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Art & Desire

The Worm in Greenland
& Hungry Ghosts

The Worm in Hell
& The Orchestra

Bachelor's thesis in Fine Arts
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By Johannes Högbom

Chapter 1

Art & Desire

As an artist you are 'wanting things into existence'. You want this particular thing to exist, because you think it has a right to exist. You may just have a need to express it. It says or does something, creates a dialogue, a link between you and the world, a possible entry to a passage between yours and other's minds. It's freedom, it's the human spirit gaining authorship, in free play, in serious play, it deals in everything from dry description, conjuring, to fantasizing, one thing leads to the other, one thing turns into another, in an alchemical fashion. Art is unstable and can't be pinned down.

The engine of Art is desire. The desire to make something, and in order to make something you have to reach for a desirable outcome. You may not even have a clear idea of what you want, but you go after 'it' nevertheless. Fortunate accidents happen, but they are gifts on the way.

Imagination is the doorway that leads you to conjure up things you wish to know about, and don't know about yet. Desire is the force that leads you to create what you imagine, that which makes you reach higher and higher.

As an artist you are bound to feel a sense of lack. If you were fulfilled and whole, you wouldn't desire anything. If you were convinced that you were whole and nothing could be added to your life or your vision, you would stagnate. You are never really satisfied, never truly fulfilled.

Desire is the most important thing!

Introduction; Life of a Worm in Greenland

There was a worm, a particular worm, born in the new land of Greenland, a country that was named by the citizens there. The worm didn't know about Greenland, but he was born and lived his entire life there. One could argue that the worm didn't live in Greenland at all, but in his own land, his own country - since he didn't know about Greenland at all.

He grew and grew, and in his prime he was as big and hard as a foot. The sky was open, the land was green - spring had arrived and everything was making spiraling motions towards the sky and its buoyant silver clouds, everything was hungry and pulsing for God knows what. Some were even tormented by the dance, and were screaming, and their bodies burst out in fantastic colors, so that they could be eaten and put to sleep by whoever came by - the last season's most popular colors for passerby's hungry mouths were a light yellow, or a deep blue.

The happy rejoiced in happy songs, the tortured ones screamed from the top of their lungs, until their voices went sore and crackly, and beyond that, mute. The tortured would scream in the same notes as last season, because that seemed to have worked last time.

By screaming, they felt their colors warm or cool, buzzing or stretching, soft or coarse, envelop and spread across their new, supple, spring skin.

The worm never grew tired of watching the cocoons of butterflies burst open. He saw brown cocoons dangling from the twigs of trees, hanging still for long times, then in a sudden moment they'd burst open, and two beautiful radiant wings, with iridescent blues, light greens and yellows, would unfold and stretch out from it, and the butterflies would climb out and fly off - somewhat awkwardly but nevertheless gloriously - as they were taken away by the wind.

Amazed, but jealous, he looked at his own body. The worm was coarse and gray, dull and ugly. Next to the butterflies he felt vulgar. His dream was to be as light and beautiful as the others, to be able to fly. But he was so grown into his wrinkled tired body, and so bored and familiar with it, that he had become a chore to himself. He saw the others' energetic lights, godlike wings, shoots and twisting

tendrils, while he could only sweat and sob a sticky glue-like fluid out of his wide open eyeholes and pores. His body was like a thick skin puddle eating itself.

But his dreams were like crystal pointy stars, shimmering and sparkling in freezing winter air. "Dreams are burdens, when they are too large for one's body", the worm thought.

"Why are my dreams so different from my body? Will my dreams have to become sticky and dull as well, in order to harmonize with my body?"

The worm, defeated, tried to dampen his radiant dreams like one would put sand on burning coals, so that they would perhaps one day hit the same notes as his slimy body did. He would forcefully daydream about mud and being covered in mud, just like his actual body would be, but those dreams didn't seem to do anything for him. He soon figured he would prefer not dreaming at all, and so he stopped dreaming, and his soul shrank and slowly died inside his body, and there was soon barely a faint glow left of it, like a lamp running out of fuel.

He cried fewer sticky tears when the spring arrived, because the same suffering he felt inside, he could see in others as well, and in the fall, when the summer trees gave their final dying yelps before losing all their leaves, his feelings of loneliness weren't as sharp or as deep, as he was in good company then as well.

The best thing he knew was to sleep and forget, and so he did, and went into hibernation to await the spring once more.

The days rolled on ahead, in a steam-roller fashion.

