

# Desprair

by

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I don't remember the date when I first completed this story.

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Now is the time to try to remember what it was that I was thinking the last time I went out for a while. I had a chance to fly away with a very dear friend who used to know all things that were within the realm of time and space, except for those few articles of faith that are reserved for the lofty of heart and mind. Those were the days. I would rise early, feed the lizard, and march into the marsh amid the hooting and calling of the millions. The days were long then, and cool, with the fragrance of jasmine and wild spices which abounded among the rocks. Gypsies would sing, and I would smile as I climbed the rocks, frisking with the clouds. I could be lost for days and never know it, or be missed. People expected me to disappear and some were of mixed feelings on the affect it might have on the river, which was my responsibility. I kept the river. I preserved it. I loved it. Without the river, my people would have had no place to swim. We were different people then, alive and filled with the peace of our chosen place. We knew our land and ourselves, and we were satisfied. That was before I came upon the new things of today. After that we pursued other goals, and sought other pleasures. Now, we hardly remember the old things, and our lives do not flow from here to there as they did before, but run in random channels which are all at cross purposes with the world. Now, if I leave for a moment, the world collapses around my absence. I am needed, but not for myself. I am needed because I do things. My people have scattered around the world and made great names and reputations for themselves, because no others can do what we can do. That is because no others have had what we have had, and lost. We have the wisdom of despair. We work within the world to hide the things which are no more and could be again if we would allow it. Others call us great. Men see our works and have no notion of the value of play. Since the elder days, I have seen many changes in the world, and have watched the magic, and the warlocks, and the demons vanish. I could imagine them again, but what's the use. I could never keep them to myself, and others would hate them, fear them, seek them out, and destroy them. Why should I create a wonder for others to destroy? I will keep the knowledge to myself and cherish it. Beyond all else, I must remember myself, and hold myself true to all those old and dear values that I learned in my youth. The things my father knew. Then I can tell my children of the wonders that I saw and loved. They can tell their children, and they theirs. Thus the useless progression of wasted knowledge can travel throughout all the ages of the world, even to the end of time.

—Amen.

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