

May the Fetishes protect us ...

John Duncan

Listen.

For a long time our family's been cursed. My mind is tormented.
Last night a star approached me and said:

**Your descendants will undergo great change.
One can die without ceasing to exist. Life and Death are
overlapping scales. Science is inexhaustable; miracles
eternal.**

May the fetishes protect us.

At first she never puts it down. She examines its mouth and eyes, its nose and ears. Except when moving, she no longer presses it to her breast. The body becomes yet more decomposed, but her investigations continue. The dried-up body then begins to disintegrate; soon it's a shrivelled bit of skin. She is seen biting off pieces; it is unknown whether she swallows them. Soon she abandons what's left of the shrivelled remains.

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

If the universe really is a system where everything is connected, it's natural then for the Pyramids and a gas station, a roll of toilet paper and every other human creation, to reproduce the harmonies of the Cosmos. It's not necessary to discover the logic of knowledge because it knows already; why prove what cannot be otherwise? The Secret, if there is one, must be far more profound. People plant bombs on busses because they're looking for God.

"You can read fear in a man; you can smell it. If you can't live with yourself and come into prison scared, people see that and attack you the first chance they get. If you can't handle yourself then you're lost, you've had it, there's nothing you can do. It's as simple as that!"

Forget then. Forget the names. Look at the Nameless within yourselves. All else is unreal. To define is to lose. You sit in the middle of a nightmare. The nightmare is your own creation. It is yours to worship; it is yours to destroy. It means nothing.