

INDIGO GEMINI SEVEN*Brian Michael Barbeito*

monday, a falling city at night

It was in the time when the summer had become closed, folded in upon itself and put away into the recesses of time and memory. Hayden Pomegranate was with the autumn and the autumn was a darker and stranger thing in all ways. Bright boulevards with mature trees had now become different if not difficult. Barren branches did not hide or else simply had no way to become coy or perfunctory. They waited for him across all streets after schools and churches or plazas or simple two story residential homes. Walking along there nobody else seemed to notice that the branches swayed in winds and let peculiar whistles sound about them and down through them. That was the way it was then on those streets and most of the time Pomegranate, known much later to some as ‘Pom-Grain,’ and called by others simply ‘Hayden,’ went along in the late afternoons and early evenings.

One day while walking along a path that travelled beside the series of ravines that ran behind his house, he looked up to the left at the many windows of tall buildings that stood light brown and somehow, through their rust stains and cracked downspouts, looked back sadly upon he who walked in the overcast afternoon. A man appeared laughing in a window and then disappeared. Then, in another instant, another man appeared. The long pipe or piece of steel was there but then it was not. There. Then it was not. There. Then gone. Laughing men but too far off to hear. Pomegranate looked back down to a makeshift red fencing that was put up temporarily by the city weeks before. The fence was only about a foot tall and had wires that ran around each piece of wood at three different lengths. He could not figure what the fencing was for. Always these things in the world, these almost nonsensical items and happenings that he could not make heads or tails of.

But when it came to the pipe he realized soon what it was.

Odd.

There.

Oddity.

Danger.

Malcontents.

Pointing.

At him.

Pointing it at him.

A gun.

The gun was a rifle. The two men had thought it would be funny to point the gun in his direction. But was it loaded? And were they joking. Pomegranate's heart began to race and though he wanted to run his legs almost buckled. Instead he managed only to walk.

Proceed.

Proceed as best as possible.

This world, well it sucks.

There is no other word.

This is not a good world.

Full and brimming with strangeness.

Somehow the strangeness becomes acute.

Too acute.

And you, Pomegranate.

You are almost as strange as anything out there.

Out of their sightline, Pomegranate managed finally to break into a run. Up in the park beyond he started to feel a small bit better or at least not stuck in the terror of the moment. What if the men had meant to shoot? Didn't that kind of thing happen? And why was he always alone? Others seemed to walk easily in groups and to find an easy enough stride in their way home. Was it even real? It was certainly real. Then men were laughing. These were the same men perhaps that were seen in the nights dancing on the windowsills. If not, they were similar. Hayden's mother had called him to the middle bedroom late one night. She told him that the way, if one had to, to observe others, was to turn off the lights in the room one was in so they could not see in.

Come to the window, she said.

What is it?

Look out there.

I don't see anything.

Look up, in the window about five stories up. There are men dancing on the sills. They must be on drugs. Have to be on drugs. See what drugs do. They are crazies. Idiots.

Ya. I see them now.

And he had seen them, and it was odd, the things that went on in the world at night. For now though, he was safe from the men with the gun, and in his own home. He did not see any reason to tell another soul. So many secrets like this he kept. So many odd things saw fit to come his way. The types of things one would share with a friend, but there was hardly

a friend to be found. A grand old house not cold or unwelcoming can be a friend. But who talks to a house, really? Sometimes Hayden would talk in the night though, not to the house, but to the ghosts that he sensed all around him. He would tell them to come and battle him if that is what they wished.

Uneasiness.

Not right.

Sounds like a silent sound.

Queer that the sound of the night is silent but loud.

Ghosts.

Voices calling in the ear.

So many of them.

Myriad of them.

Armies of them.

Calling.

Sounding.

And songs.

Sometimes the good ones sang songs.

Maybe it was the Virgin Mary.

Maybe it was something.

Maybe it was good.

Benevolent spectres here almost always in late hours.

Maybe they receive people to other worlds.

So many of them.

So many worlds.

Being in the wrong one.

A mix up.

Mixed.

Of mixed something.

Uneasiness flips into fear.

Fear into other things.

Other things into worse things.

Vague and definite feelings of other worlds.

One day Pomegranate missed the bus that let him off at the top of the ravine. It was later in the autumn and he had to walk home. There was a way through the streets. Streets that were less strange and foreboding than the forests. But it would take longer. He walked down past the adjacent public school and over a bridge that led down to walking paths couched by tall trees kept with branches barren.

Somewhere along the way a sense of desolation set into the bones and

looking upwards it seemed as if the sky wanted to snow. But like a child that could not cry the overhead was not to let out any snow. Instead it just looked on as everything looked on. The houses up on the ridge that wore shingled roofs as hats. The second bridge, somehow a sad and wanton thing, spanning half heartedly over a large part of the ravine. Some clouds that could not make up their mind what form they wanted to take. The old tree with the plaque on the bottom that the kids passed by with solemnity in the otherwise bright days, because everyone knew that was the tree where a high school student had hanged himself one Christmas break. And the ravine itself, with its cement form blocks held down on its sloped sides by mesh and cages. Sometimes a tag or splash of nonsensical graffiti boasted from a smooth surface. In other parts the ravine veered off to other and smaller meandering waterways. This was a world unto its own, a world where the storm water from hundreds of upwards and surrounding residential streets came down after falling into grates and being guided by tunnels.

A dirty canteen of the world.

A place of rabbits up by very small shrub cover.

Eating.

Life.

Garter snakes in summer rain.

Teenagers and trucks.

Cops emptying beer.

Yellow cars.

Swift and curt birds dart out startled and fly, as if running, to the skies beyond.

They have freedom.

The water spiders prance around.

An odd old lady like a witch gathers sticks.

At home, in peculiar yards, she throws them on a round patch of earth burnt purposely in the ground.

People don't know about these things.

Or even believe in them when they do.

She is divining.

But she is not divine.

The path goes onwards.

