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Hand Of Fate

David Sparenberg

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Hand Of Fate

Hand Of Fate

by David Sparenberg

Hush! I will teach you humility and the beatitude of the distant stars. Do not burn too near to those who stand in awe of fiery splendor. Few who inhabit this earth journey to the furnaces of heaven and then return. Those who do, speak quietly with few and simple words. A handprint on a cavern wall, or footprints on a craggy shore, where footprints never were before, tells more to the heart than all the reams of social sophistry. Better to say that dreams are dreams and there is mystery, than to explain, with a polished, crippled tongue, the why and wherefore of what is here and what beyond.

Star warrior! Earth warrior! Appear as neither: be as none. The soul is not illuminated by electricity, but by the spark of adventure, which ignites the imagination, and sets us free of time and space, and the nagging limitations of aged mortality. Hush, I tell you. And hush, repeat. Fly through the cosmos on dragon wings, or in the chariot, crimson, of winged horses. But walk here, upon this earth of crooked imitations, on naked feet. The mirror holds but part of the image complete. And being liberated is seeing, wholly, clearly, all. Wisdom must but speak in plain and unassuming terms. For nothing is extraordinary but that the ordinary is not made great by being loved as mask and gown of inexplicable mystery.

Here, then, is all that I can give to you: the handbook of your own life written palm. Study diligently. And sit awhile, solitary, in this velvet night, praying for no more than everyman's honesty. That is what makes us different from the rest, from angels above to subterranean moles and worms: this choice for truth. That by its steady repetition, exercised, we are more human with a bonded commonality, and yet we are unique. This latter can be shown but sometimes small, in miniature but monumental dignity. God alone will know the tale's telling and how each ends, as either spiritual amphibian, dynamic globe of light, or dark or gray, gone down to bleak oblivion in divine sorrow, hurt, at the soul's defeat. Study well. That you may be victorious, if secret, to all but that eternal watcher, who oversees us all and smiles or weeps as we are won or lost.