

priest.

My God, what have I done with my life? I have built me into a glittering, bristling edifice of polished steel and buried my heart in the foundations.

Yet am I chased by the relentless Hound from ~~room~~ to the logical compartments and the icy suites of reason, down, down to that buried chamber where I confront both my true ^{whole} self and thee.

Once there I kneel as in the presence of a stranger, the self I tried to disown, and find thee partner with it in the agonous mutiny of a reprisal that brings me back helpless "et inquietum" to the feet of thine own half-discarded Image.