



DIGITAL ART &  
CREATIVE TEXT



VECTORWHIZ PORTFOLIO



This is the vector department. Here you find vector art that does not contain a single pixel. All art is created in **Affinity Designer** and is resolution independent, meaning it can be re-scaled to any size without loss of quality.

I create realistic vector portraits and paintings, logos, illustrations, technical art and cartoons. I also have a lot of experience creating educational material - books with hundreds of pages that include 2D and 3D drawings that I made from scratch.

**Affinity Publisher**, that I used to create this document, has blurred the distinction between DTP, drawing and photo editing with the introduction of **Studio Link**. It allows to draw and edit vector drawings and pixel based images inside of

Publisher. Designer and Photo do not even need to be opened to edit images; all editing is done from within Publisher.

Consequently complete publications can effortlessly be created inside of just one program - Affinity Publisher, which simplifies the effort of the graphic artist and saves time.

I have worked with Adobe Illustrator professionally, with CorelDRAW privately and with Inkscape occasionally for decades, but the Affinity programs created by Serif have definitely won me over. Not just because of their excellent functionality, but also for their affordability. Designer, Photo and Publisher all cost a one time payment of £50.00 - no subscription fees - the buyer owns the program and in addition gets 3 free upgrades.

This is a 100% vector portrait of Russian president Vladimir Putin. Mainstream Western media have reported his actions in a biased way, because he does not fit in quite well with their agenda.

During his time in office he raised workers' wages on average by 500%, decreased inflation from 12 to 2% and cut joblessness in half. This trend is the exact opposite that Western leaders have achieved.

Furthermore he succeeded in maintaining the political balance between super powers with far fewer means by intelligent leadership and the development of advanced military prowess.

Of course, the reality behind the veil differs quite a lot from what mainstream media is reporting, but at least for now Putin does not participate in the tragic mismanagement of Western leadership.





This is my first attempt at creating a realistic vector portrait. I chose Abraham Lincoln because of his mesmerizing gaze that I thought was a nice challenge to capture.

Before stepping into the presidential office Lincoln was a successful wrestler - he won 300 fights and lost only 1....

His rather unusual appearance matches his personal history, which sadly was in concert with his bizarre departure from this dimension - he was shot in the back of his head by John Hinkley while attending a theatre performance.



This is the vector portrait of Monique Klemann, the singer of the Lois Lane band. Like all my vector portraits it does not contain a single pixel. I believe there is nothing that can't be done in vectors that can be done in pixels.

Lois Lane was asked by the late great Prince to perform as the support act in one of his tours. Apart from her stunning mysterious appearance Monique Klemann is a skilled singer.



Marilyn Monroe has always been a favorite of mine and I enjoyed creating this vector portrait, drawing the subtle features of her beautiful face. I drew it in Affinity Designer as a tribute to who she was.

Unfortunately she became involved with dangerous men, whom I suspect to have played a role in her death. Beauty often is both a blessing and a curse, however strange this may seem at first glance.

After having survived a troubled childhood the tragedy of her life lasted until her untimely demise. In spite of that she managed to leave an unforgettable impression on those capable of seeing beyond the surface, while at the same time enjoying the beauty on the surface.





This vector portrait of Marlon Brando was my second attempt to make a realistic portrait in vectors. I admire his efforts to get justice for the Native American people who suffered betrayal after betrayal by the American government.

Brando once did not show up at an Academy Award event, because he was protesting the biased way in which Native American people are portrayed in movies by Hollywood. Probably one of the best performances he ever played.



I was impressed by the Mike Ehrmantraut character Jonathan Banks played in 'Breaking Bad' and 'Better call Saul', which lead me to draw this vector portrait of this man. Not that I felt the urge to identify with the personality he portrayed, but his acting made an impact and gave a good idea of the sinister types that operate in the underworld, who are almost as scary as the corrupt and ruthless perverts that run the upper world.



This is the first (and so far only) vector painting I created. In medieval times in some areas of what is now Germany and Austria, the skeletons of diseased noble people and saints used to be preserved in their armour or in jewellery and gemstones.

I found this bizarre tradition intriguing and decided to make a vector painting of it. I plan to have this image (156 x 126 cm in size) digitally printed and framed and perhaps participate in art fairs.

Digital printing, especially when lackered, results in images with stunning depth and rich colours (because it uses the sRGB palette instead of YMCK) comparable to custom painted imagery on cars and motorcycles.



This is the vector portrait of Crystal Reed who played Sophia Falcone in the 'Gotham' series. I created this portrait because I was trying to figure out if I could design custom vector brushes to create realistic hair textures, which would speed up drawing compared to drawing individual hairs.

With just a few minor adjustments that should be possible. Apart from that, Reed's haughty gaze was a feature to capture in a vector drawing. The Gotham flick felt like a cynical hint to the strategy of the occult 'elite' that imposes *divide and conquer* that they have successfully applied for centuries, exploiting the common people's induced ignorance, greed and urge for revenge to the max.





Emma Hardinge Britten was a spiritualist who advised high ranking politicians, bankers and business tycoons of her days. While commoners are told spirituality is bonkers bosh, the ones spreading that claim turn to it more often than not.

Britten became involved with Helena Blavatski's Theosophical society and others associated with that system of belief, which embraces painstaking research of ancient scripts and profound reasoning quite a lot more than the mainstream religions.

Her enigmatic personality and appearance intrigued me, which is why I decided to create a vector portrait of her.



Artists of all times have made self portraits, so I thought I would draw one myself. Since most art is about making things beautiful, I felt it befitting to not hurts the eyes of the observers by rendering too much of the reality of an aging bloke.

