

condensed matter sharp shooting: the existentialism of an idler

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The Crow

I saw a crow today. Maybe not a crow. It may have been a raven, I am unsure. Lord, forgive me for not knowing the names of your breathing things! Anyways, I saw a black crow. Oh, the mist and burning smokes of anguished thought my mind had then been drowning in! Oh, it is only a clear sign from you, my God. I saw a crow, it walked humbly and with perfect calculation to the right of my path. The beautiful, elegant, soft, intentional blackness of the black crow pulled me at once out of the blackness of my imploding soul. Yes, the blackness of the crow proved an impossibly incalculable therapy to the suffering, silent drowning of my dehydrated soul. God, did you send it for me alone? Only for me? That is my opinion. Sometimes I feel that you cause the clouds to split asunder and the rain to pour with enigmatic inertia for my sake alone. I am fully sincere in this belief. Please do not ridicule me for such a belief, my God. Anyways, I saw a crow. Its eyes were silver. Oh, the infinity of numerical proportions betwixt the contrast of the crow and its eye! Oh, divine contrast! At once the silver eye of the crow brought to life all the angelic sense of intuitive imagining that I had so covetously protected to the point of its slow annihilation. Won't you shock me once more, oh silver eye? Black and silver. Indeed, a heavenly duo. Perhaps I will name my twin girls 'Black' and 'Silver', if I am granted a pair. Nonsense. The crow at once flew into my inner self and merged with the highest aspects of my existential personality. Yes, the crow crossed my path. The crow is aware of its being the object of a sickly perception. It at once shudders. At once sings a divine praise to the divine reality, to God himself. I am now the crow. It has absorbed me entirely. I have won the battle of absorption. The crow is not I but, I the crow. Won't you curse these damned letters, oh reader? Won't you implore the lord, the God, that he blast the whole paper into serene oblivion, so that you may peer into the depths of the substance of the paper? Into my silver eye?