

World making, winged worms - a true account.

The invocation sang out. It came from a masked figure declaiming the ancient text in the midst of a world seemingly in the making, coloured and textured. Blue sky; the sun rising; sunset; seas; mountains; and green green fields; each were shown in turn and returned to their place in the fabrics of the world. Time then stood still: a centre of blackness became clearer and clearer. The masked figure moved and her voice announced the coming of a creature whose name is riddled, not known. Out of that blackness was disclosed a white worm, breathing fire and with the magic pearl at its neck. Winged it was, endowed with divine sight and hearing. It flew into the air smoothly with great power and the masked creature showed it all creation.

Each element in turn was brought to the worm's inspection with the help of a nervous assistant who fumbled more than once. Whether from incompetence in fulfilling this important task or from understandable fear no one was sure, but the masked lady commanded the assistant with an imperiousness that hinted, to those privileged to watch, of the importance of the task. Who is this worm? We were not told. Only a riddle in a foreign tongue was forthcoming to us as crumbs from a lady's table might be dropped to hungry and frightened curs. What was said varied- some said Descartes; someone of questionable wit thought it was Rene, but those with discernment claimed it was 'Je pense, donc je suis'. Perhaps it was Everyman.

Oh, if only we had been able to record the magnificence of the occasion; the awe bordering on obsequiousness of those privileged to watch; the flight of the worm; the world being picked up, thrown, and cast down. We must rely on uncertain memory. It is said that at all great events there are those, if we choose our words carefully we might even say charlatans, eager to please and eager to burnish what they possess through contact with the wise and claims of a true and accurate recording of all that transpired. Such overweening presumption leads where those who know could foretell. All their tricks turn to dust. They claim a winged worm and show what appears to be a stuffed rabbit with wings. They say they provide an accurate recording of how the world heaved and gave itself up to the worm and they show us a table and fabrics in a converted youth hostel. Let it be a lesson to those wishing literalism; all their designs turn to dust. So ignore that trending video on the website. The wise remember with awe that night when the worm was revealed and the world turned at the command of the masked dancer.