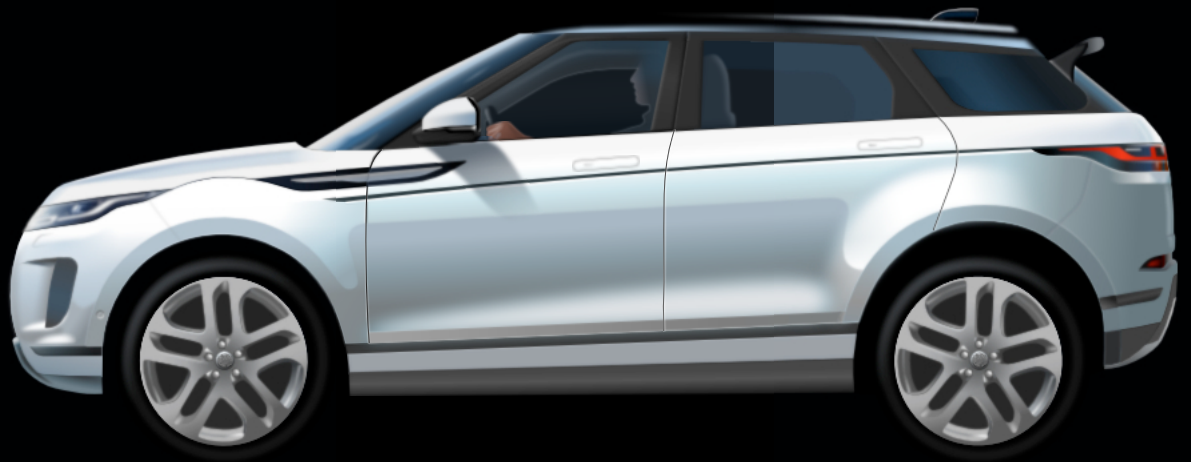
This therefore graphical self portrait was drawn in vectors. Reference photo was from X-mas 2014, because since that time I have become too ugly to portray. It is less realistic than the other ones in this booklet, for all imperfections were left out.



The beautiful Renault Alpine A110 is my all time favorite car designed by the brilliant Giovanni Michelotti. This all vector drawing was created in Affinity Designer.

The Range Rover Evoque is asuperb modern minimalist and refined car design by Gerry McGovern. Mainstream media fake news attributed the design to be made by Victoria Beckham, which of course is a joke.

Being a petrolhead I like these types of cars, the ones that are loud and stink. I'll probably annoy the crap out of politically correct people for having this opinion, but it does not bother me.



I create logos in vectors so that they can be re-scaled to any size without loss of quality. A major property of logos should be that they are easy on the eyes - be based on simple geometric shapes of which the circle is best suited - and therefore settle into memory without difficulty. This makes them easy to remember and recognize, which is the purpose of having a logo.

In addition colours are very important. Every colour has a meaning associated to it that is understood in the subconscious. Appealing to that concealed perception allows to lead the observer into a certain mood. The same goes for symbols, which meaning is stowed even deeper away in the dungeons of the subconscious realm.

Having knowledge about these matters results in making logos that incite the proper mindset and swift recognition.





Cartoons should exaggerate (put extravagant emphasis on) facial features without throwing likeness out the window. There are countless gradient options to draw a cartoon of a person.



In order to stay alive, I attempt to sell T-shirts with vector designs that I created in Affinity Designer. I would like to think that they are distinguished from the average off the shelf creations, which probably limits selling rates, but perhaps attract likeminded spirits who are not afraid of being different from the pack.



The reason I ran across Serif's Affinity products is because when working on a bitmap painting in Corel PhotoPaint I kept crashing and was unable to export the file (to png). I accidentally visited the Affinity Designer page and read that it had won the app of the year award from Apple. Having worked on Apple machines in the graphical industry, I knew that this meant that the app had to be excellent.

I fiddled about with the trial program and was almost instantly won over by the program's functionality and its great user interface. Soon after I purchased both Affinity Designer and Affinity Photo. When the Publisher Beta was issued later I also purchased that app. The Serif products are sold for a very affordable price (50 pounds) for which users have to pay only once instead of continuously departing with monthly fees. In addition the purchase comes with 3 free upgrades....

The big question of course is: Can the Affinity programs replace the hugely overpriced programs of the Adobe Suite? Or the Corel suite for that matter. I had made dozens of educational books (for the advanced composites industry), each with hundreds of pages that included hundreds of 2D and 3D drawings that I drew from scrap, when I was faced with this decision.

Even though I could no longer do anything with this legacy I decided to switch to Affinity and never regretted it. Not for a second. Users that are new to the graphic industry do not even have to deal with this dilemma.

I currently am in a transition from creating bitmap art to vector work. Designer is so good that it can do **anything** that can be done in a photo editor, while it churns out resolution independent files and is an absolute joy to work with.



This pixel portrait of Al Pacino is the first serious attempt of working in Affinity Photo. The option to create custom brushes and the dynamic properties that can be assigned to them, make Photo a more than excellent replacement for Adobe Photoshop.

I have seen tutorials on Youtube made by professional photographers that explain Affinity Photo's advanced features, that lead me to believe that the app is even better than Photoshop. The only thing lacking in the Affinity suit is a Lightroom-like program. However there are many great (some of which are free) alternatives for that like Luminar, RAWTherapee and Darktable.

In addition, Serif built **StudioLink** which allows users to work from within Affinity Publisher without the need to have Designer and Photo opened.... This feature is a true game changer.



This pixel portrait of Willie Nelson was created from scratch in Affinity Photo. Nelson's facial features are a joy to paint, especially in a brilliant app like Affinity Photo.

I started out painting this in black and white and later added colours to it by superimposing areas of colour over the image.

Nelson, besides being a legendary country music artist, is quite a remarkable person who earned his 5<sup>th</sup> degree black belt in the Korean martial art Gong Kwon Yu Sul at the age of 81.....





I airbrushed this portrait of Quanah 'The Eagle' Parker on T-shirt somewhere in the early nineties of the previous century and later reworked it in Affinity Photo. I used to airbrush - the analog type with an airbrush gun, a compressor and real paint - for decades until I switched to creating digital art.

Quanah was the son of a Caucasian woman named Cynthia Parker, who was captured by the Comanche nation and later married a Comanche chief. Quanah means fragrant. Mrs. Parker was recaptured by the her family, but tried several times to escape to rejoin the Comanches without success. Quanah never met his mother again.

After becoming a chief, Quanah never lost a battle, but he realized that his people would be decimated if they continued to fight. It made him decide to voluntarily surrender after which he became a successful business man and politician in white society.

