

For Infinite Rage

Sparks fell and then things took hold, various points of light throughout the black space. And then our own ball of flame as she leapt forth, cooling off, then taking with her, her light from afar.

Minerals separated. The tears of creation became the great oceans. Fish, amphibians, reptiles, crawling, crawling, seeking out the land masses rising upward. Life, individual life has always been too short, dawn ape. Even at least four species of hominid occupying what it today we call Africa.

And on the great rift valley canines gave way to sticks in the hand, to weapons. We gnawed upon brightly scavenged hides until the fully upright form appeared, head stretched towards the sun, with numerous sweat glands, lacking full body hair.

Still we were not, are not, in our final element. Heads stretched towards the sun. Three feet of pollen at a forty thousand year-old grave site. There were so many flowers that they reached to the roof of the cave. Mesolithic skull nests, icons strewn across Eurasia. Etana the Shepherd riding to heaven upon the wings of an eagle. Burnt offerings on the high places, temples and mosques, cathedrals to once again pioneer gatherings in the wood, a planet blue with language in her undergrowth, birds bursting full born upon a backdrop of clouds, crawling and calling and crawling.

Whether it be men as snakes dancing in the ash, a ceremony to pierce the lower lip, Tlingit spearpoints blessed before the taking of the salmon, even Jerusalem coming down ancient, new, and golden, the prayer, the prayer be always the same:

Let us return to the lights, to the source, to the sparks. Let us return. Let us return.

Let it end.

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