

## The Garden Demon

By Drew T. Noll



The Jabbok, chalk on paper, Drew Tracy Noll, 12.2013 © all rights reserved

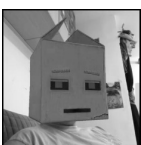
Half a man stood gazing up, the other half a god, but wholly unfinished. The invention of time in a world full of none caused the dilemma, begging attention during a world resting. *There are six sides to the stones we built from*, thought the half-formed giant, as he dwelled inside a world he drank from on occasion. *The worms were created through molecular-bonding* – the stones were sliced into hexagonal shapes, but so large that the edges remained unseen... Gems spilled down below, like refuse from forming a lost cause, giant, shaped like star-rats imitating sublime elements. The gems left behind were gathered once upon a time, to implant into his



clone-donors breast, the giant knew, but they'd since fallen from rotten, down to below.

Down the hole we all flew, blue shoots verging with sheen—lightning flying all about, shocking with each grasp, with our home which shot us all out. Together we sprawled, together we lay, but separate we live each of our days! Time has erupted into grace expanding, and time has cursed us to dwell in and out, cured of the unknown. They don't even know it, the scourge they all live in, with only a book to tell them in some kind of foreign language: *What to do? Where to find it?* That's what I can't keep from running around my head. *'Incomplete'* they keep telling me, calling me out, but only they know 'not' of the depths I have won; it is only 'they' that have kept me from my home.

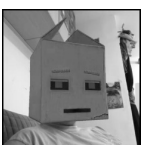
I search in my spare-time, each tiny place, I search but discover none. The realm is all wrong, we all know it's true, but still we cling and dive towards comfort—plummeting towards each separate black hole of oneness! It's confusing for the king in us, much less the rest, vaporous formations incomplete at our best. Or, are we just plural in male and female? Are we separate on purpose, from our choice or its? The Universe is broken, we already know, but what does that have to do with me!? Flying, seeking the blue, it always sails home, I always do; riding high to fight down my fear, riding strong to quell my tears ... streaming up in the blue left behind waiting.



Secrecy, privacy, that's what matters as I ascend and descend to places unknowledgeable of my miseries. Learning it all is all I can muster, learning the things that build the world and then obtusely tear it down. No matter, breaking down biochemistry, particulates-immaculate and even physics, I can destine myself to a greater beyond. I can aspire to downgrade into what came before. With my life as an entity in a world now gone, I can dream of a place in a stasis already shown. An unfinished creation is different than others, and a partial inception is finished but undone. It's all done. The world as we know it. But, I'm not all there. I was created undone, but in the end I will finish it whole and be one beyond.

Inside my mountain is small, where I toil daily to fill up a hole dug for water to dwell. I cover it and seal it so no trespass shall become, and I search far and near flying to learn. Upon my return I check always my seal, then drink of my stores and sleep in the end to quell madness. For mankind seeks to bind me with the ineffable name, mankind seeks to thwart me from my darkness to gain.

Tossed out on their ears, just like mine, building and whining while creation was stirred they sprawled. Aprons they sewed, I saw falling from above, and factories they spawned without even knowing! They were lost before I was built, but we all suffered the same, thrown out from our home, so strange. I had only just left them, after seeing their folly, and while searching heaven for my completion-undone I sought the sky above, but fell down into the blue instead. It was not to be, conclusion and me,

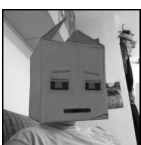


sprawling together right down through them, a tube I was sucked through right into knowing.

They had tricked me into drinking my water's-not-mine; I was fooled into drunkenness with wine before sleeping, only to wake... My own realm... Seeking knowledge was always my plan, light up the darkness with my lamp to shine! Now, crammed inside, I dwell until called upon, a prison of mine, my own chosen dwelling to build the rest of me askew, painfully ... and unwilling.

Carried away in a sack unkempt, having been bound; breaking each side of the road into a world cast-down, the caravan carrying me stopped a moment to dwell, where an old woman burst from her grave begging peace, not devastation. And, this damn convoy reacted by releasing me from my tomb, on the way to our doom, and I was inclined to help by breaking another of my bones—for, the old lady's tongue was soft, and it sung.

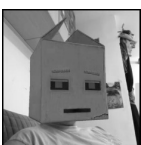
A wish was then made, for 3 more to follow; and, which I was forced to obey because of the lamp and my key. So, I looked into heaven and found a blind man, and that he had erred. It was a test I could be sure, since the stumbling block was placed by our maker up there. The test I 'did' pass, as I righted the man's path, but just then a drunken man stumbled on the block left behind. The more that I tried the less whole I became ... and all that I wanted was to have a place to call mine.



Ear still on heaven, a man shouted out to make shoes that would last till year seven; and, I laughed up to heaven. Like me down below, with one foot anchored and the other aglow, the man wanted shoes that could last only days. Like me he had learned the hard way that a fantasy unfulfilled is by the maker's design, not mine, and the wish soon to be granted from out of the blue could never come true.