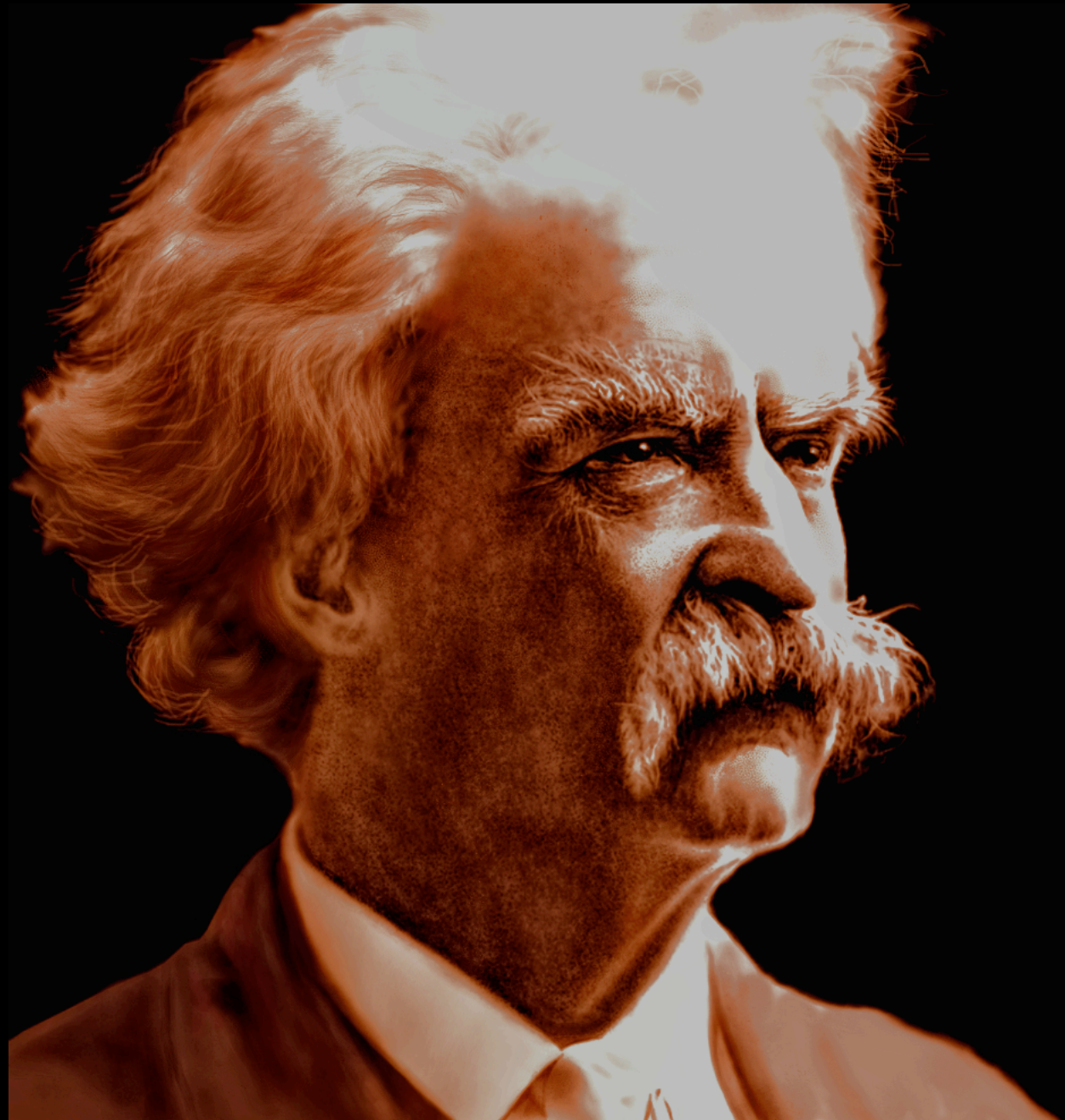


I started to paint this portrait in GIMP to see if realistic pixel portraits could be created from scratch in that program. It can be done, but I found that it was difficult to figure out its user interface. I transferred the image to Affinity Photo and continued working from where I left off in GIMP.

Twain was a master freemason of the Polar Star Lodge No. 79, which he gave up after becoming involved with Olivia Langdon. His transient affiliation with freemasonry nevertheless explains the perceptiveness and profundity of his writing.

*"Whenever you find yourself on the side of the majority, it is time to reform (or pause and reflect)."*

— Mark Twain



I painted this pixel portrait of Steven Brown in Affinity Photo from scratch. He is a social activist who expresses his opinion in a direct and colourful way without regard for the subjects he writes and speaks about. This is not a demeanour appreciated by the ruling upper class, but he does not give a flying \*\*\*\*.

He has a blog named Amsterdam Noir and regularly posts on LinkedIn. Salto TV also records and broadcasts discussions he has with people. In these video clips he exposes the corruption in political circles and their collaboration with organized crime.

His cleverness and personality have so far kept him from being assassinated.





This portrait of Henk Kuipers is a hybrid image; the face was painted in Affinity Photo and the tattoos were drawn in Affinity Designer.

He was the president of the No Surrender motorcycle club, until he was seized by the Dutch authorities that incarcerated him for over a year without any founded accusation. The concealed reason probably was that the government was afraid of a large, well organized opposition that did not participate in the political arena, but had support in a considerable part of society.

Thus Kuipers was a modern day political prisoner. Recently he has been released but was forbidden to re-establish ties with No Surrender MC.



This is the pixel painting that continued to crash (in Corel PhotoPaint) and refused to be exported to png. After this I found the Affinity apps and switched to them. The painting was inspired by a

work of the brilliant Howard Terpning. The original size of this painting is 156 x 77 centimeter. When I have the money I will have this image digitally printed and framed for display in art fairs.





These two paintings are also inspired by works of Howard Terpning. The pixel painting to the left is called 'Proud men' and the one to the right is a capture of a 'Kiowa warrior'. Terpning is a painter

of mostly Native American scenes who uses the traditional tools of hairy brushes and oily paint. Somewhere in the future I hope to be using these mediums as well. A back to the roots kind of thing.



This freehand airbrush portrait of Chief Plenty Coups is included for old times sake. I airbrushed this on canvas, took a photograph of it and later did some moderate editing in Affinity Photo.

Plenty Coups was a wise chief who set up an education system for Native American people because he realised that this was the only way to survive in white society.

In his eyes reflect the deep sadness of the fate of his people, while at the same time determination to walk a different path in life. This portrait is a visual tribute to a great man.



I am by no means a 3D expert, but sometimes I doodle in 3D programs. I use Rhinoceros v5 and DesignSpark mostly and perhaps in the future I will give Blender a try.

Sometimes parts in 2D perspective drawings contain parts that are questionable or downright off. Then I use 3D programs to draw those parts and paste them in the 2D drawing after which I trace them manually in vectors to create the proper perspective.

At this point Affinity Designer does not export file formats that can be imported into 3D programs, but perhaps in future it will be capable of doing that. Designer of course is officially still in the Beta phase, so users can't really complain about that.

I believe that perhaps in a few years from now and perhaps even sooner, 3D programs will become

easier to use and therefore attract a larger user base. This will probably be established by the integration of Artificial Intelligence in 3D programs.

I am not sure if I will jump on that train, but I will certainly check if it suits what I want to do. For now my emphasis is on 2D design. But time may tell.

