

# The Angle

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## Full Circle

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## Full Circle

### Cover Page Footnote

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## Full Circle

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