

*multiplication of the... of letters*  
*style of pen*

I wanted to write. I wondered if I could write, wondered if writing was the worst possible thing. Writing seemed to be freedom and a good thing. Just to practice typing was a good thing. Just to be doing something interesting was a good thing. Interesting question: what is a creative idea?

Interesting study (title for a study)

Unpopular Distortion and Mutation of Popular Words

algebra, by definition: the branch of mathematics that uses positive and negative numbers, letters, and other systemized symbols to express and analyze the relationship between concepts of quantity in terms of formulas, equations, etc.

\* analysis of this definition

storm clouds roll away  
sprinkling of stars spread across the blackness of the  
melody of a violin  
of life-my very exhistance  
things you are to me  
I love you I have a reason to live  
I love you I have a world of things to give.  
destiny plays the jestor  
And with his cap of bells, and mocking tones  
He says, "Your love is not to be. This I prophesy,  
I saw it in a dream, you will not have her, she is not for you.  
Oh God who reigns in heaven  
Tell me why you send your fool  
To break my heart  
But man is always foiled  
By the workings of his heart  
And whose to say, conquer or exist for nought?  
I walked through the streets at night  
And saw the moon in her flight  
Cuddled among the darkening clouds  
I felt the tiny drops of summer rain  
And heard the thunder clap  
And saw the lightning etched across the sky  
I heard the talk of people in the tavern  
And watched the sun in heaven rise  
But never did my sorrow cease  
The world is wide  
And spins through space at a maddening pace  
And there are many wonders on this earth  
A wise man told me once that the greatest of these  
was love.  
And this I am denied  
I cannot face the day  
And I must run and hide.