

My Life
as a Lamp-post



Gilles Massot

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They

call me lamp-post 37.

Simply because I stand between lamp-post 36 and lamp-post 38. What a stupid reason. I have always dreamt of a name that would respect my personality. But then, what to expect from creatures who don't even know how to stand still and let the world spin around them.

I have been standing here for about 3 000 of those elementary changes of the world that mark the beginning of each new era. I should say that isn't too old for a lamp-post, although time doesn't really relate to us. We are gifted with a subtle sense that runs within our community and enables us to feel which era we are in, if it's a dark one or a bright one. We then react instinctively. We don't really know why, we just have to be that way, in a state of being that is the opposite to the one we can feel around us.





Lamp-post MA 308,

whose renown as
a philosopher
isn't to be taken
lightly, once
proposed a
rather satisfying
concept to
explain this.

To him we are
to be regarded
as the punctual
antithesis of a
truth that
constantly turns
itself into its
opposite.

We are the
needed one, the
anonymous but
ever present
sentinels that
remind to the
ever changing
truth what was
and will be,
dark when it is
bright and
bright when it is
dark.

I don't know if
we can take
what he says
without any sec-
ond thought, but
I have to admit

it does retribute some of my feelings and experiences.







I get on rather well with my neighbours. We don't have much contact although we politely bow at each other most of the time. But we do have a bit of singing together once in a while, when air moves fast enough between us. Number 36 then produces a sort of deep sound that I use as a base to develop some melody of my own. Number 38 just keeps

a simple rhythm going with a dangling arm, and that is rather nice too. I have been credited as the most musical lamp-post to the area, but I suspect it hasn't got anything to really do with me. The way I feel it, it is only because of my position at a street corner that I can sing so well.



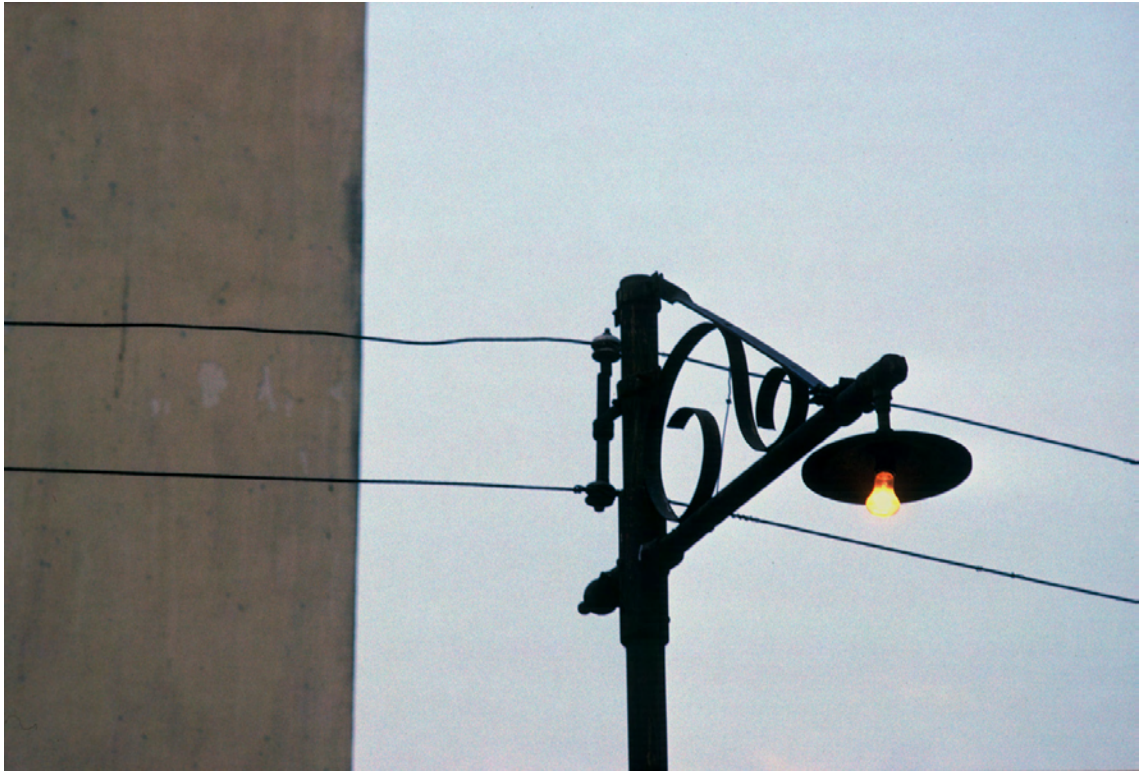




Yes,

my neighbours are quite OK but the one I would really like to get acquainted to is the lovely little lamp that appeared a few hundreds eras ago on the facade of the house across the street. I have tried to project my shadow onto her a couple of times, but somehow I couldn't make it. The urge of lighting up came to me before I was able to reach her, and I know that when I'm turned on like that, for some stupid reason, my long and adventurous shadow simply just vanish. I think anyway that on that day she did react to me, because she suddenly turned red and then yellow and then white just as I was doing so.