This way and that.

But ultimately forward.

Someone is up to something. A group of boys off in the woods. One of them sees Hayden.

Who is that?

Don't know. Don't worry. Pass that to me.

Pomegranate walked on. It was about halfway that he saw the people, if they were people. There was a nondescript house that sat halfway up a hill. Five beings were in the backyard and they moved in the most incredibly curious ways. Like machines. Like beings that were pretending to be humans. At first he tried to categorize them. Anything to dull the aching terror he felt at looking at them. Maybe they were in the circus and practicing their moves, or else some strange artistic dance or acting group. Hadn't he seen something like that on television once? Hadn't people talked about such things?

The things the mind tries to tell itself in order to stay together...

Closer and closer he walked towards them. A bizarre and otherworldly feeling emanated from their core, their actions, from all of them and from everything about them. Hayden could now tell that they were wearing clothes that looked like clothes, that these garments were not something that would be found in a department store. Odd beyond odd.

These were not circus performers.

But what of it? What were they?

It was not for him to know. Like so many events, he could only guess or else move onto something else. The main being that was directing the others in their movements—the jumping, the walking back and forth, the looking to the left and the right, the swaying of the hands—stopped and looked at Pom-Grain then.

Intensity.

Human but not human.

Psychic.

Purely psychic.

Hayden looked away and then kept on. It took about twenty steps before he could begin to shake the energy that was the group and especially the gaze of the main being. Finally arriving home, he prepared a small snack but found he could not eat it. He heard a pop in his ear and then a buzz and a ringing. Then it went away, or else he just got used to it. He could not tell which.

That night the sky cried but it was not snow that let out as it was too early. Rain went down like medium weighted paint drips in the millions. Going and going, its meeting with the world sad and slightly acrimonious because the pavement and trees had already seen cracks and weather, fluctuations and tires, sprays of this or that, and the hundreds of footfalls, birds and squirrels that inhabited the environs in general. Night was supposed to be quiet if not peaceful, solitary if not sacred, and now this patter

patter and water from everywhere. Hayden watched from his room, a room that sat high and alone on the third floors and you would have to investigate and prove that it was attached to the rest of the home such was its feeling of apartness and difference.

On nights like these there was usually a spirit that though remaining unseen would sit on the bed or else flap a hand on the bed near the feet or beside Hayden's hands. So used to this was Hayden that he hardly noticed and would turn the other way and try for sleep. The turning was only slight movement someone would make out of the sun or rain and into a corridor. No harm. No foul. Just movement from the elements that inhabit the world.

Finally he found sleep, but within his sleep he also found wakefulness. He awoke in the middle of a city that was under fire, that was in some sort of a war. He thought that it was the future, but did not have any proof, only a vague feeling. Suddenly green trails of light would arch across the horizon. Some would come from above and land hundreds of feet in the distance.

Cries.

Yells.

Warnings.

Deep chaos that had found its own peculiar groove.

Fires.

Fires were lit and quietly touching the skies above them. Winds circled and then stopped. Circled and then stopped. Beside him was a boy of about the same age and temperament. The boy looked at Hayden.

Crouch down. Are you crazy? What do you think you are doing?

Hayden crouched down. They were beside a wall made of large mortar bricks grey and with broken bits where bullets had hit.

This was not the terra cotta earth or the terra cotta world of summers that some people experience, where plants rise up in the good and sure noon sun and things happen in well and right accordance. There may be such a world. Surely there is. This is not that. This is something else. This is not the place where trellises and flora boast popping spring hues to passersby as if to say hello and show that the earth is benign and sometimes even slightly glorious. The real terra cotta world, if it exists, is somewhere else, and maybe it was lost.

What is going on, asked Hayden.

What do you mean what is going on, replied the boy. Duck.

And Hayden ducked, hearing an impossibly loud sound ring out above his head.

There was the feeling that there were large machines moving through

the city. There was a feeling of orange, and the smell of things burning. Looking around, it could now be seen that there were more fires than he first noticed—small fires and in the middle of each of them a green thing like something terrible and living in a hot womb burned.

Fires.

Green.

Sounds.

Machines.

Ringing in the ears.

Hayden realized he had entered something he was not supposed to have. He could not articulate it at the time, but a feeling came over him that he did not share this other boy's karma and could escape from this future war scene. The boy looked over at him once more and gave him a curious stare.

Where did you come from anyhow?

Then it all ended and Hayden shot up in his bed wide awake. The dream of the falling world had ended.

tuesday, phantom child visits

In the days such as that day, Hayden was overcome with a trembling rueful feeling. In the morning, the idea of school set off some type of internal panic that only got longer along with the minutes or hours. It was as if something was misplaced and he could not determine what it was. It was all he could do to get to the red-brick school house, to walk among his peers, to sit at his desk. Other people seemed as if they belonged, but Hayden felt almost like a space ship or tour group had dropped him off and forgotten about him and his whereabouts in general.

If he saw a person fall or cry or misunderstand something, he felt deeply aware of this. His whole being had erupted in a sort of empathy. Much of the time, when confronted with beauty such as a seascape or a quiet cloud formation, the result of such empathy could be feelings of bliss and gratitude. Mostly, however, there was a general worry and this settled as a malaise and overall plight. He learned to cope the best he could, and carried on. Sometimes his spirit felt achy and like it was yelling out—that there was a cry, for something lost and not able to be found. He eventually capitulated to his sense of loss, with the idea that if he could accept it, it would ease itself somewhat. It worked a bit—his mantra became—I accept. I accept. I accept. He said it internally, and felt like these strange feelings became at least manageable then.

A voice, a friend—people always only really a periphery thing, so much trouble Hayden had managing his own self and the aura around it:

Hay, where are you?

Huh?

Where are you? We have to go to gym and you are staring at your desk. Is there somethin' on your desk?

No.

Then why are you staring at it? Why do you stare at everything like there is something there?

I don't know.

Well?

