

# Clock

*by* Tantra Bensko

The cliff dangled itself off the edge of itself, tufted and mossy topped. On it a mouse turned quickly to see the beginning of an auric breeze that carried the residue of the goings-on of the inhabitants of the house a half mile away. As the inhabitants sloughed off the build-up of subtly colored emotions and concepts, the colors wafted by the mouse, who was used to perceiving such things very viscerally.

A beautifully silken red umbrella angled itself towards the edge of the cliff, mimicking the cliff's shape, as the tangible wind itself blustered its way around it. Behind it, mist softened the organic forms of trees, moistening your lips, don't you remember? You are the one who brought the demons there in the first place. You are the one who needs to hide out here, hanging yourself off the edge of the cliff so the inhabitants don't see you. Learning to live a life with the arm socket stretched with your weight at all times.

But you really and truly had no bad intentions when you did the ritual on the vortex you had made in the little mossy clearing near the cliff, where the inhabitants rarely go. You had made the vortex so beautiful, so shining and powerful on other realms, often seen by the priests of your Order, made to your own design and heart, your own connections to the Divine. Which we all have, but which you were able to consciously focus and follow up so high above your head, feeling the bliss of it, the purity; you find it hard to reconcile with being "wrong," having brought in the demons.

I know it was the ceremonial magician who talked you into it. I know it was supposedly to be what the Enochian Angels needed to come into the vortex and into the world, make it all balanced on all four sides, four elements, so that when the world ended, the Apocalypse would be gentle.

Because all the groups all over the world were conniving to find the right method to make the Edward Kelley and John Dee's Enochean Calls work. And if the Satanists were the first to figure it out and call in the Enochean *Angels* (sic), there would be hellish devastation rather than just a clean and simple wipe out of this parasitic human race of ours, ruining our planet.

Angels, ha. Enochean demons is what they are. You let the voices that spoke through the magician persuade you, on some level, but on some other, you must have known it was ridiculous. And wrong. Month after month of his manipulation with one thing after another took you to that point, I know. The voices. The levels of himself. The levels of mind control. The levels of alien life form. The military, the government, the time travel. The insanity and lies and pain killer addiction he had, same drug Crowley took, he said.

One voice said the magician was the reincarnation of Edward Kelley, the con man scryer who saw the Angels in his visions, with John Dee whispering about it to Queen Elizabeth, using the codes to call the angels/demons in to create a language to use for spying and controlling the world, though never as much as desired. Until now, when the plan is finally being reached. Due to you doing that ritual. Bringing in the demons. Great.

You're awfully quiet, aren't you? You there? I can't see you. You're always leaving the room, flitting about, and you don't tell me when you're going out of the room. I can never find out what time it is, because you're never here.

\* \* \* (You) Why, ***I wake you up*** to tell you when I'm going to get ice for your water! And I'm ALWAYS in the room! Hmmf.

\* \* \* Here, your aura wafts over to him, and he can easily feel you smoldering in the chair all the way across the room.

You can see that clock, can't you? What time is it?

*It's 8:30, (\* \* \* you say this line.)*

I can almost make it out, I think. It's hard to tell the difference between dream clocks and real clocks. I think I can read what time it is, or read something on a piece of paper, but I reach out, and it's not there.

What if you move the clock right there?

\* \* \* Move the clock, \* \* \*

Well....

\* \* \* Here, you start walking across the room.

have we got a flashlight in the house?

\* \* \* *I was just going to get one.*

Hold it on the clock, let me see if I can see it. No, I can't. That's not a flashlight. I'm used to a real flashlight. That light on the clock is even Blue!

\* \* \* Well, that's good.

WHY? .....**WHY** is that good?

\* \* \* Because it's good that the light is blue.

.....Is that the whole explanation?

\* \* \* Yes.

.....

What you do next, I don't care about. I'm losing my patience with you. Anyone should have known better than to bring in the demons. And anyone should know better than to say THAT. What was it you just said?

It's hard to tell if you're here or not. Are you there?

\* \* \* Yes.

Your Enochean Calls brought in those demons on the trail along the edge of the cliff throwing rocks at them, with big red glowing eyes, big dark fuzzy things in trees. Or invisible, but making people's hair stand up, feeling like a flock of wide geese are flying right

overhead. Or making a big fire flare up from the lantern. Or making the lantern go out. And always, the dogs bark at them. Doesn't that make you uncomfortable?

\* \* \* *But, doing that ritual was supposed to be helpful. I know, obviously, now, it was a terrible thing to do what he said to do. But at the time, I was in love with him, and the mind control, as you said, was harsh and they never gave up. They wanted me to have a baby with him in a cemetery at the right astrological moment, to have one of their spirits. To give birth for their agenda. But I didn't, at least. I didn't do THAT!*

(Can you remember those lines?)

So, you're getting the picture of who you're going to be? Imaging the history of your self quite nicely are you? Yours is a special role, completely anonymous. Everyone will think you're just a lazy woman who doesn't work, feigns illness, but is really sort of *off*, who spends a lot of time writing things that your neighbors and relatives think must be somewhat stupid, though no one reads them. They're all very kind to you, though.

I wish I could see you better. Come over here closer. I remember the day I saw you first, at the desk, when I got out of the nursing home. You were so cute.

No, honey, there was no desk. You were here in bed then, a year ago, when you first met me. I'm right here. Can you see me better?

Yes, that's good. You take good care of me. The in-between-life waiting zone is so misty. Nothing works to cut the fog.

I know. It's silly even to bother with fixing my hair. It just gets lank. How long do you think you've been here in the in between life zone? I can hardly remember, myself. I died in a nursing home too. But I don't know if that was weeks or months ago, now.

I don't know. If I could see the damn clock I might be able to tell. Are you sure you're up for a life in which you tumble with the mind-controlled magician?

Yes, I'm starting to suspect I've known that soul before. I have, haven't I? Some sort of karmic drama to work out?

Yes, very clever. You have. And guess who plays him?

