

The Meteor

The Bruges Madonna

He that Would, that Must and that Will. He is an Emanation.

Everyman.

Toss and Turn.

The Meteor.

The Bruges Madonna

He rises from the very compost of humanity, the ultimate distillation; occasioned through the heat of desire, the desire for love, for sustenance, for warmth, for knowledge, for repose, for peace of mind.

He swaggers, yet he is uncertain. He is robust, full of breath-ings and palpitations; he is not intimidated by his surroundings. He swaggers over the face of the globe, yet he is uncertain. Shadows appear before his eyes through which his being must forever force passage, before he knows of anything with any certainty. The next moment lived and captured encourages the next. There is little humility, for the Mother does not reach out to chastise him in his swaggering; she contains not the power or the voice to humiliate this emanation, that everyman, who swaggers.

His seeds, brought forth through a chance medley, and through the terrors of the long purposeless march, have reached unto us, have reached into me, and my self. Am I the measure of this aforementioned emanation? Do I merely record the He that would, that must and that will? Do I have the right, the perspicacity and the detachment necessary to form speculations concerning my own milieu?

He bursts forth into view from the 7,000,000,000 who desire love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind; if he was granted each of these, would he be content? It would seem not.

For he would, he must, and he will.

There was a time when he did not swagger, or so I surmise, when each and every part of his field of vision was imbued with spirits and controlled by unseen deities; unknowables that he was obliged to assuage, to imprecate, and to mollify, in order to gain favorable passage through this world.

Now, though the silent scream of the magma-filled Mother pierces to the highest heavens, HE, that emanation, everyman, is not assuaged, is not imprecated, or mollified; he has eaten of the forbidden fruit; he has stolen fire from the Gods; he has become arrogant; yet, yet he is uncertain.

He would, he must, he will.

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He gambles.

Although his recollections and reflections would stir certain apprehensions, would reveal some distinct consequences, would provoke a feeling of guilt, he will gamble; not that he must, but that he will. One might argue that 'he must', for that is his nature, as it is coalesced in his nature to be stirred by apprehensions, to acknowledge these consequences, and be possessed of guilt; he forges ahead, ignoring the apprehension of certain consequences.

He that would, that must, that will; prevails.

His gamble is a selfish act. We do not know of its true origin.

He will tell us he is concerned for the future; he tenders affection for his progeny; he would assure for their future; yet a curtain is before his eyes; he cannot know. Those who came before did not know; still he arrived, despite all the misknowing.

Somehow, magically, he does know more, now; he knows more concerning finiteness, and limitations, this new emanation. Though he swaggers, he knows, with certainty, of the finite. He knows, yes he knows; perhaps that is why he willingly gambles, as a 'daredevil'. He seems almost willing to sacrifice the continuance; if only it will last out his lifetime. He has invested an idea, his wealth, his person; he seeks a return, a fruition; though it would be the last, he seeks his, even so; just one more tankfull. He will multiply and subdue this earth; that is his emanation.

Rather than follow any other way his intelligence might deem wise, almost as though he was destined, without will, he persists; he swaggers on. He gambles the day, that the morrow will bear his fruit. HE will not be the first to change, if a change is to be ordered; HE will not wait for the others; he may be the last.

Amidst the babble of the 7,000,000,000, as we hear the voices of this everyman, this emanation, this totality that swaggers, that is uncertain, that desires love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind; that will not be mollified, that will feel guilt, that will profess concern for his progeny and will abrogate their future, seeking fruition of himself. Amidst this babble of voices one discerns a lowing, a counterpoint, calling for moderation, for al-

truism - invoking the future, salvaging for the future.

Is one able to locate the vanguard of the future in this emanation that rises from the compost, the distillation of the 7,000,000,000? Does not what happens today hold within it the prospect for the future? Is the vanguard merely invested in the seed that survives, as it has always; is it merely consigned to the giddiness of chance, this future emanation?