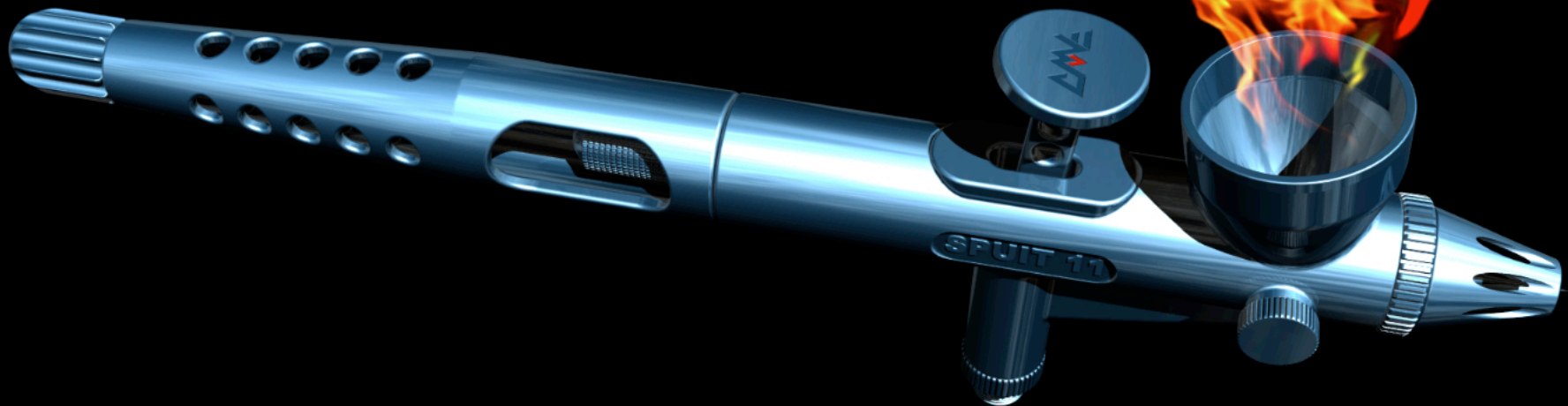




One of the big frustrations in my life was that I never managed to become a proper guitar player. My neighbours would call the police when I played. I could however draw nice guitars in 3D.



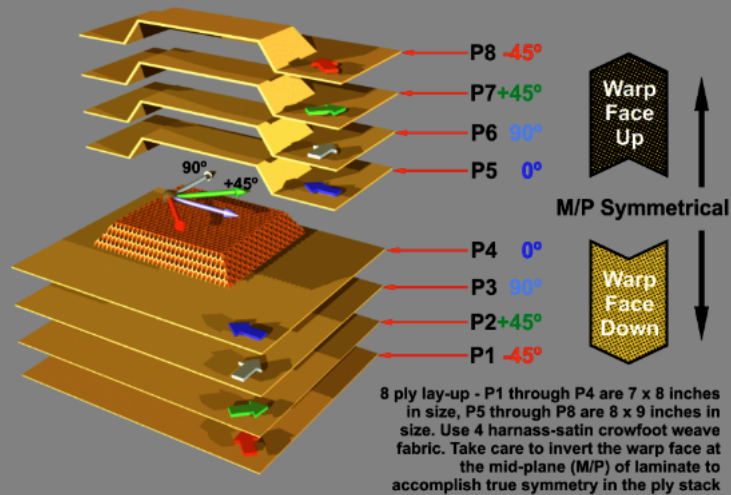
In the early 80's of the previous century I became enchanted by airbrush art of mainly American artists. I decided to give it a try myself and was helped by a manager of a graphic supplies company who saw I had some potential. Soon after I did demonstrations for that company. I still use the tool every now and then, but I work on the computer predominantly these days.



