

PROSE, 2018 by Jean-Marie Avril

SPIRITUAL MOMENTS

I could do with living some spiritual moments. But if the anger keeps reoccurring, will the spiritual moments come or will the anger keep them away from reaching me?

I could do with having the experience of spiritual moments to help me face the anger and reduce it or channel it. But I don't know if I will have those spiritual moments as it is not something you can ask on demand.

Self-obsession is possibly keeping me from spiritual moments. As a matter of fact, it may be vain to hope for a spiritual experience. Spirituality must be an everyday occurrence. Washing up can be the setting of a deep meditation experience. But, having said that, if the everyday continues to be drudgery, then the peak experiences can help, making one see beyond one's egocentric confinement.

So this is my prayer, Divine Presence. I could do with having a few peak experiences to help me ground myself in an everyday spirituality of serving you.

That will suffice for today.

MORE ANGER

Why can't I be more patient? Why do I have to swear and shout? It's as if I refuse to help liberate the sparks and want to keep them confined in the darkness.

The reality of the shells is unfortunately real enough for me. Every time I shout and swear, I feel afterwards more cut off and more separated.

The ego is reinforced, to what benefit? The interests of the ego are to let go. But it seems difficult for me to do this. Yes, when I feel more contented, I sense a plan concerning my life, that my existence is part of the divine plan.

Surely, with such awareness, it's my duty to make an effort and to lessen the shouting and the swearing. Screaming and using strong language keep me low-vibrating. Perhaps I fear the higher-vibrating because I'm so used to the low-vibrating.

I must find the courage to live in uncertainty.

That will suffice for today.

THE DANCER

He dances night and day and weaves the magic, hypnotising the masses. While he does his artistic feat, he controls the mind of the man who weeps seeking after an elusive woman, as usual. The dancer tries to make the sad human understand that the femaleness is within him and without him. It is no use projecting completely unto a woman. One has to be aware of the force of the archetype, and that can also apply to the woman who has a man within and the maleness is both inside and outside.

The dancer tries all his panoply of artistic skills to induce a trance in the man. He gets up and walks mechanically until he finds his soul mate, and she finds him too, her soul mate.

That will suffice for today.

WHISTLE IN THE FOG

I whistle in the fog as I walk in the vast valley of an unknown region that deserves to be known. I whistle, calling the birds, and seagulls respond to me. They fly in circles, uttering their ugly screeching. The seagulls ought to be elsewhere as the sea is far from the big valley in which I am.

Why have I conjured up seagulls instead of other birds with my whistling? Is there something odd in my whistling? Perhaps it has to do with the fog. I was whistling in the fog and it is now gone. I would like to see the fog again.

I stop whistling for the fog is gone. But the seagulls continue to fly in a circle, producing their abhorrent screeching. Letters fall from their beaks and stain the grass down below with poor ink. Something like a cloud seems to be moving in the valley towards me. Has the fog returned?

But it is not a fog but a thick smoke covering everything and polluting everything. I run. The smoke gets closer and closer to my futile escape. It eventually envelops me and now I know I should never have smoked those cigars when I was in Cuba.

That will suffice for today.

THE UNCLE AND THE DREAMLAND

The uncle eats the grass in the dream of a dog that has escaped the militia. There is no reason concerning the happening. It is just a question of entering the mind of the beast during a barking session.

The uncle doesn't recognize the essence of his deeds, continues acting as if everything was pretty in the mind of his partner, but has forgotten the reaction of his nephews.

The dog is not a greyhound but a bulldog that thinks aliens are targeting cats in their ludicrous experiments. The dog stops dreaming and the uncle stops eating for the programming is now cancelled.

The uncle goes then into the dream of a cat experimenting on aliens in a flying saucer made of marble. The aliens beg for clemency but the cat replies in Russian that their requests will not be fulfilled.

The uncle returns home confused and disoriented and falls asleep on the sofa where his wife is making love with a postman. She and her lover scream in terror and the uncle, that is her husband, says: 'Quiet down here!'

That will suffice for today.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ODDITIES

The clock was a phantom awaiting the gaze of the dog to awaken a sad story. The story is an invention concocted by strange aliens living on planet 3 in some distant solar system that was discovered eons ago.

The shaving cream turns into a moving mass of white foam and devours the skin of the man who fails to admit the situation in which he finds himself. The man turns into a dilapidated armchair and of the shaving cream; no mention was ever made on the TV news.