Well what?

Are you going to get up?

Why?

Are you serious?

Ya.

Gym! I just told you. We have got gym. The whole class is gone...

Oh.

Ya, 'Oh.'

I am coming right now.

What about your gym clothes?

I forgot them.

Again?

Ya. Do you think I will get in trouble?

I don't know. Maybe. You are not even here.

I am right here. I am.

No you are not. Not really.

And soon enough the afternoon would find a way to turn into evening. He would arrive home, as he did that Tuesday, and go through his routine of eating a snack and then sleeping. He was exhausted, and needed to rest his mind and body. He had no illness that anyone could discern, other than the strange virus that had inflicted him from time to time and attacked his limbs. He would be walking and suddenly his legs would feel as if on fire and he would buckle and fall. Someone would gather him up and his folks would take him to a hospital where they ran tests. None of the tests determined anything, and after a day or so of being basically crippled, the feeling would come back to the legs as the fire left.

Hayden was awake from his nap and watched the play of light coming through the opening in the drapes. He felt a sense of something coming but pushed it from his mind. At dinner his parents and sister talked about

regular things and sometimes read papers or magazines. There was one thing, after dinner, on television that helped calm him somewhat. It was a show called *What Will They Think of Next*, with a woman and man host. Their faces were shown only in a small circle and the forecasted technologies and ideas from the future were shown below them as they talked about them. It was a break to look at the television screen, and his parents he sensed were also happy. Something about the sound of the voices and the inherent rhythm of the show,—its cadence and tone and demeanor, gave Hayden's spirit a bit of respite. Always, later on, he was grateful for that show and thought and thought deeply about how it is that there are times when things are innocent and productive, quiet and even resourceful, deep approaching a sort of peacefulness.

But the show would end.

Off to bed he went. There was really no way to sleep without going through a series of helpful thoughts. His mother knew of his issues with sleep and with spectres and sounds, visions and the inner catastrophe of emotion that he often carried. She had helped the best she could. Hands on head, or a wet towel compress to calm his fevers that came out of nowhere. This is perhaps an Indigo Child, a forerunner before the incarnate on the earth in larger numbers.

What is the sound?

Maybe, Hayden, the sounds you hear are the Holy Spirit? Or the Virgin Mary?

Oh.

Problems.

Different.

To be different.

To be from somewhere else.

Else.

Elsewhere.

Elsewhere?

Whom?

And she would rub his arm and tell him to think happy thoughts. But there is a dividing line between souls that cannot be crossed because of the way the universe is set up. And though sympathetic, his mother could not save him from his own trouble and journeying. These were his own difficult adventure and peculiar karma.

The room became dark save for a nightlight that shone onto the hardwood floor and the carpet near to it. An hour passed with no sleep. Hayden became more and more terrified of some unnamed thing. He tried to think,

of all things, of the fruit loops bird from the television commercials for cereal. The bird was a Toucan and would fly merrily through an animated rain forest urging the viewer to ‘Follow your nose. It always knows!’ The happiness of the bird, a cartoon creation, going through the forest then, and repeating these words, sometimes helped.

But not this night.

Not really.

Hayden fell to sleep eventually, but it was out of exhaustion, and he might as well have just died then, since what he was about to see practically scared the living spirit right out of his body...

He slowly woke up. He was not startled out of slumber. Even though he had difficult nights, it was for the most part the falling asleep that caused trouble. Once asleep, though plagued by nightmares of various textures and sorts, he usually did not awaken until morning. But now, on this Tuesday, in the moonless dark suburbs on the third floor of the house that sat high atop the end of the ravine, Hayden awoke.

Silence.

A feeling of that the world is the color silver.

Trees bend and ache.

You could die but you don't die.

Sleep is a death.

Rooms and halls can absolutely BOOM in silence.

He looked around and did not see anything. Remaining in the position he had been sleeping in, which was on his back, he started ahead to the area of his feet. There he noticed something. It was a white shape and it lacked solidity. It was swaying back and forth somewhat. He continued to watch. The shape came from the foot of the bed to its left somewhat. This was Hayden's right, and it meant that he could see the whole figure now. Back and forth it went somewhat animated. He noticed that it was a boy and that the boy was roughly his own age. Back and forth went the top of the body. Then he saw that the boy was talking, and using his hands as he talked, trying to explain something. Hayden continued to watch this for a couple minutes, but could not hear what the boy was saying. The shape did not seem threatening but Pomegranate became frightened now of the context, the base, the idea of the reality of the whole thing. He started to move, to get out from the bed. The shape then motioned with his arms and hands to please, please stay put, and began to speak faster though only the movements of the mouth could be known.

Hayden jumped now quickly out from the bed.

The shape was scared and anxious. Not scared of Hayden, but scared

that he would leave and the message would not be relayed. And it was not. Whatever information the boy wanted to impart to Hayden would not be heard and possibly never gleaned. He did not look back as he left the room and ran across to begin to pound on his mother's door.

Bang.

Almost smashing it down now.

Terror at the enormity of the situation settling in. And the idea that the figure was still there in the room.

There is something in my room! Can you get it! It is there still!

There is nothing there Hayden, but I will go see.

No, it is there! It is still there. Hurry!

With that, Hayden turned around and the spectre was moving quickly, conceptualizing the idea of the stairs, negotiating the turn after the first third of the way down, and moving moving moving along and down towards the door.

Then, through the front door it went not to be seen from again.

wednesday, the coastline better than heaven

Pomegranate did not make it to school. He was spirit shocked. His mother dropped him off at a grandmother's house where he imagined things in order to escape the memories of the night before. He thought of a sub-tropical beach that they often went to stay at. This way, he became and remained as long as possible, lost in a world of reverie, patronizing scenes from daydreams that contained smells and sights and better intuitions.

