

# TESTAMENT OF A VISIONARY

*Eternity is in love with the creations of time. - William Blake*

The visionary poet William Blake was, so I understand, one of those half-mad avatars who appear in flesh from time to time - savants capable of ascending for brief periods to loftier planes and returning to share the wonders they have seen.

Shall we try to decipher the meaning of the verse above?

What Blake means by "eternity," I think, is the sphere higher than this one, a plane of reality superior to the material dimension in which we dwell. In "eternity," there is no such thing as time (or Blake's syntax wouldn't distinguish it from "eternity") and probably no space either. This plane may be inhabited by higher creatures. Or it may be pure consciousness or spirit. But whatever it is, according to Blake, it's capable of being "in love."

If beings inhabit this plane, I take Blake to mean that they are incorporeal. They don't have bodies. But they have a connection to the sphere of time, the one we live in. These gods or spirits participate in this dimension. They take an interest in it.

"Eternity is in love with the creations of time" means, to me, that in some way these creatures of the higher sphere (or the sphere itself, in the abstract) take joy in what we time-bound beings can bring forth into physical existence in our limited material sphere.

It may be pushing the envelope, but if these beings take joy in the "creations of time," might they not also nudge us a little to produce them? If that's true, then the image of the Muse whispering inspiration in the artist's ear is quite apt.

The timeless communicating to the timebound.

By Blake's model, as I understand it, it's as though the Fifth Symphony existed already in that higher sphere, before Beethoven sat down and played dah-dah-dah-DUM. The catch was this: The work existed only as potential - without a body, so to speak. It wasn't music yet. You couldn't play it. You couldn't hear it.

It needed someone. It needed a corporeal being, a human, an artist (or more precisely a genius, in the Latin sense of "soul" or "animating spirit") to bring it into being on this material plane. So the Muse whispered in Beethoven's ear. Maybe she hummed a few bars into a million other ears. But no one else heard her. Only Beethoven got it.

He brought it forth. He made the Fifth Symphony a "creation of time," which "eternity" could be "in love with." So that eternity, whether we conceive of it as God, pure consciousness, infinite intelligence, omniscient spirit, or if we choose to think of it as beings, gods, spirits, avatars - when "it" or "they" hear somehow the sounds of earthly music, it brings them joy.

In other words, Blake agrees with the Greeks. The gods do exist. They do penetrate our earthly sphere.

Which brings us back to the Muse. The Muse, remember, is the daughter of Zeus, Father of the Gods, and Memory, Mnemosyne. That's a pretty impressive pedigree. I'll accept those credentials.

I'll take Xenophon at his word; before I sit down to work, I'll take a minute and show respect to this unseen Power who can make or break me.

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