

Ode

Blessed Muse of Memory! Grant me the aim
To let my words meet their target
For I worry not to kill, on the contray
It is to let fly from my hands
What was drawn from the quiver of childhood
I shall soothe those concerns and
Walk back my prideful speech-this is no
Epic-and we were all once babes
Uneasy with our legs under us like Speter
Was staring down the hoard of girls
Who were after him and his comatriots
That auspicious day so long ago but
Already ~~my~~ my prayers are bgin answered.
Yes, I can feel that missile being launched
With ~~such~~ ^{VC} a strength before I did not possess
AS I draw ^{VC} from that reverant well and
Let ~~XX~~ its cool drink fall from my lips
Look! There he is now; hurry, so we
May take our leave and not disturb
The young master and intrude upon the pain to come.

I
Young Speter stood ~~for~~ there in the garden, sublime, as he fiddled with some
splendid fruit that had fallen to the ground. He picked one up.

Speter:

Such grace and beauty lie within
It's fresh and fruity to begin
But maze and wonder doth take hold
It lie asunder far from cold
And as the days and nights do pass
In ways I could not know to ask
Some germ ~~just may~~ by chance may form in thee
The budding dance of maturity
And by these hands it shall surely be!

With those words the young boy placed the seed divine, imparting something
of himself with it, into the shallow hole he had clawed from the earth, before
unleashing himself to the dismay of everyone onto the rest of the neighbor-
hood. The young master left the grove with a coolness in his breath. The air
was quiet in its morning leisure. He exhaled calmy and felt a brief comunion
as he opened the eyes with ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ serenity abound. He had created a life.

II
No sooner had this fragile peace formed before it was utterly obliterated
by the cruel conveyance^{of} his twinkling heels. Each strike against the ground
pounded alongside the dazzling display within the shoes, ~~art~~ ^{art} as the young
master abandoned all nobility of spirit ~~such as there was before~~ and pushed
with such a force against the mantle ^{down to show} as to launch his actual body into the
very air that not but a moment ago had covered every surface nearby like ants
innumerable, marching upon the orders of their god incarnate-a melted candle
seemingly brought back, divine to finish the job.

At home a dark force awaited him. Speter yanked off the strobing sneakers
and entered the kitchen when sight of the most wonderous and ferocious look-
ing knife he had ever laid eyes on sat deviously on the counter beckoning him.

Knife:

~~Boy~~ you feast your your eyes boy on my infernal ore
I tore through perhaps 10,000 others just like you
Cut anew. And from whence I came this gleaming material
You shall ~~no doubt~~ ^{am I controlled by} wonder and thinketh just as I ~~shall~~ ^{will} ~~no doubt~~ ^{doubtlessly} ~~no doubt~~
Be without nary another minute 'fore you take me
And see for thyself and test ~~my~~ ^{this} metal.

Enchanted by this spell Speter staggered with heavy paces, ~~his legs now~~
~~now~~ ^A ancient oak trunks ~~lay~~ below his waist where there were legs before,
as he struggled to yank himself from the roots of unyielding fixation that
so quickly took ~~went~~ ~~so~~ hold. The linoleum floor slept, unknowing, like
an expanse of ocean and his socks slid atop their waters as two silken
chariots pulled by winged creatures kissing the film of its unexplored depths.

At the counter, Speter reached high overhead and grasped its alien handle. As if
descending a tree he knew he ought not climb, the son of Maro dilligently
lowered his heels to the unsuspecting floor with a break ⁱⁿ calm beyond his few
years. The blade firmly in hand and with heels now touching the floor he
examined this ~~XX~~ new addition to their cuttlery.

Speter:

Such terrifying potential lie within thee
I know not what I would do with it
For if looks could kill these edges would instill
The fear of God within everything that liveth

Alas I can not make myself stop
The questions I have for this blade
An irresistable force can not alter its course
Until an unmovable object ~~XXXXXX~~ forbaid

My grave is made I have but to lieth
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ This final contest before I dieth
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ To resolve the question that agoniz ^z with
Dare one thing withstand this knife? ^{here}