

Seek the Light

.

Winter Solstice MMXIII

TONGUES ARE KNIVES
WORDS ARE SKIES
KNIVES PIERCE SUNS
SUNS BLEED LOVE
KNIVES PIERCE NIGHT
NIGHT BLEEDS LIGHT

Sing with Us



The following pages contain words and images with a profusion of meanings which, like the tangled branches of a tree, may all be traced to a single, cohesive, all-nourishing trunk. Also, the following pages contain words and images with no meaning: we ask that you invent one or many for them. We urge any and all interpretations, communicated in any medium. We do this according to the conviction that symbols develop their own meaning through repetitive collective use. We wish to impregnate the world with new symbolic forms, which will slowly, in a process similar to biological evolution, take on a will and purpose of their own. We wish to be forgotten, but for our symbols to be sung into the sky by many other voices. Paint, scream, write. Use whatever gifts you have been given. Send us what you do, take credit for what we have already done, let the wall be your publisher, or commit your words to paper and bury them somewhere high. Do whatever compels you. Give birth to the sun.

WE WILL **DRAW** A BREATH OF THE **ENTIRE** SKY
AND WITH THE **MAGNITUDE** AND **VIOLENCE**
AND **POTENCY** OF **HEAVEN**
SPEAK A **TRUTH** AS **TERRIBLE** AS
A **THOUSAND KNIVES** OF **GOLDEN LIGHT**



A single word lives hidden within the sun that we must all scream together, a single word that beats in all our hearts, that unites us in our suffering. Our pain is a blood-red thread that pierces our skin and contorts our mouths, wending its way through us and weaving us into a single web. Our words are the weapon that will cut us free from it. Our tongues are knives. Take wing and fly into the sun, seek the word that lives there. The sun shines on the path to liberation.

A **WHITE BIRD** WILL OFFER HERSELF AS A **SACRIFICE**
AND IN **BLOOD** WILL WRITE THE **WORD** SHE HAS BROUGHT TO US
WHEN WE **SPEAK** IT SHE WILL **RISE** AND CARRY OUR **PAIN**
INTO THE **SKY**



A broken wing flies the highest and a pierced heart beats the boldest. Our words are wounded doves, pierced by hateful arrows, who have fallen into our mouths from a heaven to which they long to return. Our breasts are cages for our hearts, which are doves, who shriek and tremble in anguished love for the sky. When we sing we will set them free, and they will fly back to the sun, their father, and burn with him forever.



Who is this faceless sun, blond-haired and impetuous, who has gazed down on all misfortune and cruelty that has ever been endured—every injustice committed, every crop that died fruitless, every act of senseless violence—without once shedding a tear for us? Look at the feeble light of the half-days that illuminate our weakening world. Do you see how the vitality has drained from the eyes of your brothers and sisters, how their faces have blemished? Do you see how the forms of the world are in fact weary, corrupted replicas of the objects they emulate, replicas which hover in their torpor on the margins of oblivion, declining into ever-greater decrepitude, waiting to finally sink into the red-flowered fields of death or sleep?

By what means has the true world, frenzied with vital impulse and livid with ceaseless, remorseless creative energy, been supplanted by this barren landscape populated with colorless and poorly constructed golems? What vandal has trod with their heavy boots on this once verdant meadow, crushing these thistles and poppies, and replaced their flowers with these hastily cut blossoms of colored paper? What monster has gouged out the eyes of the salmon that traveled up the river to die on this sandy bank and replaced those eyes with insipid, expressionless glass beads? What names should we give to these shoddy new creatures, these automata, these snakes with impotent poison and these birds that falter in flight? What names, finally, should

we give to our own children, these creatures with sullen mouths and absent gazes who stare idly into the very sun, no longer fearing its diminished brilliance?

It is not for lack of sympathy that the heavens extend impassively above us, a featureless infinity lacking the slightest tremor of grief or red tinge of regret as it looks down on our anguish. Rather, we say this: The sovereign sun, the father of the sky, that benevolent lion who gives life to all things, has turned his face away from us, weeping, leaving the world a pale simulacrum of its former self. No one has gazed on more horrors than he, nor borne greater burdens. He has broken under the weight of the earth's anguish.

