

## The Ceremony of the Animals

In this world, we are the animals. For sure and for certain. We may kill them, eat their remains, ignore them, or judge ourselves by consciousness above them—but we *are* them.

If the planet is a temple, blue skies keeping the ceremony within, we are priests, Aztec in our famous cruelty, Aztec in our clarity. We carry out finite law.

They do not have personalities as we do, but they do not have the scourge that we do. They are not diseased. They bear no grievance. They are there until the absolute last moment, then they are not.

It is wrong to think of us as the bane of the animals of this world. We are their completion, their ritual. They did not intend us.

We suffer consciousness that they may be fleet and light.

We consider and judge that their ferociousness and hunger are unabated.

We dream, and they are dreamless night.

We make a text, but their bodies and footprints lie in margins we can never clear.

We make language, they are outside language.

We think. They pray. We are their unspoken intention to speech.

The truth we speak they are.

We suffer disease and madness. They suffer.

Everything we do, our cities, billboards, poems, wars, machines, houses in which they build nests, they allow. Their pure reception makes our doing it possible.

Even Roger Miller singing "King of the Road" on the radio is the ceremony of the animals. Raccoons, and starlings, and fish in the river the melting snows fill, fly buzzing in the room, tapping the windows. He sings: "Trailers for sale or rent/Rooms to let fifty cents."

Foreshadowing of

### EMBRYOGENESIS

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