# ***The Angelic Muncher.***

He could not remember his real name. His past was long-behind, or so he did think. And that was all the same with a blink of an eye. Some people would call that man shy. Others would call him a mild introvert.

Before this age, this eon of his life, he wasn't quite sure what to expect. I wouldn't quite call him a pervert. I'd call him a monster erect.

The man had frustrations and showed little restraint. The ticking of now in the present seemed to cast him as just another innocent. Which he wasn't that much as he did prefer prevalent play as such.

Always searching for a due medium between malevolence and benevolence as such.

Before this age, this eon of his life, he never quite knew what to expect, yet he was always adamant in demanding the highest form of respect.

The man had frustrations and showed little restraint. He was not accustomed to expressing complaint, he was never heard in expressing threats, yet he always acted above and beyond regrets.

Among his buddies from the printing press he was known for dwelling in rigorous chess, more or less. And also perpetually trying to reassess if what's been happening was of profit and gain.

This man did not understand pain. He never studied the human brain or human anatomy as such. Yet he claimed all he was doing was keeping sane. He was not that fond of things mundane yet he knew very well how to properly laugh, how to properly scream, how to properly entertain.

He was not vicious that much though he was fierce as such, by the reports of his dearest consorts, the people that knew him well enough to ramble about his stuff.

In private he used to joke like a well-mannered bloke. I could've been a rancher, yet I became an angelic muncher. And I'm honest in saying this. Why don't you gaze with us in this endless abyss?

Are you capable in wearing a hat? Can you tie a bowtie? Are you accustomed to wearing a suit? It is the easiest thing in the world as long as you remember to keep your chin up high.

Don’t worry about it, you’ll be told, you’ll be reminded, just do not, I say do not be absent minded.

You’ll surely be asked what you are doing here. Perhaps avoiding banality?

A sane human being would’ve of course uttered the words carnality, bestiality, brutality. Yet he spoke about some peculiar form of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

They were all repeating these words like lifeless cymbals.

They were all repeating “I am” when asked something plain, perhaps if they considered themselves as sane, or if they thought about themselves as some sort of warriors which were about to be slain.

So let us lock up or secrets and mysteries for now without a further word, or even a mild imply. It is the easiest thing in the world as long as you remember to keep your chin up high.

Don’t worry about it, you’ll be told, you’ll be reminded. Just do not, I say do not be absent minded.

An opportunity lost is a night in the cold. A night in the cold is a man feeling old. A man feeling old is an incipient mistake. An incipient mistake will land you in the fire lake. The fire lake will swallow all that you take while you burn at the stake.

Yet the heaven is now, allow me to explain. I do entertain you perceive me as vain, yet vanity isn’t for we. Just wait for a decade or two and perhaps you’d agree.

Just follow me.

Nine hundred times I could’ve been a rancher, yet one hundred times I was an angelic muncher.

■ *Valentin Bura*