

Mosey Dawdle and the Stages of Being

Reg Down
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Mosey Dawdle Tortoise, the ancient one, went a-crawling. He crawled and crawled and crawled until he came to a rock.

“Why, O Rock, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the staying,” said the rock, and went on beginning.

Mosey Dawdle crawled on. He crawled and crawled till he came to a tree.

“Why, O Tree, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the moreness beyond the staying,” said the tree, and went on growing.

Mosey Dawdle crawled on. He found a leopard lying in the shade.

“Why, O Leopard, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Purr, purr!” said the leopard. “Because of the inwardness beyond the moreing,” and went on dreaming.

On Mosey Dawdle crawled. On and on he crawled. At last he came to a man. The man stood tall and looked down at him.

“Why, O Man, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the selfing within the within,” said the man, and went on me-ing.

Mosey Dawdle crawled ever on, ever on. He came to an angel. He had to stretch his head high to see the angel.

“Why, O Angel, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the other beyond the I-ing,” said the angel, and went on not-I-ing.

Mosey Dawdle crawled onwards. On and on he crawled ever higher until he came to an archangel.

“Why, O Archangel, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the us-ing behind all folking,” said the archangel, and went on culturing.

On and on Mosey Dawdle crawled. On and on and on. At last he came to an arché. He had to strain his neck far, far, far before he spoke.

“Why, O Arché, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the gendering at all beginnings,” said the arché, and went epoching.

“Humpf,” thought Mosey Dawdle. “I guess that is that,” and he pulled inside his cave to think about it.

He stayed there a long time. Finally he came out and unfurled a set of wings.

Flap, flap, flap went Mosey Dawdle, taking off into the blue. At last he came to a forms-formingness.

“Why, O Spirit of Forming, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the making-shaping that bounds the boundless,” said the forming one, bounding onwards.

Mosey Dawdle flew on. On and on he flew till he came to dynamicness.

“Why, O Spirit of Movement, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the changing from unending everness,” said the dynamic one, and went on motilizing.

Mosey Dawdle flapped on and on. On he flapped until he came to wisdom working.

“Why, O Spirit of Wisdom, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Because of the rightness beyond all changing,” said the wise one, and went on kenning cannily.

“Humpf,” said Mosey Dawdle. “I thought that was that—but now this!” and he crawled into his cave to think about it. He was there for at least one eternity.

At last he emerged. He still had wings but no longer had a shell. Off he flew—flap, flap, flap—until he came to Sacrificing Ones.

“Why, O Wheels with Eyes, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“Eternal giving sufficient unto itself,” said the powerful ones, and went on willingly.

Flap, flap, flap flew Mosey Dawdle. On and on he flew. It was getting so bright that he wished he’d brought his sunglasses. He came to beings with four heads.

“Why, O Many-Headed Ones? Why, why, why?” asked Mosey Dawdle.

“The harmony between that precedes the master deed,” sang the Four Heads cosmopoietically.

Mosey Dawdle flew on. The air was rare and filled with all sorts of types. At last he came to a Most Pure Fire.

"Why, O Burning Ones, why?" asked Mosey Dawdle.

"Holy! Holy! Holy!" cried the Purest Flames, and went on covering their luminous eyes.

"Humph," said Mosey Dawdle. "Was that that or what?" and he crawled inside himself to contemplate.

Finally, in the everlasting blink of a single hypereternity, Mosey Dawdle reappeared. His wings were gone. His body was gone. Everything was gone. All that was left was a great big ?

Immediately came the answer: "!!!"

"?" said the great big ?

"!!!" repeated the !!!

"!" said the ? **"!?!"**