Travelling in the morning in order to get to airports. Eastern and Wardair airlines always, and this was the break from the difficult dawns and days and nights that followed Hayden. The flight was approximately two hours and during this time he gazed from the window to odd cumulus clouds. Dragons and flames, castles and motes, purple plum trees and happy vagabonds. Silver coins and crisp leaves swaying to an unknown song, or else a sisterhood of laughing witches, jovial on their break a fight against malevolence. Cotton shirts and ripe cherry that shone like balloons lit up even in the day, even in the sun, where the phantoms now go on the run. Heavenly grates and the angels fall through to the earthen stars—the constellations of Gemini—Castor and Pollux, ancient twins, one taking a turn in an earth incarnation in order to go back and report to the other what has happened and what is the case. What shall he see? What shall he report? Old fences stained with the bright the day and leaves break through the rain and wind in overcast afternoons. Precipitation

and trepidation and phantastical looking women dancing, wearing silver hooped earrings, adorned of denim and bracelets and anklets. They were amulets and talismans—they are the purlieu of the world and know about gold—are in fact the alchemist's progeny. There are worlds within worlds within worlds—pathways strewn with amethyst and ametrine, howlite and citrine, moss agate and old wooden benches quietly painted by small rivers and walls. How the earth goes, the low earth where the sky bends down to kiss the loam and somewhere an old man puts a pen in his shirt pocket and wipes his brow. Good. Well enough. Canteen dreams and rucksacks, the great wildflowers in the night that sway and the foxes do them no harm as he roams about. Old owl with wisdom kept in the eye and the electric light queen, a woman, a beloved, is on schedule to be borne in the universe. She will save the world. There is a saying, and old saying, and it is beautiful and sad and perhaps hopefully true. It goes like this: The tears of the world create the world teacher. She will come. She will come. She will come. It is designated and codified in the very fiber of the source of the entire world and all the worlds...

Then he was shaken from these strange ideas and the plane landed.

Back on the earth, it was time to get a rental car and drive to Pompano Beach. South Ocean Blvd. That is where, on the third story, he would rest in his room, a room that actually looked out partway on the Atlantic Ocean itself and partway on an adjacent lot vacant and wild with shrubs and palms. Upon waking, it was as if waking in heaven. The sheets all white linen firmly pressed and curt yet pliant like the astral wings of some unknown and benevolent guardian. Looking out on the aluminum railings and beyond hurricane shutters Hayden surveyed the scene. He would go down and down and feel more of the blissful landscape.

The world there is white and multi-hued at the same time. Yellow benches by walkways or lime green jeeps that roll by up by the road. The palm trees brownish and the great natural and normal green leaves themselves—palm leaves that will absorb neon lights with their cherry glow at night and also soft blue marking them momentarily but gently, gently. Nothing vexatious is there. The world is then inviolate, calm even in action. Groups of people are few, and pass by only like light wind or sea birds. In the distance, like a picture, like a dream itself, is where the horizon meets the sea. A cargo ship passes there, knowingly and slowly travelling the edge of the world but never falling off. Before it, men catch and haul swordfish, Tuna fish, trigger fish, and sometimes throw chum to the waters to lure sharks. The barracudas are known as garbage fish—they lop and then flair around on decks with blood in order to bite at anything they can before be-

ing stunned with bats and subdued. A parasailer goes past, as does the actual Goodyear Blimp, and under to the side, closer to the earth, small planes fly banners advertising restaurants and bars yet it is alright because it is still a paradisiacal coastline. A woman sunbaths with no shirt, her breasts tanned and full and ripe. Yet there are lines where her clothes once were, and these lines coupled with the rest of her speak of strange but true feminine knowledge that is knowledge without knowing in the secular sense, that is in fact a gnosis of the body. There are piers that race out quietly to meet the larger ocean and near their bases the piles go deep into the earth as young and old fish around them. In the night, more walkers come out from two story motels with secret pools that hide amid stucco walls pink or light blue, pastel green or popping orange. A man not right in the head digs a hole looking for treasure and finds only bits of conch shells. A group of teenagers gather wood from the vacant lot and forge a bonfire in the night. Voices, calls, sweatshirts, shorts, and white shoes all flash intermittently in under the moon and its cohorts, the constellation and cloud, all parts of a sub-tropical trinity that smile knowingly at the events of the earthen coastline in a full and textured well wrought summer darkness.

Hayden, do you want lunch?

It is the sound of his grandmother's voice. He is startled and loses his dream.

The world again.

Drapes.

Curtains.

But not sub-tropical curtains.

Outside, northern streets.

Coldish persons.

Large anonymous buildings.

Grey.

Everything grey or dark brown.

Days and days.

School waiting.

Homework waiting.

The world he could not get rightfully or properly involved in no matter how hard he tried.

As if that were not enough, the thought of the phantoms or songs in the ear or shapes in the night.

Nightmares waiting.

Two worlds to deal with.

No real guide in either.

Yes. Thanks.

Come to the table.

I'll be right there.

And he was at the table. She would make sandwiches and soup and leave him with them. In the next room the old woman, sitting on couches among daily papers and a television guide, recited the rosary quietly to herself. Decades and decades:

Hail Mary, Mother of God, The Lord is with thee...

And near the end of that prayer,

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

thursday, the toy dog sets off feelings of the infinite

The toy dog set off feelings of the infinite. It would take a high spiritual master to explain how this happened, much the same way it would take an architect or engineer to walk a layperson through intricate blueprints. Yet, the home dweller can describe the rooms and general structure if need be or if he or she is so inclined.

It happened a few other times, but not to that extent. Once, when Hayden was sitting the passenger seat of a car, he noticed some plastic beads that hung from the rear view mirror. Then he looked again. They were a dark green hue and some blue ones were scattered along the string also. He felt a power emanating from it. All the rare beads he had previously and in the future would have a chance to touch—real stones—thousands of them in fact—of every size, shape, cut, contour, with labyrinthine lines—from all over the world—from the West Coast of Canada, mines in Brazil, from the Middle East, and from as far as Russia, Australia, and China, yet here was one of the most profound powers coming out of plastic beads that were surely gotten from a thrift store, Sunday market dollar bin, or cheap church sale.