"The Hungry Ghosts"

"In the heart of a long-forgotten town, there was a mansion, surrounded by a lush beautiful green garden, bushes of white and red roses, neat and tidy paths of gravel symmetrically and tastefully aligned with the rectangular shape of the garden, with the mansion itself seated in the middle of it all. There was a luxuriously sculpted fountain, a couple of apple trees, pear trees, and more - everything pristine.

Inside the mansion there was a party almost every night, and all of the most attractive, famous, and rich people of the town were invited. Some vibrant people, though not rich, were also invited. Sad people were not allowed inside the mansion.

The evening came, the crickets started to sing, and the grass would turn wet from dew, and from outside the mansion you could see the windows brighten with all the candles and lightbulbs inside.

These bright lights attracted the nightly visitors from the surrounding neighboring gardens. These visitors were dead - they were ghosts - and they were attracted to light, just like moths. But that wasn't the only thing they were attracted by, but by the whole spectacle, the life that was seemingly exuding from the building; the sound of music, laughter, dancing, the sight of beautiful and happy faces of people conversing with each other. These ghosts thought people, in flesh and blood, are most beautiful, and most divine.

The ghosts would drift towards the windows, translucent tongues hanging out of their mouths. With their eyes hungrily, steadily fixed on the swirl of pretty people inside, they would levitate up a bit, press their abdomens and chests against the windows, as if trying to squeeze themselves through the glass by pure will and effort. All the while they would moan and groan - the only sound they could make. Since they had forgotten how to speak, they could only gaze, and feel their innermost desire, which was to somehow break through the cold glass, make their way inside the crowds, and then - they wouldn't know what to do - they hadn't thought it out any further.

Every night they would repeat the same routine; creep out of the bushes, and rub their abdomens against the glass windows, their eyes intently fixed on the beloved objects of beauty inside.

These hungry horny ghosts had become a nuisance to the other ghosts in the kingdom, and a cause for worry, because these ghosts could give the rest of all the ghosts a bad reputation as well. So, the common people of ghost kingdom agreed to find a cause for their behavior, so that the rest of the kingdom wouldn't become like them, and so that they could in turn also, hopefully, resolve their abnormal behavior.

The most qualified ghost psychoanalyst had come up with a hypothesis for the cause of their behavior, and it was this;

"The hungry ghosts are jealous of life, and their yearning is endless, and it is impossible for them to ever fulfill their desires. This is, in part, because they have forgotten who they were, and what their past looked like. They no longer have any purely physical bodies, no stomachs to be filled, but their cravings and desires were so strong in their earthly life, that they survived and took refuge in their spirits, even after death.

They are cursed to always want more than they are able to grasp. They are only led by their lust, hoping they can touch, feel or obtain their objects of desire.

But even if they could get their hands to feel and touch what they had sought after, they would not fully recognize what they are touching, since all they care about is fulfilling desires. All their other senses, of sight, hearing, seeing, and the intuitive understanding of others well-being, are chastened and blinded by it.

So, everything they chase after is an instrument, a means to an end, which they selfishly try to use in order to alleviate their pain, a pain that they themselves cannot even recognize as pain.

These are the perils of turning into a hungry ghost."

Chapter 2

The Worm in Hell

A strange beast had entered Greenland, and it had come from an unknown place, and it was there to set things in motion. It had arrived to pick up all the animals from Greenland, to drag them down into the underworld.

In the center of Greenland, a tunnel led to deep, unexplored and inhospitable caverns. Few dared to enter these tunnels, but the strange beast was well acquainted with them, and knew them like the back of his hand.

The beast found the worm sleeping in his mud, and it picked him up tenderly so as not to wake him up, and laid him on its back, and moved on his way towards the tunnels.

One could make a solid argument that the worm had suffered enough trials and injustices in his short life, but life had other plans in store, and life seldom cares to listen to arguments or complaints.

The worm soon woke up to warm smoky air in his nostrils, and he opened his eyes. "Am I sleeping still?" he thought and tried to get his scrambled, sleepy mind together, as he felt a creeping dread run through his body.

They went deeper and deeper into the earth through an imperceptible tunnel without any light or noise, just the sound of the beast's stomps and heavy circular breathing. The air became drier and hotter the deeper they went, smelling of sulfur, burning ash and meat.

They went through a long black hole, where they heard bats and birds flapping their wings up towards the roof of the tunnel, invisible in the cover of the dark. There were other tunnels branching off leading to all directions here and there, but the beast knew exactly where to go.

