

Morning Note 01

If the work is any good at all, the work is not mine. But the lords. And if I interfere with that work, or if my capabilities become the limit of that greatness, then the work is entirely mine.

While working on writings and illustrations, as well as music, there is an essence there that is unrelated to me. I should say, separated from me. Entirely separated. If I can accomplish nailing the beauty to the work, I feel elated, at the success, but even greater at my achievement of seeing, hearing, and feeling, I mean to say, to be a messenger or translator of beauty is to be one with God. In some ways I have to wonder, we so consistently think about how much man is part animal, human and God, but outside that discussion is the realm of angels. Man does not want to become angel. To become angel means death, if not death of the body, death of the individual spirit. To become a messenger for God always. Yet the feeling eclipses all other kinds of happiness when it occurs to me. If it occurs it is like a fire, a warm and soft fire flowing over me. And I am not burned or scorched. I am purified.

All of the most tasteful things come from this universe and its maker. If we are to make something of value which represents the characteristics of beauty, goodness, balance and order among other elements, we are to make something as angels. That kind of work links us, connects us as threads to other kinds of things. The heat of words slides into the feelings of a once simpler past. An image echoes the small whisperings of faith and non-faith. This is the kind of language which achieves accurately its purpose. To represent. To convey.

It could be that when we fail at making something beautiful or representing it properly, we are like fallen angels. Bad translators who passed on wrong messages. We want that divine trigger to pass on to others. The only real way of accomplishing a united experience of divinity is through works of creation. We have known this for many, many years. We stroll through the galleries, we listen to the songs of citizens in foreign countries, we gather along to read the

words of a man who died ages and ages ago. We do this to spark the little light of the divine, and feel it connecting to the chain of people. This is religion and art, creation and speech. And if we achieve lucidity, somehow the mystery becomes even greater. Like looking at a great cathedral in absolute awe of its rendition of holiness yet even greater, spellbound by the many spirals and complexities of human emotion fathered from that one single sight.

I think God could be understood this way. As a mysterious sea of values. Values which scale up and down. Descriptors which are synonymous or not. No single definition can explain the vastness of the great divine. But there are words which seem closer in direction, images which feel nearer to the dream.

Divinity is a compilation. A layer of waves. Everything around it is also compiled of complex properties. It seems through grace and solitude we aim toward true North. Somehow this is how we were built. It is better that we are beings which know of evil and know of good. They exist in the vocabulary of all civilisations. But in some ways we are senseless. We can create things of great magnitude but we are nearly all living by theory when it comes to divinity. To be blind is a great thing. It can be great. It can turn you out of yourself and inside the world. It can make your voyage longer on the black water and turn you to a master of searching. But this blindness has yet to be attained. We find ourselves so easily convinced of what divinity means. Firmly rooted. Entirely concentrated. Those people who have lost one of their senses have to be open always to the idea that a conversation is not truly over. To the idea that a man may come walking behind the blind woman. The senses of those who have lost one are in some ways more active than the normal perfectly abled human.

I have found myself running through structures a lot in my dreams as of late. Through theatres and abandoned schoolhouses. I find myself speaking to a few people here and there and then they all disappear from view somehow. Things function as they should, but entropy appears in all of these dreams. Slowly the world I am in starts to decline. The small elevator buttons flicker with orange light on and off. Groups of people fade off in the distance. Their voices turn to a slur. A sludging ghost of a language I once knew. And yet everything seems so familiar. But this is the realm of dreams. And I cannot trust my senses.