There had been other items like that. Infused with something. Maybe there was a truism in it all. Much later, on the Danforth, a long and soulful if a bit decrepit road, he had visited tea leaf readers and psychics. One that had as her office a room below a used bookstore would ask for an item from him so that she could hold it. From this, she learned about the vibration he carried and could see things in the past, present and future. He was told about his path, about options he would have, and choices he might have to make. Females, marriage, children. Schools, hobbies, reading and writing and books. The sessions had been taped and the client received a recording

in order to go over the material in the 'future.' But before the seers and tea leaf readers, there were his own items. Some gotten and some made.

Of the acquired ones, there was a horse with a broken leg. Plastic. It was the Lone Ranger's horse. White. Black markings. A saddle long since lost. A figure with actual cloth clothing that went with it, and buckles on the leg straps. The horse, when held, would catch bits of the sun from a big bay window, and for instants the boy would be in a world with the horse. Making it go with his hand though the air, trotting and then gliding, walking and then prancing, and going and going in order to make magical circles.

There was also a bag of monkeys. Monkeys, which are not a good spiritual symbol because they joke and mock. Yet, these were fine. Toys. Plastics. They came in barrels and were red. The small plastic barrels were orange and yellow. Everything bright. And many of them. When the barrels became lost his grandfather housed the monkeys in plastic bags. Toys. Toys for a child. He remembered his grandfather bringing out the bags and then the monkeys were given. On the floor or else on end tables, the boy would hook the arms together and the monkeys would be held up in the air to spin or just be. How many monkeys can you latch together? How many toys can stand in air and spin through slight dust particles or the endless eternal effervescent afternoons?

Many.

These things and more held powers in their forms and circumstance. Like the River Ganges or the Oracle at Delphi, like the sky at night or the man on the moon himself, it was a faraway origin that these things held inside of themselves...

Paper and pencils. Of the things made were pictures. Always in pencil because pencil was innocent. H2. Boxes of them. There were blank papers and soon the boy filled them up with soldiers fighting a war. On one side were dozens and on the other multiple more dozens. Tanks, shells, explosions, and smaller shots amidst larger blasts. Lines for fires and ridges or mountains. People stationing tanks and barrels that snuck out of wooded areas. He would draw the lines where the bullets would fly through the air. Larger lines denoted tank or cannon fire. Much going on. Helmets on stick figures. Soldiers by the side of the rivers and lakes below. Fallen.

Fallen.

Fallen.

Of these drawings there was another set, and he did not know where the impulse came from. He would draw large arches like a rainbow and then smaller ones inside. One, two, three. Seven, eight and nine. They made a cave, a dimension and depth. He looked in the cave. The cave went far and

far and the furthest arch could hardly be discerned. That is how a real cave would be. There is silence in caves, perhaps to offset the threat of war, the problem of war, the loudness and abruptness of war. Caves are deep and safe and those ones were also womb-like.

Womb.

Warmth.

Depth.

Something cosmic yet earthen goes on there.

Caves.

At those times the grandmother would be pounding things in order to make cakes and various dishes. Smells and sounds from around the corner where the kitchen and its counter were. Sponge Cakes, soups, casseroles, and plethora of other. Stews, fruit salads, cookies, and gravies for meats. Sometimes in the afternoon, homemade popsicles from lemonade or fruit juices frozen in ice cube trays with toothpick handles initially held in by celophane wrap.

A carnival of memories each distinct yet living harmoniously together. And in each thing a certain power and knowledge that nobody really talked about.

Upon remembrance.

Thoughts of effigies in the sun.

Grand gardens waiting for water at night.

Cricket song and owl must be hiding in the wood by the glen.

Doors open and close.

Cement forms make neighborhoods built after the war.

Men in uniforms sometimes walk.

Old ladies gathering yellow flowers.

A grave.

A field of graves.

Stones built upon stones.

Cuts in the earth.

Vigils and prayer books.

Streets where Dobermans and German Shepherds stay.

Kids looking for salamanders in Taylor Creek Park.

Bike trails in Duncan Creek Park.

Bits of sunshine in a rain shower.

Two girls he never met walking.

Blankets with racing cars on them.

Pillow cases in the winter.

A young women stretching out on a bed, smiling, somewhat wanton.

Beer.

Tequila that catches light from the sky in backyards.

A diver's watch.

Fixing the springs on the band strap.

The smell of rinks in the summer.

Laundry rooms with folded items.

The world makes sense.

Golden chain lost in the grasses while fighting.

A beagle.

Books.

A call from the beloved offering a drive.

Another, a girl with brown eyes, asking for a drive.

The sounds of bells marking the end of something.

A priest giving a homily, an exegesis, in the tropics.

His monotone voice.

People in curt and sure clothing.

Grocery stores in the morning.

The morning itself.

The morning of life.

The morning before cause for mourning.

But now, mourning the loss of morning.

Past the mornings.

They go.

It is the way of things.

And then, the dog. The dog was like that only much more so.

It was girl that brought it or found it in a playground in the afternoon.

It was a toy. There was a string affixed to a part of its front. The string was a brown piece of yarn. The girl is pulling and coming across Hayden's vision. From the right side somewhere and then slowly along to the left. It is moldy out. Maudlin. Rainy. There is a quiet melancholy in the steps of the school and even the tree line beyond. Some mud. Coats. Raincoats. The girl is happy enough. She is not younger though. She might be a year younger. No. She is the same age. Odd. The girl must not be playing with the dog toy but playing at playing. No harm. It has circles for legs. Wheels. There is a sound the wheels make as they click. Can you hear them click?

Click.

And then a sort of clack.

Clack.

Click

And

Clack.

Click clack.

