

The Lone Wolf

When solitude becomes a sanctuary... not merely a choice!

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On an elevated plateau, atop a bed of white and rose-hued stones, he sat gazing at the setting sun. A gentle breeze drifted through the air, tousling the silver fur of his coat. On the distant horizon, a flock of doves pierced the golden solar disk. Below the slope, in the nearby plain, the tribe lay sprawled after a heavy supper. Above them, a vulture circled, awaiting the clan's negligence toward the remnants of a slain bull's carcass.

He cast a glance at the tribe, then strode away, scanning the horizon with a piercing gaze. He stared for a long time, and the sun was moved by the steadfastness of his gaze and the solemn dignity of its stoic bearer. The lover delved into revealing his affection, but the coquettish slowed her walk, hoping for more empowerment. As if the dusk sun had bargained with time, prolonging its stand at the edge of the pitch-black night. Had it softened for its youthful lover, delaying its slumber? Or had it sensed a crisis of resolve, granting him a reprieve from time, hoping light might bring him certainty?

After profound contemplation, the wanderer rose on four sturdy legs. He stretched his spine, baring ivory-white fangs. He turned his face toward the tribe sprawled on the plain, then steadied himself, heading for the horizon where the dusk sun had vanished. He abandoned his stony bed, seeking liberation from the herd's life and its eternal laws. He descended the slope slowly yet resolutely, driven by a decision that never ceased to haunt him after every raid, at every sunset, and even in rosy-hued night dreams.

He advanced steadfastly, breaching the impending night's boundaries until darkness swallowed him. Gone from the herd's sight and hearing, their howls and wails echoing back unanswered. Our companion stood firm, unshaken by nostalgia's ache for fleeting comforts or past woes. The matter was settled: freedom had become a

purpose, not mere luxury. Solitude was now a refuge, not a mere suggestion. Having lived a lifetime among the tribe, he yearned to know solitude in the time left to him.

He who was but a number in a hierarchical tally now sought to embody the entire tribe. The herd's life no longer sustained him; the arithmetic of gain and loss no longer enticed. I am the individual, and the vast world is now mine to claim.

I depart without malice or vile intent. I chose solitude as a way of life; the multitude's existence no longer concerns me... He argued with his soul as his steps carried him far toward the distant desired.

I can no longer endure hunger as a catalyst for action, nor satiety as life's aim. We hunt as wolves in the plains when starved, yet strut like gazelles when gluttoned. When we are hungry, even birds in the sky aren't safe; lambs writhe in our shadow when we're full. We scramble for spoils—the strong sleep content, the weak lie famished. There's no fairness in dividing prey; and gathering glows sweetly in all eyes only when we hunt.

No fullness lasts, for hunger lurks, ever-bellowing. We resume where we began, cycles unbroken. Hunger drives us to buy its silence, but after brief truces, it screams anew. We spend our days courting a fleeting satiety who disdains our lands. He lingers within us reluctantly, and most of life leaves us exposed to hunger's ravages.

Most provisions arriving as bounty vanish like a hunt's fleeting spoils. We pursue the savage bull ahead—a hill bears us, a rugged valley folds us. Should we ever gain ground, you'd see us wrestle a stubborn goat, brimming with might, unyielding. We claim no prize until hunger pierces our marrow, thundering like a blazing forge. Then we drain what strength remains, gnawing at the flesh of our buffalo.

Often, the bull's horn scars us eternally. If pride stirs the stallions to rescue a captive brother, they scatter us, shattering our arrogance. We return disgraced, enduring endless nights. When famine visits, it banishes sleep, freezing time in barren camps.

Thus, we spend our lives chasing, unsure whether we hunt or are hunted. The prey only falls after exacting a heavy toll—tons of exhaustion. The harvest merely settles debts, often falling short.

The struggle for status—a law I reject—has ruled the wild since time immemorial. Ambition honors the persistent. There is no shine to a glory stained with the redness of blood. Toil and passion alone build honor; without them, no throne ascends. Trees reach heaven with straight trunks, not crooked; they drink sunlight.

