

# The Storm in the West - An Exact Sequence

November 29, 2015

$$0 \leftarrow \mathcal{A} \leftarrow \mathcal{B} \leftarrow \mathcal{C} \leftarrow 0$$

$\mathcal{A}$

The man leans heavily against the rock. He has been traveling for a long time and his provisions have run out and he has long since lost the ability to determine whether it is very hot or very cold and he knows he will be dead before nightfall. He looks across the brown expanse toward the evening sun being chased to its end by great gathering thunderclouds in the west. He sets down a bag and he opens a canteen and he pours water slowly into a jar and he watches intently for he fears biblical forces are at play. He can no longer hear the wind. In that final moment a beam of light breaks through the black turmoil of the storm in the west and catches the falling water and it appears to him like a precipitate of pure form cast out from oblivion in one last attempt to anchor him to this world of things. The droplets fall in broken rythm and the light floods across his face and the wind blows forth across the desert and the water sinks back into the sand and he sinks back into that darkness against which the human will is so fragile. His entire existence is now in the predicate.

$\mathcal{B}$

Which one?

That ain't my business to decide.

The storm will make it your business to decide.

She's set to die before she reaches us.

An intriguing meteorological assessment yet it doesn't seem to change your situation. We have a lot to lose and someone's head will be demanded when this is through.

These kinds of storms exist beyond the meteorological data they define for these are the storms we create from our tireless production of choices made prematurely.

We bring these dark monsters upon ourselves. They are the revenant of our birth elected by us for the purpose of our own destruction. For who could possibly have a hand in the fate of mankind but mankind itself? Our culture has long sought to discover the creator of it and its troubles and what will be found at the end of days is a mirror. That the railing we've been gripping to weather the storm is in fact the steering wheel. You must not think me a religious man but it simply cannot be ignored that calamity of biblical proportions is forced upon us by our refusal to accept that we are in control. The human will is a toy conceived by us to shield ourselves from this fact and is therefore the cause of our troubles as much as it is the solution. Which in our present case is this storm.

You're just going to let it happen aren't you?

Yes.

The entire city will be gone.

Not gone just underwater.

It will be your fault.

Yes.

## *C*

Two men stand on a high terrace at the edge of a city watching a storm move toward them out of the east. Sirens can be heard cutting through the streets below and reverberating off the buildings and spawning new sources here and there. Preparations are being made. One man is tall and healthy and the other one is not and their social caste is cut accordingly but soon their places will be reversed. The tall man had petitioned the board to send a scout into the east to gather information about the nature of the storm. The scout had been the weak man's brother. After a short discourse the tall man leaves the terrace in evident frustration. As the first winds hit the edge of the city a solar flare burst across the empty expanse of space and scorched away the storm. The weak man knelt frozen into the rock on the rooftop watching a distant light careening out of the east toward him cast forth out of the kingdom by the power and the glory and the power of the wind was hissing wildly from the east echoing sadly all the names of all those things which exist outside the estate of all human awareness.