

60. The Final Word

– Still silent? What dignity is there in letting me rattle on like this? Can I be thought entirely trustworthy in having the final word?

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[It's a hot, muggy, overcast day and I sit here in my little room sweating profusely. At the same time I look for some sort of inspiration, some sort of meaning, some sort of direction, indeed, some sort of future for myself. For the fact of the matter is that, right now, right at this point in my life, I'm afraid of the future, afraid of my age and my aging, afraid of, to speak figuratively for a moment, putting to flight all the romantic songbirds of my soul. Afraid of – and still speaking figuratively – going out of this life not with a bang but a whimper. Is it any wonder then that, mindful of my youthful dreams and what has guided me thus far, I wish more than ever now for a bright star before me? . . .