

Al Cunningham
Box E-22600 (1-EY-17)
San Quentin, CA 94974

MOMENT OF THOUGHTS

Death, so many threats, faces, personalities, shadows, and daggers..... And so I wonder how surprised one should be when the essence of death serves notice against their living? Am I? As though someone special? Absolutely not! For I am a man that recognizes truth pulled from inevitable roots. And while such uprooted truth may be bitter upon the taste buds of knowing, at least appetite of knowledge is fed spiritual truth toward healthy understanding, rather than being special somehow exempts one being obsessed although over indulged in such foolish thinking.

And how foolish is a man to believe himself exempt from that of inevitability. Especially when vast tombstones from birth to aged, begs to differ.

Oh how the currents of a man's thoughts toss him from one objective unto another concept. For solace, sometimes a man must permit himself to fall within his inner ocean, to sink himself to the depths of his heart, to see his life beating, to see lava of his life-flow flowing through the channels of his quaking veins.

And while a man cannot sojourn beyond oxygen's permission at least he knows for an hourglass grain moment, the inevitable has not registered mourning across tombstone's countenance. Is that solace?

Maybe or maybe not. But it is though for me, another moment of thoughts.

BY: 

AL CUNNINGHAM