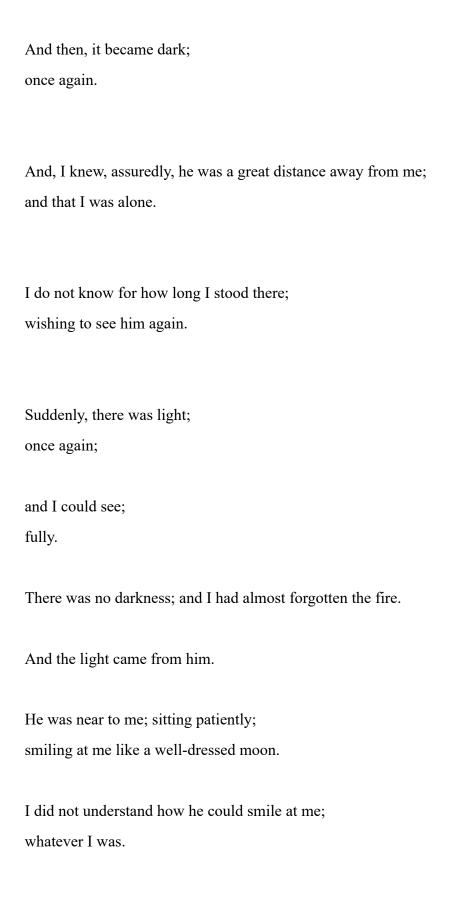
I only saw his right hand, to the right of my vision, and ahead I only saw darkness;

I feared him and I loved him, but I did not know who he was;

I trusted him as if I had belonged to him;
I could not imagine something similar to him,
surely, it was clearly impossible.







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He did not move,
he did not speak,
but I could see him;
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and I knew that he loved me;

I felt as though he was my father; but he was not.

He told me things that I was not capable of understanding;
And I can not count the amount of words that came from him;
and I knew they were not his own.

I saw Fear in his eyes;
Though, all I could fear was him;
Towering over me in absolute greatness,
and perfection,
besting and toppling me in every capacity,
as he sat and I stood.

I was one who did not understand.

He removed me from the darkness, singlehandedly, yet, somehow, he explained to me that he did nothing; but that he loves me.

I owe everything to him, or whoever he sends me to.

And I love him, blessed is he, better than me.