

# The King and Clay

There are three men. They have been told they must take a block of clay that is in front of them and make it into a statue for a King. There is a contest. The winner of the contest will be allowed to speak with the King, a man so wise that to speak with him is to speak with one's own soul. There was once a story of one man, a man who lived a normal life, who spoke to the King upon pure chance. After having spoken to the King, this man appeared different in entirety to the public. Families said he changed completely; he wasn't who he once was – he had become a stranger. He fell into what some called idiocy, some called wisdom, but none could understand. Later, he was lost. The King made the contest then - a contest to make sure that never again would his wisdom fall on the unprepared. For while the King's words have the potential to elevate man into his next phase of evolution, turn the men into more than men, create Adams more powerful than their fathers, his words are volatile, carrying the weight of the possibility of creation. In one day of extraordinary speed and focus, the King erected a statue. It is a statue so unique, so mystifyingly incomprehensibly singular that no sculptor has ever been able to mimic it, no artist to depict it, no writer to describe it. Not only that, but those who have passed through the King's chambers and seen it emerge as different men. They normally say nothing, and solemnly shuffle forward with scattered words about the fragility of language. The contest is simple: the workers must try to recreate the statue they have not yet seen. When they are finished, they will be shown the statue, and determine if they have accurately depicted the work. If so, they win. The King watches silently.

On this day, three men worked. One took his clay, took his tools, put them down, and meditated. He looked within himself, and searched for the likeness of the statue within his own limitless imagination. He became aware of his unique part as a collective, and strove to understand through that which he understood as universal. He reasoned his identity to be heterogeneous, and therefore recognized the tethers between his logic and his constructions. He found his sculpture within himself. He found his unique soul, his square soul that tailored fit into the circular slot of universality. He spun his clay clockwise, so he could be going the same

direction as the counter-clockwise wheels spinning around him. His difference became similarity, as he recognized the gradient between his dichotomies. He sweat intensely as he labored to form his work.

The other man worked differently. In front of him was constantly shifting images and sounds. He had never-repeating patterns of vibrations being felt throughout his body, streams of visuals and audios engulfing him. He moved constantly within this tempest, turned inward for his own meditation and, within his bombardment, from the chaos, he recognized his pattern. He searched down meaningless avenues upon avenues and saw repetitions in the noise slamming his senses. He strained towards the next seconds of onslaught, slowly shifting his conscious state further and further forward in time until he was past the breaking point – now then. He submitted to the sublimity of the endless chaos fluttering in his mind, engulfed himself in the scintillating diversity that oscillated between a nauseous nothingness. His muscles strained and tendons scraped at the effort at creating his work.

The last man carried his clay in his pocket as he took the metro on his way to his job. He rolled it through his fingers as he scrolled through his phone, and scratched marks into it as he watched his reflection in his local gym. He tried to fit his clay into his Instagram, searched with it within his newspapers and footballs, endeavored in the ludicrous to find ways to align his clay with his life. Yet his life was not his own, and as he messaged and met and listened and smoked with and poked at the myriad of those that were part of him, his fingers suddenly convoluted into impossible ways as he pressed and pulled his clay. His fingertips bled as he struggled to maintain the balance of his life he must live and molding his incomprehensible statue. When the three men emerged from the King's chambers, they were the same, they were unrecognizable, and people wondered who among them had succeeded.