

The words of Friedrich Nietzsche come to mind:

“Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And if you gaze long enough into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you.”

What is this screen before me if not an abyss? What monsters have slipped unbidden and unnoticed from its depths into the places in which I dwell: into the magisterium of my being?