

ANTO SIX

A Small Glow

Like sex quick dawn: Like a Matisse slabbed back:
Like l'après-midi d'un faune: Like a Picasso stabbed fact:
It simply just happened. It was the last thing that Sinfan would have thought or felt anything about. He certainly wasn't looking for it. He had seen it many times inside of himself and outside of himself, but it was beyond knowing or feeling like an invisible pearl on the tip of the mind's tongue. It simply happened spontaneously one pleasant day in June when Sinfan was strolling pleasantly among the brilliant roses on The Great Lawn. The sun was hot. Sinfan's eyes were wet. Sinfan stopped at a bench, sat down, and gazed at the roses. A few facts appeared in his mind: A subtle light winnowed into a tiny crevice in the deep pool of his mind: A look of joy suffusing his father's face when his father had been dying red/green glazed from the terrific light of an immense man made sun: A look of joy suffusing Grace Iron's face when he had passed through the kitchen of Ouspensky's mansion and he had seen her sitting on a stool in the pantry under a bare light bulb: A look of joy suffusing Max Granada's face when he had entered Max's office and he had seen him sitting on a file cabinet at his window, intense sunlight streaming in on his face: In each fact, Sinfan discerned one more fact: All three had had that look of joy on their faces when they had opened their eyes: And one more fact: At first, they had not been breathing: They had seemed dead like fish out of water: They breathed. Then Joy suffused their beings. Sinfan realized: I was full of shit at those times, I wanted to believe that they were smiling at me. That they liked me. They liked me more than I knew. These people knew something I didn't know and they were showing it to me. I was a fool. Sinfan closed his eyes, took in a deep breath down to his belly,¹ and held his breath until he was forced by his life to breathe. As his dead breath began to move again, he sensed his genitals and spine, and opened his eyes out onto the light on the blazing roses. A small glow rose up his spine to settle around his neck and up and down his uneven shoulders like a dancing necklace of light. Many times that spring, when he was stressed as when Twisty was cock teasing him in her beatific manner, Sinfan died his breath and vision and then rebirthed it. And every time he did this, no matter how miserable the outer circumstances, he was as happy as light upon light. He passed through many deaths and rebirths that spring. I am no longer dependent on outside events for happiness, Sinfan realized. I am not only able at will to stop thought and feeling and empty my mind, but I am able at will to produce a spark of joy in my being. There are a multitude of things. There is joy. I will never be miserable again. I have my Self. I am my Self ☆ A spark of joy rose up his spine and ran around his neck and shoulders in a river of crystal shiver run like an ecstatic jeweled necklace of man made sun.

¹ James Joyce's DUBLINERS was not published in England for 14 years because

he refused the government's demands to change the word belly to stomach.