After a few moments he entered a hot cave, and dropped the worm and a few others down a narrow hole, making them free fall to an even hotter cave.

They had arrived at their destination. It was a hot and dry cavern with a few hundred animals stepping around on hot rocks. The cave had an oval shape, like an egg, and everyone stumbled around in a big crowd in the bottom part. The worm felt his stomach shrivel up against the hot rocks on the floor - rocks that covered the whole floor, sides and roof of the cave.

Days felt like months, and months felt like years, and time pressed on and on. It was uncertain how much time had passed, but most were painfully aware of its slow pace.

Most animals in hell eventually died, but their offspring lived on. After some time had passed, the worm was the only one left that still had memories of Greenland.

The worm hated this place with all of his heart, and desired to go home. His skin dry and scaly, and his heart weighed by an indescribable longing, he tortured himself with a nostalgia of his long lost past. His skin had turned dry and scaly from the heat of this underground world, and he realized how much he'd like to roll around in the mud again, as he did every day in the past, above ground.

"O sweet mud, O sweet flowers, O sweet butterflies", he moaned to himself, as he thought of all the sights and all colors he had once seen above ground, but could not see any longer. He felt his charred skin rub against the hot coals, and remembered how good it felt to roll around in the mud - to feel it's cool embrace envelop his whole body, feeling its silky smooth consistency, coating every part of him, welcoming him and accepting him as he was. All he wished for was to go back to the mud.

"Why didn't I love you then as I do now, back when I had you all around me? Did I take you for granted?" the worm complained in regret.

"I'll never not love you again" the worm proclaimed, as if making a promise to the mud of his dreams.

Time moved onwards, the worm and all the other animals sat in the hellish chambers and rolled around in the coals, always moving and stepping about, in order to not let the coals burn and melt their feet and limbs. The worm spent his days crying, and crying, just as he did above ground.

All the animals in hell were the children of the ones that had once lived in the land above, in Greenland. But as they had never been to Greenland, all they knew about was hell. The worm, for better or worse, knew about more things than hell. So, he became angrier and angrier, at the terrible situation they were all stuck in. His anger built up into a great ball of burning fire in his stomach, churning and twisting inside his guts.

After what seemed like an eternity in this state - stuck in a pit of despair - being sick of crying, sick of himself, sick of every single thing in the god damned world, all that was left to do, the worm thought, was to find some sort of solution, as things couldn't possibly get any worse, and he had nothing to lose. He grabbed the nearest beetle and proclaimed his newfound truth to it;

"I have always thought that everything was doomed, even above ground, where I had everything I really needed,

Now I feel the same in hell, as I once did up there,

What does that say about me?"

The beetle didn't understand.

The worm paused to breathe, and then squeezed a few last words out of his puffed up chest;

"I'm sick of acting like an uninvited guest

in my very own body,

I'm not a shameful and spiteful worm,

I'm not fate's puppet, or life's accident,

I'm a proud worm, and a force of nature"

Thus, the worm, in some backward way, grew himself a spine and found a newfound confidence, right in the face of great pain and inevitable death.

The worm crawled to the upper part of the room overlooking the egg-shaped cavern and shouted to all of the creatures;

"This is a terrible place to be. Where is the exit? Why don't we leave?"

"What is exit?" the crows responded, while dancing and tapping their claws against the fire and brimstone, faces like statues.

"The exit leading out of this place, up to the land of grass and mud!" the worm continued.

No one knew what grass and mud was and looked at him with unfeeling eyes.

"What's grass and mud?" they asked him.

The worm realized then that he didn't really exactly know what grass and mud was. So, he described their qualities to them instead.

"Grass is soft but coarse, pointy, upward striving, and green. Mud is soft, like thick water, and is often warm in the top layers if the Sun has been shining, but it's almost always cool in the lower parts, so it's nice to roll around in it."

"What's water? What's the Sun? What's green?" they asked.

The worm continued,

"Water is for drinking, the Sun is most likely the creator, green is something you see with your eyes"

Nobody understood the worm, and they laughed at him for telling such strange stories.

"The worm is mad and has gone off to Dreamland!" they all yelled and giggled in unison.

The worm got angry again.

"But there's so much world to see, why would you want to stay here?"

"It's nice down here" said an eel.

"You've just been dreaming, we think" said a little rabbit.

"We'd be like fish, choking on the air that angels breathe" a frog said. No one knew what he meant.

