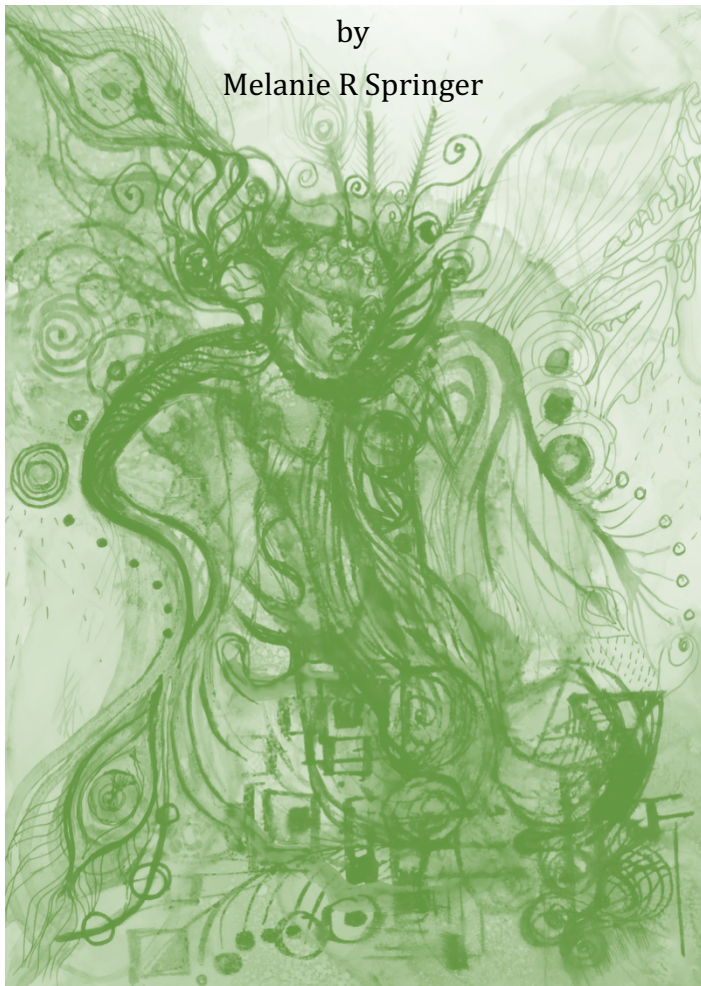


NOT HUMAN

by

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NOT HUMAN

Why does everyone assume, that all the beings who walk the earth are human?

I am not human. The avatar in my possession is 30 years old. African. Male. Western base.

It is a good body, and has helped me achieve my goals.

So you think I was not born?

I was born. Just like many others. And I've bonded with my parents since birth.

My parents are human, so this makes for a perfect disguise.

I've known since my first awareness that there was something different about me. Too perfect, too successful, everything comes easy?

Not really.

I'm not hyper intelligent.

Actually, I'm a little subversive, and the black sheep of my family. I've been institutionalised for manic depression, and schizophrenia.

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Tried slitting my wrists, jumping off a
bridge...my self-destructive tendencies are
endless...

So what gives?

How do I know this thing...

...how can you trust this thing?

Would you believe me, if I told you I had wings?

In my quiet moments, I'll sit on the edge of my
bed and unfurl, looking out the window at the
sun - set, rise - it doesn't matter. Ideally, I'll find
the highest point - near, far - from home, it
doesn't matter.

The closer I can get, the better...

...to my fading memory of the sky... and
that time, when I used to fly.

The thing that makes me saddest is, I've
been here so long, I no longer remember
how to fly.

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Many of the otherworldly beings which walk the earth, use human bodies as avatars. My traumas stem, not from the fact that I feel unwelcome here, but from the fact that I cannot remember who I am.

Where did I come from?

Why did I come here?

What do I have to do to get back home?

But in the meantime, how do I survive here?

Home is love.

Home is warmth.

Home is safe. I long to go there.

The longing drives me. Wakes me up in the depths of night and makes me do strange things like talk to someone I can't even see.

In those moments, the warmth is all around, and I am relieved...momentarily.

The voice is comforting. My anxiety wanes, and I sleep.

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In sleep I dream
In dreams I achieve my greatest reprieve.
For with that someone I journey to great scapes,
and escape the confines of my being. Hills and
ravines feel my footfall. The tallest mountains,
the deepest seas, to all these, I have been. To the
rainbow highway and infinite galaxies. When I
dream, all these are mine. All these are part of
me. In this place there is no room for worry, only
wonder and mystery.