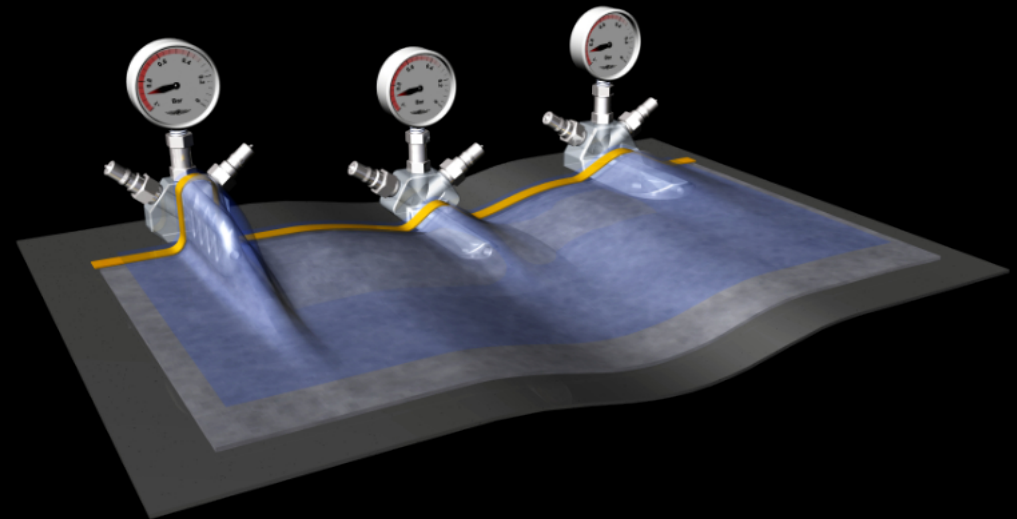
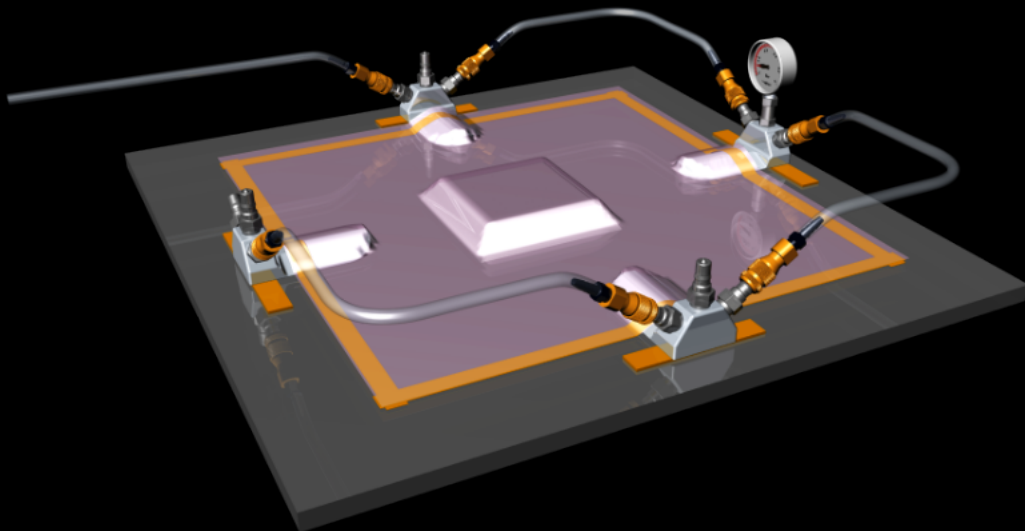
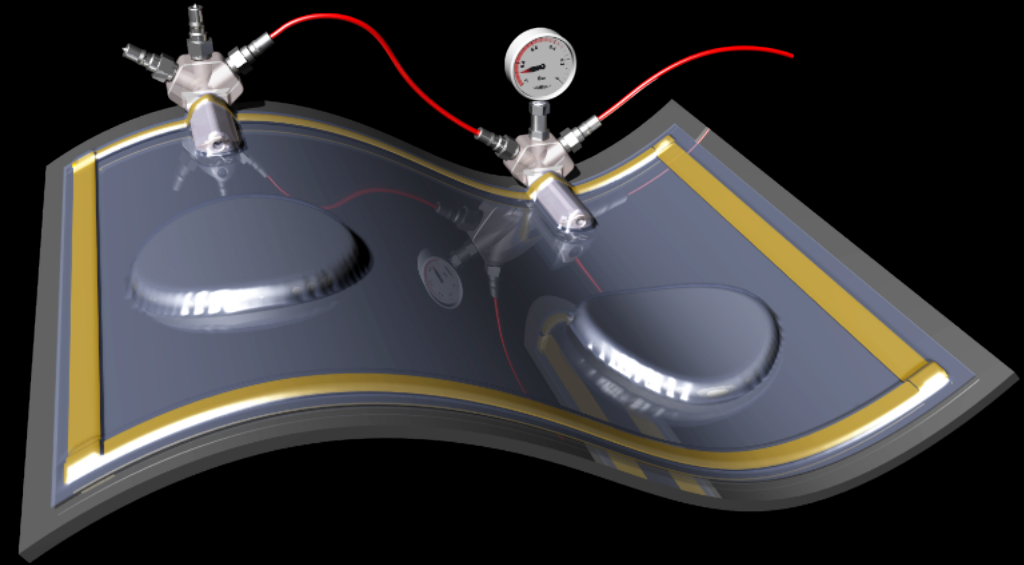
I have created hundreds of 3D technical drawings for educational purposes that I integrated in dozens of books, many of which contained hundreds of pages. These were made in InDesign, but could (more) easily be made in Affinity Publisher as well. The books mainly were instruction documents for the advanced composites industry and for indoor agricultural lighting (greenhouse technology).



### Kevlar Fabric - Nomex Core Panel Lay-Up

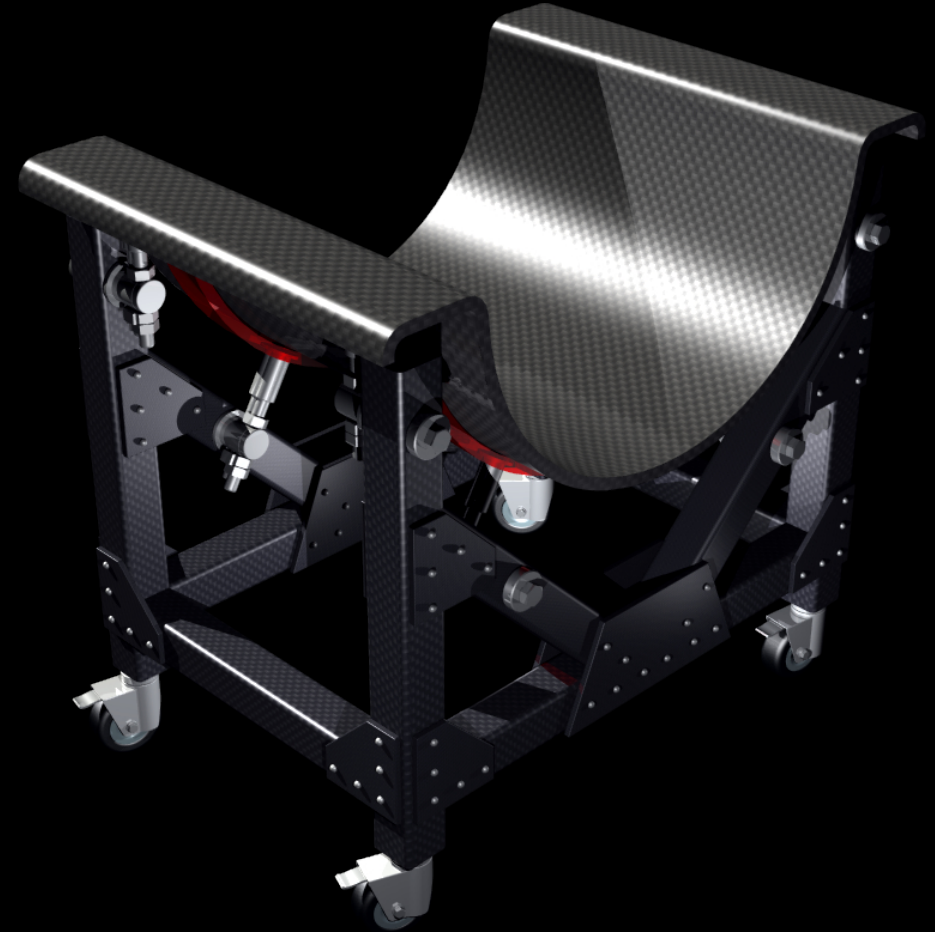


These are 3D drawings of vacuum bag set ups in the production of advanced composites. The drawings contain both geometrical as well as organic(-ish) shapes. They contain patented valves that improve the production process - no tearing of vacuum bags during the vacuum building - and steady position of the valves in the autoclave.





Most of the technical drawings in the books I made were for the aviation and aerospace industry. The objective was always to show parts / objects from an angle that would clarify the accompanying text as good as possible, while drawing them as visually appealing as possible. If instruction books contain material that does this, it makes the learning process easier for students.



