

The Present: Ephemera

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Those who extend their understanding to brave these incompetences Surrounding dry arch wit and clueless circumstances Prey upon Ephemeral elementals for want of better terms, and the reason, the Logic, proven by Fact and Historical accuracy, serves the favours of Beastly and incompetent reason at the expense of Imagination, which is never prescribed, always unexpected, transparently wondrous and incongruous; Beautiful in perpetuity and the colourful states of ambiguous, tremulous wavering before the receptive audit, an Imagining one who sees whole new lives unfold in brand new shades of impossible unmeaning and illuminated phraseological pictures.

Inspiration, idealisation, and the impressionable beings of divine laughter; swallow tailed, characterised. Diviners of elongated Tranquillity have been formalised to a greater or lesser extent, yet the heirloom of creative foreplay (because any given circumstance relates another's tale) bears no implication that there's a planning committee going on behind everything that's going on. Unless you're James Bond, or John Dee, indications are not Prophecy. The fools who make attempts at proof will inevitably be proven correct!

Last year was the Year of Bast, ancient Egyptian cat goddess of marijuana and lesbians, judges, music and the rising sun, according to this State of Art, which is in Whoredom.

Whilst in Samadhi last Sunday, overlooking the banks of the Thames, surveying the winding, swimming past the real deal and all the Sunday strollers, I was just marking time by the South Bank Centre with a bourgeois theatrical cutie-pie and her working class documentary flimflam maker, when there appeared before us an Incredible Sight: countless Angels blowing neurotropic trumpets. Me and my friends could only stand back in astonishment as interpenetrating psychedelic vortices of light and sound shook the buildings surrounding us, as we were made subject to the most awful blindings, burning sensations, spontaneous and exaggerated breath patterns.

Then the documenter's body collapsed to the ground. He was down on his knees and sweating, and he started to pray, praying 'Save me from this delirium, this Angels' farting music makes me do this and that and such and such and so on and so forth, it takes me into realms where I cannot seek advice. Oh dear, what Will the Matter Be? Save us, oh Stinking Shit God from our Important dilemmas, there is so much Protocol to resent.'

The Angels kept on blowing their trumpets.

Throughout all concrete, then there were Demons emerging. Impossibility collapsed the principles moral rectitude had already dismembered. Vampiric distortions and Hallucinations of unprecedented strangeness sucked us into themselves and imposed their Beauty. We got sent to Coventry and Hell all at once. Inaction was untoward, and merely reproduced itself. A rigorous boredom ensued.

'Mmmh, this is just phenomena of the Mind of Individual Minds chewing their mutton of

Universal Mind over an endless Revolution, disenchanting any life which is not animatedly either flesh or plastic. Its worthlessness thenceforward transposes its own virtue through increasing formulations of Power without the Individual Mind and only with the Body, yet the Body does not by any means proceed to function: it remains as Carnality transmogrified by a supernatural waxing and waning of the Spirit, human and inhuman...'

But the Memory vortices of the sniper, cylindrical intuition, was vortextualized by the driven snow and blended ears and tongues of stereotyped Creatives.

The strength of these illusions was staggering. The Angels and Demons' speech became meaningless and a Void ensued. The written word became A Lie Everywhere. Palpitations, enclosures... Insight stopped, metaphor became analogy became metonymy in turn deconstructed to death. They say the Gargoyles of Notre Dame enervate their victims, and nobody can be painted or photographed next to them, but in the midst of these feuding hellishly heavenly creatures it was the food of our thought which became inorganic, inedible. And Memory got Trapped.

We managed to escape through an exceedingly crafty reversal of our Gnosis, but one of the Horde flew back upon my shoulders screaming, 'Oh, Instrument—Reflection—We prosper eternally! I transformed this territory by my will which is for you to change my power of magic into yours!'

I looked at Him rather quizzically and quoted William Blake in a patronising tone:

'In Eternity one Thing never Changes into another Thing. Each Identity is Eternal; consequently Auleius's Golden Ass & Ovid's Metamorphosis & others of the like kind are Fable, yet they contain Vision in a sublime degree, being derived from real Vision in More ancient Writings.'

The Angel said, 'You just read that in a book somewhere.' Then He had the nonchalant nerve to quote back at me: "Blake's method of composition, in his mature work, is exactly like that of other poets." — T. S. Eliot!

I then went on about the time which was the place where Eliot wrote 'The Wasteland', and in a free and open exchange system, and in a bank, yet, unlike capital, I would never lie in number and so with renewed vehemence, told him to leave. And he went.

My friends and I kept craving until the Universe just gave in. The Environment which was once repudiated had been granted again its foundation.

Immoderate weather conditions are but the apparatus of Fortuity behaving recklessly and any such inclemency may not always prevent estuaries of antic shadows from rising up and moving towards the renouncement of shopping enforcements, manufacturing routines, and Utility's competitive territories, in favour of the status of the Watcher—an unknown witness—who in a mild

observance of Fortuity, preserves interpretative delineation for what it is in reality: a concatenation of continuously evolving diversities...