

LORD IN PHASES

I was healed.

From the very first memory, the first thread of continuous motions, all of the shades of the past. Renewing themselves in my chambers of thought. And he healed me, and I was healed. Imagine yourself, drifting down the lane of life, colored with darkness, almost shadow. A blackness of thought you took from your past life. You had found it somewhere, a certain lowness. A stranger which was taken from you, made from you sometime before. Eclipsing your life, you became this shadow, you ate with it, and bathed with it and everything you were before it became unified. Became tangled up in some ritual union. All of this, before you were healed.

I hardly quake with thought. I had hardly quaked with thought before this. Circling through me, that thought of faith, and law, and all important matters, always running through me. As if on trial in some metaphysical court, all my life, running to defend the dredges, the shadows of man.

It was soon time to answer. They would be calling any moment now, and second, to ask me for the answer. If I am to recall all of my purest memories, they could centralise into one cohesive moment. One long continuous image of sun, and breath, and all other natural elements. And I have always been gluttonous in this way, in this mode, feeding off of the light which covers me. I can hear outside of my windows, the muted noise of people speaking and planes moving in the skies, I can hear everything, and my mind is clear. Clear of any one judgement, and this is to be purified, of any personhood, of all individuality. And yet, in some magical turn, you are reunified with a true being. Because truth is that which needs nothing from you, that which is not dependent on anything. That sun, moon and purification bending you. To be bent is a blessing. To fall in line, with a hierarchy of beautiful things, which exist without thought. Without a strain of individual sense, and this is great. This is pure and inconclusive. To exist as a season, in permanent agreement with your condition. Always allowing that coldness to change your color, at any time saying yes and indeed and always to the courses of nature.

"It's strange, this will be my memory, I will soon look back on this as if it were real. A real time in life" I said back then. And looking at the strange face my mother gave, knowing even more that this was an eternal struggle of perception. Flattening beneath this weight, the human production is fitted with paradox. Those things that are unanswerable, unspeakable, even unthinkable to the creatures of the world, we have within us, like a great light flashing on and off. On, and off again. And this is the axis, the human axis. This is the great arm we reach for, this is the equation we have been built alongside.

I made a cup of coffee, and seeing the hot steamy swirls in the center of my cup, I have those same thoughts. My veins sing with a song of death, sweet death, in some ways perfect death. And this is the crucifixion. A great field of being, nothing is lost nor lesser. It is the death that echoes back into life, and life that filters itself through death. This wondrous plot, this function of divine action. Like one glance at man becoming one with the flesh of an animal, one with the flesh of God. In complete symbiosis with the change of the wind or the rise of the fire. Quickening toward the spiral of everything that is, saturated in a heavenly economy.

I take sips of my coffee, every now and again I hear little screams from outside the windows. Children running around in packs. The weather has started to turn and so the rain changes to ice or little speckles of frost. The entire earth seems blue, but entirely colored in truth. The only true human color. Blue. A vastness which stretches itself over the mountains and fields and villages and cities. Cold breath pushing out from the lungs of man, little shivers and raised shoulders. This is truth. An absolute image of how it always was.

Once, I owned a small wooden statue which sat on the counter of my living room stand. And there were secret thoughts that it held, spirits from another world, always looking towards me, slipping into my dreams. A curse, or some apparition. The whole house was coated in that air, that strange atmosphere of togetherness, with something you could not yet communicate in words. But it was your spirit that knew, that could sense it, that could feel a touch of darkness sleeping inside of the rooms with you.

It would be most accurate to say it this way. We are beings of questioning, beings of uncertainty, and only in our acceptance of unknowing are we great, only then are we anything at all. Then we are beast, man, and monster and God.

Little creeks are heard in the house, small noises in the wood floor. I take in breaths, long drawn out drags. And I exhale. Exhale.

"This is all there is" I thought, looking out years ago, at the soft light, simply taking my spirit in with it. And I thought, "This is all there is".

Always autumn or winter, to be truthfully human is for it always to be autumn and winter. To accept the sun truly and spring, is merely a passing screen. No, rather a passing blur. How could we accept heat and whiteness and everything as we turn away from those changes? Another breath. It could be said, that everything not human is truly living, expanding and devolving eternally without complaint, always in acceptance of the bending of time.

The coffee is finished. And warmth builds up inside me. Another cup. And breathing, ins and outs.

The truth waits in death, and, always dying, the creatures of the world hold truths entirely incompatible with mankind. Like songs of impossible music, buildings of impossible structure. To understand would require new eyes, and new hands, and a new mind. No, rather, old eyes, old hands and an old mind. Not even such, rather, no eyes, no hands and no mind. And the most precious and magical words are not words at all, they are fragments of silence and whispers. Strung up in time. Circles of what simply is. Circles and circles.

What simply is.