

Why I Write

Regardless of the many reasons, one comes to mind more than anything at present – the unwavering decision to never allow another son-of-a-bitch or bastard to abuse me or [you] again. I/we have our decision. The remainder of our days should be enjoying the life we have been given. Knowing that all life slowly recedes like the sand into an ocean. One day, we will be dead and ‘this too shall pass.’ My soul bears the closest inspection and begs for me to save it. There is something worthy inside of you and me and also in this world. A pure and beautiful merit. I see it. Always have. The many, not the few, are good people. People all over the world with hearts like those golden sands the waters come and wash away. I have seen the cruelty, and also the beauty of mankind as well. Hearts covered with minute particles; spangles of mica as in the sand, and when the sun shines on them in the form of love, justice, or compassion – it reminds me of why I write, speak, and fight. The water washes away the sands of our lives; but it also makes the golden particles of hope shine brighter. Everything is washed clean and bright, and the water is the best glass through which to see it. The fight for a better world is always worth it. Worth dying for.

And, it is only fitting that for the same reason for which I live and attribute to my success – I am so loved by both few and also many.