

AGAINST AMNESIA

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Everyone knows that if a tree falls in the woods and no one hears it, it makes no sound. That if an orgasm sighs in the dark, and no one listens, the sigh is silent. If God flames among the bushes, and there is no Moses nearby, his words are like the mumblings of a madman. For the trees, like the orgasms, like the flames and God, must share their shadows, their thoughts, their loneliness in order to exist at all. For if man does not dream the world and all its aspects, the world has no dream. Without a dream, there is no life. This is the mathematic equation known by orgasms alone. It is their job to keep the sacred balance. For this reason they are forever racing about. *Wake up*, they sing to our sleeping souls. *Wake up!* For they know how the trees needs us. How God needs us. And how they long to fill our dark and brooding minds.