

Flight of Fancy

September 21, 1995

Splendid things. What are they? Irridescent appearances come over our horizons to dazzle us? Things to make ourselves bright and glowing? Things meant to awe-strike, as an appearance of a god suddenly in the marketplace, an avatar? Perhaps a Blakeian angel, with "ah! bright wings!" and a countenance not for the eyesight of mortals, but a blazing spot of sun and no details, no form, no color unless intense, transparent golden? These are things that transform, that lift us up to the heavens and away from the ordinary experiences of earth and water, wind and sky. Or perhaps a dancer flying across an enormity of proscenium in defiance of all gravity and logic, hair swept back by a wind of such speed, such force, clothing draped taut and stretching out behind like the windsock over an airport flat-out horizontal in a gale. Or again, goldenrod on the fields of home, stretching out and up the foothills towards the blue. "Splendor falls on castle walls"; "splendor in the grass, glory in the flower." Splendid things. Things beyond the shopping cart, beyond the markets and the traffic lights, beyond the houses and the night, beyond the stars, forever boundless and unbound beyond the mind of mathematics and the curvature of space, beyond the words to try to say of them, "How splendid!" But things! Things within themselves, within their natures total and complete but infinite and endless. Bright things! Things with no seeming reason to be, no cause, no generation and no end. Things splendid in the mind, and never to know the outer world of being and of darkness. Things delightful to the touch, good to hear, good to all the senses and beyond all sense. St. Theresa's ecstasy, glowing in the air, evanescent as the scent of jasmine, formless as her God.

- Walter Rufus Eagles