



The Privilege of Slavery

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For a long time we've been filled with misery and sadness. Our bodies like tattered damp ghostly houses. Haunted temples of pain we've been, praying to a lesser god. Walking aimlessly, lost and pale we've been. Dead inside like abandoned ships. Wreckages with masts bent and broken. In deep oblivion we've fallen, lost and castaway. We've grown cold and lorn. Endowed with deceit and distrust, blood feuds we've harbored. Weak we've become, our worries greater, our pain deeper. And like heavy stones we've started to drown in dark thick gloomy waters. Clear crystalline pools, poisonous swamps became. Warlords and death cults emerged and free men were turned into slaves. Wizards and sages fell slaves to cosmic powers, witchery and subversive arts clouded their hearts. Weakness entered their hearts like cold snakes. Unease and tempted they became. No more were they fixed in Knowledge. No more were they like mountains, silent and wise in undisturbed calm. Like stormy seas their souls became. Weary and melancholic their thoughts. Dark kings with ash-like skin, consumed by black fires within. Bear skulls they wore on their long-haired heads. Fearful and groan-like their war cry. And soon treacherous counselors with forked tongues paved their way through, near their solitary majesties. In night mists they schemed, whispering always. Putrid breath whispered green vaporous poison in their lords' ears. A previously unknown disturbing blade cut through their yearning hearts. Doubt and fear nested in their bosom. Feeble they became, numb and blind their hearts. Slaves to their women, their swords and scepters became heavier. Bent and scared they walked their halls, frightened like hunted beasts. Rest was found no more in their sleep nor in their wake, but only nightmares and cold sweat. No more heirs were there in their seed. Barren they were, slaves to their women. Blood they spilled in their violent impotency. Cloaked in shadowy corners, wet and blasphemous the counselors crept in the Queen's chamber sowing their regicide Mordred sons. Bears were soon no more in the woods. Rare and mysterious like wild boars they became, for counselors arranged great feasts and sumptuous hunts. Luxurious chambers replaced vaulted halls. In red velvet cloaks the counselors became priests of the mundane. Powdered and plump, like whores the nobles became. In gilded chambers they soiled themselves. Satanic subversive revolutions beheaded the courage to regain our nobility.

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How far we are now from where we've been. How much we've lost. How utterly blind we've become. What slaves have we become! Slaves to our blood, to our beloved, slaves to our pride, to our dreams and hopes, slaves to our beliefs and our religions, slaves to our gods and our knowledge. What is this strength that flows through our veins if not weakness? And how we fear to lose our strength! What solitary citadels have we become! What great thick walls have we built around our wounded hearts! No cracks, we've built perfect prisons. How nonchalant and careless we seem. How we play everyday our fake *personas*, wearing our masks. What fake tragedies we mime while our hearts inside turned into stones. And how do we crave! In our fish bowls, in our gilded cages, in our high towers or in our basement retreats. Scattered like pieces of broken glass. Splinters of one mirror. Parallel we stand, fixed in inverted roots, spinning always like haunted specters.