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Full Circle

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Cover Page Footnote

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As I lay awake I wonder aloud
"What is my meaning?
Am I destined to be something great,
Like a mountain?
Or am I destined to spend my days
As a tiny speck of nothingness?"
Again and again these questions plague
My slumberless dreams
As images of something and nothing dance,
As if madmen, within the depths
Of my mind's eye.

Swirling, spiraling swooping
About my head as I try to
Decipher the hidden meaning
Of these ghosts.
I reach out to try and grasp the
Evasive images that elude
My fleeting hold of understanding.
Now I hide from that which baffled
Mine, the keenest of wits,
And sent me into a void of confusion
And disarray.

I will not retreat!
Again I face my mental persecutor
And with a new found strength of ignorance
I attack my assailant
Trying to erase that which I know is
An untruth in my life.
Searching, searching amid a menagerie of lies
For any sense of the truth that is meaning
In my life.

Then, when my victory seemed certain
A turnabout amid the night's chaos.
The spirits that I duel with fade
In the midst of battle.
And, as if an evil phoenix rising
From the ashes of it's own demise,
A single clear image appears before
My unbelieving eyes.
I see myself warring with uncertainties
Like those that had just departed me.

Is this my destiny?
Is this the limit of my life's reach?
To continue to fight a losing battle
Until the end of my days?
Frustrated and angry,
I scream

Michael J. Tedone