

Temp♦ations toward ev♦il – why did they exist and why did they feel like this, what made them so dan♦gerous and powerful♦, how did they impact my mind and my flesh, how often was I aff♦ected ♦by ♦the many shapes of t♦he lust, how strong were the for♦ces of ♦destruction, what mad♦e sin so attractive, how ♦were th♦e bou♦ndary l♦ines set betwee♦n genetic her♦itage, enviro♦nment, conditioning and the o♦wn will, who was guilty for the pai♦nful cravings of the body, whe♦n ♦♦♦the ♦bones ach♦ed for desire, and the water rises higher and higher unti♦l ♦the dam cannot withsta♦nd its pr♦essure any lo♦nger♦, when quivering arousal fogs s♦anity and opens the gates to the gardens, that are within the soul waiting to be entered, ♦♦whose bushes and tree♦♦s prosper best in the s♦oft moonlight, dream lan♦dscapes♦ of lust, flip-flop of the sou♦l, dancing and jump♦♦ing of aliena♦tion, e♦cstasy of excitement, shadows of the ni♦♦♦ght, and then the di♦sillusioning ref♦lections of the ♦mind, the agon♦izing guilt ♦of being diffe♦rent, the separation from people, the growing lone♦liness of m♦y soul.

But were they ♦really t♦emptations toward evil, or was it just the♦♦ ♦ **d♦is<sup>e</sup><sub>a</sub>**♦se of my soul?