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"THE LAST NIGHT"

One more sunrise . . .
 One more hope . . .
 One more distant dream . . .
 One more romantic interlude with life . . .

I ignore the passage of time, as I wait for God to give me that one more Sunrise. I wonder as I wait; Does He give them as a reward or is each one a new joke? . . . What if, dying's the reward and living's a sentence? It's an intriguing epitaph. That is, especially if one has experienced a life-time of denials, rejections, humiliations, degradations and incarcerations, the very epitome of monstrosity evoked upon any human being.

I can't help but feel admiration toward the Biblical character "Job" for his fortitude, elastic patience, and endurance of the suffering's placed upon him. However, he had experienced, lived and functioned as a supportive member of his society. He had experienced friendship, love and happiness. His was a vital part of human existence. His attributes only to be read about, watched on some motion picture screen and dreamed of in my single most world.

I thought perhaps there was some secret formula, some exotic rulers or esoteric scholars possessing the solutions to relieve me of this painful existence. I began to search for them. I traveled the farther-most corners of the world, only to learn that the answers could only be found within my own mind. Yet, I could not utilize this knowledge because my time had not yet arrived, and at this particular stage of life, I doubted if there would be such a time. I have to keep reminding myself that neither personality, nor appearance - was any criteria. Logic was what mattered, the application of cold logic.

As the mass of mumbling conversations begin to surround me, I look for other supportive alliances. I begin to wonder if it is worthwhile to depend on anyone except myself. Knowledge is my only birthright, and that was being suppressed through most sophisticated methods, maneuvers, and systems. There is no power against a system that is so wrong.

I begin to experience mental reactions to events rather than events themselves. Although I could call on previous knowledge and experiences, the facts that came into my mind were hard to interpret. Even my feelings were sometimes diffused and chaotic, so much that I could not put them into words or proper perspective. Too many of my nightmares in the past months and years have centered on the unknown horrors that seemed about to confront me. It was the small incivilities that constituted major change in my concepts of the system and of life.

I sit here now faced with the possibility of experiencing the world beyond with no concepts of it, other than the facts that there

is no return from it. Memories, habits, disciplines, all have their carefully nurtured place within. From within the eye of the inner mind all things can be seen. This is what makes me what I am. This is history.

Yet, One more sunrise . . . I long for that inner power to struggle for freedom, for love, for friendship, for life, for the innovating dreams of a future existence, where truth is more important than comfort. There I can orchestrate my ideas and thoughts into creative and constructive purposes. But what would I have to do? What would I have to give up? I know that all life is balanced. One cannot gain such power without shedding other things, important things. My question is; "What are they?"

Sometimes it appears that when I'm at my strongest, I am also at my most vulnerable. Who can foresee the consequences of the unpredictable?

One more hope . . . to manifest the efforts of my longing's, of my desires, or my needs, of my attempts to visualize an untouched reality, feeling the awful ache of loneliness, of displacement, of a creeping kind of reality I seem powerless to stop. I know there is life all around me, but I don't feel a part of it.

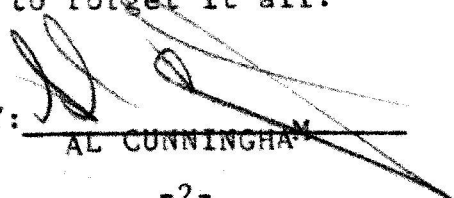
One more distant dream . . . One more expectation, one more visualization of futuristic idealisms, where the architectural designs intensify the superlative combination of logic and rationalism.

One more romantic interlude with life . . . to explore the genetic flirtations of wisdom and understanding.

Sometimes I'm like an old man, but only in terms of mortal chronology. When I bother to remember the date of my birth and count intervening years, they are less and less as time obscures what meaning it had once had. I am surprised to realize that I have lived upon the earth more than half a century.

I look no more than 47: my eyes are bright with life and energy, my skin is still taut across my muscles and skull. But when one is fully integrated into the universe as I am, one hears not the insistent buzz of the mortal clock, only the slow tick of the cosmic metronome. Time no longer weights heavily on me, pulling at my soul like gravity. This I have contemplated many times, believing it to be the true meaning of levitation.

I have found that with maturity comes an ability to assess the past with objective eyes. I now invite anyone to look into my liquid eyes and see every shade of color in the earth and sky, look beyond the physical visualization into the innermost part of me and mentally probe my soul. There's a magic well filled with the formula of life. Though a blackness deeper than night envelopes my exterior physical world, the truth reveals to me the path I must take. So let tonight be the last night for me to forget it all.

BY: 
~~AL CUNNINGHAM~~