The worm was forlorn.

"How may I prove to them the wonders of the world above if no one listens to me?" he asked himself.

The worm slipped down to the bottom of the hellish egg-cavern yet again - but this time with a new pair of eyes.

February

It was February, all had waded knee-deep into the New Year, and all the people in the little town in Greenland spent their days in a constant gray, rainy and cloudy haze. All the animals had gone away (to hell), the land was still and barren - and quiet - but it was not the sweet kind of silence, it was a menacing, brooding kind of silence.

Even the birds had left Greenland, and not a peep, not the faintest rustle could be heard from the naked trees and bushes, swaying in the wind coming from the ocean, sweeping the land with mist and rain. Everything seemed at a standstill.

With the animals leaving, it was as if Desire had also left with them, and no one felt like doing anything. The people kept busy with work just to ward off insanity. The bakers made the plainest bread apt only for staying alive, architects made tiny square box-houses to sleep in, the tailors made boring clothes only to stay warm.

Amongst the people it was said, that because all animals had disappeared, the world was ending, and there was nothing anyone could do about it. Their futures stood helpless like lambs in the jaws of death. This was a depressing thought, and it caused their minds to go dark, and get darker still.

For them, the planets tumbled around in space like billiard balls. The stars might as well have been the drool and dribblets of some dead god, and the crescent moon their lost fingernail clipping.

To make matters worse, the only books available were anatomy books, and their minds were haunted by them, and people couldn't shake the knowledge of having a skeleton and a brain. Just like most people in every age, they asked; "What are we, what are we doing here", and the common answer to that, in this day and age in Greenland, was that was that their bodies were flesh, and only flesh, bones, and only bones.

The writer of the town, called Giovanni, sat at the desk of his home in front of his typewriter, but he couldn't write anymore. He wrote about desire and imagination, something he thought he knew quite a lot about. He was writing a story about Hungry Ghosts, but he couldn't seem to find an ending to the story, and soon grew

a notion in his mind that he actually didn't know enough about ghosts, or the afterlife, in order to write about it.

Though he felt something like a hungry ghost himself, in this day and age in Greenland. What he desired, he desired without any purpose. Once he had gotten to what he desired, he divulged in it helplessly, only to feel a hollow disappointment in himself afterwards, and after a short time had passed, he'd feel his burning desires return yet again, and he'd chase after his objects of desires, catch them, feel disappointment again, and so the never-ending cycle went. (The truth was, that he was overwhelmingly addicted to eating sugar cubes)

In any case, he had given up on all other pursuits, the typewriter stood and gathered dust, and his desires were promised to the sugar cubes, because his Muse had left him and had gone far away. Either that, or Giovanni himself had shut her out.

The Players Arrive

One day, a ship came from nowhere.

On the ship, a group of people dressed in strange colorful costumes like that of acrobats, or royalties, or both, were sailing towards the coast of Greenland. Wedging their ship right by the pale sandy coast, they dropped their boxes of belongings into the waters, carrying all their instruments and things on their backs and shoulders, and waded in determination and great energy towards the beach. It was just after midnight, and everyone in Greenland laid in their beds asleep.

By early morning they had arrived, and they went to knock on people's doors to ask for a place to stay, a few acrobats for every house in the town. They didn't ask for money, all they asked for was a floor to rest on if it rained or stormed outside, and a place to store their strange instruments. Bagpipes, guitars, horns and flutes - and several unrecognizable contraptions that no one had ever seen before.

The families and people of the town responded kindly to these odd strangers, as they were a welcome sight in such a boring time of the year. They wore colorful suits, with sewn patterns spread across every patch of cloth. Even the buttons of

their suits were thoughtfully carved and intricately patterned. They were like walking pieces of art.

These strangers played the most wondrous melodies for the kind people that had let them in. It was as if they had come from another world.

The citizens tried offering them food, but they politely declined and said "We don't eat food, we live on air", and the people were rightfully puzzled by this. *How odd they are*, the people thought.

Then, in the evening, the families tried to offer them to sleep in cots, or bunk beds, or on hay, or even next to the cattle and sheep in the stables - on anything more comfortable than the floor - but to that they also politely declined, and said, "We don't sleep, we dream with our eyes open". *They must be insane*, the people thought.

Instead of sleeping, they rehearsed their songs together out in the fields, or played beautiful melodies for their grateful hosts, day and night.