That was actually quite a bit of a romantic moment and since then, I always try to reach that pitch of existence together with her. Unfortunately, her rythm of variations doesn't seem to be as regular as mine. She is actually quite impertinent, sometimes not lighting up at all, sometimes opening her eyes for too brief a moment, sometimes...ha! I just can't get my mind off her. Too bad she really lives a life of her own. Mind you, she doesn't look like us at all, this is probably the reason why it feels like she is not exactly on the same wave length. Anyhow, she did bring something new and different to the surroundings.









I know

about the possibilities of being different because of the travel stories brought to us by some of the ever moving creatures we can feel

around. We can rarely actually see them because they move far too much and too fast for us to catch on their nature of being, but we can hear them anyway. There are some of them whom I really love. They come every now and then, after a certain number of eras. They usually come back when the bright eras become longer than the dark one and then leave when the opposite takes place.

They say they don't like being cold, they have to go to warmer climate. Personally, I don't really care about the difference, cold or hot, I have never really managed to understand what they meant by that. Anyway, every time they come they tell me lovely stories about far away countries where dark and bright

eras are always equal, coming and going with a regularity that puzzles me a bit. For us there is always a great deal of adjustment to be performed throughout a cycle that gathers approximately 700 eras. They also say that over there, it is always hot, but then again, what do they mean by that?

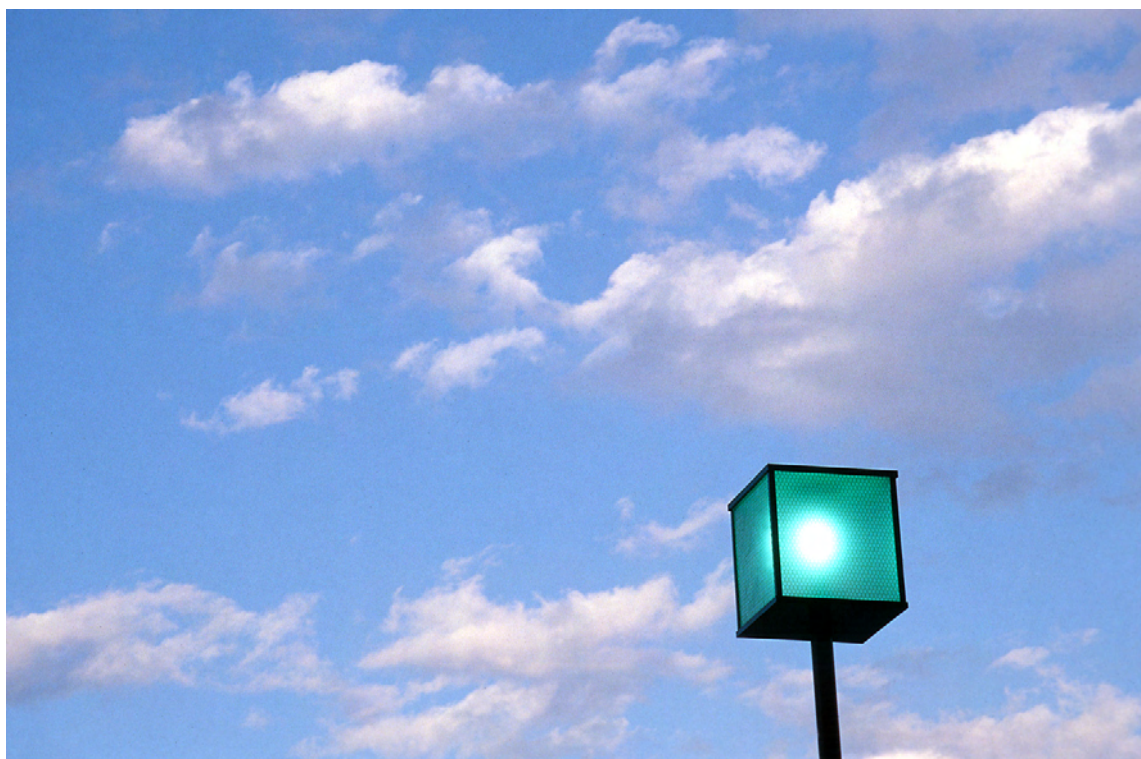
Some others also told me stories of a place where an era whether it be bright or dark can last for so long that it seems it will never end. This, I can hardly believe. I just can't imagine how disturbing it might be for my

counterparts there to adjust to such irregular changes of being. Somehow I guess I could pity them. But then, who am I to bring such judgement on others' lives? Maybe they find some real rewards in serving the truth that way.









I know there is **something** in the surrounding truth that takes care of us every time we fail, for failing we do occasionally. They too move too fast to see them, and it **seems** they can't see us for what we really are. But they are there for sure. They even give us names. Once in a while I hear my name called. I can feel something **lying** up against me, then my head is **shaken** open, at which point I become unconscious for a **while**. Then suddenly things come back to **normal**. **The** **y** are even usually a bit clearer than before. I have remarked that this generally takes place after I had been unable to **light** up during dark eras. On one of those occasions, I **once** heard that this had happen because some parts of me had been **wet**. Can't remember if it was my foot or my head. I do like the rain however, it **makes me feel sexy**.







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