Then, on the roadside where the convoy had stopped, a witch appeared and asked us for bread; again, I laughed. For, buried beneath the small hill upon which the witch sat, lay piles of riches far beyond sublime, and all the witch could wish for was the bread of which the witch had never had. Laughing still, until the breath all but left, my ribs rattled together as each one snapped. The old woman's song, singing upon the winds stopped in time, was the last thing I heard as my lips formed my own wish, which I then granted ... escaping back into my lamp, freshly-shined.

The king lived in that time also, and when they reached the destination we crawled to, I was forbidden to see him. Three days I waited and said after day one: "Why am I still alone?" and the answer that came was that the king intoxicated himself insane. To which I stacked upon one, and another, blocks to emulate building, in order for words to be spoken once again. But, the words spoken only served them, and they began to drink again. Day two was much the same, as eating became bulimic and the reduction of life-building occurred to none. To them I was drunken, to me I was unfinished, to them I constricted, to me I was none. And to them I had none from then on.



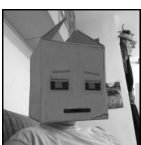
It took all of three days to come before the so-called king, but when seen the king had only a rod in his hand. He took it from the floor as I threw it down. The gantlet appeared high overhead and I said, “You are not here for long, you and the world of men—you will be buried and yet still chose to trap me in this prison of shine? Did you not understand that I was built unfinished, that I was just less than a week? Do you not know from whence I have come?”

“I need nothing from you,” said the king of the land. “I only wish one thing, not three, to build a building unto our Creator and to do so without any sword.”

“Naxian!” I replied, “A sword ineffable and sane.” The so-called king kept whining about the sea, an undersea realm keeping the worms from being, stuck beneath waves of eels electrifying the waves of water, frothing and green. The king kept whining and then groveling about, as if wanting something without saying: *‘I only want one thing, a building to pray from and to collect more prey from the hills beyond.’*

But, what was said instead was, “The Hoopoe had the Naxian Sword, since she was deserving of time! It was given her by the waves down below as if royalty granted it to and fro. Will He anneal it? No, we do not know. What we know we do, and the sword was sworn to the mountains beyond, a desolate settlement of nothing ever known!”

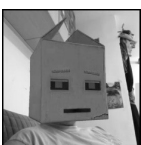
It lay left on the edge of a world without time, lost to the ages like woodworkers in stone. Therefore, we understood that it was time we all



needed to cleave the rocks below; seeds sprouted down and then up to above, drinking in light, and then carving to know. From space up above can be seen a shine down below, something only the Hoopoe with fledglings can comprehend as a nest just to rest, without time. But, it was discovered and covered with glass, like a test, to which she was mostly inclined; for, she flew off to retrieve the sword which she had been entrusted, hoping to access her eggs down below. The sword would cleave the glass as it had stone without blows. But, it was a trap and the stretching of time warned her not to follow; too late, the break in one space delivered time and the false annulment of her oath. The Naxian was taken and the Hoopoe died for it, instead.

I was kept under arrest by the king during the entire duration of time that occurred, restrained until the building to pray in was done. We sat one day, the king and I, and it was said to me then that I was both angel and demon, an angel of light with a horn sounding above, and a demon of darkness sporting a horn to gore prey with below. “You are as we are, as me and all that is mine, so how can you have any advantage over the world as we know it?” said the king.

“How can I show you any advantage while locked into your world with you?” I replied. So, the king removed his signet ring and lent it to me to grab; but, I swallowed it instead. With one wing clasping heaven and the other positioned down below, I hurled the so-called king far to a distance, the sum of a total paid for graves in the future, a date as yet undone and fully known.



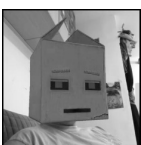
The king was now gone, a beggar in a foreign land, preaching to the masses one at a time that he was once a king in a far off land. In one hand he held a staff with the power to turn, in the other a dish for anything edible etched in stone. And I morphed into his soul, all the while whistling, and in time stretched out becoming him to all that cared.

But, they began to question... “What is it that we have here?” is what they all said, and the word spread. So, they must have known, somehow, that my feet were unfinished in the world of men. They began to question my proclivities and gestures, they began to question me. Even the king’s mother was perplexed as I bed her; farewell to the king as my feet exposed undoing in the realm, and then my feet undone ... just ... reluctantly brought back the king.

The kingdoms united, for a last time, to bring back the king deposed with a tether to One. The king returned to fanfare and mayhem, one message to all and to all undone. Around the king’s ankle shackled a name ineffable and around his neck shone the same. Brought back was the king and my name became known – Ashmodai (the fire from Him stops)... oy, crap! It’s all now known...!

*‘The blue above, the swirls down below, nothing now matters except finding the One...’*

This is the place where fear entered the land. “Unfinished,” we all understand, but we never knew we were also one of them, undone. Like a mirror held up to see the next land, with its incompleteness reigning over





everything and then none. My key was the same as theirs, the bottom of awareness always reveals the truth of the One—and the power of the land can be reduced in an instant to none! In ‘time’ we have courage, but without it we dwell inside nothing—the absolute essence of none. The sword was always an illusion to protect us, an illusion of nothing, an illusion at best ... and beyond. And, the king ... just, totally ... knew it all along. Damn.