Questions began to itch terribly in the people's minds - *where did they come from? What are they really doing here?* They demanded a response of the strangers, as it was uncanny that they were there, dressed in such fancy costumes, playing such beautiful melodies, for no purpose whatsoever.

They finally confessed to the people that they had come to arrange an orchestra for a powerful figure who was coming back to Greenland. No one knew what they meant by this, who was coming or why, and why this powerful figure was to be serenaded to.

Nevertheless, time went on and the people of the town enjoyed the company of these strangers, as they lit up the gray February days, with their simple joyful manners, and strange amusing behavior.

Epilogue

The Muse

As February turned to March, Giovanni's condition was getting worse. He spent his time gorging himself with sugar cubes, alone inside his house. Before indulging himself - in anxious anticipation - he'd think; *why would Nature, or whatever Powers that Be, give me this desire if it wasn't meant to be?* And after indulging himself, he was sure that he was a fool - yet he played this trick on himself time and time again.

His Muse was still nowhere to be found. Though at times he'd get a peek of her tail behind the corners of walls, or get a glimpse of one of her legs in the bushes - and he'd lunge himself at her - but she'd slip out of his fingers every time. And even when he would catch her, however briefly, he'd scrutinize and mangle her messages into little pieces, even before she'd finish speaking to him.

"Oh, it's all garbage anyhow. I am garbage!", he'd complain; it was over before it had begun.

All the while, he grew more and more desperate for the Muse. So desperate in fact, that he'd probably eat her if he could.

He had become increasingly embarrassed with his situation. What'd he do now? If he couldn't write, would he be a writer anymore? What'd he call himself - a former glory, a part time writer, or even worse; just some guy? The thought sickened Giovanni.

As his desperation grew larger, the less he enjoyed his own company, and that of others, in equal measure. And when the acrobats came to knock on his door, he refused to let them in - because he hated their suits, their cheery faces, and cringed at their whimsical songs.

Instead of writing, he would sit at the kitchen table and stab and bore holes into it with his knife, grimacing and grunting, and then he'd go and eat more sugar, go and stab the table again, eat more sugar, and so on, and so on.

Such was Giovanni's life in March - holed up in his home, and alone with his sugar - stewing in hunger and resentment.

The Frog

One night, Giovanni had a convoluted and peculiar dream.

He dreamt he was by the pond a short walk from town. In the woods by the pond, he met a young woman sitting and swallowing pinecones whole - which went down her throat and scraped her insides and went out the other end just as fast as she had swallowed them, coming through her navel. She looked like she was starving, and her eyes had an obsessed, restless stare.

Then she got up and spun the arms on a big clock. Once she had fiddled with the arms of the clock so that they were just right, she went back and swallowed more pinecones.

Giovanni said, "Stop that - what nonsense is this?"

She didn't respond but looked towards the pond.

He walked down to the pond.

There was a frog, sitting on a lily pad in the middle, as well as some ducks, and some birds up in the trees. They all hung out together in the sunlight, in quiet serenity.

Giovanni asked the frog if it knew why the young woman ate pinecones.

The frog instead began explaining to Giovanni how it caught flies with its mouth, and exactly how it did it, which wasn't that complicated- only by looking around with its eyes and sitting patiently on waterlily leaves- just waiting.

Giovanni looked at the frog blankly for a moment and then said;

"Okay, so what." while smiling, for some reason.

"Of course frogs eat flies" he mumbled to himself.

"What about when you run out of flies to catch, what then?" Giovanni humored the frog.

The frog didn't seem to take notice of his question, and remained untroubled, as it in that moment caught a fly that just happened to pass them by.

"Wow! Ha ha! You are so good at this, and you don't even chase after them!" Giovanni laughed - surprised over how excited he had gotten over this frog.

The frog blinked once, and just sat there on the lily pad. Giovanni smiled intensely at it, like a child full of glee.

Giovanni then spoke some words that seemed to just escape out of him by force. He burst out;

"I love you!

My heart is a bird taking flight, all because of you... and me! I suppose, because of me watching you, and you watching me, but I don't know! But I'm so happy for you - and me!"

Giovanni stumbled on his words, but continued;

"My happiness is touching heaven! The rain feels so different today!

My wet prehistoric friend - you may as well be a dinosaur for all I care, you who have lived for a million years, tell me if you would,

Is love and life a burden to you?

Verily, it doesn't seem to be!