Dark and deep,
Warm and deep,
Bright and psychedelic,
I am a star shooting across time from one
creation to the next.
I munch on a piece of the Milky Way Galaxy,
And a whole new universe is born (inside me).

When I wake from sleep there is a feather beside
me.
Was it a cherubim with whom I shared
communion?
Memory of a song ripples deep in my head and,
Like the feather, keeps me company all day.

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Yellow sun,
Blue sky,
Golden caress. I am on earth – I guess...

As I forget through the bustle of the day, I am amazed by the diversity of life around me. A cat perches on a town house window-ledge, quietly observing a mongrel cross the busy street. The dog stares right through me, and briefly our minds touch. I recognise him; the being in the dog recognises me.

My eyes burn with unshed tears,
For with that exchange comes a memory,
Too fleeting for my thoughts to complete
I am left feeling hungry, angry.

I jostle pedestrians as I cross the street.
Now I'm ready for anybody who dares to challenge me.
Alarmed, distracted, disinterested, no one is willing to fight me.

So I flee
Into my work,

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Into the daily routine,
And the days pass like this, one thousand, two
thousand, three...

Saturday. Laundry day. I go through my pockets
with military efficiency.
Out comes five dollars, used tissue paper, club
tickets, a pebble from the beach, the feather from
my dream... I turn it over in my hand...so light,
so bright, so otherworldly, not from any bird or
pigeon I have ever seen. The water falls off in
fast beads. On my fingertips is left a golden
sheen. Forgetting my laundry I take a seat and
drink a cup of tea. Reprieve is falling back to
sleep, falling into my dream.

This time, I make a deal. I say to the one I meet
on my journey, give me a sign that I can believe.
Help me to know the difference between fiction
and reality. Here there is a dragon that I am
allowed to greet. Can I have one of your scales?
They are so shiny and green. He acquiesces in
dragon speak, but before I know it, I am in
Sunday's reality.

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How do the days go so fast?
Or does time shift for me?

I am a puppet on a string
I walk with my head facing the ground,
Refusing to acknowledge my current reality.

Someone bumps into me,
We jostle for sidewalk supremacy,
Naturally, that someone gives into me,
I smile at my minor victory.

Monday bloody Monday! Now it's been a week
since my last journey. I'm feeling antsy. The
persistent ache in that space between my
shoulder blades is bone deep. Irritable, I help an
old lady cross the street.

That dog again.
Cat in the window; also there.
A feeling of déjà vu overwhelms me.

Somewhere, someone or the universe is laughing
at me...

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Thankfully the day passes.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday;
O---n---e,
t---w---o,
th---r---ee.

Saturday, laundry day; all of my pockets but one
are empty. Something light, and flake-like, dusky
green, rough to the feel...
Bark from a tree? I walk backwards in my mind
to that Sunday last week.
Didn't I, and that someone make a deal?
I turn the curious object over in my hands and
try to gather the puzzle pieces of my unfaithful
memory.

Dragon scales
Dragon tails
Iridescent energy

Dragon speak
Dragon sleep
Keep this and remember me.

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A joyous humming in my ears, a jolt of energy up my spine, first stands me straight, and then buckles my knees. A beautiful forgotten melody resonates throughout my body. I'm forced to take a seat. Not tree bark, but a gift from the dragon to me? I'd thought it was a dream. Forget laundry. I need to get away from me. I head outdoors for some fresh air and a cup of coffee.

No dogs or cats today, but some idiot blocking the street.

He's picking a fight with an older lady. I can't let them be. Yes you may have right of way, but she was already halfway into the street, her car has damage to the side. You have no right to be angry. Can someone call the police? The man and I get physical. But after two fast jabs to the face, he's boiled down to a low gravy.

Lady safe, I continue on my way, he's carted away by police.

At the café, I sit and try to enjoy my coffee. But the pain in the space between my shoulder blades is excruciating. My wings are hurting me...well, when they used to be...

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Sleep blissful sleep.
I sleep for three days. Forget work. Forget
family. I need to build my energy.
I can smell it on the wind. This thing that's
coming...
One of my reasons for being...

