

# The Dream Of A Shadow Of Smoke

Current 93

"So is every man. he is born in vanity and sin. he comes into the world like

Morning

Mushrooms, soon thrustling up their heads into the air, and conversing with  
Their

Kindred of the same production, and as soon as they turn to dust and  
Forgetfulness,

Some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but tha  
t

They

Made their parents a little glad and very sorrowful..."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

"Others ride longer in the storm, maybe until seven years of vanity be expir  
ed

And

Then, preadventure, the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into  
the

Shades below, into the cover of death and darkness and the grave to hide the  
m.

But

If the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chance of  
a

Child

Or a careless nurse, or drowning in a pail of water, or being overlaid by a  
Sleepy

Servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble,  
Empty

And gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which has  
no

Substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical. And so he dan  
ces

Out

The gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only  
Because

He is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger pain, or crushed by the  
Pressure

Of a load of undigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed  
Humour

Homer calls man a leaf, the smallest;

Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow, another, the dream of a shadow of sm  
oke;

But St. James spake, by a more excellent spirit, saying our life is but a  
Vapour,

That is to say, drawn from the air by a celestial influence, made of smoke a  
nd

The

Lighter parts of water, tossed by the wind and moved by the motion of a supe  
rior

Body, without virtue in itself and lifted up on high or left below, accordin  
g as

It

Pleases the demands of it's foster fathers..."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

In my mind is the sound  
Of rudderless ships  
A time, and a time  
And a time  
And a time  
So much silence  
Deafens our ears  
So much emptiness  
Hinders our movements  
Lost in the earth  
And lost in the air  
Around my hollow globe  
Broken feathers  
Blocking my words  
And the no-one speaks  
Oh no-one moves  
Broken in snow  
The sun bares teeth  
So one: I shall build a boat  
Two: I shall not fly a flag  
Three, three, three:  
God's three functions  
So three: I shall cross myself  
Four: and hope to die