Shoes can make the same sound. These are the dog's shoes. It has big ears and a white body with brown patches. There is something about it that gathers the infinite powers of things and contains them. It is an angel of sorts, but more. It is an arch angel but more. It is four arch angels. It is a God. It is numerous Gods. It is the universe. The toy dog and the girl and the movement shock Hayden into seeing the universe in them, into sensing its power within them. Maybe it was everywhere and is everywhere but only reveals itself through strange cracks in our perceptions. Dogs. Toys. It's wheeling. It's the cosmos right there.

The girl looks up and smiles.

She tilts her head to one side to gaze for a moment at Hayden in puzzlement.

Another smile.

She is happy.

She and the dog are happy in the world and are the world.

friday, spiritual attack and a guru's grace

It was practically coming out the gypsum boards. He hadn't been in this predicament before. It was a spiritual attack. He had known that a certain elder held him in contempt. This happened at times to many people in life. Thoughts and intentions like daggers. There were ways of protection, and ultimately one's acts and deeds, and before that, who one is, protects oneself. But it can still be hard. Hayden had heard this person spew venom before, and he would hear it again. He did not know per se the whys and of this person's anger and envy. But did it really matter? Was there anything he could do? Not really. Not at the time. So he suffered.

That Friday he had not even seen the person in weeks. But he did not need to. He could hear them and he could see them psychically. It had been going on all morning. The attacker did not use voodoo dolls, potions, or anything else. All they did was hold him in their mind the way they did. With something approaching actual hatred. For whatever reason, they were thinking of him that morning more than ever before. He stood on his driveway as it was a P.A. day. He was alone, looking at the paving stones. It was like a bad song that got worse as it went along. Louder also. The person appeared in his mind's eye as a small person, a miniature, but yelling yelling yelling. Spewing spewing spewing. Why? He hated it. Hated this injustice. He had done nothing. Besides, how could he have? He was young, and this

person was old.

People trying for the light are often seen as trophies by the darkness.

Darkness is ignorance.

Ignorance magnified.

People should check their heads.

Check their fucking heads.

Sometimes God does stand back.

God can be difficult.

Louder and louder it became. Usually Hayden could take things in stride but this was becoming too much. He turned around and paced back and forth. He sat down on some railway ties that had been built on the side of the driveway. He went in for a glass of water and came out to try and just 'be' in the sun, in the otherwise bright and well day.

But it didn't work.

The attack was strong.

He went inside and sat on a bed.

He wished it to go away.

It didn't.

Going onto the bed he lay down on his back and the sight of the person, a woman, became clearer. She was actually pointing a finger and admonishing. But she was delusional. Functional in real life, but delusional. One who thought they 'knew' but did not. There was a mist around her, the way they portray things in movies and sometimes in books—comic-like, pulp-like, and though it looked in a way silly, the mist around also made the thing feel more sinister. Crap. Go away. Shit and Fuck.

Usually if something like that happened, it was to a far lesser extent, and other faculties still functioned. As for the mind, other parts of it would normally remain. For instance, if there was the feeling of attack, there was also the ability to perform a task such as the completion of a math problem. Or sweeping a floor. None of it was fun, but it was good enough. There was some agency. Not here. Not now. The woman became all there was to see and feel. He could not hear what she was saying. It lasted a good hour before he was able to finally fall to sleep out of exhaustion.

Only one good thing came of it. He knew afterwards for certain that it was no part of his imagination that was responsible for this. Nor was it a lack of self-esteem, an anxiety, or a paranoia or persecution complex of any sort. He knew for certain and unequivocally that this woman hated him. She had chosen him as a target, and directed her energies towards him so often and the habit became unbreakable. It was after some years easy for her, on auto-pilot as she was. That day it felt as if it was going to crumble

his mind itself because it was all he could perceive. It never really left, the woman's terrible thoughts, after that day and in the years that would follow. In fact, she would always remain the same, and become in a sense worse, gathering other targets. The woman was also very involved in the church, was odd, but not uncommon.

In the afternoon, after lunch, he rested again. The week before that, he had been at a confidant's house, a friend by the name of Lee. Lee had showed him a book titled *Unknown Man*, by an author named Yatri. What is this Lee?

It's a weird book. I never read it, but it had some cool pictures. It belongs to my older brother's girlfriend.

It's cool. What is the egg all about?

I don't know. In the future, people are supposed to have, like, super-powers. That is the idea of them being born or something.

Oh.

Look in the middle, at the pictures of the teachers. Those are real people, they are like religions teachers that show people how to become like superheroes or psychics or something.

Really? No shit?

Ya. Check it out. It shows about five of them. Some of them are alive. They don't teach that in school.

And Hayden had flipped to the middle. The book, built more like a manual, opened then to the photo of a man in a chair with his arms raised and two women dancing around him. A curious thing happened. Hayden felt an immediate pull towards the man. He would later say that he tumbled a bit into what the man was. His name was Osho Rajneesh and they called him the most dangerously divine of the seven people they profiled in the book.

Dangerous to the establishment, it had said.

That was about all Hayden remembered then, and he and Lee went on to talk about other things...

But now it was far later. Another day altogether. The day of the spiritual attack. When Hayden awoke from his nap he received a vision.

Surprised. Very surprised. He was in that instant the epitome of a person who was taken off guard, but luckily in a pleasant manner. Right there was the face of the man from the picture. The spiritual teacher they called Osho. At first Hayden had forgotten the name and thought it was 'Oslo,' but later he learned the correct name. It was real. The man was staring at him with a calm and light filled smile. There was the feeling of welcoming, of acceptance, or gratitude. It was, though he could not articulate such at

the time, an initiation conducted from the astral level. There was nothing to give and nothing to take, and the 'darshan,' the blessing or gaze from such one, was what the one was there to give. A peacefulness and fullness overcame Hayden. He never became an official follower of the man, but the vision, the blessing, the utterly innocent and complete connection helped him then and in the rest of his life.

Osho.

A wayshower.

A vision.

A god-man for the world.

A friend.

A teacher.

