

## Masks for the Many

I landed on a swollen patch of green grass,  
disconcerted by my own trajectory.

The Fall had taken me north of where I thought it would, and this was due to my own Credenda.

I'm exactly like you. Guarantee it. Well, some of you, maybe those reading this.

Each of us finds solace in social referendum, or *go it* on our own and end up where I am. The former just haven't reached the wisdom of knowing the *Collective* is a quagmire of stolen bases and acceptable conclusions claiming to know the why and where and the when, we are from. This could be true; it likely isn't. So those of us who take the unlikely road end up with Dogmas of our own, whilst some less accredited, preach best what they most need to learn. I'm not proselyting, just taking a commodity and setting it on the ground for passers-by; the Contagious allure of the mis enlightened. No more poignant is this, than it is right *now* - this day this time. If you wear the *Fig Leaf* of the socially subservient, and browse among the inoculated, while not only averse but varnished in the clamor of Caesar's Charge and insidiously anoint yourself God's Gumshoe, your Trust is bound to the Din of a Gaggle, and you will not hear a word of what I'm saying. "See Ya when you get there", as the song says, though I solemnize the journey you have chosen, for such it is.

The Human Anthology is a story never told. Some of us write about most of us and make it sound like all of us, but its not. Historians write in metaphors, using milestones of made-up minutes that either are written as Apology, or Litany, or Piety, or as a Perfidious Medley of the Rich planning their next Monetary Millenia. We read History like its true though it can't be. If you don't know the Chronicler has colluded with the King, then wear your Fig Leaf boldly, and stake your claim for your Queen, and when the dust settles and the Sentry has fallen, its you who were among the Many, so don't blame me, as I'm found among the Few, the mis enlightened, and just recently landed on a patch of green grass, just north of my Better Self.