

Beneath the Sky

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In the beginning were Man and Sand, Magic and Sky. The Magic was with Man, beneath the Sky, and Man walked over the face of the Sand, thirsty.

And Man, in his Magic, said: “Let the Sand divide, and let there be water between and under and above the Sands, that I may drink.”

But the Magic was not Man, and knew not of his wants. Man called the water between the Sands “Sea”, but it tasted of the Sand and was bad. He called the water in the Sky “Rain”, but its fallings were few and fickle. He called the water beneath the Sand “Stream”, but it was far below and hard work to reach. Man saw these things, and thought them bad, but they kept thirst at bay.

Man walked over the face of the Sands, and hungered.

In his Magic, Man said: “Let there be beasts of the Sky and Sand, and fodder growing on the Sand, that I may eat.”

But the Magic was fickle, and disliked Man at that time. Man called the beasts of the Sky “birds”, but could not catch them. He called the beasts of the ground “daks”, but their fodder was sparse and they had to be followed far during each changing of the Sky. Man saw these things, and thought them bad, but he could eat and be satisfied.

Daks wandered the face of the Sands, and Man followed, lonely.

In his Magic, Man said: “Daks eat this solitude! Let me have a companion, who is like me.”

But the Magic was wise. Man called his companion “Woman”, but she was not like him. She was of his flesh, and he of hers, but in her loins was the image of both. Man's mind was of Sand, but Woman's was of Sky. Man saw her, and was happy.

The Magic saw its work, and was pleased. It rested. But the Magic was fickle, and became curious. It made minds in its image, and sent them forth. Man called the minds “Selves”, but it was Woman who understood them. The Magic rested, watched, and waited.