Shares in the market have fallen down and the recession is progressing at great speed, terminating market economics. There is nothing left to do but buying time to jump into the future in order to recreate the optimal conditions that allowed for the emergence of Marxist feudalism.

Someone has forgotten to tell mummy that the atomic machine was not made of atoms but of tiny bits of matter entangled in subatomic jelly propagated by time-travelling vapours. I have not fathomed the mystery of the puppets emitting blue radiations.

That will suffice for today.

NEW ANECDOTES

The storm is past the point of no return. The storm is made of filaments from planet X situated in the palm of my hand.

Canaries fly over the rocks and produce eggs made of a metal taken from the hands of a messenger. I don't know the content of the message as it is in liquid format.

Fish learn to write their names. They never had an occasion to be instructed before that time. The singer tells all the names and the fish die.

My watch is small by comparison with a space vessel. But it is big by comparison with the ghost of a sailor. The size was reduced on account of imagined sins.

I would love to go to the cinema to join a swimming pool club. Unfortunately, I lost my entrance ticket and I had to content myself with going to a piecemeal cemetery instead.

That will suffice for today.

AGENDAS AND HUMAN AGENCIES

TV programs are conceived in order to maintain the population in a trance state so that results may be obtained.

But is it that simple and is everything controlled by human agencies? Is everything humans do programmed by clean minds?

There is the question of the variables. The variables are many. There may be programs designed by human agencies but the last obey conflicting agendas.

There is also the idea that many defects exist in life which make the programming somewhat irregular. The whole may seem quite misshapen.

There is ultimately one Controller and the Spirit uses everything and everyone to Her advantage. The human agencies are simply pawns and the Trumps and Putins of today's worlds are, like any prince, the tools of the gods.

That will suffice for today.

WHAT IS IT?

Some like it with basketball, some like it with football, some like it with table tennis, some like it with rugby. Others detest its odour and throw up simply thinking about it.

Some like it with coffee, some like it with tea, some like it with citron, some like it with sausage, some like it with fake meat. Others are totally indifferent to its existence. They don't care.

Some would like to open it with empty skulls. I don't know the possibility of forcing an entry with a head devoid of content. I don't even know what I'm talking about. Who are you?

Why do you assail me with questions to which I have no answers? You could ask a spiritual leader and you would end up doing poker with him, or with her.

Some like it for what it is. But do you know what I'm talking about? Because I have no idea what my words are referring to. Is it a ghost?

That will suffice for today.

STRANGE RUMORS

The tuna walks in the street and the bird flies in the sea and the cake eats grass and the grass is brown and watches the television.

My ticket is obsolete due to the fact that I will buy it the day after tomorrow and obsolescence now works in the future.

Jim has pulled a muscle out of a car engine and he smokes Chinese cigars made of tea leaves and the dragon complains: 'no, not again.'

Frying pans are infesting the terrestrial orbit and it is rumoured they are secret weapons from a race inhabiting the core of the Earth.

That will suffice for today.

THE MOTHERS ARE WATCHING

The mothers are watching. They keep the peace and in your dreams you can safely abandon yourself to the spontaneous nature of the improvised occurrences.

It is written that one pays homage to the mothers by acquiring their compassion and their empathy. But when it comes to the defence of one's own kind, one becomes ferocious like a lioness.

The mothers have commenced the initiation of neophytes. They are to be sanctified in the mysteries jealously guarded by those to whom Goethe has alluded in his *Faust*.

The mothers will not stop the brutality of their offspring if they chose to repeat the mistake of mankind at the time preceding the flood. They will only reduce the numbers of people when they become a danger for the whole planet.

The mothers are watching. You can dream safely. Let yourself be exalted.

That will suffice for today.

I HATE LOOKING FOR WORK

I hate looking for work and preparing for an interview. Stupid governments have made looking for work and preparing for an interview a mega-hard task. You are expected to know what your worst enemy is thinking of you. He or she probably wants you dead. I think that in order to have a successful interview I will have first of all to have a first-class degree in interview preparation, and it will more likely not be enough, so I will have to get a master's and probably a PhD. It is becoming ridiculous. I just want to hit the first employer who's going to refuse me a job. Of course, that is not a good thing to think, but what do you expect with goddamn getting a job being a job in itself, likely to be harder than the job you're applying for. Screw them, the whole bloody lot. I hate looking for work.

That will suffice today, for otherwise I will do black magic and cast evil spells against government websites on interview preparation.

Enough!