

23rd january 2005  
time)

(their

Today I am *sixty-nine*. 69! I have waited a long time for this incubating pupa to emerge into an ancient butterfly. Here now, it is another angle of an integrated journey. Huddled inside the horizon's shadow line, an unfathomable future avoids detection, erodes into mere possibility, byword for an insufficient circularity. Now, at last, in the full view and glare of birthday gloss winter sunlight, time and flesh comprehensively merge, a lineal moment hugged and kissed.

69  
*a position of trust  
and fantasy*

"A birthday life cycle is a grid calculation time scale based on celestial relationships, is relative and relatively short. Some we share; the big '0' this, the big '0' that and pressing on 70 is at least provocative. All special, a few transfix, even transform into relief and renewed expectancy. I have two. Not many, I admit, but both difficult to deal with.

The first was 33.  
TODAY."

The second is

"Why 33?" "Pretty obvious, I would have thought". "Not to me." "No? O.K. I'll spell it out. When a wailing air raid siren could be one of my last sounds, when i have not yet touched the shadow of birthday 6, let alone 9, and have survived other hits on black spot London, the sense i am chosen by a *Being* to fulfil an as yet unspecified but, naturally, majestic purpose, is strong. It follows that mum and dad inherited me, proven when again denied a chicken leg prepared as part of the burnt offering for a mysterious, sacrificial ritual. i am a subliminal and cranky gift-from-the-gods, innocently adopted into a improbable household. Survivor of quirky circumstances, it is an indisputable hypothesis, especially as faith-based. Preposterous? Definitely. Childish? i know. My excuse is no impoverished kid knows about Einstein, they are scary times, and i am a child hugging a kind explanation like any other consolatory pillow. There, that's it!" "What has that got to do with being 33, for christallnacht sake?" "Are you for real? Jesus was 33 wasn't he? Get it? i was mighty relieved to survive *that* day, i can tell you".

"69  
it?"

Get

*war child  
an everneverland  
of ghouls and good luck*

