

A Little Storm of Fishes.

And in some ways you can't blame the western progressive for their rejections of religion. For their apparent obsession with weeding out the heart of Christ in society. I feel their fickle hearts. I see how they praise the outsiders for their culture and rituals, for their primal worships and theologies. Westerners appear like those who have had their homes burnt down in a fire, driving past the neighborhoods that survived. It's a longing. A longing they cannot place. And it could be that they feel wronged by their own homes. By their own people. And so even more ready to cast out tradition and ritual. But no amount of images and incessant noise from the machines can separate man from his longing. The inward desire to find truth and reality beyond our means. To search for what ties us back to the invisible.

So many people are simple, even in their complexity they are simple. They want different things for different reasons. Different people want different things, for many, many different reasons. And when you think about people as some difficult fractal to understand, you have to remember that people are born from their circumstance. We are almost always a product of our time. We dig for the answers and it can be that we are not satisfied. But the answers are there. In an attempt drift from those rules, we have tried to reveal a bigger God behind our systems. To uncover a force which rules by laws we cannot describe. A sort of mystery of mysteries.

These thoughts often slip away from me when conversing with people on various matters. You can forget so quickly, that we are all people of circumstances out of our control. Then arguments become irrelevant. Entirely meaningless. The intimacy of it, none of the intimacy is real. The idea may be real in some abstract form. But even more abstract is our personality, or the reasons we believe what we do. And often we may find ourselves asking, how could they think this way? How could a person believe such things? Circumstance. Nearly all of it. The fish believed the world was only water, only blue, only cold. This belief arose from that closed life he led. You could even say, the fish was *created* in a way which made this the only likely scenario. If in some rare case he questions his circumstance and rejects those basic ways, he will be spurred even more by the society he lives in. This is Christ. This is all of those souls who were not products of their circumstance, people who climbed above walls, or even better proclaimed the walls did not exist. So easy it is to become a person who believes because you have been made to believe. To think on what is forced on you. We become hypnotised at all times by the human society and all around it. For better or worse, we are manipulated into thinking so many things are real.

During World War 2 there was a Japanese man named Hiroo Onoda who refused to lay down his arms and return to the world, despite being told via leaflets that Japan had surrendered. Onoda did not believe them, he believed these were tricks of the enemy. And so he was a soldier for years longer than his comrades. And he could not see things any other way. His life, the war- they had created this being. Those forces had crafted this man in such a way, and the walls would not be climbed over. The walls were entirely real. Onoda became an element of the nature that surrounded him. A small wind amongst bigger winds.

We have to fight harder than any other beast, wave, wind or fire to preserve our humanity. Because it is at the root of us that this competition of evils lies. The vanity. The wrath. All the other kinds of horrors. In this way the beasts have it better, because they are not aware of these evils. They kill for simple reasons, nearly never in excess. And so it would be true to say we are fighting battles amongst men, but even truer to say we are fighting battles from within. The kingdom of God is within us, right alongside it, Eerie Black spirals. A well with a long drop. Nothing but shadows scattered at the bottom. We know there is an evil and a good. The lines and descriptions of evil and good are flawed and distorted. But we do know there is good. And we do know there is evil. Our fight is a changing ghost. A mercurial air which takes over both the mind and body. Too rooted as beast to reject our natures and too extracted from God to mute confessions and pleas of mercy.

We are fishes. Little shimmering storms of fishes.