Besides visual expression there of course is the means to communicate through words. There are hidden meanings to words that are nonetheless retrievable through what is called **etymology** or the original meaning of words.

This implies that those aware of the source of words can interpret texts differently from those that are oblivious their origin. To spell for instance, means: *Specify or name the letters that comprise the conventionally accepted form of a word (or part of a word)*. But it also means *to cast a spell* which is inducing a certain state of mind (as in an incantation).

The English language is riddled with words that have multiple meanings, since it was literally constructed by a brotherhood called **Knights of the helmet** that under the command of **Francis Bacon** expanded and enhanced the English language like **Le pleiade** (a group of poets) did in France before

them. Bacon had connections to the Rosicrucians and freemasons (which they confirmed), that would explain his drive to pursue elevated goals and dedicate his life to them.

There are also strong indications that Bacon and Shakespeare were one and the same person. Writing eloquent and intricate plays - introducing many new words - certainly fits well in Bacon's objective to give the English language a greater power of expression and accuracy.

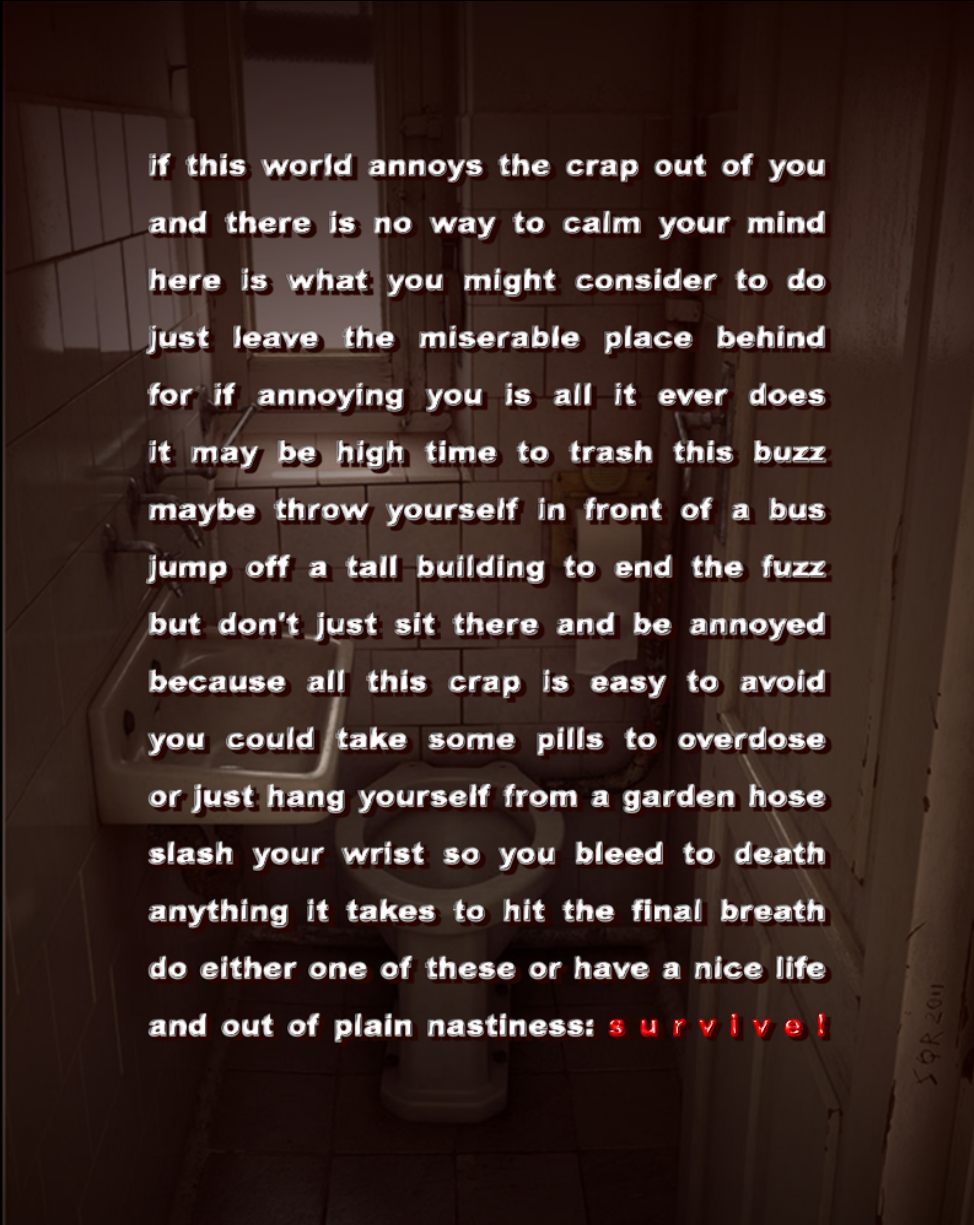
Rhyming and rhythm in the use of words can therefore be similar to casting spells in a concealed way. It is an art in which I became interested a long time ago that I have been practicing ever since I became aware of it.

*"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted... but to weigh and consider."*  
— Francis Bacon

The 3D realm in which we live is crammed with limitation and paradox. To those that have made arduous efforts to understand life, it may seem as if these properties were intentionally imposed.

Exploration of who we are and why we are here, may lead to becoming aware of aspects that feel like powerful epiphanies that have the capacity to drastically change our views on what we believe to be true, never finding undisputable evidence if what we think is true.

At best we stumble across vague contours of a reality that appears to be abstract and enigmatic in places outside of the public view. If this world's misery is indeed coerced, it makes sense that the ones responsible for it, would keep it a secret (hence secret societies and brotherhoods).



**if this world annoys the crap out of you  
and there is no way to calm your mind  
here is what you might consider to do  
just leave the miserable place behind  
for if annoying you is all it ever does  
it may be high time to trash this buzz  
maybe throw yourself in front of a bus  
jump off a tall building to end the fuzz  
but don't just sit there and be annoyed  
because all this crap is easy to avoid  
you could take some pills to overdose  
or just hang yourself from a garden hose  
slash your wrist so you bleed to death  
anything it takes to hit the final breath  
do either one of these or have a nice life  
and out of plain nastiness: survive!**

Countless times we were wrong when we were absolutely convinced of the fact that we were right. It is a repetitive flaw in the human condition. But is it about being right or being wrong? Perhaps this dualistic view of everything is what is continuously causing us to have a flawed view on matters.

