



Insights of a travel-worn nature

M. Capruta

When one realizes the relativity of evil, one finds his/herself baffled in uttermost dumbness. A state of confusion takes hold of the being, a sense of disorientation, the poles reverse, and they tend to interchange masks that you've taken for granted as representing faces of certainty. You feel as filled with lead and all certitudes unveil themselves to the point of mere feelings.

The claustrophobic sense of captivity comes into presence and at the level of the chest, in an approximate depth beneath the flesh, a burning cut sucks down the universe into that paining wound. You crash within and the self-composed image of a lifetime is blown away in ruin. All sense of familiarity is lost and you stare blankly, peering through meaningless objects.

Somewhere here, in this wasteland, if the strength is not oscillating but sustained in a some sort of symmetry with the horizon of pain, a fulgurating break may be realized and thus a subsequent rebirth and renewal. May the Divine Mercy bless us with the sparkling of His leading Light.