

Notes

I can always marvel at the thought of kindness towards those that hate me.

I can always be moved at the thought of forgiveness towards those that hate me.

I am always inspired at the thought of forgiving my enemies.

Is this existence life or death;
Am I a seed of nothingness—
A grain of cosmic restlessness?
What is life but time's ignorance?
Enduring death meeting with resistance
A dream of brief desire tapering to an end
And continuing in the eternal curve of death.

whose sense of decency and are so depraved that they have ceased to regard the individual as a man of dignity, in a word, themselves.