

[Discussions in the Forum sometimes become inflamed, leading to people writing forms of Lamentations. These are recorded here to serve as a reminder that everything isn't as perfect as we would like it to be. Attacks happen, people get hurt. Uploaded for the first time on the anniversary of 9/11, this is our very own "Falling Man". Ed. 2007/11/09]

Neither Die Nor Escape

When they wandered downhill with the water as it sought its own level they felt the pull of gravity get heavier and heavier until it was too late to turn back. They couldn't even sit where they were anymore; they just kept rolling down the hill. There appeared to be no hope. So they decided something must be done before they such momentum that they could never return to their origin.

They worked hard on their plan and finally it was decided that the best thing to do was argue. They did this for a million years or more until they were utterly exhausted, weathered, and beaten to a pulp. They would have relished death but it never came. By this time they were farther down the whirlpool than anyone ever imagined they could go. Then someone farted. They were so hysterically tired that they all broke out into laughter. Once they started laughing it occurred to them how stupid they had been all this time. Unfortunately they had long since passed the point of no return.

They could neither die nor escape, but at least they could have a sense of humor about it.

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