Upright and dangerous and rebellious and utterly sane and slightly mad.

Greatness.

Dancing.

Clapping.

Reading.

Writing.

Being.

Osho.

saturday, the morning empathy and afternoon out of body

In that day, there were men that had cornered another man in the lobby of a large series of hockey rinks. It was a strange place because it sat on the outside of the city where the urban progress wrestled uneasily with rural settings. In places like that, all kinds of energies are present. Besides, it was a public place and Hayden always had trouble in public places. His father had got talking to someone and told Hayden to keep going out to the car. In those days Pomegranate was always carrying a large hockey bag and two sticks, so was only happy to proceed. Also, those rinks, called Chesswood Arenas, near Sheppard and the Allen Expressway, were akin to a second home because Hayden was always there. This day was different. The men pulled the one man outside and began to beat on him. Once he hit the ground they kept going and the leader sat atop the bloodied soul.

Do you hear me? Do you want to talk to my woman again? Do you see what you get?

He grabbed the man's hair and pounced his head on the asphalt. Then again. Then again. The man was not only muttering unintelligible words. Hayden's spirit reeled and recoiled.

What world is this?

What world is this?

It is really only a violent one with a plastic facade.

This is what men do to one another.

This is the world.

Blood on cement.

Man on cement.

Nobody coming.

Hayden could not proceed and felt the anger of the men. He did not want to run, but could not intervene because he had become frozen by what he saw and felt. He was the man on the ground and the men standing around. He was himself and the man hurting the other man. He was, as if that was not enough, the cars and the curbs, the trucks and the long white signs, the wild grasses that grew along the adjacent lots, the slightly polluted air that hovered around the rink and its industrial corridor counterparts.

Suddenly he could not breathe and started bending over in order to open his lungs. Spinning. Everything was spinning. So used to this he was, that, in all the years and years, in a lifetime before and to come in fact, as a person that should have suffered blackouts and falls, he hardly ever passed out completely.

He looked up.

The men were walking away.

Talking.

Someone looking over a shoulder.

Lights.

The men scattering now.

Sirens.

Someone had called an ambulance.

Thank God.

Soon a new scene.

Paramedics. Tools. Devices. Stretcher. The ambulance with large and smart letters. Letters and lights that represented sanity and order, health and helpfulness.

The world was bad.

But not completely devoid of merit.

His father came out and they walked past and went home.

✦ ✦ ✦

In the afternoon Hayden had done some work with his father. They

were relaying interlocking stones in the backyard and his father had taught him to use a tamper. This was a strong heavy bar with a flat piece of steel on the bottom, self-made in his father's machine shop. Once the stones were lifted, chalk lines were made along walls, sand and gravel was levelled with wood and strings, and then tamped down in order for compactness before the stones were laid again. It was good work, and tiring to boot.

On the couch downstairs Hayden reclined on his back and then realized that his consciousness was not in his body but on the ceiling. Odd. It was as if it had quickly fallen out when he lay down, had forgotten to stay in his body. Then it was in his body again. Then on the ceiling, which meant he was on the ceiling. Then he was in the body. Then on the ceiling. Each time he thought about where he was, he would quickly go to the other place. Then in an instant he completely popped out and was on the ceiling. He did not see any angels, guides, or tunnels, and had not experienced any physical problem. There was nobody around, and no need for anyone to even be around.

Stucco.

White.

Designs.

Swirls.

Reflections in a wall mirror.

Stomach gone.

Upper body a bit foremost.

Really doing it.

Keeping identity for now.

Keeping self.

What a strange go.

What an odd universe.

What does he know?

Not much.

It's a wild ride.

It's the ceiling.

Wilder than the clouds or forest.

Wild is a suburban stucco ceiling if you are a ghost visiting it.

Wild.

Hayden Pomegranate, you are a different one.

But he just wanted sleep.

Some sleep.

Not to be on the ceiling.

The wild, wild, and wild ceiling.

But it is so.

On the ceiling he looked a bit around. It was intense. He felt an immeasurably and impossible whiteness in the form of a good heat. Then his vision became unfocused and everything turned white. It was as if he was burning, burning, burning, but not of any reason and not in a harmful way. It was a good burning, a burning that was burning his worldly self—in itself. He felt that he still had a body, a second body, and that now it was beginning to fade.

Then a millisecond or no actual time at all and pop again.

He was back.

Back in the body.

He looked around and felt normal. He did not feel expansive or that it was a ‘unitive experience’ whatsoever. No enlightenment. Not even a satori. It impressed him as having been basically a physical type of thing, while of course knowing it was a metaphysical event. It was just that it had occurred so matter-of-factly, and he categorized it as simply something that could happen due to fatigue and perhaps some other circumstance he could not really account for such as air temperature, barometric pressure, diet, bio-rhythm, or any number of other factors.

sunday, the aquamarine dream

In time, Hayden would outgrow the week and appear as others. He would carry no proof that he had lived since birth through different and colorful spiritual experiences. Some lent a sympathetic ear and some met his ruminations with disbelief. There was not school of thought that he belonged to. Most all paths had been explored. Orthodoxy, New Age, UFOlogy, Modern Mystery Schools, NRM or New Religious Movements, Eastern Gurus, light workers, astrology, crystals, various forms of divination from palm reading to dowsing, card reading and the I-Ching, and back again. Osho had helped and for this Hayden felt truly grateful. Yet, he could not rest in a figure such as Osho, and had a feeling that Osho himself would have spurred Hayden on. Perhaps Hayden was very much in a way like Osho—independent at his core. Osho had achieved on his own. So would Hayden. It was his kismet to go alone. About the only thing Hayden didn’t try in his quest for answers and a good footing was throwing chicken bones in the dirt...

No anchor was to be found. So he did things his own way always, and obeyed his own inner promptings. After all, if God was everywhere, then anywhere could get you there.

