

Requiem Animus Unum

...and as I rested and reflected lingering thoughts flitted still in my head. Just past the barrier of thought, down below, noises began to rumble. Soon I knew I could think no longer and magma bled through the surface. I heard voices and laughter, music and footsteps, I heard the sounds that yesterday were loud but now had grown quiet, but not disappeared.

I remember the morning sun and the deep orange that wrapped me up in its penetrating warmth. I recall the dark half moon which was cold but elegant with its entourage of stars freshly dipped in silver. And I consider my own voice in the darkness, solitary but strong, the surest sound I have ever known. I doubt that it will ever grow quiet for I seem always to remember it and even hear its chattering, away from me, in the deep of sleep. If but for a moment I could share that voice with you we would be happy. I thought about the passing moments... the death of every noble minute gave birth to the next as the alive always draws its existence from the dead. I stood before the altar of the goddess *Mnemosyne* and lifted my hands in hearty exuberance.

It is not his own divinity which man doubts, it is the messiness that he detests: the disorder of divinity mixed in with savage. Man wants both for he is born a hairy god but he spends his life mourning his own death for he knows that the savage in him will soon disappear and he will pass through eternity only half of what he once was.

-John J. McGraw

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