

FROM STATION TO STATION

**BLACK STAR/
BLACKSTAR**

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“IN THE VILLA OF ORMEN, STANDS A SOLITARY CANDLE.”

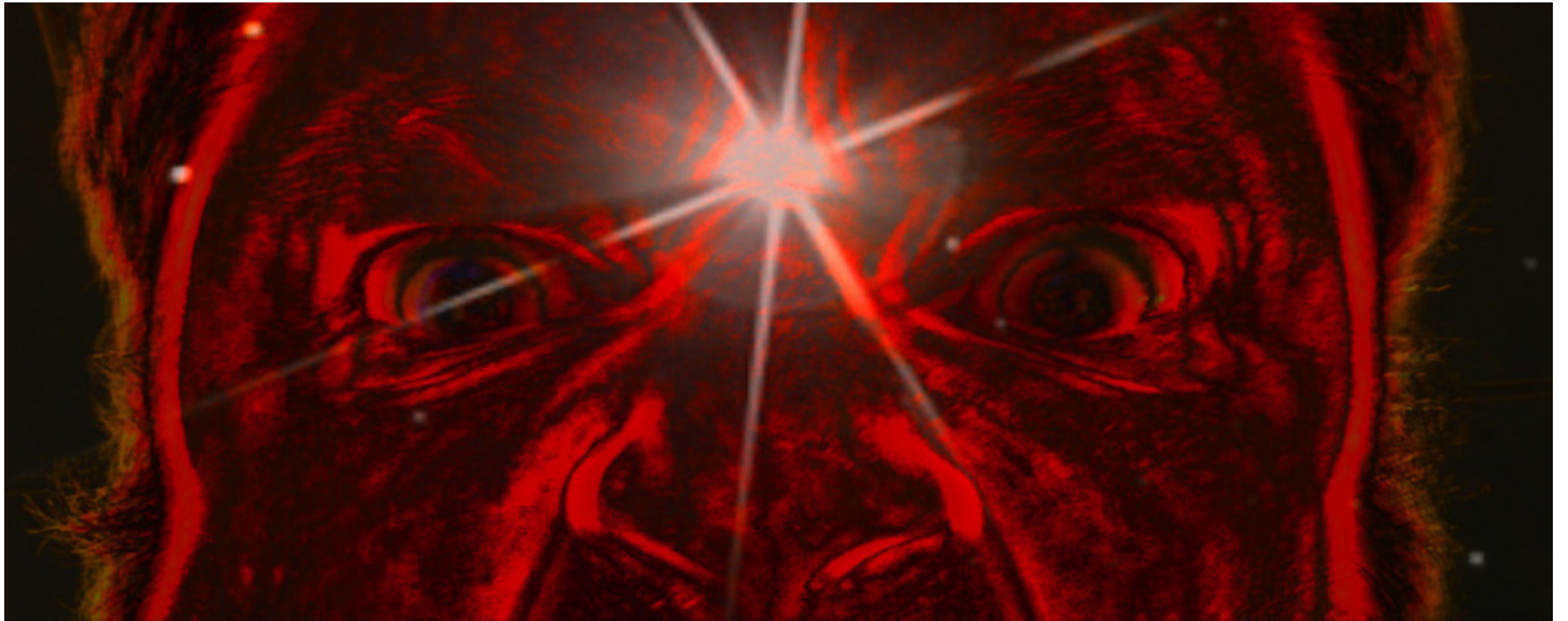
One thing leads to another: A – B – C and so forth. Sooner or later the connections take over, become less an explanation and more a maze. The Twitter feeds, Tumblr sites, Facebook groups, Instagram pages, borrow, add, distract. Theories become facts. The words and the images don't matter, floating on the surface. The words and the images give form to everything. Malkuth in Kether, Kether in Malkuth. The Villa of Ormen – The Evil of all Men – The House of the Serpent: a riddle which has no solution, on to which all solutions may be interposed. Iris – Osiris – Horus. The eye of Horus, injured in battle, but restored to vision becomes a marker of rebirth. In another guise, to rise with Orion, rise with Sirius, to return at the New Year, reassembled and resurrected. She will be the mourner, she will oversee the rites. Her and only Her. A painting of Dawn: figures stare at the sky with their mouths (eyes closed). Everything connects to everything. All things are distinct and so merge. The acting out of a ritual: one clue leads to many, the many clues lead to one.

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“BLAME IT ON THE FALLING STAR, BLAME IT ON THE SATELLITE.”

They may be principles – feminine/masculine; black/white; east/west – but in the final accounting, dust is dust: filth or stardust, it washes from mountain and into the soil, to grow to breathe and pass back to the mountains. Who will it journey through the next time and the next time, and so on. How many times will that angel fall? A – B – C - - - . At the end, as the way is shown, the men will stare at the ground, unable to see, unable to look up. They speak with bowed heads. Only the Saint will see. Only the women of the town will see. She will raise Her eyes to the sky and the way will be revealed to Her. She will be alone. Her and only Her. They will raise their eyes to the sky and the way will be revealed to them. They and they alone. A soul ascending from purgatory, descending from the superconscious will. Which door to walk through: the sky or the underground river? Out from the left, or in through the right? The barge of Khufu will carry you whichever you take. You will breathe. And again you will fall, and again you will rise.



“KISS THE ODDS GOODBYE, I’M ON THE LAST TRAIN LEAVING”

Breathe. Listen to the city breathe. Listen to the train in the station, building up steam. The energy beginning to pump deep within. A heart, maybe?

What is the night, the emptiness, the soulless/soulful journey? Are you Lucifer, Satan, or something more earthbound? The Minotaur perhaps, or Hitler: playing games with horror; playing games with words and sounds; bending music, twisting morality. The European Cannon indeed: a slave to history.

And so, he must die, to be reborn the angel must fall. The train pulls away. He tips toward his inevitable calamity/renaissance. One instrument adds to the whole, one on the next, building toward the lip of the chasm. “Here are we, one magical movement from Kether to Malkuth.” Inchoate, reaching for something,

He takes a form. He returns again: this journey is cyclical. This cycle begins with a revelation: the need to destroy love, to blind those who blind. Return he must. Falling.

The opposite of a Black Star falling, he will tumble colourless, white and far from the universal ocean. He will cascade as words, as dreams, as exhilaration from all of the skies, splitting atoms and forming cities. He will soar with eagles over over mountains never before seen.

Knowing the wonder in it all. Being in the wonder of it all.

And then the seven: the stations of this world; the forming un-forming world; the bubbling up world. There will be kindness, discipline, beauty, endurance, isolation, and foundations. There will be a world action, of the receiver and the giver. It must be love. Supported and cherished.



**“DON'T LET ME HEAR YOU SAY LIFE'S
TAKING YOU NOWHERE, ANGEL”**

Over and over, repeating, building through screeching guitar solos and crescendos of marching drums, marching drums and trains. We know where those lines go. We've all seen the destination of the European Cannon. We know the station to which those train carriages are being drawn, inevitably, inexorably. No amount of mysticism is going to rescue humankind from that destination.

No, not even the angel will escape that pit.