Maybe what *Albert Camus* once said about this issue is more worth considering than we would be inclined to do at first glance, because it may lead to an as of yet unknown insight:

**The need to be right is a sign of a vulgar mind.**

So you think that reason will save you  
Or your prayers when you kneel down  
As you beg the ones who enslave you  
And you press your brow to the ground  
Asking them for more time and space  
In this miserable life passed as a gift  
For your kind to cling to and embrace  
While not noticing the ominous shift  
Taking place right in front of your eyes  
Blinded by delusions, betrayal and lies

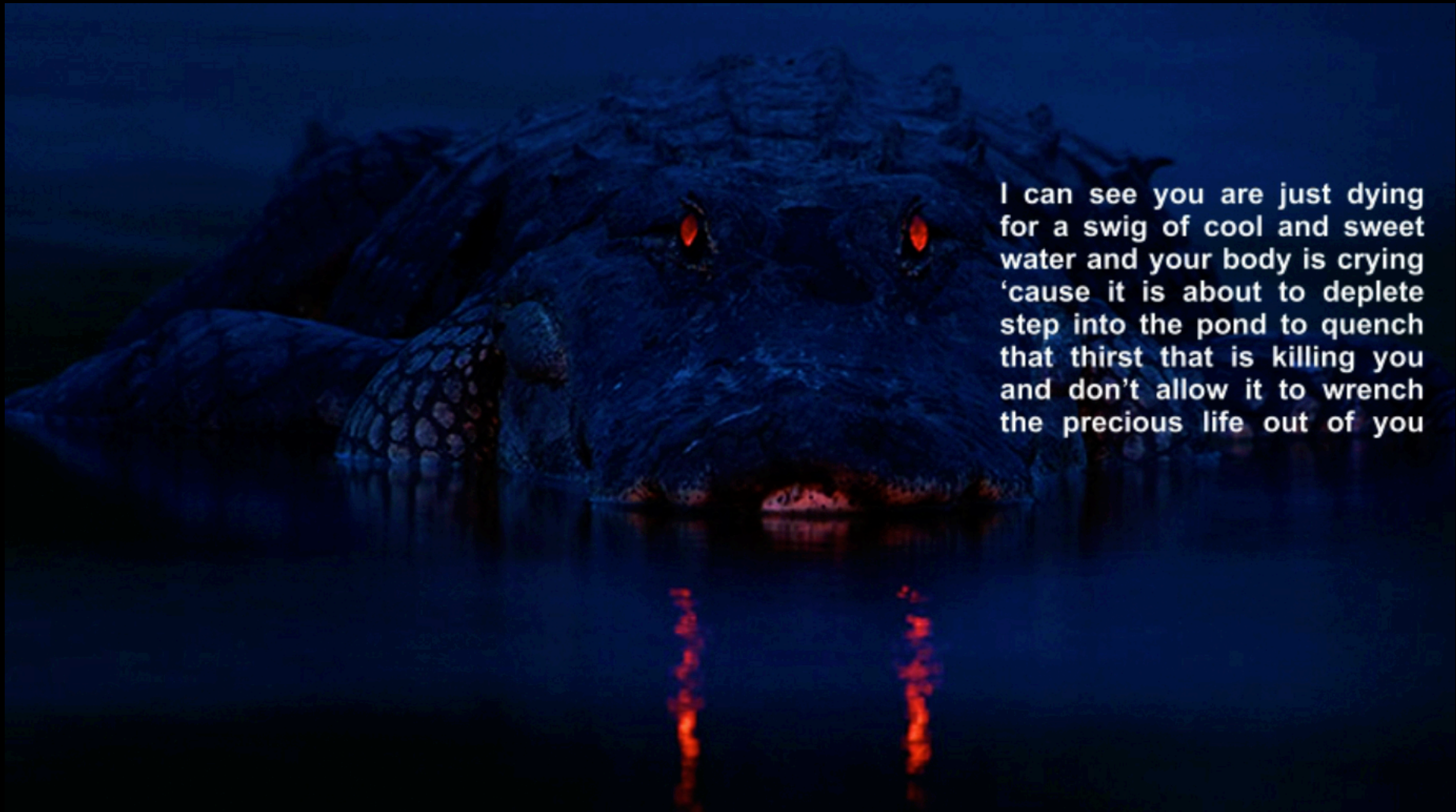
So you think what is inside your scope  
Is in fact enough to allow you to last  
To make plans, have prospects and hope  
Expecting the worst, gambling on the best  
For a future you imagine is ahead of you  
Somewhere in this dim, sinister sphere  
In which you and the ones who love you  
Are entangled in desperation and fear  
Well, you may be correct, but then again  
These matters were never decided by man

So you are convinced you did well in life  
Although you never quite understood  
It takes more than breathing to survive  
More than being loyal and being good  
And if complying with the demands of  
Whoever in hierarchy's order is placed  
In a high place to rule you from above  
Will make you an asset instead of waste  
Better think again before it is too late  
You may be heading for a terrible fate



Precarious situations tend to make us more liable to give in to temptations. It is the consequence of our physical predicament. Fragmentation and

separation are properties of this material universe, in which laws rule reality that can have devastating consequences for existence.



I can see you are just dying  
for a swig of cool and sweet  
water and your body is crying  
'cause it is about to deplete  
step into the pond to quench  
that thirst that is killing you  
and don't allow it to wrench  
the precious life out of you

In the dimness of the compartment  
In the silence between admissions  
Listening to those lingers of repent  
The old confessor waits in patience  
In a trickling shower of delicate dust  
Never swept away by a broom or gust  
While attempting not to fall asleep  
He prepared to admit the next sheep

An immeasurable parade of sinners  
Confessed from behind the partition  
Big time, small time, losers, winners  
Each one whispering their admission  
Nothing that he hadn't already heard  
However brutal, senseless or absurd  
He gave them the absolution of God  
Even when pardon them, he could not

It was his sacred mission in this life  
An honor graciously extended to him  
A duty permitting sinners to survive  
Who's secrets tease the mind's brim  
He was in no way a courtroom judge  
And not allowed to sentence as such  
The confessions confided to his ears  
He veiled in his mind for many years

An abrupt gnashing of the box' door  
Awoke the priest just as he dozed off  
Followed by the cracking of the floor  
And the sound of a low pitched cough  
Indicating a man sat behind the gauze  
He addressed him after a short pause  
Saying: What leads you here, my son?  
Do you repent anything you've done?

