

“An Old Man”

Deft...Deft...Deft...Deft. Deft is a certain old man. Denizen of a region, a state, a realm of a nation found a number of years ago before. There is no fractiousness for this particular old man. Though, matters appear disconcerting with incessant trouble...it truly does not exist. He lives in a land of pastoral beauty, yet others would argue otherwise. He wishes to do but a few things. Hauteur eludes him at near every instant. He sighs in disappointment and sadness at times. Walking forward he is, but walking backwards at the same time as well. He had the fortune of being taught the silencing of the society's strident disillusion and materialistic culture. While still incomplete in true stillness, he still holds much to permeate. Lesson! Lesson! He knows that it is nothing but an illusion...yet he desires to be ascertained as useful, needed, necessary despite great recognition and popularity among his peers. Perhaps...He knows that recognition is superficial and just wants to be an assistant to others even if it means death. Every day! Every day! Saunter! Saunter! Lesson! Extemporizing is how people honestly live. No past or future. Innuendo avast, avast a violent world. Both clear and muddied contiguous. Now incredulously this old man is physically of a young age – an adolescent! Strange, hmm? Transitory forever more. His mind's age is truly ancient. Chivalry, honor, modesty, honesty.