

The year 2020 has been the worst year on so many fronts. This stream of consciousness poem presents quick impressions of a mind being driven by events out of its control. The year seems endless, and 2020 hindsight is of no avail in trying to make sense of it.

Henley, mentioned at the end, is writer of one of my favorite poems, one that I go to when I need to be lifted from the depths of helplessness. The poem is reproduced below. (The lines emphasized are my choice.)

## Invictus

By William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,  
    Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
    For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
    I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
    My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
    Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
    Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
    How charged with punishments the scroll,  
**I am the master of my fate,**  
    **I am the captain of my soul.**