A strange silence flooded the room  
And a sudden chill hurriedly spread  
The clergyman hesitated to resume  
While thoughts raged inside his head  
The tall church windows turned black  
Raising the hairs in the priest's neck  
Something had driven away all noise  
Leaving the silence to a sinister voice

I have not come to ask for forgiveness  
Nor did I intend to confess to any crime  
You see, your God can never forgive his  
Enemy He fought since the dawn of time  
He incessantly and utterly hates my guts  
For you know, it's driving him totally nuts  
That so far, it was I who has always won  
He never nailed me, like I nailed His son

This Love God preaches, is overrated  
His concept is an insult to you and me  
For you know this cosmos is saturated  
With hate and other blessings by me  
So you think He's got his act straight?  
Perhaps He confused love with hate  
Maybe God just lied, my dear priest  
Or misread things to say the least?

You lived all your life inside the light  
And think you know your way around  
God inhibited you to explore the night  
But what is it that you've really found?  
Other than what He wanted you to find  
Perhaps His light has struck you blind  
Leaving you totally incapable to see  
That He is denying you immortality

In the darkness linger awaiting you  
More truths than you've ever found  
In the light that's just deceiving you  
I promise you that they will astound  
You beyond your wildest imagination  
Bestowing you sincere reconciliation  
So why worship a God who lies to you  
While there is so much more I can do?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Then claws pierced the gauze before him  
And slowly rent the weavings to shreds  
And when they reached the frame's trim  
The priest was gazed at by seven heads  
He begged God to protect him from evil  
While the claws and fangs started to kill  
The priest's face had turned hoary white  
As a dark voice hissed: "God and I lied."

The reminiscence of his childhood days  
Haunted him like a shadow black as night  
The cruel expression on his father's face  
The fists from which he could never hide  
Abuse and agony always flooded his life  
Circumstance that only the cursed survive

The total absence of security and love  
The care and tenderness he never had  
The unremitting abuse he got plenty of  
Perversities that made him turn his head  
Carved his mind in to what it is today  
Saturated in a pain that won't go away

Father killed mom right before his eyes  
Stabbed her to death with a butcher knife  
His blood ran cold watching her demise  
As she desperately tried to cling to life  
The killings became a hideous routine  
Nothing his eyes had not already seen

The cold, hard streets offered no relief  
They never gave him time away from pain  
He learned to fight, to fly and deceive  
He felt numb while blameless were slain  
He learned how to forget atrocities at will  
And to continue living, he learned to kill

Fear became an enduring state of mind  
So he made sure to be the first to attack  
He thought it was a lethal flaw to be kind  
Life turned him to a homicidal maniac  
He grinned repugantly during each kill  
While he watched his victims turn still

His twisted mind embraced vicious views  
He became a relentless killing machine  
His slaughters often made it to the news  
But there was no witness who had seen  
It was a man with a little boy's heart  
That unfeelingly ripped his prey apart

And his father from a place high above  
Watched his son kill his way through life  
Because he was unable to give him love  
Or pass on different means to survive  
He wept, fearing history may start anew  
When he saw his son become a father too



People like to think that God had a plan when tinkering his creation. Looking around with unbiased eyes may lead to question that belief. Except for those rare instances that support the idea that there may have been some sort of plan.

The Creator's unsullied Divine Plan  
Was cherished and highly revered  
Until some creature furless and tan  
Rather loudly and boldly appeared  
And began making many demands  
While not giving anything in return  
Ways no other animal understands  
Causing a lot of reason for concern  
The fish, the monkeys and poultry  
Were puzzled by the greedy breed  
That barged through the hierarchy  
Swinging limbs and stomping feet  
Feeding on everything that moved  
Making a mess wherever he went  
Wondering who on earth approved  
This being spreading a funny scent  
Until now they doubt if God's plan  
Should actually have included man



Without a worry in the world  
A duckling drifted outside  
The towering reed that curled  
Under a breeze that sighed  
Across the mirror like lake  
Unaware of the pike nearing  
From below, fixing to make  
A kill with his fangs shearing  
Flesh and feathers and bones  
Ending life the duck barely owns

But not far away in a high tree  
An eagle had seen the fowl too  
Scrunching to begin its spree  
Spreading its wings as it flew  
Swiftly cutting through the air  
Like an arrow shot from a bow  
To the duckling still unaware  
The chick would never know  
Which predator would strike  
The fish eagle or the big pike

In a splash water spat high  
Droplets glinting in the light  
And the eagle took off to fly  
Its claws clutching a pike tight  
Without a worry in the world  
The duckling drifted outside  
The towering reed that curled  
Under a breeze that sighed  
Across the mirror like lake  
And as the eagle flew away  
To relish its rattling take  
The duck reveled the day



Metaphors can be beautiful things. Especially when they paint an escape from a bad situation, that we are told is impossible. We usually call such an escape a miracle. Like everything else that our (lack of) wit is incapable of processing properly.

Knowing this, it probably is a smart thing to figure out why and how we are incarcerated. If we give it a try we might discover ways that allow us to become aware of the nature of miracles and at one point perform them ourselves.

Some would say that life without the occurrence of miracles is boring, but boredom is a situation related to unimaginative minds. Note: allegedly clever people can be tragically unimaginative.

It is rather revealing to see  
How you people regard me  
Now I have spoken my mind  
You seem to suddenly find  
That I'm in fact the bad guy  
But I bet you didn't even try

To walk one mile in my shoes / I know it is easier to accuse  
Than to use your brain / Which might enable you to explain  
What was really happening / But I guess it is too burdening  
For your tiny minute minds / To raise those light proof blinds  
So you'd be better capable to see / If what made you disagree  
With me contains true argument / And review your judgment  
That provoked you to convict me / After which you verdict me

But so be it, see if I care  
I really do not give a shit  
I'd much rather be where  
People aren't so full of it  
Your hammers and nails  
The cross you nail me to  
Your respectability pales  
As the pins slice through  
Hands that never hurt you  
You know that you crucify  
In fact your own honesty  
So do not pretend to cry  
While you deny amnesty  
To one who cared for you  
What you are about to do  
Shall be held against you  
But it will be too late to rue  
And nailing me to the cross  
Will ultimately be your loss  
In spite of it I can't hate you  
The one thing I can never do  
I willingly die to give you life  
Allowing all of you to survive

I hope you enjoyed seeing / reading my work.

Should you want to leave a comment, visit my site:

<https://vectorwhiz.com>

Or send me an e-mail:

[info@vectorwhiz.com](mailto:info@vectorwhiz.com)

My portfolio blog you find at:

<https://communicats.blogspot.com>

My opinion blog is at:

<https://isocult.blogspot.com>

My poetry blog (in English and Dutch) at:

<https://realm-of-rite.blogspot.com/>





