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An affliction is overshadowing mankind in a dilemma, rather maybe even a burden. For we are relentlessly asked moral questions in many ways, "To rule in Hell or serve in Heaven?" A powerful quandary indeed. So what would you choose?

Days pass by slow or fast depending on times gleeful stance, Stagnation of the mind upon a throne of nothingness is the posed question of morality. As talks and contemplations with your God arise, doubts inevitably creep in like vines to overtake you. You'll converse with the intimate parts of life and death but before the anguishing struggle root in, an answer appears.

An answer!^{!?!!} One must be of particular psychodynamic thought to see an answer! But, it is none the less true with a small flower. The most delicate of life that shows up and challenges you. Life is not scared, it will not step, and it most certainly goes where it wants. The answer at times is so simple as a small flower growing in the most vile of places. Would you still choose ruling in Hell or do you serve in a Kingdom now? It is infact a question that rivals the meaning of life. I guess what I am trying to say....

There is hope if you look for it, even if you don't look it appears like the flower. In times of darkness, hopelessness, and depression such as behind these walls can a prisoner find solace

what did I see?

I tapped twice next to a spider and it tapped twice back..

Spiders creep me out.