I know this status war: wolves kill wolves; time rarely intervenes. Males clash, females scheme. The strong seize the hierarchy's peak, bloated with arrogance and tyranny. The weak sprawl on gravel, swallowing dust. The middling feverishly plaiting cords, gazing upward, aspiring to attain a higher social standing.

No strong trust the meek; no father trusts his sons. Having betrayed his own sire, the son won't be better. If denied his father's throne, his brother's suffices. All crave rank. Today's chief may fall tomorrow. The law of the wild reigns: the strong rule, the weak suffer. Beneath submission's ash, envy smolders; grudges breed malice. Days weigh heavy on all—joy fleeting, sorrows relentless.

Border disputes and conflicts over areas of influence rage; no neighbor is safe from another's greed. Body scars whisper; soul wounds weep louder. When a neighbor's thorn encroaches, he relishes planting it in others' soil. If the host weakens, the invader settles and expands. If the wronged retaliates, he repels the aggressor—yet battles never end. Thus, life becomes a pendulum: oppressor and oppressed. The vile neighbor covets others' lands; the neighbor of the vile tosses in anxiety.

Creatures split in two: one sows fear for sport, the other reaps pain. Neither knows peace or harvest. Between tyranny and resistance, hatred blooms; the earth aches. Chronic strife brews evil—the few seize plenty, the many scrape crumbs. Hearts harden with fat or poison; lessons perish.

Yesterday's weak now reign; today's strong soon fall. The former forget their past; would that the latter foresaw their fate. The newly mighty crush yesterday's tyrants, fueled by spite. Wolves hunt wolves; soon, hunters become prey. A fiery game burns all players.

Today, I resolve: I leave the herd forever, embracing the hermit's solitude. I'll abandon my kin, companion to night stars, recluse in my vast sanctuary. The whole earth is my pasture; I'll accept no bounds. I wander where I please, sleep where I choose. I answer to none; no guardian shames me. Alone I'll live, alone I'll die. Titles sicken me—ask no more of my address.

I parley with hunger, shunning gluttony's curse. Hunger won't drive me; satiety won't stall my quest. I'll let neither rouse the wolf within, or unleash my serpents. Nor will I tolerate excess, blinding insight or chaining my demons. I pit one against the other, seeking a third state to purify my veins. Beyond hunger and fullness, I rise—their duality no longer stains my lexicon.

I'll waste no more days, invest in nothing vain. I'll not stalk sheep—my pride scorns such prey. I'll scheme no plots, bend no wit to folly. I'll crush no weak, cower no strong.

I erase status wars; ranks no longer tempt. I'll charge no battles, vie for no victories. Conflict, however gilded, breeds spite—oppressor and oppressed. Every “great” towers on anguish and regret. Every shining name eclipses unknowns. The sun, bathing the world in white, dims surrounding stars. Beauty wounds the plain; strength crushes even those it aids. Nobility's generosity stings rich and poor alike.

An ancient sage once mused: Discard names—they curse. Praise deeds alone; only they make lands flourish. Names taunt the nameless, breeding envy. Deeds, orphaned of intent, ignite fervor in all.

Applause no longer pleases; limelight no longer fills. Praise now flows to the unworthy; glory's gifted to the hollow. Struggle seems folly; flattery, a bribe from the inept. When scales falter, justice fails. What thrives in shadow won't flourish in light.

Yes, companions of existence! Today, I abandon those lost souls sowing thorns, reaping naught. I quench desire's fires, lock my serpents behind seven gates. I sail nature's winds, rising from plane to plane. I inhale virgin breaths of wilderness; only pure springs quench me. I venture into uncharted realms—old maps no longer suffice. On ancient paths, I gallop, seeking the primal origin. To the farthest reach, I stretch my wings. From this day forth, I am free... free... free!

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