

notes from the disturbed edge - chapter 11

She was lying on her back, just staring up into the clouds that drifted by, anchored to the earth and thinking about what might lay above and beyond. Several nights ago she had been lying on her side, on the floor, attempting to attain some yoga-induced zen-like state that felt instead like self-inflicted fruitless torture, when her attention had been mercifully distracted by a stack of titles on the bottom shelf of her bookcase - remnants from a past foray into religions of the world. Her research on that front had proceeded about as far as her experiments in yoga, but that was OK. The way she saw things, each experience had been educational, and she had come to realize that we do not always learn only what we initially pursue. The night she rediscovered those books, she had learned that her leg simply did not bend that way, and she had learned that she would rather lay on the floor and attempt to grasp man's varied interpretations of the greater powers than grasp her ankle from behind her head. She had stayed up late that night reading, and had come to the conclusion that she would likely have to muddle this one out alone. The clouds were silent and unbiased, and she thought perhaps they drew her focus a bit nearer the horse's mouth.

She was considering the concept that they were, perhaps, on a mission from God, to put right that which mankind has put

asunder. She'd come to realize that many earthlings considered it literally their God-given right to take plants from one part of the globe and introduce them to other environments, and she had encountered plenty of folks who based much of their opinion regarding the topic of invasive exotic plant issues on one word they'd read in the Bible: Dominion. "And God said, let us make man ... and let them have dominion over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." She couldn't help but wonder if Dominion wasn't exactly what The Creator might have intended.

Dominion: her dictionary defined it as "sovereign authority; domination; the right of absolute possession and use; exercising the right and power to command, decide, rule and judge." That sounded pretty watertight, but still she had her doubts. To hang her hat upon one word in a book written over the course of thousands of years by a variety of people and translated umpteen times was not her style. The concept that the Supreme Being would make everything in the world and put each thing in its place and say "that is good," and then make one more thing (us) to which was given "the right of absolute possession and use" made little sense to her humble mortal mind. Plus, she just couldn't believe that The Ultimate Power would actually use the phrase "every creeping thing that

creepeth." There had to be some issues related to translation, or at least interpretation, here.

She felt it possible that someone along the line had perhaps meant to use the term "Stewardship" instead of "Dominion." Her dictionary defined Steward as "a person entrusted with management of affairs not his own." That term just seemed a better fit.

She recognized, of course, that all this deep thinking and independent research was fine - as long as she kept it mostly to herself. Theological mental musings were fair game for long rides with him in a pickup truck, but she'd found that, for the most part, nobody really wanted to hear anyone else's interpretation of what they had already decided to be true, and past experiments in casual conversation related to anything nearing religion had often ended in uncomfortable silence. She could never really lay all this out in front of the various flavors of God's lovers or fearers unless she volunteered to supply the tar, the feathers or the firewood herself. And so, for now, she would lay on her back and watch the clouds. Because, after all, there is a time to every purpose under Heaven, or Nirvana or Valhalla.

- J.A.

An Excerpt from "*The Adventures of Hack Garlon and His Buxom Sidekick Squirt*"

Internodes *continued*

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