My last talk was on the merits of fame.
I spoke of the struggle of the mind to
express itself through the written word.
I believe in the power of the pen to
translate the thoughts of the heart.

My soul seeks not a place in the sky,
But finds it here, in the world below.
It never suffers, never seems
To die or come, to leave its mark.

But in the sun, where it belongs,
It carries on its journey, untiring.
It seeks to find a place where it can
Express itself, where it is free to grow.

If this world is but a dream, a illusion,
Let us make the most of it, live it fully.
If the mind is a garden, let us tend it well,
Let it flourish with the beauty of our ideas.

In the court, where justice is sought,
Let us seek to understand and respect.
Let us not forget the lessons of the past,
Let us strive to build a better future.

Then, in the midst of this struggle,
Let us find the strength to keep moving forward.
Let us be the light in the darkness,
Let us be the hope of the future.

In the end, let us remember,
That we are more than our words.
Let us live our lives with purpose,
And let our legacies live on.

Tell me, what does it mean to be free?
Is it the right to express ourselves,
Or is it the ability to live as we choose?
Let us not forget the power of our minds,
Let us use it wisely, for the benefit of all.