

The Knights Requiem

I sit here alone in the night, peering out through this window at the city lights below as angelic Celtic lyrics gently kiss my ears. The lights seemed like distant watch fires, each representing some safe and loving haven and I find it ironically fitting that I sit far away alone in the darkness. My heart churns like some torrid, storm ravaged black sea, and in this moment I allow myself a bit of self pity. It seems only fitting and well deserved since I had done this thing on to myself some time ago. Ironic that such pain stem from that which I had considered to be the greatest act of self I had ever done. How I had worn it like some white panache and defended in the name that all I was...soul, spirit, fist, blood and bone. I shake my head, grinning half heatedly at my own nativity, realizing that these elemental things, in their essence, also make up rocks, trees, and clouds. They mean nothing. Where do you run to escape yourself?

I want no one like I have never wanted anyone. I want to be alone where I can at least take comfort in the fact that I will never have to hurt, even if that means I never know joy. For I have had too much of the first, and am tired of fighting for left over scraps of the later. I have no fight left to defend what it is I am, and I can not change the essence of my being. The world has no use for my kind any longer so I kindly ask that the world leave me alone.

If I left for some far off land to start again it would make no difference, for I am not a man out of place but of time. An old soul that perhaps has been recycled too many times, unequipped to live in this modern age where good deeds are empty. They serve only the

moment and the gain they provide their receiver. The deed is quickly forgotten once the stuff of which it is made runs dry, then the memory of it cast aside.

Don't try to console me with pity, the thought of it only serves as blade in these re-opened wounds. I simply wish to surrender and accept that this empty place inside me will never be filled, and in the end will consume me. For the time that I have left I simply wish to find some type of peace with myself and avoid the judging eyes and thoughts of others. These merits I so prided myself on mean nothing here, so I remove them and lay them at your feet. Use them as you will, perhaps to wipe the grime from the bottom your soul. I cannot say they have served me well though had they intent they would have received commendation.

When others ask you of me tell them simply that I was a fool with fatuous notions and senseless beliefs. Warn them not to try to live as I lived for it left me lonely, yearning only to be alone. Tell them to be true only to themselves and in that you will have given them the gift I can never know; the bliss of ignorance. Let them avoid this self induced torture of believing that in action any man is better than the other. Idealism died a long time ago and this world recognizes no martyrs. Tell them to live in the now and to never look forward and to never look back. The ends will justify the means and this world has no place for knights or noble men.

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