But for that day, he stared from his window again upon the ravine. It was the same area the phantom boy must have arrived from on Tuesday. Hayden remembered that night well. Would always remember his 'old friend' from the other world and wonder what had become of him.

While looking at that time down from the ravine he set his gaze lower, and rested it on some branches that kept purple plums on them. 'September Plums,' someone should have named them, but never had. He fell into a soft trance state and soon a deeper one as scenes from his future, bits of reality as of yet un-lived, showed themselves:

There was a girl, a woman in black tight pants that had a sly grin. She wore hair that was golden brown and came halfway down her back. She was buxom, yet skinny, and did not look out of proportion. They were talking by an office, and the girl was interested in him. She kept putting her hair over her ear. There was something sweet about her but something that was not right, as if she was not the right one or saying the right thing. He gathered that he had great feelings for the girl, and he saw her brown eyes for a moment and when she looked up the pupils dilated greatly.

An office. There are files and it is an old type of place. In the back there is a factory. He is unhappy there in his older version, there, in the office, and finds an excuse to escape to the factory. Here they swear and curse, talk about women in derogatory ways, yet are more honest in another way than the ones in the office. There are posters of naked women among steel lathes and welding torches and long metal work benches. There is an old black man that Hayden is particularly fond of. He sees himself talking with this man. This man is like the others in that he works with them, yet he is different. He is a bit wiser and kinder. He and the man talk of books and travel, of craft making and of St. Vincent. The man is always kind hearted and soft spoken.

A pool. Hayden has fallen in. A man, an uncle, with a drink in one hand and nothing in the other, uses the empty hand to reach in and get him. The uncle is calm and centred and helpful.

An accident. There are cars on the highway that have hit one another and Hayden gets out of a blue one. He says he is fine but is told that he is 'in shock' and that he should go back and sit down. Wait for the ambulances. In the distance there are lights and the sounds of sirens can be heard.

Rain. It is raining in a beautiful and wealthy northern town and there are a set of hanging plants that boast deep purples and joyous yellows while smaller white ones seem to run around the outskirts of the pots. The trees are getting mature and there is nobody around save for a solitary dog walker.

There is a small town. It is to the west. He sees this on a compass. There is much trouble internally. He sees the images of Lego blocks breaking and paper

being torn. The girl though. She has brown eyes and looks half native Indian. High zygomatics. It is raining there and it is the month of September. He is shown this on a calendar. They are in a room. She looks at him as they lay on a bed and with a slow and sure movement lifts up her t-shirt exposing her breasts to him and offering herself. Outside the rain begins to arrive with more persistence and eventually works itself into a fury.

Men walking. A group of them. They are haggard. There are pills in their pockets organized in bags. One carries a carpenter's knife and another has a gun. They are full of harmful vibrations. One hits another over the head with a metal bar and there is blood.

There are hunters. They are ahead. The tree cover is strong and blocks out the sun. But one of the men, the one in front, sees a bird and shoots. Something falls from the sky.

A girl. Dark eyes. They are in a rink. Sitting. But it is in the south. They are talking. The girl suddenly leans over and kisses him for a long time. Then they are in a parking lot. Talking. Talking about days. Something about days... Tuesday. Thursday. Tuesday. Thursday.

He is talking to a man. A superintendent. They are dropping firecrackers into pipes and shooting them to the sky. They make a beautiful cracking sound and the birds scatter in every way across the sky and around the surrounding buildings.

The sea. The sea is coming in as waves. There are people at the shore and they watch this. There is nothing wrong. It is only the sea. Sometimes there is nothing wrong.

A dance. Too many energies. He does not fit. He leaves and the air is cool and crisp against his skin. He inhales the world then—the quiet spacious dark by trees and lots and leaves the music and crowds behind.

An office. A woman. She is blonde. Capable. She is like a partner. She is trustworthy. He sees the word trust. She is the one to trust there. She is true. A true soul. The others are shaky in their morality if not overtly conniving. The woman arrives to a snow bank in a jeep and walks along the ice in heels smoking a cigarette in the late afternoon. She is strong.

He snaps out. Some sound. Some sound from the real world. A bell or a voice or a dish dropping. Or was it a door closing? He looks around slowly. Vertigo. He grabs the bed railing and breathes rapidly. Then he focuses on the bedspread. It is brown with small and large mandalas. Comforting. Grounding. Then he looks up again and out the window and something pops inside his ear. A buzzing occurs. Long. Long and sure buzzing. He enters through the buzzing, the trance once more:

A girl. She is placing magical dolls under her pillow. The dolls help her with problems in her sleep. Then the girl is a woman. The woman has children. Two

boys and a girl. It's a family. The man is there also. They are in a house. It is dinner time and then afterwards. There is joking and laughter, togetherness and safety.

A van, long before the family. Hayden is in the south somewhere and being driven. He looks out the small rectangular window for twenty minutes in real time but loses himself into eternity, into the heart of God. The experience stays with him for days.

Out. He is out. He is looking at the plum tree. He likes this world a little bit. It will help him in its own way. There will be some helpers. There is also sleep. Sometimes there is sleep. A gift. Out. He is out again before noticing the buzzing. He sees one last series of images:

There is a beach and the whitecaps come in and roll but the waves become shy before they can really crash the coastline and only lightly caress it. He is watching there. There is a young girl beside him and she is short with dimples and brown hair. Then she walks off.

He is younger in the next images. A child. The waves come in strong and it is night time. He is walking too close to the shore. He trips and a wave overtakes him. Brings him out to the sea. He is screaming now. Someone retrieves him.

His father.

He walks arm in arm then with his mother and father.

There is a glass container in the place they are in. It is painted with yellow flowers. It is basically a jar, and it houses whatever one wants it to house. There is nothing in it but it has a special plastic lid. Inside of the lid there is a figure. It is a mermaid. She waits there always. She is the color of aquamarine. Her demeanor is calm and her arms outstretched and welcoming. He holds the jar and takes off the lid and looks upon her. She is really there.

She is there always.