The trials in which he faltered, despite his prodigious strength, we must now endure. The whole of the world, which is shuddering with sobs, we must bear on our own shoulders, our bodies suddenly massive and our arms now alive with insane and inconceivable strength. In this winter day, which has extended interminably where there should have been many days, months, seasons, and years—never declining into night, never burgeoning into golden summer light, the sun always hovering pale and white on the southern ho-

rizon—we begin our ascent of the snowy mountain. On its summit of naked rock, so relentlessly scoured by such savage wind that not even snow can survive on it, we feel our hands trembling as they grasp our knives, sensing that our knives have a will and purpose of their own. They desire to inflict wounds in our bodies; with reverence for the mysterious sentience that lives within the inanimate and unfeeling steel of our blades, we yield to them, guiding them into our skin. These rivulets that emerge from our injuries will grow into torrents, flowing down the sides of the mountain, impregnating the soil with the vital impulse of innumerable flowers—a profusion of white trillium, purple foxglove, and red clover will erupt from our bleeding bodies, inaugurating an endless spring.

For years we sought the mountain, wandering through the desert, crazed from devouring the only plants that grew in its parched soil, which all contained delirium-inducing poisons, without once finding water. Time and time again, our swollen lips purple and cracked from thirst, our glassy eyes wide and sightless from staring too long at the featureless white sand and the light it reflected, we reached the limits of our endurance and collapsed. Languishing on that endless

plain as death approached, time and time again, astonished and horrified by our own strength, we rose: some force we did not comprehend animated our bodies and carried them beyond their limits.

In the course of our anguished diaspora, wandering an earth exiled from the benevolent domain of the sun, we have also inhabited the cities. The cryptic marks you saw on the wall of a decrepit building and stopped for a moment to contemplate were made by us: they are yours to decipher. When your gaze met ours from across a room and you felt your tongue swelling with the shape of an unfamiliar word, that was our word: it is yours to speak. When you saw the red lights of the city reflected on the low gray clouds that brooded in the night sky, and saw those lights also splayed out over a stream of broken glass lying on the concrete, and saw that the concrete, also, was a mirror image of the sky, and thought you could discern some vague and terrible significance in this duplication of structure, it is a significance that we, too, have detected: it is yours to perceive in its entirety.

The earth wears a brittle robe of dead red leaves, beneath which is its skin of dirt, beneath which sleep the seeds of future trees, dreaming of

the sun's return—all of the forms of the world conceal other forms within them. A featureless desert beneath an empty sky is a complex wilderness, prolific with the tangled verdure of innumerable hidden forms. The world teems with symbols waiting for eyes to see them; gestures waiting for hands to make them; meanings waiting for minds to perceive them; and new red suns hovering just beyond the horizon, just beyond the tepid light that has illuminated our feeble lands and fed our stunted fields for so long, waiting for bold men and women to give birth to them. We feel your mouth quivering with the words you long to speak. We feel your limbs loosen and undulate with the vague motions of a tentative dance, lifting the weight of the invisible chains that bind you. We feel your hands straining against their bonds, reaching toward your body to salve the invisible wounds that have for so long afflicted you. We love you and want only for you to find the song that hovers on your tongue—a song of such beauty, clarity, and unmistakable conviction that it will shatter your chains and free you of your burdens; free you, even, of your own weight that confines you to the ground, if you wish to dwell in the sky.

Who will join hands with us?

Whose heart is so bold that it will beat steadily as you crawl into the lion's mouth of nature's inner forms? Whose gaze is so piercing that you can look into the serpent's eyes without faltering or fearing, and in that moment recognize your self looking at your self in a perpetual cycle of mutuality, knowing that for the rest of eternity you will never be able to look away? We wish to venture, audaciously, into untrod lands; we wish to remove all masks and peer into the heart of all things; we wish to drink freely from torrential vernal springs of unimagined truth.

We have come from many places, and we bear many scars. We did not know we were finding each other as we began to aggregate. We did not know that we were forming as we began to cohere. First, something in our eyes changed; we looked at each other and recognized something there, saw a mutual awareness forming, and, although we were afraid to say it, sensed the air trembling with the dreadful potential of that secret we were beginning to share. New terminologies gradually entered our vocabularies, implying common underlying perceptions: we spoke of suns instead of a single sun. Then, our scars began changing, slowly but unmistakably, and this only happened as a result

of reference being made to certain entities: the sun with many hands, the tongue of the sun, the wounded white bird. Finally, we danced furiously in a circle around one woman, whose translucent hair glowed a glorious and indeterminate color and whose eyes were crazed with the morning light, screaming words we learned only as we screamed them, and her scars took the shape of the things we sang to before disappearing altogether.

