

[1]: Quoniam Iniquitatem Meam Ego
Cognosco:

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Quoniam Iniquitatem Meam Ego Cognosco, the prodigal son of the empire had studied the phrase during his schooling, compelled by his teachers to recite it, to translate it, to analyse its history, its form, its philosophical meaning. He had been prompted to include it in his art, his essays, his science texts and to re-assess his own ethics in its light.

Now in adulthood he had come to accept it for what it was, a commandment from history, a message from scripture passed down through the generations, a manner in which to analyse oneself in order to interact within the social fabric. He accepted it, but he did not enjoy its implications. In truth he considered himself free to pursue his own aims, but having had it drilled into him, he could not break its bonds upon him. He considered it a constraint upon him, he considered his father a terrible bore for forcing such thinking upon him.

From an external view, he could indeed do with listening to the warnings it encompassed and he could do with a dose of reality to break him from his over privileged, self-centred lifestyle. He was arrogant, unethical, with dubious self-serving interests. He was intelligent, well-educated and exceptionally well read, but his external perception was one of a singular imperfect departure from the norms of the world. Perhaps he belonged in a previous era, a time of strife and unstable political factions, an epoch characterised by leaders with ill-gotten riches and fearsome tempers.

He was to be their leader, but was he fit for purpose? On normal scales, on paper, he seemed to fit, but the public feared what he may do when the power was finally relinquished, from a dead hand, to him. They feared the rational, logical, unemotional thinking would overcome what was left of his ethics, his conscience, his morality.

His aids continued to this day to compel him to observe the deeper meaning behind the words. They had continued to ensure the phrase was on the sigil of his house. They continued to attempt to educate him and force self-analysis of his behaviour. In some ways he did listen, he did analyse himself, he did contemplate its meaning, but why should he bow to their wish that he modify his behaviour, why should aids, courtiers, friends, family or his damned father constrain his intellect and his goals.

Quoniam Iniquitatem Meam Ego Cognosco, he had been told that it translated to *For I acknowledge my iniquities*. In the common tongue, they had preferred to put this to him in terms of immorality, evil, sinfulness and infamy. Their stories from history served to remind him that his thoughts, his wishes, his goals were not new within history, that they were common despite being against the normal and against the common good, that he had an opportunity to further his own interests if he but break from this constraint.

In a society that had turned long ago from the advantages of democracy, he knew he would be in control of unprintable power once his father was firmly consigned to the pages of history. He knew he would be in a position to write history as he saw fit, not just for his own purposes but for what he perceived to be the best for the world. He knew he was different to the common man, he knew he was better than many of them and he knew that in order to truly make a difference, one must make compromises, sacrifices and that key concepts must be ignored in order to correctly allocate sufficient resources to make that change occur.

He had studied these words throughout his youth, compelled by his teachers and peers to recite it, to translate it, to analyse its history. He had looked at the work around the words, he had read the wider scripture it was based upon and considered it again and again. He found it difficult to reconcile his personal thoughts and opinions with those of those around him.

Yes, that was it, it had a context, a second line that they failed to discuss with him. Perhaps it was their foreboding of the future, perhaps it was in light of the fearsome actions he had taken during his life against those that pressured him.

For I acknowledge my iniquities, and my sin is ever before me. He could see this was omitted by those teachers as they wished to not remind him that his sins were in context of his future power. The words had further context, but he resented the religions of the old world, he ignored their warnings, he ignored their message of unity and good.

Twice now he had killed. He didnt consider it as sinful as those around him. Twice he as ignored his fathers warnings and gesticulations surrounding his behaviour. He would have to ensure that history recorded those incidents in the correct light, his correct interpretation. He wondered if he would be able to modify the views of society once he came to power, he wondered what action he could take to demonstrate his view and that if there is a logical reason then how can it be sinful. He wondered if he should propagate logical vs ethical thought experiments and see how truly his future subjects considered his acts heinous when faced with cold, unrelenting logic. He resented their short-sightedness, their inability to see his long game and the ultimate for the better good he wished to achieve. He resented their views that sacrifices should not be made, that any cost should be managed and minimised.

He comforted himself with the knowledge that with power comes responsibility, that he must perform certain, unfavourable acts in order to perfect his race, to propagate the correct viewpoint throughout history. He comforted himself too with the knowledge that having killed twice, he could silence those of power who questioned his actions.

Quoniam Iniquitatem Meam Ego Cognosco, the prodigal son of the empire contemplated his next move in the dark. He knew his aids considered this to be an omen of his future acts, after all who would resign themselves to dark, silent contemplation and plotting when there were more pleasurable past times within the world and more sins of the flesh available to someone of his position.

Et peccatum meum contra me est semper. He considered the commotion from his fathers chambers, yes he thought, the context of those words were part of him now, he must concentrate on what needs to be done, what is rational to do, what is logical from a societal and historical view. He knew now that the poison he had administered had done its fatal job, had dissolved into natural body compounds never to be seen again.

In the dark, in the silence, he made a final contemplation, yes, *And my sin is ever before me*, and it is righteous

The End....