

# Current 93, The Dream Of A Shadows Of Smoke

&quot;so is every man. he is born in vanity and sin. he comes into the world like  
morning  
mushrooms, soon thrustling up their heads into the air, and conversing with  
their  
kindred of the same production, and as soon as they turn to dust and  
forgetfulness,  
some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but that  
they  
made their parents a little glad and very sorrowful...&quot;  
ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
&quot;others ride longer in the storm, maybe until seven years of vanity be expired  
and  
then, preadventure, the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the  
shades below, into the cover of death and darkness and the grave to hide them.  
But  
if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chance of a  
child  
or a careless nurse, or drowning in a pail of water, or being overlaid by a  
sleepy  
servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble,  
empty  
and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which has no  
substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical. And so he dances  
out  
the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only  
because  
he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger pain, or crushed by the  
pressure  
of a load of undigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed  
humour.  
Homer calls man a leaf, the smallest;  
Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow, another, the dream of a shadow of smoke;  
but St. James spake, by a more excellent spirit, saying our life is but a  
vapour,  
that is to say, drawn from the air by a celestial influence, made of smoke and  
the  
lighter parts of water, tossed by the wind and moved by the motion of a superior  
body, without virtue in itself and lifted up on high or left below, according as  
it  
pleases the demands of its foster fathers...&quot;  
ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
in my mind is the sound  
of rudderless ships  
a time, and a time  
and a time  
and a time  
so much silence  
deafens our ears  
so much emptiness  
hinders our movements  
lost in the earth  
and lost in the air  
around my hollow globe  
broken feathers  
blocking my words  
and the no-one speaks  
oh no-one moves  
broken in snow  
the sun bares teeth  
so one: i shall build a boat  
two: i shall not fly a flag  
three, three, three:  
god's three functions  
so three: i shall cross myself

four: and hope to die