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“Loneliness”

Looking beyond this captive tomb, I find the illusion of freedom to be a far-gone conclusion that is resurrected only by the death of my circumstances. If I trust in the nature of things, I believe that it is beyond common measure, this I chance to grant me the solace of peace, than what does this say of me, a sentient secluded thing of capitulated grief? Need that I might find the truth of no less than my just desserts, for is it not the equal of my deeds which has bound me within these tombs, though stay as I might, grant me a moment of reprieve to balance my courage to fight through these innate lurking's in the recesses of my mind, as the stasis of this hysteria plague me to an uncertain distorted fate, desperately searching, and alone.

Thus grieve for me not, that I may surely suffer the pings of illusion to place upon the shadows of tomorrow, in sorrow if by the mean of that which borne me, granted instead a continuity in all auspices to affect, a pure measure to wit, I lay before the gauntlet, a sacrifice of which no other may cast asunder or put to liable my eternal pleas to free my human soul and leave me to no further ridicule as I remain separated and alone.