I meditate upon the countenance of the Bruges Madonna. She is given vision into the future; he that stands at her feet will suffer at the hands of the emanation. Hers is the lowing, the counterpoint, the voice

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of those who have been denied in their wasted progeny, sacrificed to the presumption of the swaggerer.

It would seem the greatest quest is for an equality amongst them; it is so because such a condition is denied so many. The quest for an equality is a great stumbling block for our emanation; yet he does not remove its onerous presence; he swaggers and stumbles on instead. Stumbling has been coalesced into the seed. He opens his mouth to say that the reason he does not believe in equality is because he believes in inequality, proclaiming we are not equal.

Regardless of which social arrangement one favors, if it denies the many, then it fails; if it parcels out too thinly, then it fails; the system fails; the cumbersome edifice cannot stand, and will tumble to earth as it has time and time again.

And what of this place we are consigned to live, to act out this drama; how perceive, we, this oblate spheroid, our stellar chariot that whizzes through time? Now we feel 'her' as crust; 'she' has become a crust, an 'it'. We suckle at 'its' breast, we tear 'its' flesh from 'its' enchanting skin; we bore into 'its' fruitful body; we wholesale 'its' substance. 'It' does not complain; 'it' yields to the expedient of the emanation. This he, that would, that must, and that will, acts out his drama, obdurately and unsensuously digging his heels into 'her' o'erspurred integument.

There is a lowing amidst the 7,000,000,000; the lowing is part of the message brought forth; the lowing is a love that would re-

transform 'it' to 'her' once again, to love for 'her'. As we have done in the past, we could call 'her' Mother, Mother Earth. Those who low with love would personify her once again as Mother, Mother Earth.

However, this lowing will not be countenanced, for the collective swaggering of the emanation succeeds in disfiguring her glory, in taking away from her, forever taking away. She yields her substance without a whimper; she is becoming emaciated; her founts of milk and honey will yield only this or that amount, only so many thimblesfull; yet she does not complain. Wherefore is she able to replenish her substance? The lowing sounds not in HER throat. The lowing is personified in the Bruges Madonna. Within the Countenance of The Bruges Madonna one imagines he hears lowing for the emanation of the future.

OH!, what are these goings-on in the search for love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind? They are plain enough when viewed as words but complex of attainment; these symbols of states or states of symbols: love, sustenance, warmth, knowledge, repose and peace of mind. None are borne in the seed. Only the seed itself is carried forth, as it must, upon this magma-filled ball of rock and crumbly dirt. 7,000,000,000 arrested in time, sustained through the chanting of some chance medley, carrying forth itself, and the seed, always the seed.

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The seed presses on, seeking the future of futures, abandoning the progenitor, caring not, pressing onward.

Perhaps the Universe, that whole infinity which we cannot measure, that exceeds our imagination - did congeal after a Big Bang. What do we know? What does the seed know; that seed that is not, cannot be, that one seed, until it forms a union? The Universe presses on, the paroxysm of the union, the BIG BANG.

Onward pressing, this emanation, this repletion of unions, this everyman, that thrives on this crust, in this crumbly dirt, that rides this colloid that whizzes in that vast expanse that disappears in the eyepiece of our most powerful radio telescope, that floats suspended in the universal infinity which we cannot measure, that exceeds our imaginings, our capacities, and even our daring.

This emanation; He that would, that must, and that will; what are we able to say of this emanation who evokes in me the image of Michelangelo's Bruges Madonna? She, who is helpless; she, who can only do as she does; she stares a piteous blank into the future. The Bruges Madonna is but a stone, as the earth is but a magma-filled crust, crumbly dirt, stark and loveless. She is given to us from a meteor.

We faithless ones toss and turn, keeping others awake.

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Did you see that?

The night was clear though dark
One gazed into the sky
Reflected upon the still pool of water.
A bright tail of light
Flashed across the surface of the pool.
One reflexively searched overhead
Only to observe The darkness extinguish the blaze.

Did you see that?

They gave it a name.

Michelangelo.