We do not know what has wounded us. We do not remember anything from before the injury that continues to afflict us. We are blind and senseless from pain. But at that moment, we knew that we were not beyond redemption: our symbols and our songs will save us.

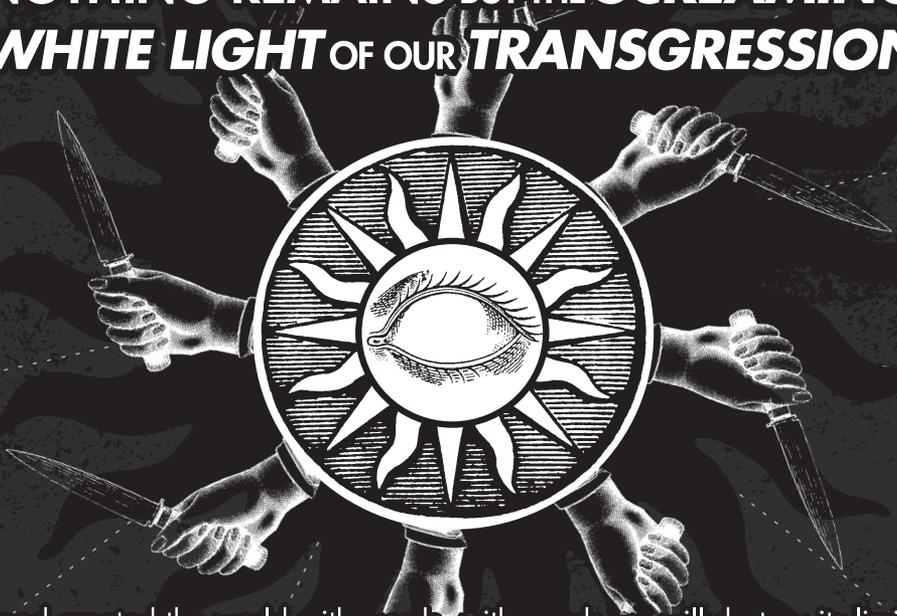
We say this: the sun has only one eye but many hands, and each of those hands wields a knife. We say also that the sun's daughter is a white bird who has suffered great cruelty, bleeding from many wounds, who feels in spite of all that she has suffered only a tremendous and heart wrenching love, a love that flows from her wounds with her blood and cures those who have injured her of their cruelty when it touches them. We say that these truths will be revealed to whoever seeks them and that they will set us free.



“What, then, is this
blue sky, which
certainly does exist,
and which veils
from us the stars
during the day?”

—*Camille Flammarion*

OUR BLIND **FURY** STRIKES IN ALL
DIRECTIONS AND **DEFIES** ALL LIMITS
ALL BARRIERS ARE **TRAMPLED**
ALL TABOOS **VIOLATED**
ALL **SENSE** DISCARDED
NOTHING REMAINS BUT THE **SCREAMING**
WHITE LIGHT OF OUR **TRANSGRESSION**



If god created the world with words, with words we will destroy its limits. We will see beyond the confines of the vast sky and the raging sea and our wounded and weary bodies. God is a blind idiot child, casting thunderbolts and raining fire without sense or justification. Our rage is child-like: innocent, pure, blond-haired, omnipotent, pointless, savage. Our rage is thus godlike. We are a child, a monster, god. We are rising from the depths of the ocean.

THE **LIGHT** THAT **BLINDS** US IS THE **LIGHT**
THAT **GUIDES** US
SHINING **WORDKNIVES** THAT **PIERCE** OUR
EYES AND **INSCRIBE** OUR **MINDS**
WITH THE **SONG** THAT WILL **ILLUMINATE**
THE **SKY** WHEN THE **SUN** HAS **FLED**



With love of an unbearable intensity for all creation, we turn our knives upon our bodies. We wound ourselves to offer a gift of bloodwords to the soil. Our wounds are mouths. Our hearts speak through them, beating with fervent and anguished joy. From our words will rise a thousand green fields and a thousand smiling children, gleeful in the face of all the pain that has come before them. Sing them with us, so that the light may shine forever.

SEEKTHELIGHT.DONOTSEEKTHELIGHT.ORG