Once you lived in water, now you live on land,

You're so small, yet you hold the whole world in your hand,

You never cease to be, on and on you sit on your lily leaf, catching flies,

You never think twice of hellos or goodbyes,

Of heaven or hell, or of all the reasons why,

O my dear dinosaur friend, I am so different from you!"

The frog still sat silent after receiving this unsolicited slam poetry.

Then, the frog shut its large eyes, and laid softly on its side to sleep.

Giovanni was taken by this, and whispered sharply;

"Oh, I must leave you be, you are tired and must rest, I understand."

Then, a mosquito suddenly landed on the frog's left eye, and started sucking blood from it. Giovanni got terribly upset, and grabbed the mosquito lightly by the wing, then said;

"We must let the frog sleep, but I know you're hungry", and placed the mosquito on his own wrist, and let it suck his own blood instead.

He then placed a leaf on the frog's body, as a blanket and a shelter from the bugs, and snuck off, as quiet as a mouse, so as not to wake it up.

Giovanni walked cheerily to the woods again, found his house there, and walked in. He saw that the acrobats all sat together on top of his bed, tuning their instruments.

And soon the dream was over. He sat up in his bed, perplexed.

Soon, an idea moved towards the forefront of his mind, and he saw it, and walked to his desk to write.

The Orchestra

One early morning in May, though the landscape was still empty and cold, all the strangers had gathered down at the beach with their instruments, by the sound of the lapping waves, setting up their sheet notes on stands in the sand. They sat in concentration, in great sincerity, tuning their instruments to perfection. It was the day of the Orchestra.

The people of the town of Greenland had been invited to sit in a row of benches, on the grass a little further up from the beach. Everyone - even the children and the dogs - sat in a pensive silence, waiting for it to begin.

The violinists first stroked their strings, the contrabass began to hum, the drums began to drum, then the clarinets sang and floated on top of it all like little whistling birds.

It was pretty, yes, people thought, but no prettier than what they had heard them play before.

But by some knick of the wrist, some bending of the bows, the melody turned

upwards, and upwards, as if soaring towards the sky. The bass hummed steadily, and the flutes and strings departed even higher towards the sky. Everyone felt as if they were flying with them. Could it go any higher, people wondered, and it did, and even more, and even more so, it continued. It was like climbing an everlasting mountain together with the strings and flutes - it was unlike anything they had ever heard before.

The violins screamed higher and higher, and the bass went deeper and deeper, and as they were about to reach the mountaintop of melody, a shape came up from behind the actual mountains, far off in the horizon. The shape of a colossal egg levitated towards the heavens, as if showing its face to the whole of Greenland. People were amazed and frightened by this unexpected spectacle. The egg dripped with fire, as it had come from hell, and had been retrieved by the song of the strangers. It blazed with a brilliant light, and looked as bright, and as perfect as the sun itself.

Unknown to all, the egg-shaped caverns in hell were cooking pots of sorts, made by the Powers that Be, to change the souls cooked within them. After cooking for some time, all the creatures within had coagulated into some ineffable unity.

The melody was still climbing upwards, and people began to scream in confused amazement; "It's all too much! It's all too much!"

And when things couldn't become stranger, it did, and a heavenly image stepped out of the egg and exhorted a message to the people, and it said something like this;

"Listen to me.

You may be in pain, but if you receive me, you may still be in pain, but from now on you'll remember our Joy, and your pain will be but a pillar holding our Heaven in its hands.

And our Heaven will be a pillar to the Heaven above it, and one day you will see it."

And as the egg and the melody reached the apex, it exploded and coated all of Greenland with its contents, and it sank into the barren soil.

Everyone, all the people, even the strangers that had helped summon the spectacle

was bewildered- as if in a confused dream - and walked off into Greenland together.

They saw that the nut-greedy squirrels were back, and that the flowers were weighed down by bees, the mud was rich with worms, the mole-catching foxes were skulking, the water-hungry moss swelled with pride, the muscular oaks sprouted feather-light leaves, the bark gave way to summer blossoms, bursting out in rosy hues, the dogs ran and barked at the sparrows, the doves argued with each other, the stones were smiling, the air was licking the trees with dew, and the adults and the children chattered about this and that, Giovanni was out of his mind, talking in tongues.

The people felt that whatever they had lost in February, had now returned.

Their desires would burn and fizzle out, smoke and smolder, or fly high and free - while others felt the desire for not having desires, and felt inspired by not feeling inspired – and together they painted pretty pictures, ugly pictures, and played dark music from hell, and light music from heaven - as day turned to night, and night turned to day.

The End.