And So I dream
Ethereic wings
Ethereic beak,
Claws of an eagle,
The bear, and the lion emerge from within me,
without me
My body sings with the memory.
I am jubilant, I am free, I feel the love all around
me.

Christ almighty! I'm late for work. Important
meeting. No bother bussing it. Have to drive the
car today. In my mind, I imagine stopping time.
Can I? Did I? Shouldn't I be late?

But instead, I'm half hour early.

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All of the nations are represented here; African, Asian, Amerindian, European, and all of the mixes in between. We are the by-products of our metropolitan community. Men in business suits trickle in, one, two, three; then, a single pair of high heels. My boss smiles at each. The woman next to him smiles at me. We shake hands and begin the meeting.

She stares at me, trying to read my mind; but instead, I read hers. Warm, helpful, good at cooking. She loves children, so they surround her, both the dead and living. At home, she takes care of an ailing father. The man to her left cannot meet my gaze. How is it that the ungodly always seem to recognise me? They sniff me out like male dogs do bitches in heat. His thoughts are dirty, and lead to dark places I'd rather not see. At the end of the meeting his palms are sweaty. I return a limp handshake and refuse an offer of drinks on him. Instead, I walk the woman to her car. She senses the danger. He smells her fear and follows.

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My wings unfurl in a protective gesture when he enquires about her home and family. He recoils, almost as if he has seen that which even I cannot see. I close her car door firmly, and urge her not to tarry.

I drag the bastard by the shoulder and take him for drinks at a club down the street. If I'm lucky, I'll lose him in two hours or three. Instead, he loses me after I go take a leak.

May as well head home to sleep. The car park is dark and dusty. Shadows shift in unseemly fashion a few rows down from me. Two women, one man, that bastard, dragging the woman by her hair; the other at knife-point. I drop my keys, and reduce the distance between them and me. The blade slices open my palm instead of her throat. I block another jab with my uninjured hand. Solar plexus, back of throat, knee to the groin, I jab and kick till the bastard lies unconscious on the ground.

The women scream.

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I shout and cuss a string of expletives with each blow I drive at the motherfucker, and he's out for the count before anyone even thinks to call the police.

Someone turns on the light of a mobile phone. He's lying in a pool of his own blood, but not dead. Lucky bastard. Lucky me. I don't know what overcame me.

Other clubbers trickle out into the car park and survey the scene.

"Everybody ok?"

Mobile phones light the scene with a surreal quality.

One of the women runs over to embrace me
The other follows suit and exclaims breathlessly
"Oh my goodness, you were like an Avenging Angel!"

"Yes he was, wasn't he?"

(Yes, absolutely!)

EPILOGUE

The dog followed the cat down the wet street, watching intensely. She walked daintily, clearly hating the dampness, making much work of the short route by navigating her way around the smallest of puddles. He was hungry and wanted to get this over with. She was...well...a SHE – Divine Feminine being – the Yin who held the keys to the Yang of his multi-dimensionality; and so, he'd have to practice patience. For without Her, HE was nothing.

Still, their approach to doing things was so different, that completing tasks oftentimes heaved with the impotency of potentiality.

They arrive at an allotted spot beneath a townhouse window, the cat starts to cry, the dog appears to chase with a plan to injure. The woman from the office meeting scoops her up, takes her in and wipes her off. Just like that, she has an owner and a family.

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Immediately, the cat removes an intrusion of negative energy from around the home.

The woman's encounter with the Ungodly; their simple exchange of business cards was enough to permeate her gentle unsuspecting energy.

The dog, injured by a rock the woman threw, eventually morphs into a man who tends his wounds. The woman is safe again...

Together the cat and the dog successfully divert a minor catastrophe.

This thing called synchronicity allows me to be walking down that same street, just in time to see this inter-species drama reveal itself to me.

As the dog morphs into man form – an old beggar of a man – pale skin – greasy hair – hasn't seen a bath in years - wearing old rags – indeterminate race - he becomes too invisible to be recognised by our jaded society – as a dog – or a god – or a do-gooder...

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I catch a glimpse of a license plate as a car flashes by - the numbers read 3333 – the old man that was the dog looks directly at me – he smiles showing black teeth – clearly he knows me.

We touch minds – I feel a nothingness and a somethingness so intense - so deep – I know an infinite being is communicating with me.

“Are you finally awake?” he says.
My wings flare

Bright as fire, I am all ablaze.
This is the start of a brand-new day.

